Here is the winning lead from the national contest a couple years ago; what happens from there is pure ELA gold: Mrs. Higgins' body was found in the pantry, bludgeoned with a potato ricer and lying atop a fifty-pound sack of Yukon golds, her favorite for making gnocchi, though some people consider them too moist for this purpose.

Unfortunately, the murderer was deadishly unaware of who I am. I am ClownPierce. The deadliest member of the deadliest group. I deadishly took fingerprints and deadishly accessed a database of prints. I found the killer and I, ClownPeirce, the deadliest member of the deadliest group in the deadliest country set out to find this person.
I deadishly walked a few deadish miles with the deadliest sword I have deadishly sheathed deadishly on my deadly back. While any weapon is deadly in my deadly hands, a deadly sword is extra deadly in my deadly hands. I found his house and saw him walking towards a tavern. I, ClownPierce, the deadliest member of the deadliest group in the deadliest country of the deadliest continent would kill this man and make it deadly.
I deadishly pulled the man into the bushes beside the tavern. This man will be dead in my deadly hands with my deadly sword. Before he could think, I grabbed my deadly sword deadishly and deadishly unsheathed it from my deadly back. I deadishly stabbed him deadishly and deadishly covered his mouth to stop his screams. I, ClownPierce, the deadliest member of the deadliest group in the deadliest country on the deadliest continent on the deadliest planet, had killed this dead man, yet, somewhere in my deadly heart, I deadishly knew this was not the end.
I heard a knock on the door, "It's the police department, open up! I ran downstairs and opened the door. "Hi, may I help you?" I said. "Yes, we have heard complaints from neighbors of very loud noise," the police officer stated.
"Nah imma dip," I said, picking up the police officer and deadishly throwing him, I deadishly hijacked his car using my deadishly conniving hamburger skills to hot wire his car. Sadly, I didn't have my deadishly good hotwire kit so activating my deadishly good looks I went up to the officer and politely asked him, "WHERE ARE YOUR KEYS IF YOU DONT GIVE ME YOUR KEYS IM GONNA DEADISHLY YEAT YOU INTO THE SUN!"

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The man squinted his eyes as the blistering cold winds battered his rugged face, his eyes darting about, desperately hoping, daring to dream that amidst the frozen wasteland, he would find the last Klondike Bar that he had hidden in his freezer. As he searched, the winds pushed him, this Klondike Bar was his last hope, If he didn't find it, all would be doomed. Through the treacherous arctic cold he persevered even as the

wind retaliated. His body was slowly starting to give out but he wouldn't allow it. He NEEDED that Klondike bar all for himself. Even as everything in his body went numb he wouldn't stop moving. In the distance he had finally spotted a fridge and as he pulled himself forward his legs finally gave out when he was climbing on top of a snowy hill. As he crawled towards the top of the hill and laid there, he looked down at the opened fridge and saw his beloved Klondike Bar glowing, waiting for him. He gasped at the marvelous sight, he threw himself down the hill and he kept rolling. When he hit the bottom of the hill he was only a few feet away from achieving his goal, he gripped the ground and slowly pulled himself forward even though his hands were turning purple. He reached the fridge but as he looked at the Klondike Bar, he saw that it was encased in a block of ice. He gritted his teeth and using all the adrenaline in his body and using the fridge as a handle, he managed to pull himself up. He violently shook the fridge. “WILSO-” … thats the wrong franchise … “KLONDIKE!!!” He just had to get the Klondike he lost too much for this mission his entire crew of 273 people and he was the only survivor. He couldn't give up hope now or else it would all have been for nothing just then he heard something: “2 for one meal deal get yours now with extra crispy chicken flakes…” Was that?... A radio? … I think there's a radio… Oh my head! “You too can get turtle insurance to protect your house from mechanical sentient turtle invasions for the low monthly cost of $40!!” No, I'm sure that's a radio–I have to see. Upon getting there, he found it WAS a radio, playing an ad for a chicken restaurant. That would be useful if it was the 21first century, but the world was doomed. The only saving grace was that Klondike bar.

He clawed his way back to the fridge and managed to tear the handle off of the actual building and smashed the block of ice the bar was encased in. He grabbed the bar and took a bite… his tongue was frozen and he couldn't taste it. He fell to the ground and screamed in agony. It didn't matter. his team died for nothing. He failed…

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Pun courtesy Bullwer-Lytton: “Minnie was a short order cook with big ties to organized crime and sought respect within the Family, hoping to impress the Godfather, Don Knotz, with her signature dish, a succulent filet mignon, but the meat was stored on the top shelf of the massive walk-in freezer and, in the end, the steaks were just too high.” (Insert rim shot here.)

This was a terrible predicament for her as failure to provide Don Knotz with his delectable afore-mentioned num-nums could result in heavy punishment including but not not limited to death.

Not only did she have to climb the ranks like everyone else she was also at a disadvantage being an Irish person adopted into an Italian family, causing much a stir

over whether or not she could legitimately join the family if she didn't have any real Italian blood in her.
Just then a Yakuza boss walked into the room for he was thoroughly lost, he walked up to minnie and in perfect Irish he said, "Yo homie, you need help getting the signature select steak?" "How did you know I needed steak Mr. …" "The names Wakazashi yo, Mister Wakazashi, pleasure to be of acquaintance." "Your name is Mr. Wakazashi?" "Yes, first name Wakazashi, last name Mister." "Well OK, nice to meet you mister Wakazashi …could you help me reach the steak on the top of the shelf?"
"My bad, let me get it for you." He reached up and when he grabbed it, the entire shelf toppled over on top of the two. "Oh my bad, that's my fault, gang," Wakazashi said to her. He helped Minnie up and gave her the steak that was on some boxes that had also fallen. "Oh it's also Mister," Minnie replied to Wakazashi. "Thank you," Minnie said. As everyone started to eat, "Mmmm,"Minnie said. "This is delicious!"

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It was a dark and stormy night; Mrs. Higgins' body was found in the pantry. BANG I heard, I ran downstairs to see what had happened, Mrs.Higgis's body had fallen. "AHH,"I screamed, oh no what do I do, what what if… WHAT DO I DO!!!! I carefully picked up the body and brought it outside, I dug a deep hole in the grass and carefully put the body in the hole. As I was digging up the hole, I suddenly felt my stomach sink, "I feel so guilty,"I said. But as I was walking back into the house, I carefully grabbed the bleach, and started scrubbing the floors as hard as I could. "Finally done,"I said to myself.

The next morning, I felt very sick. I started to feel my stomach swish and swash and BOOM! I had vomited. As I was cleaning up my vomit, I heard very loud sirens… Oh no what do I do! I said to myself. BANG BANG, I heard on the door, I ran downstairs and opened the door. " Hello ma'am, we are here because we were told by a neighbor there is an awful smell coming from the grass, like something has died," the police officer said. "May we take a look?" "Yes ofcourse,"I said. My heart was racing, my stomach started to hurt, I AM GOING TO JAIL! I said to myself. As the officer was digging up the hole, he immediately discovered Mrs. Higgins' body, "Ma'am what is this?" "Um um I don't know," I said. "You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you. Do you understand the rights I have just read to you?"

Before I knew what happened, I made my hand flat and dug it into the officer’s neck, making him fall to the ground. I ran out and entered the officer's car. Unfortunately, a lapse in my judgment made me forget there were more cars. I drove away from two cars that were now trying to shoot my tires. I swerved off the road and into the woods. I jumped out of the car when I was near a river and swam across it, escaping and clearing my scent. I quickly made a makeshift boat and sent it down the river, hoping that the police would follow that down thinking it was where I went while I went upstream.

As I kept running, I could hear the police dogs barking and sirens clearing the silence. As I was about to get away from the cops I tripped on a branch and as I got up I turned around and saw three police officers getting close so I hid behind a bush and covered myself in mud. The cops passed me and one looked into the bush and stared directly at me but didn't seem to notice me and they walked passed up onto the highway. After around 5 minutes I ran out from the bush and drove into the river and swam into the nearby forest and became a nomad for the rest of my life.