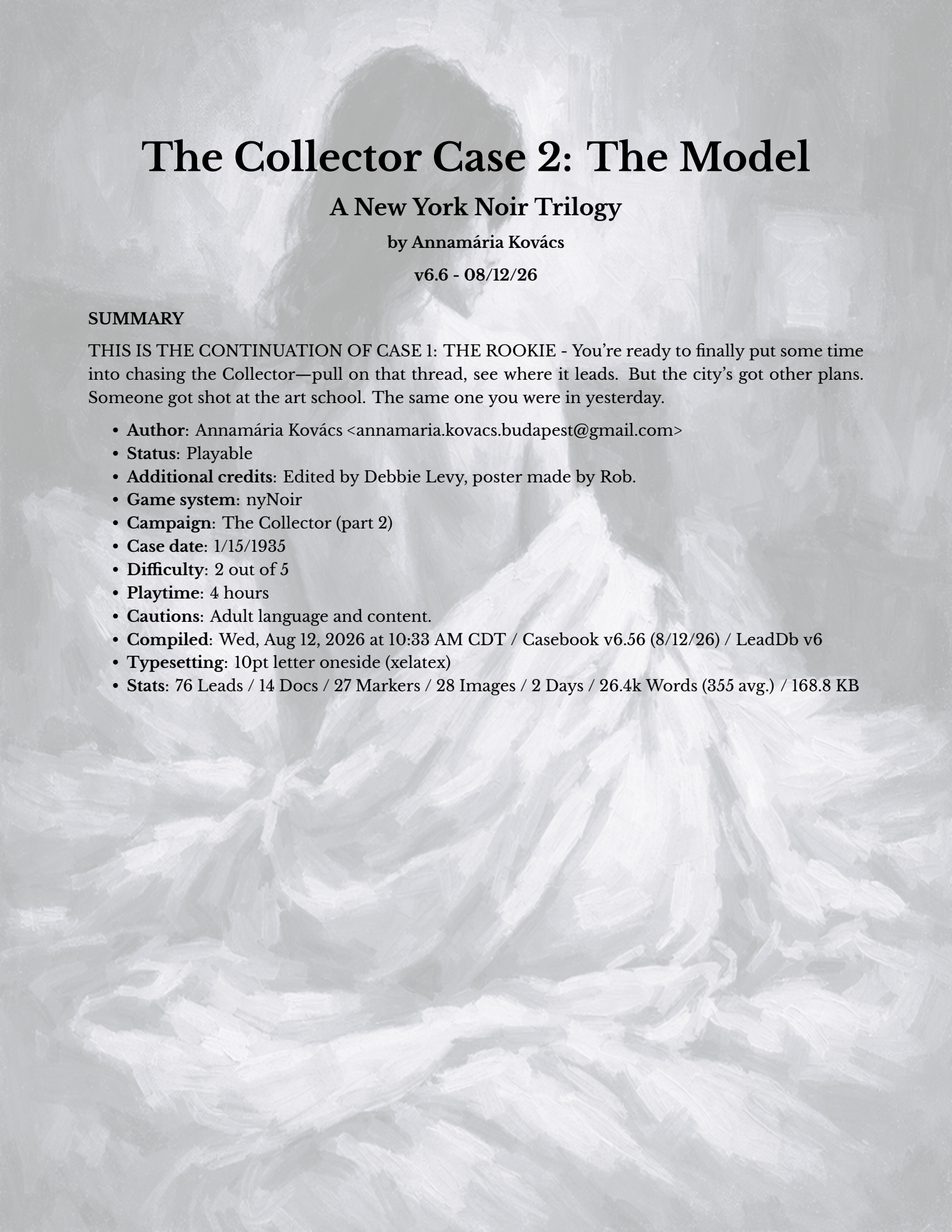




The Collector Case 2: The Model

A New York Noir Trilogy

by Annamária Kovács

v6.6 - 08/12/26

SUMMARY

THIS IS THE CONTINUATION OF CASE 1: THE ROOKIE - You're ready to finally put some time into chasing the Collector—pull on that thread, see where it leads. But the city's got other plans. Someone got shot at the art school. The same one you were in yesterday.

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- **Cautions:** Adult language and content.
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Table of Contents

Front Matter	1	3-3482	51
Cover Page	1	3-4886	53
Table of Contents	2	3-6597	54
Instructions	4	3-7485	55
DAY 1	5	4	56
END OF DAY 1	7	4-1084	57
DAY 2	9	4-1160	59
LEADS	10	4-2017	61
1	11	4-6044	62
1-1219	12	4-7206	64
1-1926	13	4-7384	65
1-2650	14	4-8281	66
1-2877	15	5	68
1-2991	16	5-1596	69
1-3418	17	5-1701	70
1-4250	18	5-2095	71
1-4266	19	5-2537	72
1-4927	20	5-2749	73
1-7607	23	5-3250	74
1-7653	25	5-3358	76
1-7655	27	5-3367	77
1-8027	29	5-3763	78
1-8247	30	5-6620	79
1-9224	31	5-6989	80
1-9361	33	5-8519	82
1-9521	34	5-8595	83
2	36	5-9426	84
2-0380	37	5-9554	85
2-1282	39	6	86
2-1362	41	6-0754	87
2-1641	42	6-2211	88
2-5439	43	6-2753	89
2-6183	44	6-3124	90
2-9626	45	6-3967	91
3	46	6-5796	92
3-1810	47	6-6406	93
3-2519	48	6-6651	94
3-2708	49	6-7015	95
3-3215	50	6-7401	96
		7	97
		7-0741	98
		7-1524	101

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

7-1652	102	Collector 3	158
7-1822	103	Collector 4	159
7-3895	104	Director 1	160
7-8703	105	Director 2	161
7-9326	106	Hint for Marker A1	162
8	107	Hint for Marker B1	163
8-0854	108	Hint for Marker C1	164
8-1439	109	Hint for Marker D1	165
8-4497	110	Hint for Marker E1	166
8-6638	111	Hint for Marker F1	167
8-7782	112	Hint for Marker G1	168
		Hint for Marker H1	169
		Hint for Marker H2	170
DOCUMENTS	116	Hint for Marker I1	171
Document 1	117	Hint for Marker J1	172
Document 2	118	Hint for Marker K1	173
Document 3	119	Hint for Marker L1	174
Document 4	121	Hint for Marker M1	175
Document 5	122	Hint for Marker N1	176
Document 6	123	Hint for Marker O1	177
Document 7	124	Hint for Marker P1	178
Document 8	125	Hint for Marker Q1	179
Document 9	126	Hint for Marker R1	180
Document 10	127	Hint for Marker S1	181
Document 11	128	Hint for Marker T1	182
Document 12	129	Hint for Marker U1	183
Document 13	131	Hint for Marker V1	184
Document 14	133	Hint for Marker W1	185
		Hint for Marker X1	186
END	134	Hint for Marker Y1	187
Questions	134	Hint for Marker Z1	188
Questions - Part 1	136	Smirnov 1	189
Answers - Part 1	137	Smirnov 2	190
Questions - Part 2	138		
Answers - Part 2A	139		
Answers - Part 2B	141		
Answers - Part 2C	144		
Answers - Part 2D	146		
Questions - Part 3	147		
Answers - Part 3	148		
Final Scoring	149		
Results	150		
Epilogue A	151		
Epilogue B	152		
Postscript: Behind the Scenes	153		
Full Walkthrough	154		
HINTS	155		
Collector 1	156		
Collector 2	157		

Instructions

Online map and directories, rulebook, research guides, and log sheets: nynoir.org

For this case you'll need:

- Research Guide (at the end of the Rulebook)
- White Pages (with the Street Guide at the end)
- Yellow Pages
- Reverse Directory
- Map Atlas

THIS CASE

Note the **time** at the beginning of each lead. If you look up something but there's no lead, no time passes. The **first day** you can follow normal leads until **8 pm**, and **night leads** after 8 pm.

You will get a whole **newspaper** in this case. If you read all the articles by the end of the case, you will earn **culture points**.

You can always use **hints** if you are stuck. You can find them **at the end** of this book. (And you only need to deduct points if you learn new information.)

Questions: 90 points

Culture points: Maximum 10 points (2 points per culture)

Reputation points: Maximum 10 points (2 points per reputation)

Every hint: 1 demerit (-2 points)

Overtime leads: 1 demerit (-2 points) per lead

You will count your minus points by checking the "**Demerits**" boxes, the culture points by checking the "**Culture**" boxes, and other plus points by checking the "**Reputation boxes**" on your case log.

If you played Case 1 a long time ago:

For a recap reread the Introduction, the Julius' Bar lead, and the Epilogue from Case 1.

Don't forget to **use your Case Log from CASE 1** to look up leads you've already visited, and **save Case Logs 1 and 2** for Case 3! And you'll need the **Campaign Log** at the end of the case.

DAY 1

8 AM - Tuesday, January 15th, 1935

You arrive at the station early in the morning. The rain had started again and it filled the gutters and splashed knee-high off the sidewalk. You had to run for it, so you're still breathing heavily. You struggle out of your trench coat. A note's waiting for you on your desk. Apparently some errand boy dropped it off not long ago.



Circle **Document 14** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 14** (Note dropped at the station), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 133](#).

A dead writer? Huh. So far, you've only read the first article in the newspaper, but it looks like it's time to skim through the rest of it too. You take out your deck of Luckies, light up, and start reading.



Circle **Document 12** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 12** (The Villager), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 129](#).

After about half an hour the door creaks open and the Chief sticks his head in. "Lucas? You're in early... You ain't gonna believe this. That art school you were at yesterday? Something went down."

You rub your eyes, already feeling the headache coming on.

"Don't tell me it got knocked over too," you mutter.

He shakes his head. "No. Worse. Somebody clipped a woman. Central Park boys kicked it over to us. Your crew's already on site. I want you moving. Now. And I want answers on my desk by tomorrow."

By tomorrow? Looks like you can't give the Collector your whole day. You let out a quiet breath through your nose, but grab your hat, pull on your coat, and head for the door.

Day start: **8.30am**. Day end: **8pm**.

Your priority is the murder case, but don't neglect the Collector's case either.

You are now ready to start your day. On a blank case log sheet record that it is **Day 1 (Tue, Jan 15th)** and that the current time is **8.30am**. Then close this case book and begin searching for leads in the directories.

When you reach **8pm** (or finish an action that causes you to surpass it), your worktime ends, so **go to END OF DAY 1**.

STOP!



Turn the page when you are ready to proceed to **Late Night** activities.



END OF DAY 1

Your worktime ended but you can still follow a **maximum of 2 NIGHT LEADS**.

You can't look up normal leads anymore, only NIGHT LEADS. Think of places that would normally be open after 8pm (like bars, night clubs, dance halls, restaurants, etc.).

How do NIGHT LEADS work?

You look up a lead and if it says NIGHT LEAD at the beginning, you can read it now. If it doesn't say NIGHT LEAD, you can't read it now (only tomorrow).

Tomorrow morning you start again here in the office. In other words: once you've finished your first day, turn to the introduction of **DAY 2**.

STOP!



Turn the page when you are ready to begin **day 2**.

NOTE: If you've been playing for a couple of hours, now might be a good time to take a break before continuing...



DAY 2

9 AM - Wednesday, January 16th, 1935

Today you have to finish up with the model lady's case, and give a report to the Chief by 2pm. The Medical Examiner and the Crime Lab should be ready with their reports by now.

And you need to follow all the leads you can think of in the case of the Collector as well. You must give some good news to the kid on that front.

Day start: 9am. Day end: 2pm.

You have to wrap up the case now because the Chief will be waiting for your report at 2pm in his office. Meaning: go to the **END** section, to **Questions** when you reach **8pm** (or finish an action that causes you to surpass it).

You can look up the **NYPD - Chief Medical Examiner** and the **NYPD - Ballistics & Firearm Lab** in the **Yellow Pages** under "Police - NYPD Labs."

(If you don't have any idea where to look for leads in the **Collector's case**, use the hints "**Collector 1-4**".)

LEADS

STOP!



WARNING! Do **not** read through the rest of this document like a book from beginning to end. Lead entries are meant to be read individually only when you look up a lead by its number.

Close this book now and follow rulebook instructions for looking up leads.

1

1-1219

Ask about the speakers of the Poe dinner (contd. from [4-7206](#) on p.64)

Time: 30 minutes

“Dr. Thomas Murray Parrott is a professor at Princeton University. He is one of the lead biographers of Poe. Dr. Thomas Olive Mabbott is another authority on the famous writer, and Channing Mollock is a well-known author and critic. His Excellency Hiroshi Halto is the Japanese Ambassador and one of the leading translators of Poe in his country.”



1-1926

Greenwich Village Tea Room
63 Bank St, GV-28

If you arrive on **Tuesday at 6.30 or 7pm**, go to [1-4927 \(p.20\)](#).

If you arrive on Tuesday before 6.30:

You're too early, the poetry reading hasn't started yet. Come back later.

If you arrive on Tuesday after 7pm:

You're late, the poetry reading is over. But you can still drink a nice cup of tea.

On Wednesday:

You can drink a nice cup of tea.



1-2650

Lab Report (contd. from [6-2753 on p.89](#))

Time: 30 minutes

“Yes, Detective Lucas, the medical examiner sent us the bullets. Two .41 Short. They’re from a Remington Model 95, the double-barrelled pocket pistol, commonly known as a Derringer. Easily concealed in your pocket, purse, even in your socks or stockings.” Yeah, you know the Derringer.



Circle **Document 7** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 7** (Derringer and cartridges), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 124](#).



Circle **Marker Q1** on your case tracking sheet.



1-2877

Herman-Vance's Dance Hall
739 Broadway, GV-59

If you have circled **Marker LI** on your case tracking sheet, go to [3-4886 \(p.53\)](#)



1-2991

Edwin Day

70 W. 11th St, GV-25

Time: 30 minutes

You knock a few times but no one seems to be at home. How could you track Day down?

If you have no idea, use hints *Director 1 and 2*.



1-3418

Jefferson Market Library
425 6th Ave, GV-37
Time: **90 minutes**

You go to the library and do a little superficial research in a few stuffy volumes. An hour of it made you need your lunch...

If you want to read about **William Shakespeare**, go to [4-1160 \(p.59\)](#).

If you want to read about *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, go to [6-6406 \(p.93\)](#).

If you want to read about **Edgar Allan Poe**, go to [4-6044 \(p.62\)](#).

If you want to read about **Mark Twain's life and inventions**, go to [2-1282 \(p.39\)](#).

Counts as one lead regardless of how many articles you read, but **if you read them all:**

☒ Tick **4** culture boxes on your case tracking sheet.

 Circle **Marker Z1** on your case tracking sheet.



1-4250

Hotel Lafayette
University Pl & 9th St, GV-43
Time: 30 minutes

NIGHT LEAD - or could be a (normal) day lead as well

The Hotel's concierge confirms the fact that the Poe dinner will be held here on Saturday, but unless you're interested in the menu or the decorations you have to ask the dinner's organizer, Mrs. Boyle, for more details.



1-4266

Talk to Schmidt (contd. from 1-9224 on p.31)

Time: 30 minutes

It takes a few laps of the hall for you to finally spot Lester Schmidt again and motion him to the side. The young man looks frightened.

“Oh God, I shouldn’t have lied about those other offers, should I? But must you arrest me on the opening of the exhibit, Detective? All my friends are here, and a few potential buyers as well. Real ones this time, I swear.” You tell him you didn’t come to arrest him, but rather to ask him about Jackson.

“Jackson Pollock? The kid I recommended to Smirnov? Did he do something?”

“Good question. I don’t know yet. But I’m trying to find him, and Mr. Smirnov said you might know where I could find his brother.”

“Oh, I see. Yes, his brother works at the gas station in the Village if I remember correctly.”

“By the way, how do you know Jackson and his brother?”

“Jackson was helping me with the murals of the Willoughby’s library. He told me he and his brother Charlie came to New York a few years before, but were having trouble finding jobs for a long time because of the depression you see. Then his brother finally found a job at the gas station, and Jackson got the job with me. But it was just a temporary thing, so I told him I would try to talk to my friends and see if they knew about another job opening. That’s when Smirnov mentioned the job at the school he’s working at.”

“Thank you, Mr. Schmidt. You were a great help.”



Circle **Marker W1** on your case tracking sheet.



1-4927

Poetry Reading (contd. from 1-1926 on p.13)

Time: **60 minutes**

The little tearoom is packed with all sorts of artsy-fartsy people. Students and older professor-types. Blue-stockings and tortured writers. You stick out like a sore thumb. At the front there's a young woman dressed in black, who hands out brochures to the assembled audience. You get one as well.



Circle **Document 13** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 13** (The brochure), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 131](#).

Suddenly the woman starts clinking a teacup with a teaspoon to catch everyone's attention. She has a very distinctive voice, and an interesting accent.



 listen to the audio

(https://ny noir.org/f/annaCase2TheModel/Tea_Room_1_Ledas_Intro.m4a).

"Ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to the monthly poetry reading of the *Greenwich Village Poetry Society*. I am Léda Kékesy, vice president of the society and owner of this tea room. Today we're reading the poems of two contemporary Central European poets; my fellow countryman, the Hungarian Endre Ady - whose muse Léda I was named after, by the way - and the German-Bohemian poet Rainer Maria Rilke, one of my other favourites.

The first two poems I'm about to read will evoke fall, but in very different ways." She waits a few seconds for effect, then starts reciting the first poem.



 listen to the audio

(https://ny noir.org/f/annaCase2TheModel/Tea_Room_2_Adys_Poem.m4a).

"*Hawk Mating On The Fallen Leaves* by Endre Ady.

We're on our way. We're going to the Fall,
Screaming, crying, chasing,
Two shell-birds with limp wings.

Summer has new robbers,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The new shell-wings click,
The kissing battles are raging.

We are leaving the Summer,
We will stop somewhere in the Fall,
With ruffled feathers, in love.

This is our last wedding for us:
We tear into each other's flesh
And we fall on the autumn debris."

The audience enthusiastically applauds this reciting. Léda takes a little bow then continues. Oh, God...



listen to the audio
(https://nynoir.org/f/annaCase2TheModel/Tea_Room_3_Rilkes_Poem.m4a).

"Fall Day by Rainer Maria Rilke.

Lord, it is time. This was a very big summer.
Lay your shadows over the sundial,
and let the winds loose on the fields.

Command the last fruits to be full;
give them two more sunny days,
urge them on to fulfillment and throw
the last sweetness into the heavy wine.

Who has no house now, will never build one.
Whoever is alone now, will long remain so,
Will watch, read, write long letters
and will wander in the streets, here and there

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

restlessly, when the leaves blow.”

More enthusiastic applause. You start wondering what the heck you’re doing here, and slip out of the tea room before the next recitation begins. You urgently need to breathe some cigarette smoke after that.



Circle **Marker M1** on your case tracking sheet.

If you read the **brochure**, you’ll gain **culture points**.



1-7607

*Standard Oil
725 Broadway, GV-70
Time: 30 minutes*

You spot a blond young man at the gas station helping a customer. He moves like someone with very sound muscles. He's thin, not too tall, maybe 25, and wears average-sized shoes. Maybe size 10?

You wait until he's finished. "Mr. Charles Pollock? I'm Detective Lucas from the NYPD. I'm looking for your brother, Jackson. I want to ask him a few questions."

He looks at you and there's a directness in his eyes but the rest of his face is an expressionless mask. "What do the police want with my brother? He's a good kid, he didn't do anything illegal. And he works at that artsy school. Did you look for him there?"

"I did. He wasn't there. That's why I'm asking you. If your brother didn't do anything as you said, there's no harm telling me where to find him." You try to sound nice and engaging. Yeah, that was a mistake. The boy narrows his eyes.

"I have no idea where he is, Detective. Excuse me, a customer needs my help." And he's on his way to a car that rolled up at the station. At that moment someone steps out of the office.

"What seems to be the problem, Officer?" asks the middle-aged man.

"It's Detective Lucas, Mr..."

"I'm the manager, Henry Owens."

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Owens. Just looking for Charlie's brother, but Charlie says he doesn't know where Jackson is."

"I see. And why are you looking for Jackson exactly? He doesn't seem the type who makes trouble. Neither of them do. They're good kids, Charlie's work is excellent here."

Looks like everyone is in love with the Pollock brothers. That alone seems fishy to you. No one is perfect, so why are they trying so hard to seem like 'good kids' in everyone's eyes? You have a feeling this man knows something and you intend to find out what.

"Look, Mr. Owens. There was a murder last night at the school where Jackson works. I'm not saying he was involved, but the fact that he disappeared makes him suspicious. There's no point in hiding if he's clean. Would be best for him if I could talk to him."

The man is hesitating. Just another little push... So you look him directly in the eyes - "Look, Mr. Owens, if you want to help the kid, just tell me where he is." The poor guy finally cracks.

"Alright, Detective. Although I don't precisely know where he is, but... I guess I have a suspicion. I got a little room for the Pollock brothers at my brother-in-law's place when Charlie started to work here and I learned he and his brother had no place to stay. They were so poor at the time they couldn't even attend their father's funeral in Los Angeles. So I asked around for accommodation for them, and Leslie, my brother-in-law, said they had a little room at Wellner Motors that nobody

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

used. I guess you could try there, Detective.” Putty in your hands, this one... You’re very satisfied with yourself when you say your goodbyes.



Circle **Marker C1** on your case tracking sheet.



1-7653

Arthur Leblanc (contd. from 7-1822 on p.103)

Time: 30 minutes

You have to knock a few times until someone finally opens the door. Arthur Leblanc is a tall man, wears glasses and has brown hair. You look at his feet. He has big feet. Maybe size 12? There are bandages on his neck and there are scratches on his face. His eyes are red and puffy.

"Yes?" he asks warily.

"Mr. Leblanc? I'm Detective Lucas. There has been an accident at the school."

He looks at you taken aback: "An accident? What kind of accident?"

"May I come in, Mr. Leblanc?"

"Yes, Detective, of course, come in." He leads you into a spacious living room. "Take a seat. Can I offer you anything to drink?"

"No, thank you. Mr. Leblanc, I'd like to ask you some questions." Leblanc opens a bar cabinet.

"Ask away, Detective. But I'll have a drink if you don't mind. I don't feel very well. I might have caught something." He pours himself a big drink.

"And injured yourself?"

"Oh, these?" He gestures to the bandages. "It was just Luna, our cat. She's a bit capricious lately." So there's a wild creature somewhere in this apartment. You better be cautious.

"A new cat?" you ask warily.

"No, not really. She's almost 9 months old now. It's Krystal's cat actually - my wife's." He takes another sip.

"Oh, your wife's, I see. Is your wife at home?"

"No. She's working."

"Working? Where?". You look at him expectantly.

"She's a singer at Herman-Vance's... You wanted to ask me about an accident, Detective?"

"Yes, of course. But maybe it wasn't an accident at all. Mrs. Amy Morgan, one of the models, was found dead in the painting studio yesterday morning."

The guy chokes on his drink and starts coughing: "Dead?" he croaks out.

"Someone shot her."

"Someone shot her?" He looks at you bewildered.

"Guess you knew her, Mr. Leblanc."

"Yes... I mean I've seen her a few times and talked to her once or twice... but just in passing", he reddens.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Mrs. Morgan was a beautiful lady,” you say understandingly.

“Yes, yes, she... was. Oh, God, we need to use the past tense now. I can’t believe it.” Leblanc pours himself another drink. He’s gonna be hammered soon if he continues like this...

“The principal was surprised you didn’t show up yesterday morning at the school.”

“Yes, I know, I’m sorry. I called him already and told him I wasn’t feeling well.” You look at the deep circles under his eyes.

“What do you teach, Mr. Leblanc?”

“Oh, I’m an illustrator, worked for newspapers and book publishers in the past, and now I’m teaching drawing classes at the school.” You spot a big slanted drawing table in the corner with a bookshelf next to it. There’s a photograph of Mr. Leblanc on one of the shelves. Looks like he’s quite a handsome man without the red eyes and the bandages.



Circle **Document 10** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 10** (Leblanc’s photograph), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 127](#).

“You said you were home Monday night.”

“Yes, I felt a bit under the weather, so I went to bed early. Although I couldn’t sleep very well most of the night.”

“Was your wife home?”

“Yes, Krystal arrived home around 11pm as usual. As I said, I wasn’t sleeping well, so I heard her come in.” At that moment a little black cat appears in the door, meowing.

“Luna! I think she’s hungry, Detective. Do you have any other questions? I think I have to feed the little monster now.”

You look at him for a few seconds, but finally you only say - “No, that’s it. Thank you for your help, Mr. Leblanc. Hope you feel better soon.”

“Yes, thank you, Detective.” The abominable creature is meowing louder and louder while Leblanc walks you to the door. What a demanding little bastard. No wonder you don’t like cats.



Circle **Marker L1** on your case tracking sheet.



1-7655

Day about Amy Morgan

You try to glance at the director's feet - average. Could be size 10.

"There was an accident at the New York School of Music and Art last night, and I'm interviewing the staff. Your principal is worried, by the way, because you didn't show up at the school this morning", you look at him expectantly.

"Worried? Why? I told him a week ago that I'm rehearsing all day today so I wouldn't be going to the school. Looks like old Syl forgot. Maybe because of the accident you mentioned. What was that about?"

"One of the models, Amy Morgan, was found dead in one of the classrooms this morning."

"Dead??? No wonder Syl forgot about my rehearsal day... But, how did she die? You've said it was an accident."

"She was shot." Day lets out a whistle.

"Well, what a turn of events!" You look at the director suspiciously.

"You don't seem too shocked about this, Mr. Day."

"I'm not, really. I knew those secret meetings in the art studio could lead to tragedy. I told Amy as much a couple of weeks ago." You're dumbfounded.

Looks like Day reached the desired effect with his statement, because he continues smugly, "You know, Detective, I'm a very observant fellow, plus I do like to make it my business to know almost everything about almost everyone I know. Someone would say I poke my nose into everything, but I look at it as being interested in the world around me. That's how I noticed the change in Amy a few months ago.

She was always very beautiful of course, but very sad. Sometimes even distraught. Which wasn't surprising, since that drunkard husband of hers beat her from time to time. Everyone knew about it. But one day this beaten-down moth became a butterfly. I suspected it must have something to do with a love affair, so I confronted her at the right moment and secured her confession about it. Although she didn't want to tell me who the lucky fellow was.

Then, a few weeks later, I overheard some students talking about the fact they found the bed in the studio a bit rumpled in the morning. They were speculating on who might be conducting an illicit affair in that room at night. Their money was on Smirnov. But I noticed Amy talking in a very hush-hush manner with our young janitor, Jackson not long before that. Well, well, I thought, so our little butterfly likes them very young... The boy had been smitten with Amy since the day he saw her, that was obvious, but it surprised me that Amy fancied him back as well... *Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind*", starts to recite the director with closed eyes. Oh, God. You hate poetry. "... *and therefore is winged Cupid painted blind,*" as the Bard said in this very play we are rehearsing right now...

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

But I haven't said anything until a couple of weeks ago when I witnessed another whispering session between our lovers. But this time Jackson seemed more nervous and demanding. I managed to overhear a few of his words. He said something like *Please, Mrs. Morgan, give them back already. I'm gonna lose my job.* I thought the boy might have given the model some gifts that really were school property. That's when I warned Amy it would be wise to end her little tryst before it could cause harm to the parties involved. She was seemingly very torn about it, but she said she would end these secret meetings soon... That's all I could tell you about Amy and this whole affair. Forgive my pun, Detective. And now I have to start the rehearsal."

"Last question. Where did you spend last night?" He looks at you mischievously.

"Well, Detective, that would be telling, and I exclusively gossip about other people - never about myself." And with that he starts clapping, and all the actors and other staff run to their places. You're thinking about grilling him a bit more, but when the musicians start playing, you just take your hat and leave.



Circle **Marker D1** on your case tracking sheet.



1-8027

Madison Square Theater (contd. from [5-2749](#) on [p.73](#))

Time: 30 minutes

There's lots of activity in the theater when you arrive. Actors rehearsing their script, set designers painting big trees and bushes of various sizes, costume designers sewing and pinning up materials which look like fairy wings. There's someone trying on a donkey head in the corner. There are a few musicians rehearsing on the stage, and workers are tinkering with the lighting.

There is one person who's sitting in one of the rows and smoking calmly amidst this activity. He must be the director, Edwin Day. He's a blond man wearing a colorful shirt and a scarf around his neck. He reminds you of a flamingo for some reason. When you approach his row, he looks at his watch and yells "Come on, folks, hurry up. The Saturday premiere is already on us. We're starting in ten!" Everyone starts rushing about in a sudden panicked frenzy.

You sit down beside him. "Hello, Mr. Day. I'm Detective Lucas. Can I bother you for a moment?"

"A Detective? I'm intrigued, so I'll be generous and say... you get 10 minutes." He looks at you with interest in his eyes.

If you want to ask him about the **Shakespeare Fellowship** first, go to [5-3763](#) ([p.78](#)).

If you want to ask him about **Amy Morgan** only, go to [5-6989](#) ([p.80](#)).



1-8247

Uma Rafaela Kozlova
102 Bedford St, GV-74 (apt. 1b)

If you have circled **Marker T1** on your case tracking sheet, go to [6-7015 \(p.95\)](#)

If not:

Maybe you should talk to the building's manager first.



1-9224

*The Willoughby Museum of Contemporary Art
555 West St, HY-10
Time: 30 minutes*

There's a big crowd in the Willoughby. Everyone wants to see the new exhibition it seems. People are hypocrites. You spot Smirnov near the back wall where the Village artists' paintings are hanging again - thanks to you. And there's that young painter who looks like he's twelve...

You motion to Smirnov indicating that you want to speak with him, so he rolls out in his wheelchair from the exhibition hall and follows you to the entrance hall.

"Ah, Detective! The hero who saved our paintings. What can I help you with?" You tell him about the model's death.

"Shot???" In my... in the studio?" He seems genuinely shocked. You ask him about the victim.

"Amy is... was one of our models at the painting class I teach. She sat for us once a week. I... I just can't believe this. You said, she's dead? I mean... she received flowers in the last few weeks which she brought in with her to class and left them there afterwards. I guessed they weren't from her husband, so that's why she couldn't take them home. But still..."

You ask him about the janitor as well.

"Jackson? What's he got to do with this? He's just a kid."

"Just answer the question, Mr. Smirnov. Please." He looks uncomfortable and nervous but answers your question.

"I met Jackson through Lester Schmidt, who was painting murals for the Willoughby's Library at the time. Lester told me about this talented boy, who'd fallen on hard times lately. He asked me if I knew of something for the kid to do at our school. As we were looking for a janitor at the time, I said yes. So that's how Jackson got the job, which even came with a tiny room in the basement. The boy was very grateful for it. Before that he lived with his brother, I think. You can ask Lester about it. He's also here."

"Okay, I'll ask Mr. Schmidt as soon as we're finished here. Go on."

"Being at the school gave Jackson opportunities to look on in classes when he wasn't working. Not officially, of course. He attended my painting classes as often as he could and I found him very talented."

"Did Jackson know Mrs. Morgan?"

"Yes, he knew Amy. He attended one or two of the sessions when she was modeling for us. But he was just working on his painting as everyone else did in class. I didn't see them talking or anything. There's no chatting with the models during a session." You thank Smirnov for his help.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

If you want to talk to **Schmidt**, go to [1-4266 \(p.19\)](#).



1-9361

Firearm Permits (contd. from 8-1439 on p.109)

Time: 30 minutes

You know a guy at the NYPD License and Permits department. You show him the revolver you found at the Morgans' apartment.

"It's an M1917, a Smith & Wesson Model. A six-shot, .45 ACP, large frame double action revolver."

So you ask him if Zachary Morgan has a permit for such a gun. He looks it up.

"No, he doesn't. I guess it's a souvenir from the war. These pistols were adopted by the United States Military in 1917, hence their name. The Smith & Wesson M1917 is essentially an adaptation of the company's .44 Hand Ejector 2nd Model."

"Thanks Tom. I owe you one."



1-9521

Arthur Leblanc (contd. from 7-1822 on p.103)

Time: 30 minutes

You have to knock a few times until someone finally opens the door. Arthur Leblanc is a tall man, wears glasses and has brown hair. You look at his feet. He has big feet. Maybe size 12? There are bandages on his neck and there are scratches on his face. His eyes are red and puffy.

"Yes?" he asks warily.

"Mr. Leblanc? I'm Detective Lucas. There has been an accident at the school."

"Accident? What kind of accident?" He looks at you taken aback.

"May I come in, Mr. Leblanc?"

"Yes, Detective, of course, come in." He leads you into a spacious living room. "Take a seat. Can I offer you anything to drink?"

"No, thank you. Mr. Leblanc, I'd like to ask you some questions." Leblanc opens a bar cabinet.

"Ask away, Detective. But I'll have a drink if you don't mind. I don't feel very well today. I might have caught something." He pours himself a big drink.

"And injured yourself?"

"Oh, these?" He gestures to the bandages. "It was just Luna, our cat. She's a bit capricious lately." So there's a wild creature somewhere in this apartment. You better be cautious.

"A new cat?" you ask warily.

"No, not really. She's almost 9 months old now. It's Krystal's cat actually - my wife's." He takes another sip.

"Oh, your wife's, I see. Is your wife at home?"

"No. She's working."

"Working? Where?". You look at him expectantly.

"She's a singer at Herman-Vance's... You wanted to ask me about an accident, Detective?"

"Yes, of course. But maybe it wasn't an accident at all. Mrs. Amy Morgan, one of the models, was found dead in the painting studio this morning." The guy chokes on his drink and starts coughing.

"Dead?" he croaks out.

"Someone shot her."

"Someone shot her?" He looks at you bewildered.

"Guess you knew her, Mr. Leblanc."

"Yes... I mean I've seen her a few times and talked to her once or twice... but just in passing", he reddens.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Mrs. Morgan was a beautiful lady,” you say understandingly.

“Yes, yes, she... was. Oh, God, we need to use the past tense now. I can’t believe it.” Leblanc pours himself another drink. He’s gonna be hammered soon if he continues like this...

“The principal was surprised you didn’t show up this morning at the school.”

“Yes, I know, I’m sorry. I called him already and told him I wasn’t feeling well. I should have called him earlier but I overslept, I’m afraid.” You look at those deep circles under his eyes. Overslept? Really?

“What do you teach, Mr. Leblanc?”

“Oh, I’m an illustrator, worked for newspapers and book publishers in the past, and now I’m teaching drawing classes at the school.” You spot a big slanted drawing table in the corner with a bookshelf next to it. There’s a photograph of Mr. Leblanc on one of the shelves. Looks like he’s quite a handsome man without the red eyes and the bandages.



Circle **Document 10** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 10** (Leblanc’s photograph), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 127](#).

“You said you were home last night.”

“Yes, I felt a bit under the weather in the evening already, so I went to bed early. Although I couldn’t sleep very well most of the night.”

“Was your wife home?”

“Yes, Krystal arrived home around 11pm as usual. As I said, I wasn’t sleeping well, so I heard her come in.” At that moment a little black cat appears in the door, meowing.

“Luna! I think she’s hungry, Detective. Do you have any other questions? I think I have to feed the little monster now.”

You look at him for a few seconds, but finally you only say - “No, that’s it. Thank you for your help, Mr. Leblanc. Hope you feel better soon.”

“Yes, thank you, Detective.” The abominable creature is meowing louder and louder while Leblanc walks you to the door. What a demanding little bastard. No wonder you don’t like cats.



Circle **Marker L1** on your case tracking sheet.



2

2-0380

*Colonial Ale Brewing Company
119b Washington Pl, GV-61
Time: 30 minutes*

The office manager of the company greets you. He's surprised to hear that you want to speak with Zachary Morgan. "Morgan? He's a reliable worker. Why are you looking for him?"

"Reliable? So he's not drinking during work hours?" you look at the manager surprised.

"No, Detective. Of course he's not drinking. Otherwise he wouldn't be working here anymore. We have a very strict sobriety policy - which is understandable given that we brew ale. But you didn't answer my question, Detective. Why are you looking for him?"

"Mrs. Morgan... had an accident. I need to speak with her husband."

"Oh, I see. That's all right, I guess. Take a seat, Detective, I'll call Mr. Morgan here, so you could talk undisturbed."

The office manager looks concerned when he returns a few minutes later. "I'm sorry, Detective, but apparently Morgan felt ill this morning and went home. I should have been informed about this at once, of course... Very irregular. I don't know what to think about this. As I said, Morgan seemed reliable - before today that is."

"Can I speak to someone who saw Mr. Morgan today?"

"Yes, of course." He steps out of the door and shouts down to the brewing hall - "Corrigan, come up!" - and steps back into the office. "This is his fellow co-worker who talked to him."

A man in overalls steps inside a few minutes later, looking uncomfortable.

"Yes, boss?"

"Tell the Detective what you've just told me. About Morgan."

"Whaddaya mean, boss?" he asks, confused.

You take over.

"Mr. Corrigan, was it? Did you see Zachary Morgan today?"

"Yeah, I told the boss already. Morgan said he was feelin' ill or somethin'."

"How did he seem?" But the boob just beams at you. "Sad? Frightened? The usual?" - you try. But he just shrugs.

"Dunno. Usual I guess." Yeah, no point in drilling him further.

You thank the two men for their help and leave.



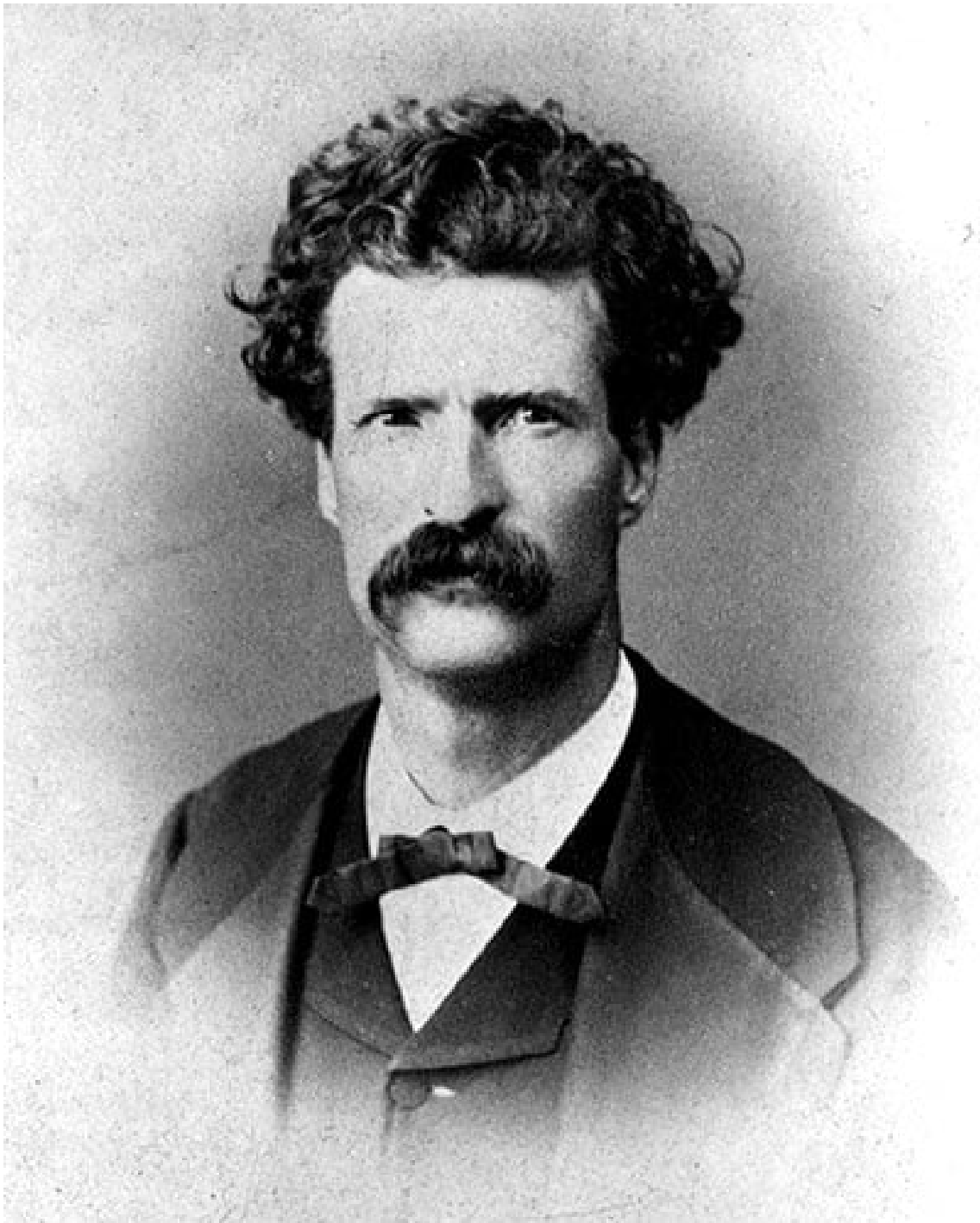
Circle **Marker B1** on your case tracking sheet.

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2-1282

Mark Twain (contd. from 1-3418 on p.17)



Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835 – 1910), known by the pen name Mark Twain, was an American writer, humorist, and essayist. He was born in Florida, Missouri, but when he was four, his family moved to Hannibal, a port town on the Mississippi River that inspired the fictional town of St Petersburg in *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Twain was fascinated with science and scientific inquiry. He developed a close and lasting friendship with Nikola Tesla, and the two spent much time together in Tesla's laboratory. Twain patented three inventions, including an "Improvement in Adjustable and Detachable Straps for Garments" (to replace suspenders) and a history trivia game. Most commercially successful was a self-pasting scrapbook; a dried adhesive on the pages needed only to be moistened before use.

In his later years, Twain lived at 14 West 10th Street in Manhattan. He passed through a period of deep depression and died of a heart attack on April 21, 1910, in Stormfield.



2-1362

Village Vanguard nightclub (contd. from [7-1524 on p.101](#))

No one saw a short, round, balding man here today.



2-1641

Suzanna Ulrika Samant
102 Bedford St, GV-74 (apt. 2c)

Mrs. Samant is a tiny old woman with fluffy white hair and a big smile. “Yes, dear?”

“Mrs. Samant? I’m Detective Lucas. Wanted to ask you about the Morgans from Apt. 1c.”

“Wanna see? What? Talk louder, dear, I can’t hear you!”

“I’M DETECTIVE LUCAS.”

“Mucus?”

“LUCAS! Never mind... WANTED TO ASK ABOUT THE MORGANS!”

“My organs??? No, I *don’t* want to donate my organs! What an impudence! Are you one of my daughter’s doctor friends? I told her many times. I want to stand in front of my maker when my hour comes with all of my organs intact, thank you very much. So you’re out of luck, young man!” And she shuts the door in your flabbergasted face.



Circle **Marker UI** on your case tracking sheet.



2-5439

Empire Arms and Ammunition gun shop (contd. from [6-0754](#) on p.87)

Time: 30 minutes

You show the gunsmith the revolver you found at the Morgans' place.

“It’s an M1917, a Smith & Wesson Model. A six-shot, .45 ACP, large frame double action revolver. These were adopted by the United States Military in 1917, to supplement the standard M1911 pistol during the War. During that time many U.S. civilian arms companies including Colt and Remington were producing M1911 pistols under contract for the U.S. Army, but even with the additional production there was a shortage of sidearms to issue. The interim solution was to ask Colt and Smith & Wesson, the two major American producers of revolvers at the time, to adapt their heavy-frame civilian revolvers to the standard .45 ACP pistol cartridge. The Smith & Wesson M1917 is essentially an adaptation of the company’s .44 Hand Ejector 2nd Model.”



2-6183

Lawson Louis Erwin Hopkins Jr.
566 W. Broadway, GV-83

IF you read these articles in *The Villager*:

- *Missouri Lauds Twain*, and
- *Who's Who, Lawson Erwin Hopkins*, and
- *Shakespeare Fellowship Sired By Day*,

THEN Go to [5-1596 \(p.69\)](#)



2-9626

Gerald Best (contd. from 8-0854 on p.108)

Time: 30 minutes

Mr. Best is a big mountain of a fellow with muscled arms. Seems like his 'only girl is Bessie' - if one can believe his tattoos. You can hear a child crying in the background when he opens the door. When you ask about his neighbours, the Morgans, he starts shaking his head.

"Morgan is a total scumbag. Nobody should hit a woman, ever. I'm a peaceful guy, but sometimes when I saw Amy with those bruises, I considered giving Zachary a bit of his own medicine. Like yesterday evening. It was an especially bad fight. Morgan was bellowing something about not wanting his wife whoring herself in that school anymore. I heard chairs falling and Amy crying, so I was about to step in. But when I opened my door, I saw Amy running away, towards the exit. She shouted back 'I will leave you, I swear. You won't see me again, you bastard!' or something like that."

"When was that?"

But at that moment a woman's voice calls - "Gerry? What have you been doing for so long? Little G is very fussy today. Come and help me already!" Could that be 'Bessie', you wonder.

"Just a moment, baby! What were you asking, Detective?"

"When did Mrs. Morgan leave?"

"Gerry! I'm not kidding, I really need help here!" The baby's cry became even louder.

"Coming, baby! Around 11 o'clock, I think."

"GERRY!!!" The woman is shrieking now. Best looks at you apologetically, nods, and shuts the door.



Circle **Marker G1** on your case tracking sheet.



3

3-1810

Raul Fitzgibbon
102 Bedford St, GV-74 (apt. 2b)

You try knocking a few times, but nothing. Looks like no one's at home.



3-2519

Day about the Shakespeare Fellowship (contd. from [3-7485](#) on [p.55](#))

"I read in *The Villager* that you're the founder of the Shakespeare Fellowship. I'm investigating a possible theft. It involves a famous writer from the newspaper's last issue. I was wondering, could that famous writer be Shakespeare? Is there a well-known manuscript or a valuable object here in the Village that belonged to him?"

Day looks at you surprised. "Yes, I'm the founder of the Fellowship, and this play we're rehearsing right now is one of its latest productions. But it has nothing to do with the author himself, at least not the way you mentioned, Detective. There are no manuscripts surviving the Bard, and no personal items either. A lot of people even argue that someone other than William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon wrote the plays."

"I see." You nod hesitantly.

If you want to ask him about **Amy Morgan** now, go to [1-7655](#) ([p.27](#)).



3-2708

Peter Kwiatkowski

102 Bedford St, GV-74 (apt. 2d)

Time: 30 minutes

The young museum guard is wearing pajamas, his throat is wrapped in a scarf, his eyes and nose are red. He looks surprised to see you.

“Dedegtive? Achoo. Zorry. I’fe god the flu. Is there someding wrong with the paindings agaid? Achoo.” You cautiously take a step back.

“Um, no, nothing’s wrong with the paintings this time. I wanted to ask about the Morgans. From lc. Did you hear their fights?”

“The Borgads? Yeah, I’fe heard their fightz. They were bery loud. Achoo. Boor Brs. Borgad. I feld really bad for her. Br. Borgad dringz a lod. Achoo.”

“Yeah... Okay, you should go back to bed now.”

“Yez, I thing you’re right. Goodbye, Dedegtive. Achoo.”



Circle **Marker P1** on your case tracking sheet.



3-3215

Village Barn Nightclub

52 W. 8th St, GV-53 (apt. basement)

NIGHT LEAD - or could be a (normal) day lead as well

If it's after 8pm, go to [5-1701 \(p.70\)](#).



3-3482

Dance Hall (contd. from 3-4886 on p.53)

Time: 30 minutes

NIGHT LEAD

When you step into the ballroom you see couples dancing, and a decorative flame-top sings *'Anything Goes'* in a humming voice. When you ask a waiter, he says that she's indeed Krystal Leblanc and her break is coming up soon. "And today she's in a good mood too, so you're in luck. She's become almost unbearable in the last few weeks. And wow, does she have a temper... But not today, though. So I'd say you could safely wait for her at her dressing room - even without flowers." You walk in the indicated direction and shortly find the door with a *'Miss Krystal'* label on it. There's a poster of her on the wall next to the door.



Circle **Document II** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document II** (The poster), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 128](#).

You light up and lean against the wall. After 5 minutes or so, Mrs. Leblanc comes off the stage and heads to her dressing room. She looks almost identical to her poster, only now she's wearing a green sequinned dress with deep cleavage and a side cut high up her very long thigh. Her fingernails, her mouth and her artificially curled hair are exactly as bright-red as on the poster. In real life you can see her high heels too, which are red as well. She approaches you with enough sex appeal to stampede someone's lunch...

A few unfiltered remarks come to mind, but you only introduce yourself and tell her that you'd like to ask her some questions if she has a few minutes for you. She looks surprised, but invites you into her dressing room.

"Ask away, Detective. I'm intrigued." She lights a cigarette and offers one to you as well, but shaking your head you refuse.

"It's about your husband."

"Arty? Seriously? What does he have to do with the police? I can't imagine him being a *'bad boy'*," she says, humor in her voice.

"He didn't go to work today. He said he didn't feel well, so he just slept in. There were scratches on his face and neck as well. He said it was your cat, but I thought, I'll ask you about it..." You trail off realizing how lame your words sound. And on cue, the woman starts laughing.

"You came here to ask me if my husband was really scratched up by the cat? Seriously?" This makes you very angry.

"Look here, Mrs. Leblanc, someone was shot in your husband's school last night, so that's why I'm here." She suddenly stops laughing and opens her eyes wide.

"Someone was shot in the art school? Really? Who?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Amy Morgan. A model.” She doesn’t react when you reveal the name. “Did you know her, Mrs. Leblanc?” She turns to her mirror and starts powdering her nose and putting more lipstick on.

“No, I didn’t. And to answer your question, Detective, yes, Luna scratched up my husband’s face and neck yesterday. She really doesn’t like poor Arty... My husband felt under the weather last night anyway, so I wasn’t surprised when I saw him sleeping in today. Do you have any more questions, Detective? I have to go back on stage in a minute.”

“When did you get home last night, Mrs. Leblanc?”

“I don’t know. Around 11, I guess. As usual.”

“Was your husband home?”

“Yes, he was sleeping already. So I went to bed as well. But I really have to go now, Detective, my break is over.” She puts out her cigarette and stands up.

“Okay, that’s it then. Thanks for your time, Mrs. Leblanc.” You tip your hat and leave.



Circle **Marker A1** on your case tracking sheet.



3-4886

Dance Hall (contd. from [1-2877](#) on [p.15](#))

If it's **Tuesday, after 8pm**, it's a NIGHT LEAD, so go to [3-3482](#) ([p.51](#)).

If it's **Wednesday**, go to [4-8281](#) ([p.66](#)).

If it's Tuesday, before 8pm:

The dance hall isn't open yet, come back later.



3-6597

El Chico Nightclub (contd. from [8-4497](#) on p.110)

Time: 30 minutes

You pay a few rounds to a few people who look like they might have the info you need, but the only thing you can find out is that a short, round, balding man *was* here earlier today. What a waste of money...



3-7485

Madison Square Theater (contd. from [5-2749](#) on p.73)

Time: 30 minutes

There's lots of activity in the theater when you arrive. Actors rehearsing their script, set designers painting big trees and bushes of various sizes, costume designers sewing and pinning up materials which look like fairy wings. There's someone trying on a donkey head in the corner. There are a few musicians rehearsing on the stage, and workers are tinkering with the lighting.

There is one person who's sitting in one of the rows and smoking calmly amidst this activity. He must be the director, Edwin Day. He's a blond man wearing a colorful shirt and a scarf around his neck. He reminds you of a flamingo for some reason. When you approach his row, he looks at his watch and yells "Come on, folks, hurry up. The Saturday premiere is already on us. We're starting in ten!" Everyone starts rushing about in a sudden panicked frenzy.

You sit down beside him. "Hello, Mr. Day. I'm Detective Lucas. Can I bother you for a moment?"

"A Detective? I'm intrigued, so I'll be generous and say... you get 10 minutes." He looks at you with interest in his eyes.

If you want to ask him about the **Shakespeare Fellowship** first, go to [3-2519](#) (p.48).

If you want to ask him about **Amy Morgan** only, go to [1-7655](#) (p.27).



4

4-1084

Looking for Morgan (contd. from 5-2537 on p.72)

Time: 60 minutes

You find Morgan drinking at the bar. His once-handsome face is red and puffy.

“Zachary Morgan?”

“Yeah?” he looks at you for a moment with a vacant expression then turns back to his drink.

“Detective Lucas. Need to talk to you about your wife.”

“Amy? Why?” He gulps down his whiskey and orders another one.

“When did you last see her?”

“Last night, I guess.” He still seems disinterested. You should try and shake him up a bit.

“Your wife is dead, Mr. Morgan.” That did it. He looks at you confused.

“What d’you mean?”

“She died last night.” Then add - “I’m sorry.”

The man doesn’t react first. Then finally shakes his head like he’s trying to sober up. “How?”

“What?”

“How did Amy die? Was there a traffic accident?”

“A traffic accident? No.”

“Then how? Tell me, goddamit!” he shouts now.

You feel like decking the guy, but you end up just answering him.

“She was shot.”

“Shot???” The scrawny man almost falls off the stool. You catch him by his arm. “Someone shot Amy? Why? I... I don’t understand.”

“Yes, Mr. Morgan. Someone shot your wife in the school where she was working.” The mentioning of the school makes him angry.

“That damn school! Damn it to hell! I told her it wasn’t right. I told her it wasn’t decent to take off her clothes in front of all those people. But she was saying it was ‘real art’ - or some shit like that, and there was nothing indecent about that... Nothing indecent? Are you kidding me?” Suddenly he stops ranting. “But do you know who? I mean who shot her? Was it an accident?” He looks almost pleadingly at you. He’s pushing this accident idea very hard...

“I don’t know yet... Could you tell me more about your wife? I’ve heard you fought a lot.” He reddens suddenly.

“Yeah... I have a problem with alcohol. I don’t drink while I’m working... but immediately start drinking when I finish there. I can’t help it... When I arrive home I’m usually pretty drunk and don’t even remember what happens afterwards most of the time. But I can see the bottles, the broken

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plates, the torn clothes the next day. Even her bruises... It's terrible. I truly hate myself for it." He looks remorseful.

"What about last night?"

"I think she left me..."

That's interesting. Is he lying?

"You think your wife left you?"

"Yeah...", he nods. "I suspected for a while that she had a lover. It was torture... But when I accused her of being unfaithful to me, it only made things worse. When I arrived home yesterday, she was packing her suitcase. I said I won't let her leave, so we started fighting again. She ran away in the end. Without the suitcase. But I knew somehow she wouldn't come back this time. So I drank myself into oblivion... Oh, my God! Amy... Amy..." It seems the news finally hit him.

"When did Mrs. Morgan leave yesterday?"

"I don't know. It was late."

"Can someone confirm the fact that you stayed at home after that?"

"Confirm? No. I don't think so."

"You said you often don't remember what you do when you're drunk. Are you sure you stayed at home last night?"

"Yes. I mean I think so..."

"Mr. Morgan, do you own a gun?"

"A gun? Why? You're not suggesting that I... You can't seriously think... It's from the war, but I haven't used it since! Or at least I don't remember using it..."

"Mr. Morgan, I'm afraid I have to take you into custody." He doesn't protest—he just lowers his head as you walk him out of the bar.



Circle **Marker S1** on your case tracking sheet.



4-1160

William Shakespeare (contd. from 1-3418 on p.17)



William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616) was an English playwright, poet and actor. He is widely regarded as the greatest writer in the English language and the world's pre-eminent dramatist. He is often called England's national poet and the "Bard of Avon" (or simply "the Bard").

His extant works, including collaborations, consist of some 39 plays, 154 sonnets, three long narra-

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tive poems and a few other verses, some of uncertain authorship. His plays have been translated into every major living language and are performed more often than those of any other playwright. Shakespeare remains arguably the most influential writer in the English language, and his works continue to be studied and reinterpreted.



4-2017

Medical Examiner's Report (contd. from 4-7384 on p.65)

Time: 30 minutes

You call the Chief Medical Examiner to ask about Amy Morgan.

“There were two bullets in her chest, no exit wounds. One went into the lower left lung, the other damaged the pericardium. I sent them to the lab. They were fired, I’d say, from 6 feet, maybe a bit less. She died almost instantly, I’d say around 1am. No signs of struggle. And there were a few older bruises on her arms and her face.”

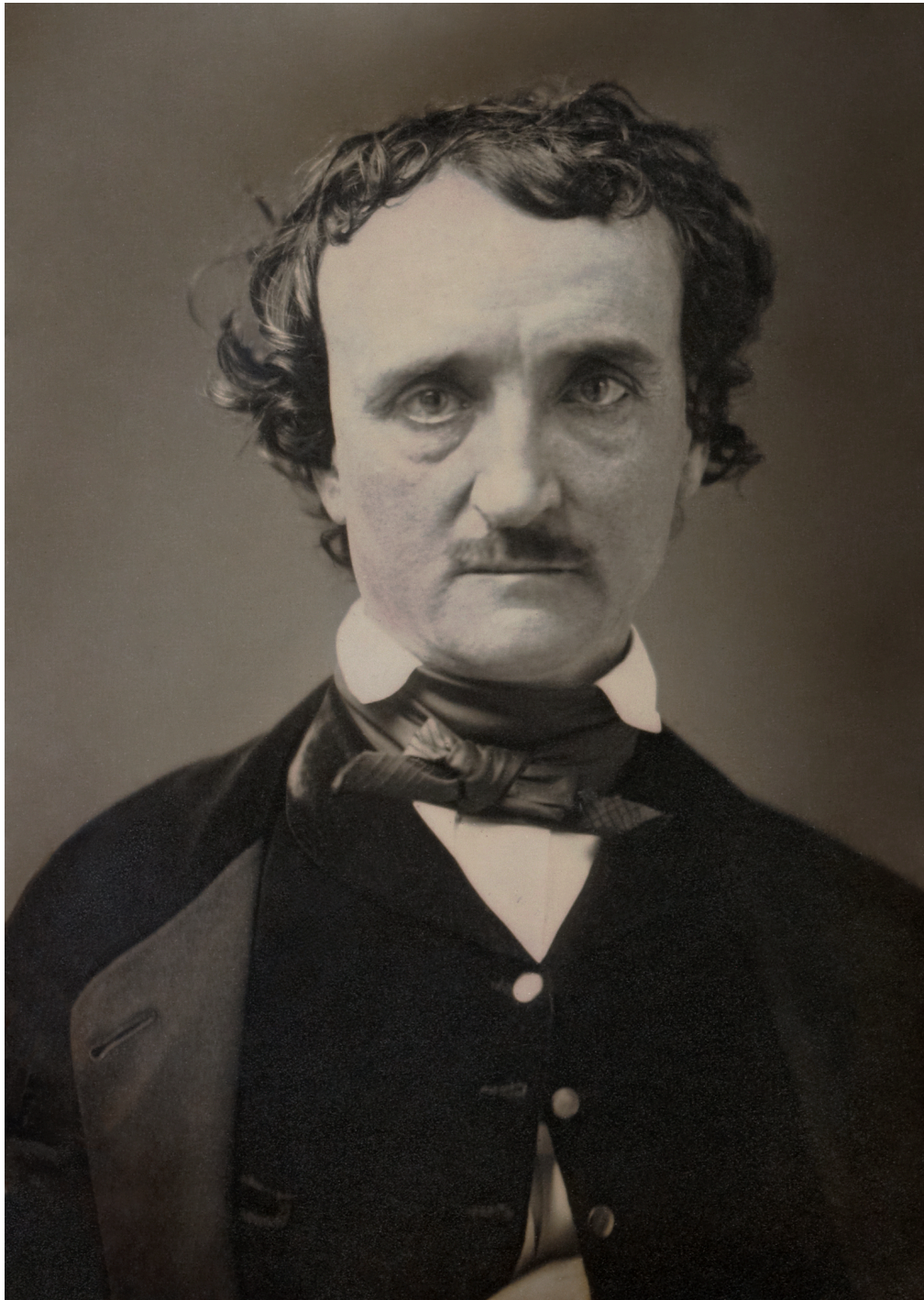


Circle **Marker 01** on your case tracking sheet.



4-6044

Edgar Allan Poe (contd. from 1-3418 on p.17)



Edgar Allan Poe (1809 – 1849) was an American writer, poet, editor, and literary critic. He spent several years working for literary journals and periodicals, becoming known for his own style of literary criticism.

His work forced him to move between several cities, including Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

York City. He wrote *The Raven* in Manhattan. In January 1845, he published his poem to instant success.

Poe died in Baltimore in 1849, aged 40, under mysterious circumstances. The cause of his death remains unknown and has been attributed to many causes, including disease, alcoholism, substance abuse, and suicide.



4-7206

Columbia University
537 W. 116th St, MS-63

If you want to ask about the **speakers of the Poe dinner**, go to [1-1219 \(p.12\)](#).

Otherwise:

They can't help you.



4-7384

Chief Medical Examiner
245 Greenwich St, CC-54

If it's **Wednesday**, go to [4-2017 \(p.61\)](#).



4-8281

Dance Hall (contd. from 3-4886 on p.53)

Time: 30 minutes

The dance hall isn't officially open yet, but when you step inside, you see a decorative flame-top on the podium, singing *'Anything Goes'* in a humming voice. When you ask a waiter, he says that she's indeed Krystal Leblanc and the rehearsal is over soon. "And today she's in a good mood too, so you're in luck. She's become almost unbearable in the last few weeks. And wow, does she have a temper... But not today, though. So I'd say you could safely wait for her at her dressing room - even without flowers." You walk in the indicated direction and shortly find the door with a *'Miss Krystal'* label on it. There's a poster of her on the wall.



Circle **Document II** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document II** (The poster), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 128](#).

You light up and lean against the wall. After 5 minutes or so, Mrs. Leblanc comes off the stage and heads to her dressing room. She looks almost identical to her poster, only now she's wearing a green sequinned dress with deep cleavage and a side cut high up her very long thigh. Her fingernails, her mouth and her artificially curled hair are exactly as bright-red as on the poster. In real life you can see her high heels too, which are red as well.

A few unfiltered remarks come to mind, but you only introduce yourself and tell her that you'd like to ask her some questions if she has a few minutes for you. She looks surprised, but invites you into her dressing room.

"Ask away, Detective. I'm intrigued." She lights a cigarette and offers one to you as well.

"It's about your husband."

"Arty? Seriously? What does he have to do with the police? I can't imagine him being a *bad boy*," she says, humor in her voice.

"He didn't go to work on Tuesday. He said he didn't feel well, so he just slept in. There were scratches on his face and neck as well. He said it was your cat, but I thought, I'll ask you about it..." You trail off realizing how lame your words sound. And on cue, the woman starts laughing.

"You came here to ask me if my husband was really scratched up by the cat? Seriously?" This pisses you off.

"Look here, lady, someone was shot in your husband's school Monday night, so that's why I'm here." She suddenly stops laughing and opens her eyes wide.

"Someone was shot in the art school? Really? Who?"

"Amy Morgan. A model." She doesn't react when you reveal the name. "Did you know her, Mrs. Leblanc?" She turns to her mirror and starts powdering her nose and putting more lipstick on.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“No, I didn’t. And to answer your question, Detective, yes, Luna scratched up my husband’s face and neck a few days ago. She really doesn’t like poor Arty... My husband has been feeling under the weather lately, so I wasn’t surprised when I saw him sleeping in on Tuesday. Do you have any more questions, Detective? I have to go back on stage in a minute.”

“When did *you* get home Monday night, Mrs. Leblanc?”

“I don’t know. Around 11, I guess. As usual.”

“Was your husband home by then?”

“Yes, he was sleeping already. So I went to bed as well. But I really have to go now, Detective, my break is over. We need to rehearse my new song.” She puts out her cigarette and stands up.

“Okay, that’s it then. Thank you for your time, Mrs. Leblanc.” You tip your hat and leave.



Circle **Marker A1** on your case tracking sheet.



5

5-1596

Lawson Louis Erwin Hopkins Jr. (contd. from [2-6183](#) on p.44)

Time: 30 minutes

The main hallway of the place is two stories high. Over the entrance doors, which would have let in a troop of elephants, there is a broad stained-glass window showing a knight in shining armor rescuing a lady who is tied to a tree and doesn't have any clothes on but some very long and convenient hair.

Seeing his hallway and reading *The Villager's* articles, you expected Hopkins to be a very eccentric fellow, but in reality he's a friendly and direct person. You won't be friends any time soon. But at least he doesn't wear those pretentious monocles at home. Looks like they're only for the press.

"How can I help you, Detective?" he asks you politely.

If you want to ask about the **Shakespeare Fellowship**, go to [5-9426](#) (p.84).

If you want to ask about his **famous cousin**, go to [5-3250](#) (p.74).



5-1701

Village Barn Nightclub (contd. from [3-3215](#) on p.50)

No one saw a short, round, balding man here today.



5-2095

Julius' Bar

159 W. 10th St, GV-41

Time: 30 minutes

NIGHT LEAD - or could be a (normal) day lead as well

Jimmy isn't in his usual place. Strange. What is that lowlife up to? Maybe you should try other local bars...



5-2537

Stonewall Inn
53 Christopher St, GV-49

NIGHT LEAD - or could be a (normal) day lead as well

If you're looking for Jimmy:

He's not here.

If you're looking for **someone else**, **AND**

If you have circled **Marker B1** on your case tracking sheet, **AND** If you have circled **Marker T1** on your case tracking sheet, go to [4-1084 \(p.57\)](#).



5-2749

Madison Square Theater
24th St & Broadway, GP-28

If you read the article *Shakespeare Fellowship Sired By Day*,

AND

it's **Tuesday** before 5pm, go to [3-7485 \(p.55\)](#).

If it's Tuesday after 5pm:

The rehearsal is over. Come back tomorrow.

If you read the article *Shakespeare Fellowship Sired By Day*,

AND

it's **Wednesday**, go to [1-8027 \(p.29\)](#).



5-3250

Hopkins about Twain (contd. from 5-1596 on p.69)

Time: 30 minutes

"I'm investigating a so-called Collector, Mr. Hopkins, who's probably interested in a famous author, an author who's already dead. Your uncle was Mark Twain I'm told, so I was hoping you could help me with that." He considers your question.

"To be precise Mark Twain was my grandmother Pamela's brother, so a great-uncle of sorts. But I called him uncle Sam, as all my cousins did when we were children. And to answer your question, Detective, there are lots of collectors who are interested in his manuscripts, as a matter of fact. Many of those manuscripts I inherited, so there are always buyers lurking about."

"I see. Where do you keep these valuable manuscripts, Mr. Hopkins?"

"They are in my safe with my uncle's diaries and notes." In a safe? At least that's something.

"Diaries and notes you say? Any special interest about them lately?"

"Special interest? Well, there was a widowed aunt a few years ago, Aunt Dorothy, who visited me a couple times and told me how she regretted she didn't get any of Uncle Sam's manuscripts. Her husband was a professor at Columbia, so she felt that would have entitled her to the inheritance even more. She was quite annoying for a while but I haven't heard from her for at least a year now.

But to tell you the truth, Detective, lately I have been getting more offers from investors who want to buy my uncle's unpatented inventions and notes he left to me." That's unexpected. You perk up.

"Inventions?"

"Yes, Detective. Everybody knows about the three he patented in his life, but there are more that lay around in his diaries and notes. Uncle Sam was good friends with Nicola Tesla and they spent a lot of time in Mr. Tesla's laboratory. Naturally, everyone is curious about what my uncle was writing in his diaries about these experiments. Here - a photograph. Mr. Tesla performs an electrical experiment in his laboratory - for uncle Sam and an actor, Joseph Jefferson. It was taken in 1894. Mr. Tesla is unfortunately blurred at the centre."



Circle **Document 6** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 6** (Photograph of Twain and Tesla), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 123](#).

Experimenting with Tesla? You've never heard about that. And you didn't know about the patented inventions either. Apparently not *'everybody'* knows about them. And what's with this *'uncle Sam'*? You thought his uncle was called Mark...

"One company became especially pushy in the last few weeks. There's an agent from the patent company Edgar Tate & Co. who is trying to buy my uncle's diaries. And although I told him the first time he asked that I have no intention to part with my inheritance, he keeps coming back and making higher and higher offers. I had to instruct my staff not to let him in anymore. Although this

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Gant is still trying to reach me at the office. It is very annoying, to tell you the truth.” Edgar Tate & Co.? Well, well, well...

“That’s very interesting, Mr. Hopkins - thank you for the information.”

“Do you think this agent is the one you are after, Detective?”

“Good question, Mr. Hopkins, but afraid I don’t have an answer yet.” You’re deep in your thoughts when you say goodbye to Hopkins.



Circle **Marker H2** on your case tracking sheet.



5-3358

Consulate of Japan
163 E. 52nd St, TB-37
Time: 30 minutes

“Yes, His Excellency Hiroshi Halto is one of the leading translators of Edgar Allan Poe in our country. He’s in Washington D. C. at the moment but he’ll be back on Friday night.”



5-3367

Wilson Smirnov
250 Sullivan St, GV-81
Time: 30 minutes

Nobody's at home. Where could Mr. and Mrs. Smirnov be? You have a strange feeling that you should know this...

If you don't have any ideas, you can use hints *Smirnov 1 and 2*.



5-3763

Day about the Shakespeare Fellowship (contd. from 1-8027 on p.29)

"I read in *The Villager* that you're the founder of the Shakespeare Fellowship. I'm investigating a possible theft. It involves a famous writer from the newspaper's last issue. I was wondering, could that famous writer be Shakespeare? Is there a well-known manuscript or a valuable object here in the Village that belonged to him?"

Day looks at you surprised. "Yes, I'm the founder of the Fellowship, and this play we're rehearsing right now is one of its latest productions. But it has nothing to do with the author himself, at least not the way you mentioned, Detective. There are no manuscripts surviving the Bard, and no personal items either. A lot of people even argue that someone other than William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon wrote the plays."

"I see." You nod hesitantly.

If you want to ask him about **Amy Morgan** now, go to [5-6989 \(p.80\)](#).



5-6620

The Flower Cart
2673 Broadway, BD-45
Time: 30 minutes

When you ask about the rose bouquet sent to the art school, the florist lady smiles at you: “Oh, yes, I remember the gentleman very well. He’s been coming here in the last five weeks and sending big bouquets of roses to the school. They were white at first, then yellow, then pink and this week red. How romantic, don’t you think?” Romantic. Right. You’d better not tell her what happened to the recipient.

“What about the card?”

“Oh, yes, he always wants us to write ‘*To my beautiful Angel*’ or ‘*To my only Love*’. Things like that.”

“So you’re the one who’s writing the cards, not him?”

“Well, yes, I write the cards, or my assistant does if she’s the one receiving the order.”

“Do you know this man’s name? Or could you give me a description?”

“He said his name was Mr. Aldridge. He’s a tall gentleman with brown hair and glasses. Quite handsome, I have to say”, she smiles.

“Did you notice his shoes? Size 10 maybe?” The lady looks at you strangely.

“No, Detective, I didn’t really notice his shoes.” Yeah. You didn’t think so either.



Circle **Marker F1** on your case tracking sheet.



5-6989

Day about Amy Morgan

You try to glance at the director's feet - average. Could be size 10.

"There was an accident at the New York School of Music and Art Monday night, and I'm interviewing the staff. Your principal is worried, by the way, because you didn't show up at the school on Tuesday", you look at him expectantly.

"Worried? Why? I told him a month ago that I'm rehearsing this week so I wouldn't be going to the school. Looks like old Syl forgot. Maybe because of the accident you mentioned. What was that about?"

"One of the models, Amy Morgan, was found dead in one of the classrooms Tuesday morning."

"Dead??? No wonder Syl forgot about my rehearsal day... But, how did she die? You've said it was an accident."

"She was shot." Day lets out a whistle.

"Well, what a turn of events!"

You look at the director suspiciously: "You don't seem too shocked about this, Mr. Day."

"I'm not, really. I knew those secret meetings in the art studio could lead to tragedy. I told Amy as much a couple of weeks ago."

"Secret meetings? What do you mean?"

"You know, Detective, I'm a very observant fellow, plus I do like to make it my business to know almost everything about almost everyone I know. Someone would say I poke my nose into everything, but I look at it as being interested in the world around me. That's how I noticed the change in Amy a few months ago.

She was always very beautiful of course, but very sad. Sometimes even distraught. Which wasn't surprising, since that drunkard husband of hers beat her from time to time. Everyone knew about it. But one day this beaten-down moth became a butterfly. I suspected it must have something to do with a love affair, so I confronted her at the right moment and secured her confession about it. Although she didn't want to tell me who the lucky fellow was.

Then, a few weeks later, I overheard some students talking about the fact they found the bed in the studio a bit rumpled in the morning. They were speculating on who might be conducting an illicit affair in that room at night. Their money was on Smirnov. But I noticed Amy talking in a very hush-hush manner with our young janitor, Jackson not long before that. Well, well, I thought, so our little butterfly likes them very young... The boy had been smitten with Amy since the day he saw her, that was obvious, but it surprised me that Amy fancied him back as well... *Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind*", starts to recite the director with closed eyes. Oh, God. You hate poetry. "...and therefore is winged Cupid painted blind," as the Bard said in this very play we are rehearsing right now...

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

But I haven't said anything until a couple of weeks ago when I witnessed another whispering session between our lovers. But this time Jackson seemed more nervous and demanding. I managed to overhear a few of his words. He said something like *Please, Mrs. Morgan, give them back already. I'm gonna lose my job.* I thought the boy might have given the model some gifts that really were school property. That's when I warned Amy it would be wise to end her little tryst before it could cause harm to the parties involved. She was seemingly very torn about it, but she said she would end these secret meetings soon... That's all I could tell you about Amy and this 'whole affair.' Forgive my pun, Detective. And now I have to start the rehearsal."

"Last question. Where did you spend Monday night?"

He looks at you mischievously.

"Well, Detective, that would be telling, and I exclusively gossip about other people - never about myself." And with that he starts clapping, and all the actors and other staff run to their places.

You're thinking about grilling him a bit more, but when the musicians start playing, you just take your hat and leave.



Circle **Marker D1** on your case tracking sheet.



5-8519

Earless Jimmy (contd. from 7-8703 on p.105)

Time: 30 minutes

You find Jimmy at a corner table of the tavern. You sit down at the next table. “How come you’re not at Julius’ today?” you ask him, seemingly talking to your hands.

“Was sniffin’ around for details abou’ Finley’s c’mmission” he mumbles in his beer.

“Any luck?”

“How abou’ a beer first, gumshoe?” You grind your teeth together hearing this nickname, but stand up and go to the bar counter for a beer.

“So?” you ask again when you’re sitting down with the beer.

“That fancy write’ lived ’ere in the Village, and this job ’s *’personal’* to the Collecta’ or somethin’.”

“Personal? How?”

“Dunno”, he shrugs his shoulders.

“Any word about someone’s getting the job yet?”

“Nope.” Looks like that’s it.

“Thanks, Jimmy.” You leave the beer on the table for him.



Circle **Marker E1** on your case tracking sheet.



5-8595

"Mildred Sybill Boyle" (\$time=0)

55 E. 9th St, GV-34

Time: 30 minutes

If you read the article *Poe's Birthday*, go to [7-3895 \(p.104\)](#).



5-9426

Hopkins about Fellowship (contd. from 5-1596 on p.69)

“I don’t know much about Shakespeare. Edwin is a good friend, so he invited me to that dinner. There were lots of pretty ladies there, so I’m glad he did. I especially liked Miss Bossi...”

“Miss Bossi?”

“Ada Bossi. One of the actresses of the Fellowship. She’s in Edwin’s new production, the *Midsummer Night’s Dream*. But I don’t really know much more about the Fellowship or the play. You should ask Edwin instead.”



Circle **Marker H1** on your case tracking sheet.



5-9554

Wellner Motors
245 W. 12th St, GV-13

If you have circled **Marker S1** on your case tracking sheet go to [7-0741 \(p.98\)](#)

If not:

Before you go in, it occurs to you that it would be a better idea to find Morgan first.



6

6-0754

Empire Arms and Ammunition
29 E. 9th St, GV-34

If you have circled **Marker VI** on your case tracking sheet, go to [2-5439 \(p.43\)](#)



6-2211

NYPD - Ballistics & Firearm Lab (contd. from [6-2753](#) on p.89)

They tell you to show the revolver to the Licence and Permits department.



6-2753

NYPD - Ballistics & Firearm Lab
317 W. 125th St, CH-2

If you have circled **Marker VI** on your case tracking sheet, go to [6-2211 \(p.88\)](#)

On **Wednesday**, go to [1-2650 \(p.14\)](#).



6-3124

Goldie Janet Asbury
238 W. 11th St, GV-30
Time: 30 minutes

When you ask Miss Asbury about Mr. Day, she tells you that she was very busy during the dinner, so she didn't hear much of what Mr. Day was talking about. Maybe you should ask the waiters at the restaurant or the other guests.



6-3967

Mario's Restaurant
140 W. 13th St, GV-9
Time: 30 minutes

NIGHT LEAD - or could be a (normal) day lead as well

The waiter is very helpful when you ask about the Fellowship dinner and Mr. Day. He has shiny, oiled black hair, black moustache and a strong Italian accent. So strong that you suspect it's fake.

"Yes, yes, Signor Day was here last Sunday with his friends to celebrate the new fellowship. Signora Asbury organized the whole thing. Yes, it was quite an event. Even the papers wrote about it." He seems very proud of that.

"Do you know where I could find Mr. Day?"

"He works at that art school in Central Park, I think."

"He's not there, that's why I'm looking for him."

"Not there? Then he must be in the theater. He is rehearsing the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It's in the paper", he beams.

"Which theater do you mean?"

"The Madison, of course." He looks at you like you're some kind of idiot. You feel an urge to slap him. You suppress it.

"Thank you..."

"Nicolo", interjects the oily fellow.

"Thank you, Nicolo." Nicolo? What a joke. He's probably called Michael or something. Whatever.



Circle **Marker NI** on your case tracking sheet.



6-5796

Reinhardt's Flower Shop
85 Bedford St, GV-90

“Sorry, but it wasn’t us who delivered those flowers to that school.”



6-6406

A Midsummer Night's Dream (contd. from 1-3418 on p.17)



A Midsummer Night's Dream is a comedy play written by William Shakespeare in about 1595 or 1596.

The play is set in Athens, and consists of several subplots. One subplot involves the marriage of Theseus and Hippolyta, the royal couple of the city, another a conflict among four Athenian lovers, Hermia, Helena, Lysander and Demetrius. A third follows a group of six amateur actors rehearsing the play which they are to perform before the wedding. Most of these characters find themselves in a forest inhabited by fairies who are ruled by the fairy queen Titania and the fairy king Oberon, who manipulate the humans and are engaged in their own domestic intrigue.

A Midsummer Night's Dream is one of Shakespeare's most popular and widely performed plays.



6-6651

The Morgans

102 Bedford St, GV-74 (apt. 1c)

Time: 30 minutes

There's no answer at the door. You try again. Nothing. You look around. Nobody's here. So you pick the lock and step inside the apartment.

You're in a little kitchen. There are dirty and broken dishes in the sink, empty bottles on the table and on the floor. There's a broken chair in the corner and the smell of stale alcohol is everywhere. You look around. There's a living room with more empty bottles and a tiny bedroom.

The bed looks slept in. There's an open suitcase on the floor. Women's clothes and shoes are thrown inside haphazardly.

There's a little dressing table next to the bed and an empty make-up bag on the top of it. A photograph is inserted into the frame of the mirror. Amy Morgan smiles happily, embracing a man who must be her husband. Probably a long time ago... when they were still happy.



Circle **Document 5** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 5** (Picture of the Morgans), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 122](#).

You rifle through the drawers. There are brushes, make-up kits, mirrors and other bits inside it. At the bottom of the drawer you find a little envelope. You open it.



Circle **Document 4** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 4** (Content of the envelope), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 121](#).

You look inside the cabinet next to the wall. There are only men's clothes in it, and a few shoes as well. Size 10. You spot a box at the bottom of the cabinet and open it.



Circle **Document 9** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 9** (Content of the box), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 126](#).



Circle **Marker VI** on your case tracking sheet.



6-7015

Uma Rafaela Kozlova (contd. from 1-8247 on p.30)

Time: 30 minutes

Miss Kozlova is a pretty brunette. She only wears a bathrobe and a towel turban on her head. Sometimes there are perks to this job... You try not to stare - at least not too obviously.

"Um, Miss Kozlova. I'm Detective Lucas. Just wanted to ask you about the Morgans." She smiles at you.

"Well, hello Detective. What about the Morgans? Did that drunk bastard finally get arrested?"

"Not exactly. Mrs. Morgan died last night." The woman's mischievous smile abruptly disappears and her face turns deathly pale.

"Died? What do you mean died? I just talked to her. Yesterday afternoon. Oh, my God... Did... did Zachary find out?" She steps back to her kitchen and falls onto a chair. You go inside after her and pour her a glass of water.

"Miss Kozlova, could you tell me what happened yesterday afternoon?"

She sips some water, then starts talking. Her voice is shaky.

"I knew Amy was unhappy. Everyone knew that. Her husband was a drunk, and a violent one at that. Amy often came to me crying after he abused her. I told her to leave him, but she always said she had no place to go. But then two months ago she told me she met someone. She looked happy for the first time since I knew her. He too was married, so they had to keep their relationship secret for a while. But Amy was certain he was leaving his wife for her, so she finally could leave Zachary as well.

I warned her not to get her hopes up, because these married men always say they are leaving their wives but it rarely happens. She was very offended by that and said I didn't know what I was talking about. We didn't speak after that.

But yesterday afternoon she came by to borrow a make-up bag. She said she finally decided to leave Zachary, so she started packing. But she couldn't find a proper bag to put her stuff in... Oh God, she really left Zachary this time so he killed her, right?" She looks horrified.

"You think her husband shot Mrs. Morgan", you say matter-of-factly.

"What? You mean she was shot? Oh my God!" She looks like she's going to be sick. Or faint. "I think I need to lie down now, Detective."

"I'm real sorry, Miss Kozlova. And thanks for your help."



Circle **Marker R1** on your case tracking sheet.



6-7401

New York Public Library
476 5th Ave, TL-6

It occurs to you to look up those authors that the paper mentioned, but maybe you should go to a closer library. In Greenwich Village...



7

7-0741

Wellner Motors (contd. from 5-9554 on p.85)

Time: **60 minutes**

There's a little shack at the back of Wellner Motors. The owner, Mr. Ryan, shows you the way when you tell him that his brother-in-law sent you here. "Yeah, first both of the brothers lived here, but this little room only has one bed. So when Jackson got a job a few months ago, he moved out. Now only Charlie lives here. A good kid. And talented as well, like his brother. A shame he has to work at the gas station. But we live in difficult times, so I guess he may be glad to have a job at all... Here. Let me open the door for you." But when he puts the key in the lock, you hear a shuffling sound from the back of the room. You start running towards the noise. You catch a kid jumping out of the window and grab his arm to stop him. He looks terrified.

"I didn't do it, I swear! I didn't kill her! I'm sorry, I know I shouldn't have given her the keys, but I didn't kill her!" He's almost out of his mind with panic. He tries to tear himself from your grip.

"Calm down, kid! Stop trying to escape! If you didn't kill her, you have nothing to be afraid of. Do you hear me? Jackson! Stop fighting me!" You shake him a bit. Finally he stops fighting you and starts crying. Oh God, he's just a boy. But looks like he wears size 10 shoes.

"Poor Mrs. Morgan! And all of that blood... It was terrible. I panicked and ran. I didn't know what else to do!" he sobs.

"Come on, let's go inside and you can tell me what happened." You pull him to his feet and support him back into the room. Mr. Ryan looks at you with an open mouth - in complete shock. You're sure the poor guy didn't expect this when he brought you here...

Inside the room there's only one chair, so you sit the kid on it. You pour him a glass of water and press it into his hand.

You notice a photograph of Jackson at the bedside table. Although it's hard to recognise the handsome young man in this slobbering, snotty, red-eyed mess whose matted hair hangs in his face.



Circle **Document 8** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 8** (Jackson's photograph), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 125](#).

The boy finally stops sobbing and takes a sip of water.

"Now, Jackson, tell me everything." You try to look encouraging, but you're not sure you succeeded because the kid still looks pretty afraid. "Start with how you knew Amy Morgan." He finally takes a big breath, sweeps his hair out of his face nervously and starts talking.

"She was a model at Mr. Smirnov's painting class. Mr. Smirnov helped me to get the job at the school, and he was very kind and let me sit in on his classes when I had time. It was probably three months ago when I first met Mrs. Morgan in a class. But first we didn't talk to each other, of course. You can't talk to the models during class. But one day she called after me at the end of the class and

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

asked me if I had a few minutes to talk. To be honest I didn't, but I said yes to her. I mean, she's a beautiful lady, so how would you say no to her..." Poor kid.

"And what did she want to talk to you about?" you ask, nudging forward his story.

"Nothing really. Looked at my painting of her and said it was pretty good. Then she asked me if I'm really the janitor, and how come I paint here in this class then. So I told her how Mr. Smirnov got me the job. She seemed very interested, and told me she'd like to see my other paintings sometime. So a week later I waited for her after class, and told her I could show her my other painting if she was still interested. She said yes, so we went to my room in the basement and I showed her the *Poverty and Destitution*." Wow, so that's what the other painting depicted. You'd never have guessed. It looked more like a storm to you... The boy continues. "She looked around in my room and asked about my life. First I thought she was genuinely interested, but then..." And suddenly looking miserable he stops.

"But then?" You try not sounding too impatient, but still fail. "What happened then?"

"Then she said, I must be short on money and given my circumstances, she could help me out. She would give me money if I'd give her the spare keys to the school." He hangs his head at this point. "Yeah, she wasn't really interested in my paintings... So I said no, and sent her away. But next week she sought me out again, and tried to apologize, and said she didn't want to offend me. In the end I relented and gave her the spare keys, but I never accepted any money for them." He raises his head proudly.

"Why did she need those keys?" You try to sound innocent. You know very well why she needed them, but you were still curious how much this kid really knew.

"She met someone in the studio. Maybe once a week. At night. I didn't eavesdrop, I swear, but sometimes I've heard some noises from up there," says Jackson embarrassed.

"Who did she meet?"

"I don't know. I didn't care. I wasn't gonna spy on her... But after a few weeks I tried asking for the keys back. I was afraid something would happen, or someone might ask for them, and I would be in a jam. She said she'd give them back the next time we met. But then she forgot, so promised to give them back the next week again... Anyway, she never gave them back."

"What happened Monday night?"

His frightened expression returns.

"I was sleeping when I woke up to some shouting. And then I heard two bangs. I jumped out of bed, put on some clothes and snuck up the stairs. I saw two figures at the end of the corridor. They were shuffling towards the entrance. One was pulling the other or something, I didn't see much, it was dark. But they were gone already, out the door. When I saw the dim light coming from the studio, I ran in... and saw *her* on the edge of the bed... I yelled 'Mrs. Morgan!', ran to the bed and turned her over. She was staring at the ceiling with lifeless eyes. Oh, God, she was dead. And all that blood! My hands got bloody as well. I panicked and started running. I ran here, to my brother..." He starts crying again. "I'm sorry, Detective, I'm so sorry! I shouldn't have given her the keys, I know. Oh my God, she's dead now. I'm sorry, I'm so sorry!" he sobs. You try to calm him down.

“It’s okay, kid, everything will be okay. Please, stop crying. But you’ll have to come to the station with me now...” You pat his back awkwardly. Oh God, you’re awful at this. You’d rather pummel some bad guys than console a sobbing teenager. But at least you found him. Let’s focus on the bright side.



Circle **Marker J1** on your case tracking sheet.



7-1524

Village Vanguard nightclub
178 S. 7th Ave, GV-22

NIGHT LEAD - or could be a (normal) day lead as well

If it's **after 8pm**, go to [2-1362 \(p.41\)](#).



7-1652

*Edgar Tate & Co.
245 Broadway, CC-51 (apt. 2nd floor)
Time: 30 minutes*

You enter into the familiar building, although now you need to visit a different office than yesterday. Agent Victor R. Gant's office - as you can read his door plate. Turns out the "R" stands for Romeo in his name, but this greasy man couldn't be farther from the legendary character. He's at least 40, pot-bellied and balding. What a Romeo indeed...

He is very surprised when the secretary announces you - "A detective? I don't understand" - but he gathers himself quickly. "How can I help you, Detective?" There's a forced smile on his face.

"Mr. Gant? Mr. Hopkins told me about your renewed offers for his uncle's plans and inventions. Tell me, why do you have this sudden interest in those papers?" The little man looks at you suspiciously.

"I wouldn't describe our interest in patents, plans and inventions as 'sudden'. My division exclusively deals with searching out hidden and unpatented inventions we could purchase for the company. But it's a completely legal activity, so I don't really understand your role in this, Detective."

"Of course, Mr. Gant. I didn't mean to raise any doubt about the legality of your activities here, in this office. Just caught my attention how persistently you try to purchase Mr. Twain's heritage from Mr. Hopkins, although he's told you no a few times already." This seems to piss the little guy off. Good. His eyes flash angrily when he answers you.

"That just means you don't know Mr. Tesla's work very well, Detective, so you don't even fathom the groundbreaking possibilities of his and Mr. Twain's joint experiments. It is natural we are vigorous in our attempts to purchase their records. I wouldn't be doing my job properly if I were less persistent. And if you don't mind, Detective, I have much more work to do today. Good day to you." He stands up to indicate that your interview is over. Funny how he's not much taller standing up than he was sitting down.



Circle **Marker Y1** on your case tracking sheet.



7-1822

Arthur Leblanc
100 W. 12th St, GV-19

If it's **Tuesday**, go to [1-9521 \(p.34\)](#).

If it's **Wednesday**, go to [1-7653 \(p.25\)](#).



7-3895

Mildred Sybill Boyle (contd. from 5-8595 on p.83)

Time: 30 minutes

Mrs. Mildred Sybill Boyle is a chubby little lady with horn-rimmed spectacles on the tip of her nose, and wow, has she got some thick ankles... But she seems very excited when you ask her about the Poe dinner.

“Our society was the first organization in the country to recognize the literary significance of the author. We are deservedly proud of this record,” lectures the two-o’clock beauty, “because Europe was the first to accept this famous poet, even before his abilities were recognised by the country of his birth. In Europe a prominent literary critic wrote that America had made one and one-half contributions to the literature of the world. Poe was the one contribution, Walt Whitman the one-half” - she says chuckling. You nod as if you got the joke.

“When Aloisa, Reizy, Anaisha, Lily-Mae and I formed the Edgar Allan Poe Society back in 1920, Poe was the so-called Forgotten Man in American literature. Our purpose was to study him with a view toward creating a better understanding of his work. I believe that we have gone a long way in accomplishing this purpose,” Mrs. Boyle points out proudly, “for now hardly a month passes that some paper in the United States does not have something about our favorite author. Even the movies discovered him. I just watched *The Black Cat* at the cinema. To be honest, it didn’t have much to do with Poe’s short story, although the poster advertises it as such. Still. I believe this motion picture was inspired by Poe, so this counts as an example of Poe’s growing popularity.”

You hastily interject - “Yeah, you’re right, ma’am. Could you tell me more about this annual dinner *The Villager* was writing about?”

“Oh yes, the dinner, yes. The Poe Society will celebrate the 126th anniversary of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe Saturday, and I’m very pleased to tell you, Detective, that among the speakers at the dinner will be Dr. Thomas Murray Parrott, professor at Princeton, a biographer of Poe; Dr. Thomas Olive Mabbott, another authority on the author; and Channing Mollock, well-known author and critic. The guest of honor will be His Excellency Hiroshi Halto, Ambassador from Japan, who is one of the leading translators of Poe in his country. Our guests will arrive during Thursday and Friday at the Hotel Lafayette, if everything goes according to plan.”

The chubby woman seems anxious to do everything in her power to accomplish just that.



Circle **Marker K1** on your case tracking sheet.



7-8703

Cedar Tavern
55 W. 8th St, GV-46

NIGHT LEAD - or could be a day lead as well.

If it's **after 8pm** OR it's Wednesday, go to [5-8519 \(p.82\)](#).



7-9326

*Twin Peaks apartment building
102 Bedford St, GV-74
Time: 30 minutes*

Piotr Vasilenko, the manager of the Twin Peaks building, is a short and balding man with a big mustache and a thick Russian accent. Looks like a bulldog. He has small feet. Maybe a size 9 or even smaller. He starts to shake his head when you ask him about the Morgans.

“The Morgans... they live in 1c.”

“And what could you tell me about them, Mr. Vasilenko?”

“I have a lot of trouble because of them, you know, Detective. The other residents are always complaining about them. 1b and 1d especially, but even residents from the next floor - 2a, 2b, 2c, and sometimes 2d as well. I live in Apt. 1a so they don’t need to tell me... Always fighting, those two. Shouting and throwing things. He even hits her sometimes. She tries to hide it, but I can see the bruises. Even on her beautiful face! It’s a terrible thing to hit a woman like that.”

“What about last night?”

“My sister had her birthday, so I wasn’t home until past midnight. Everything was quiet then”, he looks at you apologetically.

“Have any idea where I can find Mr. Morgan right now?”

“He works at that ale brewing company on Washington Place. I’m surprised he hasn’t been fired for drinking the stuff himself. He’s always drunk when he arrives home.” A drunkard, huh? You could’ve guessed.



Circle **Marker T1** on your case tracking sheet.



8

8-0854

Gerald Best

102 Bedford St, GV-74 (apt. 1d)

If you have circled **Marker T1** on your case tracking sheet, go to [2-9626 \(p.45\)](#)

If not:

Maybe you should talk to the building's manager first.



8-1439

NYPD License and Permits
240 Centre St (Police H.Q.), LI-27

If you have circled **Marker VI** on your case tracking sheet, go to [1-9361 \(p.33\)](#)



8-4497

El Chico Nightclub & Lounge
80 Grove St, GV-61

NIGHT LEAD - or could be a (normal) day lead as well

If it's **after 8pm**, go to [3-6597 \(p.54\)](#).



8-6638

Paula Ilona Belskaya
102 Bedford St, GV-74 (apt. 2a)
Time: 30 minutes

You almost recoil when the hideous, fat, wart-covered old crone opens the door. She's holding an equally disgusting cat in her lap. You hate cats. No surprise there.

When you ask about the Morgans, her eyes light up.

"So the manager finally took my complaints seriously. I told him at least a dozen times to call the cops on those two! And he finally did it. Good. Good. One could not sleep when they were making all that ruckus. I felt bad for her, of course. That drunk good-for-nothing Morgan was real mean to her. Last night was especially bad. I woke up because they were shouting very loudly. They were throwing furniture as well, I think. My little Fluffy got scared and started meowing loudly. Poor little darling."

"When was that?"

"I don't know. I go to bed at 10, so it was definitely later than that."



Circle **Marker II** on your case tracking sheet.



8-7782

New York School of Music and Arts
95th St & Central Park W., BD-73
Time: **90 minutes**

A knot of people gathered around. Curious onlookers of course. A motorcycle officer is standing in front of the school keeping them from coming too close. Mr. Sylveste Sawyers, the short principal, is pacing nervously up and down right in front of the entrance when you arrive.

"Thank God you're here, Detective Lucas! They told me you're coming. I guess you've heard what happened. Can you believe this? A murder! In my school! A real tragedy of course. Poor Amy." Shorty looks really upset. You can't blame him. "Half of my staff haven't shown up today. And the janitor is missing - although we need him to clean up this whole mess after the police are done. I still can't believe this is happening!" The little man seems desperate. It's kind of funny actually.

"Slow down, Mr. Sawyers. One thing at a time. So you know who the victim is? Which teachers are missing? And who is the janitor?"

"Yes, of course. Sorry, Detective - I'm just a bit overwhelmed, I guess."

"No need to apologize. Just tell me the details." You take out your notebook.

"Yes. The details. I guess I must start with this morning, when I arrived at the school. It was around half past 7 as usual. The entrance door was unlocked, so that was the first clue that something wasn't right. Yesterday evening I locked up the school as usual. Jackson, the janitor, who lives in the basement, has spare keys for emergencies of course, but otherwise he only uses the basement entrance to access his room. So as I said, the main entrance should have been locked in the morning.

As I was thinking '*I must have a word with Jackson about this,*' I arrived at the end of the corridor, and saw that the door of the painting studio was ajar. I looked inside and..." he gulps - "I saw the body on the bed. Oh God, it was terrible, all that blood on the white sheets! I was going to be sick, so I ran to the bathroom..." The principal's looking a bit pasty still. You're hoping he's not gonna be sick again... But fortunately he just continues - "Then I rang the police from my office, and started to yell after Jackson. I went down to the basement, but his room was empty."

"I see. So this Jackson guy is your janitor who's also missing. What's his last name?"

"I think *that* is his last name. I don't really know. We just call him Jackson. Smirnov recommended him for the job - he said he's a talented boy who fell on hard times, and we need to support him by giving him the job. You know Smirnov, Detective. You were here asking about his painting yesterday. He's the one who's teaching the painting classes in the studio where Amy died."

"So the victim is in Smirnov's studio? Wanna talk to him then."

"I'm afraid, Detective, Smirnov is one of the teachers who didn't come in today."

"You don't say." You take a note in your notebook. "So... the victim was called 'Amy'? Who was she exactly?"

"Amy Morgan. After your colleagues arrived they made me look at her properly, and that's when I realized that the murdered woman is one of our models. She used to sit for Smirnov's nude painting

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

classes in that studio. Radmil and Rachel could tell you more about her - the two of our teachers who actually showed up today. They're in the teacher's lounge being questioned by your colleagues."

"Great. And who are the other teachers that didn't show up today?"

"Here, I made a list already - Smirnov, Day and Leblanc. All three of them live in the Village, as do most of our teachers." He gives you a notepaper with *'Wilson Smirnov, Edwin Day, Arthur Leblanc'* written on it.

"Thank you, Mr. Sawyers."

You step inside the school. The place is buzzing with activity. The students weren't allowed in today, of course, but there are lots of policemen securing the scene, making notes and taking photos everywhere. There are a few cops from the Central Park Precinct as well. Looks like they don't want to leave the case entirely to your team. Little pricks. You go to the studio first.

The painting studio is a bigger classroom with easels around a bed on a podium. There lies the victim on her back in the middle of the bed - shot in the chest. Twice. Her blouse is covered in blood and slightly open at the front. You walk around the podium. The sheets are rumpled and also bloody, and her shoes are next to the bed. Her lipstick is smeared a bit, and her long, dark brown hair is spread around her face.

She was really pretty, that's obvious - but now her eyes are open and stare blankly at the ceiling. Lots of her blood is at the edge of the bed and on the floor next to the bed, where someone stepped in it. The bloody footsteps lead towards the corridor. A small light is still on at a low table, although it's already daylight.

One of the scene investigators walks up to you. It's Peter... Something... from the station. Maybe Simmons. Or Simson. Or Mooney?

"What's the story?" you ask him.

"Two shots to the chest. Looks like from a distance, but the medical examiner will tell us more. And looking at these bloodstains on the bed and the floor, I think she must have fallen face down on the edge of the bed when she was shot. But then someone turned her on her back. Maybe that someone stepped in the pool of blood on the floor with an average-sized man's shoe - I'd say size 10." Sounds about right. "The principal said he didn't come in here before we arrived, and besides, his footprint would be much smaller. That man has really small feet. Did you notice?" You shake your head, because you didn't really look at shorty's feet earlier. You need to be more observant in the future.

You notice a bouquet of flowers next to the bed. There's a little table there with a vase and red roses. "Yeah, flowers. And there was a note with them," says Peter, when he catches you eyeing the roses. He shows you a card.



Circle **Document 1** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 1** (Card next to bouquet), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 117](#).

“Sign of forced entry?”

“No. She had the keys, or maybe the janitor let her in. But he’s missing, so we don’t know yet. But the keys are here.” He’s pointing to the ground in the corner. “Looks like someone dropped them.”



Circle **Document 2** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 2** (Keys on the floor), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 118](#).

“The principal confirmed that it’s the set of keys he gave to the janitor when he started working here.”

“The janitor who’s missing? That Jackson guy?”

“Yep. Lab’s and ME’s reports are expected by tomorrow morning. ”

You thank the officer and leave the studio, following the bloody smears on the floor. They fade away quickly but are clearly heading towards the main entrance. At the other end of the corridor you can see stairs leading down - probably to the basement. You decide to go down.

You light up as you walk down the stairs to the basement, and puff the smoke into the air. You find the little room that must be the janitor’s. Only a bed, a little table with a chair, a washbasin, an easel and paint brushes in the corner. There’s a painting on the easel. Looks like it depicts the victim, only wearing much less clothing. Another painting is leaning against the wall. Hard to tell what it depicts.



Circle **Document 3** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 3** (Paintings in janitor’s room), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 119](#).

The bed is rumpled; someone obviously slept in it. There are a few clothes on the chair - a few shirts and a blue overall. Average-sized man’s clothes. No shoes, though.

You return to the corridor and walk into the teachers’ lounge. One of the officers is interviewing the two teachers who came in today. Is it Officer Brown? Or Black? Or maybe Flint. He smiles at you when you sit down beside them. “Ah, Detective Lucas. This is Radmil Stransky, novelist, who teaches creative writing, and Rachel Popova, composer, who teaches composition. Their classes start at 8am, so they arrived around 7:50 as usual. The local boys were here by then. Mr. Stransky and Miss Popova both knew the victim, Mrs. Amy Morgan.” The composer chick is quite a looker. Too bad she’s wearing those ugly pants.

“Mrs. Morgan? So she was married?” you ask her.

“Yes, Detective,” answers the dame. “She had a horrible husband though. Poor Amy told me how brutal he was with her. And sure enough she often came in with bruises on her arm, and sometimes on her face as well. I asked her a few times already why she wouldn’t leave him, and last week she finally said she was going to. I guess that’s why he killed her.”

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“You think her husband killed her?”

“Who else?”

But you don’t have time to answer because the novelist guy interjects eagerly - “Yes, it was her husband alright. I bet he found out that Amy was cheating on him.”

“Amy was cheating on her husband?” asks Miss Popova, opening her eyes wide.

“Of course, Rachel. Didn’t you hear about the bouquets she was receiving in the last few weeks? I don’t think that awful husband of hers suddenly discovered his romantic side.” This guy seems quite the gossip. Great!

“You mean there were more, not just those red roses I saw in the studio?” you ask him.

“Yes, detective. Four or five maybe. She always left them here. Smirnov said he’ll use them for his still life class.”

“Any idea who her lover was?” you ask. But they both are shaking their heads. No idea then. Right. You look at the novelist guy’s feet. Big shoes. Definitely bigger than size 10.

“Could you tell me where Mrs. Morgan lived?” you finally ask the pretty teacher lady.

“In that... ‘mountain’ apartment building in the Village. You know the one, Detective”, she looks at you expectantly.

“Not really, but I think I could look it up. Anyway... thank you for your help”, you stand up. It’s time to go.



Circle **Marker X1** on your case tracking sheet.



DOCUMENTS

STOP!



Do **not** access the documents section unless directed to retrieve a specific document.

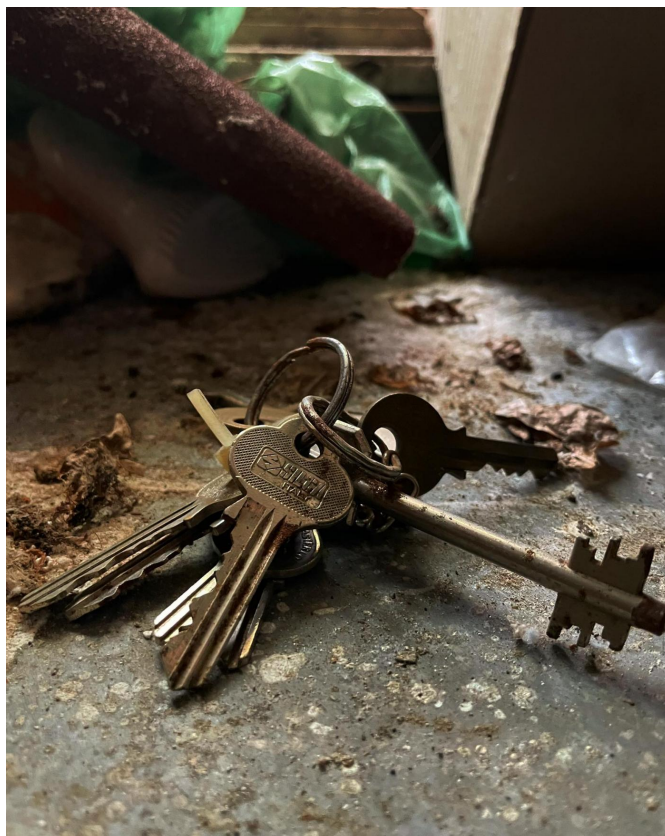
Document 1

Card next to bouquet, from [8-7782](#) (p.112)



Document 2

Keys on the floor, from [8-7782](#) (p.112)



Document 3

Paintings in janitor's room, from 8-7782 (p.112)



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Document 4

Content of the envelope, from [6-6651](#) (p.94)



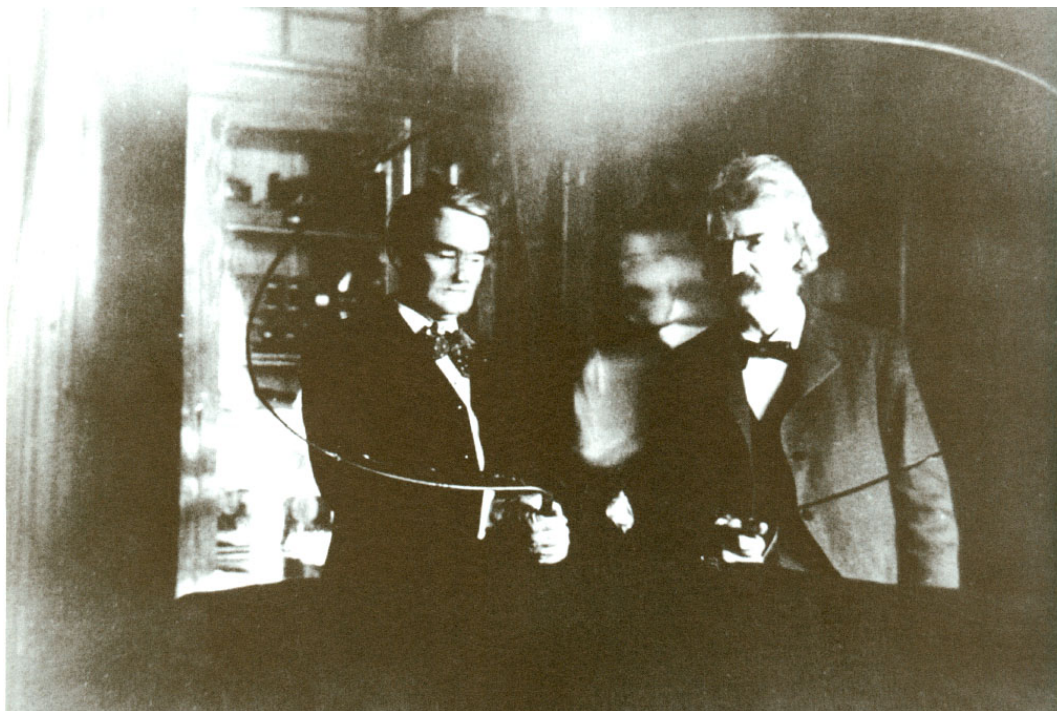
Document 5

Picture of the Morgans, from [6-6651](#) (p.94)



Document 6

Photograph of Twain and Tesla with actor, from [5-3250](#) (p.74)



Document 7

Derringer and cartridges, from 1-2650 (p.14)



Document 8

Jackson's photograph, from 7-0741 (p.98)



Document 9

Content of the box, from [6-6651](#) (p.94)



Document 10

Leblanc's photograph



Document 11

The poster



Document 12

The Villager, from DAY 1 (p.5)

Reflecting The Treasured Traditions Of This Cherished Community

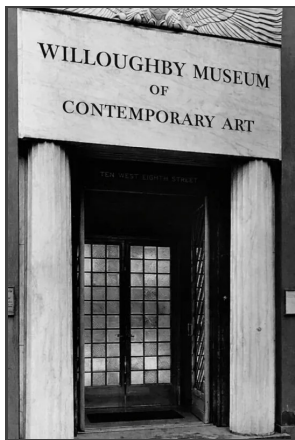


The Villager



Thursday, January 10, 1935

FOUR VILLAGE CANVASES



The Willoughby Museum of Contemporary Art purchased seventeen paintings from the recently closed *Second Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary Art*. Four of the canvases are by up and coming Village artists.

These paintings, selected by the museum and now part of the permanent collection, are again to be seen in the *Exhibition of New Acquisitions*, which opens to the public Tuesday, Jan. 15.

Visiting hours:

Mondays, closed; all other days, including Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5 pm, and Wednesday evening, 8 to 10 pm.

PIANO INSTRUCTIONS - P. Garner, 55 E. 8th St.

Morgan Guaranty Trust Company - 721 Broadway, "4 Dozen Ways to Save," will show what teamwork can do for YOU.

RAT SPECIALISTS - Al Pest Control, the No. 1 pest control! Largest and most successful rat and mouse exterminators in Manhattan. *Al Pest Control*, 1645 Park Ave.

FLOWERS - for every occasion at *Reinhardt's Flower Shop*, 85 Bedford St.

PATENTS, designs, trademarks - Long experience, skill, prompt and personal attention in every case. Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway.

FRENCH LANGUAGE - Miss Azema, Parisian Lady, to Teach French Conversation to Adults. Friday evenings at 7 at the *Blissful Aromatics* tea room.

GLASS TOPS for furniture - Glazing and glass of all kinds. Lowest estimates furnished. HERMAN GLASSER, 30 E. 12th St., cor. University Pl.

OF EUROPEAN POETS

The *Greenwich Village Poetry Society* will introduce the works of two famous Central European poets: *Rainer Maria Rilke* (1875-1926), German-Bohemian, and *Endre Ady* (1877-1919), Hungarian poet, on Jan 15th, 6:30 pm, at the *Greenwich Village Tea Room* on Bank St. Guests are welcome.

ACTRESS SEEKS DIVORCE

MISS AUDREY SEALS.

WIFE OF
WELL-KNOWN
ACTOR.



Former Mrs. Monro

A petition for divorce by actress Miss Audrey Seals, against her husband, Mr. Sylvester Tracy (both members of the *Shakespeare Fellowship*), was in the defended list of cases down for hearing, which opened early in January.

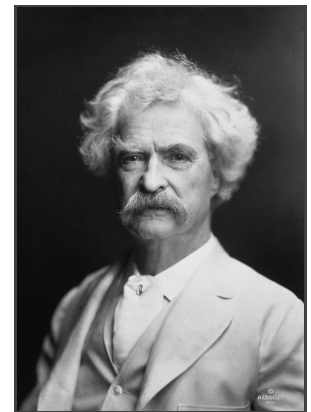
The action will be a sequel to the case heard in the *Divorce Court* on November 21, when Miss Eloise Kellett, was granted a decree nisi on the ground of the adultery of her husband, Vernon Taylor.

She admitted adultery with Mr. Tracy, and the discretion of the court was exercised in her favour.

Miss Seals married Mr. Tracy in 1926. Mr. Tracy's real name is John Robert Monro, and the case in the list reads — A. S. Monro v. J. R. Monro; solicitor for petitioner, Mr. G. A. Christman; for respondent and intervener, Mr. W. H. Clark from *Clark and Lodge*.

MISSOURI LAUDS TWIN

The name of a one-time Village resident, *Mark Twain*, was lauded last Tuesday when a national tribute to him beamed forth in the rays of the lighthouse erected to his memory on a hill in Hannibal, Mo., which had been one of his favorite boyhood playgrounds.



In addition to a broadcast from Hannibal and Detroit, a Mark Twain program was sent from New York, where the nation's observance of the centennial began, and from Washington where a word picture of President Roosevelt pressing the lighthouse key was broadcast.

One of the main points of interest in the program was a statue of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn," believed to be the first ever erected to characters out of books. It stands at the foot of Cardiff Hill, receiving the light from the *Twain Memorial Tower*.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

POE'S BIRTHDAY

The *Edgar Allan Poe Society*, which will next Saturday celebrate the 126th anniversary of the birth of the great American author, was the first organization in the country to recognize the literary significance of Poe, according to a statement made yesterday by Mildred Sybill Boyle, president.

Mrs. Boyle and four other prominent club women formed the organization back in 1920, when Poe was the Forgotten Man in American literature. Their announced purpose was to study the author with a view toward creating a better understanding of his work.

"I believe that we have gone a long way in accomplishing this purpose," Mrs. Boyle pointed out, "for now hardly a month passes that some paper in the United States does not have something about our favorite author. But when the Poe Society was formed almost fifteen years ago, Poe was one of the least known men in American letters."

The *Poe Society* celebrates the author's birth each year with a dinner at *Hotel Lafayette*. The annual dinner will be held there at 7 o'clock next Saturday, Jan 19, with a large gathering of guests and speakers.

WHO'S WHO

LAWSON ERWIN HOPKINS



With four or five books in the publishing stage, another still on the typewriter, and a series of radio programs in the offing, Lawson Erwin Hopkins is

a very busy man. But he took time out last week at his home to sketch his career briefly for *The Villager*. During the interview he was of course wearing his famous monocle. His greatest hobby, he admits, is cursing the diversified noises and distractions of New York.

Mr. Hopkins, a cousin to the famous Mark Twain, came from a notable Missouri family; his grandfather owned all of Scotland county, and large Missouri plantations, and operated a chain of general stores. Born in Memphis, Mo., in 1876, Mr. Hopkins was educated in the local elementary schools and attended both *Missouri University* and *Harvard*, neither of which he enjoyed. So he packed his grip and started on a solo trip around the world, which rounded out the final two years of his schooling.

Hopkins wanted to be a writer - which meant the newspaper business, looked upon as a lowly occupation at that time. The family objected, father and son compromised, and young Lawson took a job with a packing company. At the packing house, Mr. Hopkins met a young fellow who was making very attractive money writing verse for several of the current magazines and newspapers. This revived his own desire for writing, and he started to contribute his poetry.

Following a period of free-lancing, he has edited the *Author's Digest*, a bi-annual publication of 24 summarized novels. He has written several volumes of poetry, and has been president of the *Poetry Society of America*.

PRAISE, NOT PEEVES

Our good friend, Maylin Hamilton, suggests that to offset the Pet Peeves there should be an optimistic note in *The Villager* in keeping with the policy of the paper.

Perhaps you feel the same way about it, and if so mail in your suggestion as to who in reality represents the nicest people.

The Nicest People Are -

Those over fifty who honestly believe the world has not gone to the "damnation bowbows."

Those who "street" as well as "house break" their doggies.

Those who say "thank you" to sales persons instead of "barking" at them.

Those radio announcers who speak so humanly that one does not think of the word "robot".

Those (and there are many of them) who tell us that *The Villager* is so wholesome and homey.

SHAKESPEARE FELLOWSHIP SIRED BY DAY

Since Lawson Erwin Hopkins traces his psychic pedigree, if not his physical ancestry, back to Shakespeare, I was not at all surprised to catch the flash of his monocle from a corner of the upper floor of *Mario's Restaurant* on West 13th St. last Sunday night, where the *Shakespeare Fellowship* was holding its latest dinner.

Hopkins, as usual, had surrounded himself with the best-looking young women present. The ladies, whom I understand were mostly young actresses with ambitions to play Shakespearean roles, seemed to be having as good a time as Edwin Day himself, who also was one of the merry table company.

Day has probably coached more rising stars of the theater than any living man, beginning with his twelve years as director of the *Yale Dramatic Society*. The *Shakespeare Fellowship* is his most recent inspiration, born last September partly out of his devotion to the dramatic works of the Bard of Avon and partly out of a demand, voiced by all of the actors and managers who are still interested - after 300 years - in Shakespeare, for more young talent to fill out their companies and develop into their successors in the leading roles.

The *Fellowship* certainly got off to a good start. Miss Goldie Janet Asbury, who managed

the job of organizing this dinner, tells me that they had to stop taking reservations several days before the event, as the capacity of the dining room had been booked by New Year's Day. And his group, Day reports, are drilling several nights a week preparatory to presenting the next of the *Fellowship* productions, "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*."



Director Day

FRENCH RESTAURANT FROM "MEMOIRS OF A BON VIVANT"

"If you want to enjoy the lovely old New York famed in song and story, against a background of old mahogany, rich red draperies, lighted candles, flowers of the rosemary age, and romantic melodies, the *Charles* at West 11th St. has a charm equalled by few places in America or on the continent. In one way it takes you back to the days of fireplaces, popcorn and baked apples. In another it pictures stately mansions, sumptuous feasts and gracious hospitality.

In all New York there is not another place which brings to me the soul comfort of the old beautifully blended with the new. During my entire stay in Gotham, dinner at the *Charles* was an occasion which satisfied my body and rested my soul."

Charles French Restaurant at 78 West 11th St.

Document 13

Brochure about the poets, from 1-4927 (p.20)

If you read the brochure about both poets:

☒ Tick 2 culture boxes on your case tracking sheet.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

RAINER MARIA RILKE



Rainer Maria Rilke is considered one of the most lyrically intense German-language poets. His work spans the late 19th and early 20th centuries, bridging the gap between the traditional Romantic era and the rising tide of Modernism. Rilke's enduring appeal stems from his ability to capture the complexities of human emotion and the search for meaning in an increasingly uncertain world.

He was born René Maria Rilke in 1875 in Prague (then part of Austria-Hungary).

1935

Lou Andreas-Salomé



Rilke fell in love with the widely travelled and intellectual woman of letters Lou Andreas-Salomé in 1897 in Munich.

He changed his first name from "René" to "Rainer" at Salome's urging because she thought that name to be more masculine, forceful and Germanic.

In 1902 Rilke became deeply involved with the sculptor Rodin, who taught him the value of objective observation.

He died in 1926 in Switzerland.

1935

Document 14

Note dropped at station, from [DAY 1 \(p.5\)](#)

Sniffd around a bit. Turnz owt the job iz coneccted to som dead riter hoo
wuz menshend in the paper. Nuthin to do wif the Wiloby.

Tel the kidd to take carr. And com find me tonite.

J

END

Questions

Read the following questions only **if you're ready to finish your day AND**

If you have circled **Marker A1** on your case tracking sheet,

If you have circled **Marker B1** on your case tracking sheet,

If you have circled **Marker E1** on your case tracking sheet,

If you have circled **Marker F1** on your case tracking sheet,

If you have circled **Marker J1** on your case tracking sheet,

If you have circled **Marker M1** on your case tracking sheet,

If you have circled **Marker O1** on your case tracking sheet,

If you have circled **Marker Q1** on your case tracking sheet,

If you have circled **Marker S1** on your case tracking sheet,

If you have circled **Marker V1** on your case tracking sheet,

If you have circled **Marker Y1** on your case tracking sheet.

If you have all these markers:

Record **+1 thorough** in your **Campaign Log**.

If you have the **whole alphabet** (including H1 and H2) you get **+5 reputation points** (10 points) for the scoring of this case AND you can record **+2 thorough** in your **Campaign Log** (instead of +1).

If you don't have all these markers:

You probably won't be able to answer all the questions thoroughly.

So you **can go back and follow more leads now** if you want. Time isn't passing anymore, but you have to check 1 demerit box for every lead you visit (it will deduct 2 points per lead). You can read the NIGHT LEADS as well if you wish.

Don't forget to use the **hints** if you're stuck.

*When you're ready, go to **Questions - Part 1** on the next page.*



Questions - Part 1

6th Police Precinct - 10th St & Greenwich Ave.

When you step through his office doors, the Chief's already waiting. "So," he says, leaning back, "word is you hauled in two suspects tied to Amy Morgan's case. The husband—Zachary Morgan, and the lover—Jackson Pollock." He lets the names hang in the air like cigarette smoke. "Real classic setup. Nine times outta ten, it's one or the other." His eyes lock on yours. "So what's it gonna be, Lucas? **Which one pulled the trigger?** The husband... or the lover?"

You can write down your answer here:

When you have your answer, read on.



Answers - Part 1

“Well, Chief,” you say, voice low and steady, “I gotta straighten something out right off the bat. I didn’t bring in the Pollock kid because he was playing house with Mrs. Morgan—or because he put a bullet in her.” You let that sit a second, then continue. “I brought him in because he’s an important witness.”

(5p)

If your answer was correct, record **+1 efficient** in your **Campaign Log**.

*Now read the **Questions - Part 2** on the next page.*



Questions - Part 2

The Chief squints at you, like he's trying to read between the lines. "So it's the husband, then?" He leans forward, elbows on the desk. "Don't dance around, Lucas. I want it straight. **Who did it? How'd they pull it off? And most important... Why?**"

Give detailed explanations for every question - including **names, times, locations, motives, means and opportunity**, and every piece of **evidence** you found or **theory** you constructed.

You can write down your answers here:

Who is the murderer?

Evidence:

How did they do it?

And why?

When you're ready, you can check your answers on the next page.



Answers - Part 2A

“It’d be easy to pin this on the husband. Nice, clean, wraps up with a bow. But this one’s messier than that. To make sense of what went down at the art school... we gotta start at the beginning.”

You pace a step, hands in your pockets. “Amy Morgan was stuck in a bad marriage. Real bad. Husband was a drunkard—real mean when the bottle talked, which was most of the time. He knocked her around a lot, but she stayed... ’cause she didn’t have anywhere else to go.” You pause. The room feels heavier.

“She worked as a model at the art school. That’s where things started to change. About a couple months back, she got mixed up with someone—started an affair. But needed a place to meet, somewhere quiet, off the books. So she got friendly with the janitor. A kid named Jackson. Young, soft around the edges. The kind that doesn’t know how to say no to a pretty face. She played it just right and got him to lend her the spare keys.”

(10p)

“So the two lovebirds started meeting up. Figured they could keep it quiet. But secrets like that? They got a way of getting out.

Jackson knew, of course. The kid handed her the keys himself. Heard things too—enough to put two and two together. And Director Day... a sharp guy. He noticed the model changing. Then there’s Smirnov and the rest of the staff. They saw the flowers. Fancy bouquets, not the kind her drunkard of a husband would bother with. It didn’t take a genius to figure there was another man in the picture.”

You pause. “But here’s the thing—they all knew something was going on... but none of them knew *who* was her lover.”

“So who was the lover?” the Chief asks impatiently.

You meet his eyes. “It was Arthur Leblanc. One of the teachers. An illustrator. And a married man. He’s the one who sent the flowers—the florist gave a description. Same guy who sketched a little portrait of our victim on a piece of paper. But Amy Morgan kept it hidden away in her dressing table like some treasure.”

Your voice softens, just a touch. “I guess Mrs. Morgan hoped Leblanc would leave his wife so she could leave her husband too. No more sneaking around, no more borrowed keys. She hoped they’d get a clean start.”

(10p)

“That’s real touching, Lucas,” the Chief says, voice dry as old paper. “Real touching. But tell me something... you really believe this Leblanc guy was gonna walk out on his wife for this model dame?” His expression is very doubtful. What do you answer?

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

You can circle your answer here: **YES / NO**

If you're ready, read on.



Answers - Part 2B

If your answer was YES, record **+1 romantic** into your **Campaign Log**, and read this:

“Yeah, yeah, Chief... I get it,” you mutter. “Doesn’t fit the usual script.” You rub your jaw. “But yeah—I think he meant it. Leblanc fell for Amy Morgan, hard enough to wreck his own life over her. And that’s where it all went bad...”

If your answer was NO, record **+1 cynical** into your **Campaign Log**, and read this:

You give a small shrug. “Who the hell knows. Love makes a man stupid—or maybe it just shows you how stupid he already is. All I know is this—he set up a meeting with Amy Morgan last night in the school. And that’s where everything went sideways...”

“Yeah... it’s a nice little love square gone rotten. Two jealous spouses, both with a reason to pull the trigger.

First, you got Zachary Morgan, the husband. Boozehound with a mean streak. Says he knew—or at least suspected—Amy was stepping out on him. And he’s got a revolver sitting nice and easy in the cupboard. A man like that? Doesn’t take much to set him off.

Then there’s the other side of the coin. Krystal Leblanc. The wife of our boy Arthur. Singer. Temper like a lit fuse. From what I dug up, she’s been on edge lately, snapping at everything that moved. But here’s the funny part... Yesterday? She was in a good mood. Real good.”

(5p)

The Chief interrupts: “Okay, okay. You had your fun. Now give me straight. Which one was it? Zachary Morgan... or Krystal Leblanc?”

But you’re not done yet. “There are a few things we know for sure.”

You raise a finger. “Jackson saw two people leaving the scene. One of them dragging the other like they didn’t have a say in the matter.”

Another finger. “Leblanc has scratches on his face and neck. Not the kind you get from a cat or shaving too close.”

A third. “And the piece that did the job. A small Derringer. Easy to hide but not exactly your average household iron.”

(5p)

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Let’s say Mrs. Morgan and Leblanc finally decided to make a break for it. Leave their spouses, stop sneaking around, start fresh. So the model goes home, starts packing. But she doesn’t get far because Morgan comes home. Drunk, mean, same as always. They fight. It gets ugly. So Amy Morgan bolts—sometime around eleven.

Morgan stays behind and drowns what’s left of his brain in a bottle. Wakes up in the morning, stumbles into work, then right back out to the Stonewall Inn to keep the haze going. That’s where I picked him up.

And yeah, he’s got a gun. A war souvenir. Keeps it in the cupboard like a bad memory he won’t let go of. But it’s the wrong piece—an M1917 revolver. It’s not what killed her.

Now Krystal... She also knew about the affair. Maybe not the details, but enough. I bet that’s why she’s been tearing into everyone at Herman-Vance’s in the last few weeks.

And those scratches on Leblanc’s face? No way it came from their cat. It’s more likely they came from her. Long red nails, sharp temper. Either when he told her he was leaving... or later... when she found him at the studio—and tried to drag her husband out, after everything went to hell.”

(10p)

“The medical examiner puts the time of death around one in the morning. And we know Mrs. Morgan walked out on her husband around eleven. That gives the lovebirds plenty of time to meet up at the studio—let’s say at midnight, give or take. Quiet hour. The kind lovers like.

They probably compared notes first. Told each other how it went down at home. The shouting, the threats... But that kind of talk doesn’t last long when you’re in your little lovenest. The scene tells the rest. The shoes kicked off by the bed. Blouse undone. Lipstick smeared. Hair loose. They weren’t planning on dying in that bed...”

Your eyes narrow, seeing it play out again.

“But then... the door opens and everything goes to hell. It’s Krystal Leblanc. She probably followed her husband and had that little Derringer tucked away in her purse—small, easy to carry, easy to hide... easy to use. She walks in, sees them together. That’s it. All the suspicion, all the rage—it boils over. She’s shouting, spitting venom, gun already in her hand.

Leblanc jumps up from the bed. Too late to fix anything, just in time to see it fall apart. Amy? She barely has time to react. Just pushes herself up—confused, exposed, vulnerable... Krystal fires. Twice.”

Your voice is flat now. “Close range. Six feet, maybe less. The first shot catches the lung. The second one... damn near the heart. Amy pitches forward. Ends up draped at the edge of the bed. Leblanc locks up. Shock? Guilt? Fear? Take your pick. And that’s when Krystal grabs him and starts dragging him out. Pulling him away from what she’d done.”

You drag a hand down your face, “Jackson’s the next part of it. The kid’s down in his basement when the shouting starts. A woman’s voice—sharp, cutting. Wakes him right up. Then the shots.

By the time he pulls himself together, throws on some clothes, and creeps up the stairs... it’s already over. All he catches is a glimpse—two shadows moving down the hall.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

He sees the light still on in the studio. Door half open, so he goes in. And there she is. Amy Morgan. Lying in a pool of blood... The kid runs to her, not thinking. Steps right into the blood. He turns her over, checks if there's anything left to save..." You shake your head. "But there isn't. Panic takes over. He bolts. Runs straight to his brother and holes up in that little room over at Wellner Motors. That's where I found him. Scared out of his wits..."

(20p)

The Chief leans back, fingers drumming on the desk.

"I see," he mutters. "So Leblanc stood there and watched it all go down... didn't lift a finger." His eyes flick up to you, sharp again. "I think we oughta bring him in too. Charge him with complicity in murder." He pauses. "What do you say, Lucas?"

What do you say to him? AGREE / DISAGREE

Explanation:

When you're ready, read on.



Answers - Part 2C

If you **AGREED** with the Chief, record **+1 ruthless** in your **Campaign Log**, and read this:

You take your time before answering, like you're weighing the man as much as the crime. "It's a fair question, Chief. Guess Leblanc froze up in the moment—shock'll do that to a man. But what about later? Was he scared? Maybe. Lost the girl, watched her die, and then had to go home with the one who pulled the trigger. That'll keep a man up at night..."

Either way... Leblanc lied. Looked me in the eye and fed me a story. And worse—he covered for a killer."

Your eyes narrow. "And because of that Krystal Leblanc could walk into that dance hall next day like she just won something. Light on her feet, good mood all of a sudden. Like the problem solved itself. She got rid of her rival and got her husband back. In her mind, that was a victory."

Silence hangs for a beat. "I say we bring them both in, Chief."

(15p)

You will **read Epilogue A** after the scoring.

Now go to the next page, to Answers - Part 2D.

If you **DISAGREED** with the Chief, record **+1 compassionate** in your **Campaign Log**, and read this:

You take a slow breath, like you're about to stick your neck out a little.

"It's a good question, Chief," you say. "I figure Leblanc went into shock right there in that room. Watched the whole thing happen and just... shut down. And when they got home? I bet that's when Krystal took over. Spun that story about the scratches, nice and neat—blame it on the cat, close the door on it. Hell, maybe she even made it clear—he talks, he ends up just like Amy. So he keeps quiet. Stays up all night, staring at the ceiling, trying to make sense of it all. Doesn't show at work. Not because he's guilty... but because he's broken..."

Meanwhile, Krystal Leblanc walks into that dance hall the next day like the world just tilted her way. Light, easy, almost cheerful. She got what she wanted. Her rival's gone and her husband's back. In her mind, that was a victory."

You look the Chief straight in the eye. "So no... I don't think we collar Leblanc. I think we go after the one who fired the gun."

(15p)

You will **read Epilogue B** after the scoring.

Now go to the next page, to Answers - Part 2D.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Answers - Part 2D

“So that’s it then?” asks the Chief. “Jealous wife pulls the trigger? Same old story, just a different set of faces...” He shrugs. “Find the Derringer, wrap it up, and call it a day.” He gives your shoulder a firm pat—heavy, but not unkind. “Nice work, Lucas, old boy. Shame your partner wasn’t here. Might’ve picked up a trick or two. How’s the kid doing, anyway?”

You adjust your coat. “He’s on the mend. I’ll know more after I swing by the hospital.” You don’t mention the information you picked up about the Collector. That’s something you keep close to your chest—at least for now.

The Chief nods. “Give him my best.”

“Yeah, Chief. Will do.”

And then you’re out—past the desks, past the noise, back into the city that never really sleeps. Time to see the kid.

If you got **at least 60 points** in Questions - Part 2 (A-C), record **+1 wise** in your **Campaign Log**.

*Now go to **Questions - Part 3** on the next page.*



Questions - Part 3

Saint Vincent's Hospital - 7th Ave at 11th St.

You expected to see Brook in better shape than yesterday, but that's not the case. Although the doctor said his results are good, the concussion most likely didn't cause permanent damage, so he will be able to discharge him tomorrow.

"Hello kid, how are you today?" You try to sound cheerful, which makes Brook look at you suspiciously.

"What's with you, Lucas? Did you hit your head too?" But his smile is forced.

So you tell him about the murder case you investigated today. He only listens half-heartedly, and at the part where you talk about the lovers, he turns his head away. Poor kid. Marie's betrayal burned him badly. So you decide to play your trump card. "Found out some things about the Collector today."

Looks like it worked, because he turns his head toward you. "What things?"

Now **detail your knowledge** you gathered **about the Collector, and the job** he wants to commission. When you're ready, go to the next page. You can write down your answers here:

What do you know about the Collector?

What do you know about the job?



Answers - Part 3

"Got a message from Jimmy yesterday morning. He sends his best by the way. Turns out the job isn't about the Willoughby but about a dead author.

Now. There were 5 such authors mentioned in *The Villager's* last issue: William Shakespeare, Mark Twain, Edgar Allan Poe, Rainer Maria Rilke, and Endre Ady."

(5p)

"I sat through a poetry reading, where I gathered some information about the two European poets, but turns out our mystery author lived here in the Village for a while. So it leaves Poe and Twain in the running.

Talked to the leader of the Poe Society who's currently organizing an annual society dinner for Saturday. There will be lots of famous Poe experts attending from all over the country.

I also talked to one of Mark Twain's nephews who lives here. Turns out his uncle left manuscripts and diaries to him, so lots of buyers are sniffing around. Did you know that Twain wasn't only a writer, but an inventor as well? He patented three of his inventions in his life and wrote about more in his diaries. He even knew Nicola Tesla and they experimented together in the famous inventor's laboratory."

(15p)

"Lots of exciting leads, don't you think, kid?" He almost seems interested now. You have to strike the iron while it's hot, so you add - "Jimmy even found out that this job is personal to the Collector."

"Personal? What does that mean?" The kid asks eagerly. Finally. Maybe the Collector's case will bring him back from his lethargy.

"I don't know yet, but I'll find out. You just rest and concentrate on getting better. I'll visit you every day with the details I gather. Don't worry, we'll catch him in the end."

You better be right about this...

If you've got **20 points** in this Part 3, record +1 analytical in your **Campaign Log**.



Final Scoring

Calculate your final score by assessing how well you answered each question, assigning **partial credit** as you see fit.

If you read the **whole newspaper**, mark **4 culture** points.

- Q1. Max score of 5: _
- Q2. Max score of 65: _
- Q3. Max score of 20: _
- Culture points. Max score of 20: _
- Reputation points. Max score of 10: _
- Minus points: _

FINAL SCORE: _

If you got at least 8 culture points, record **+1 cultured** in your **Campaign Log**.

If you played it solo, record **+1 lone wolf** in your Campaign Log, and mark **+5 reputation** points.

You can see how you did on the next page. And you can read **Epilogue A or B** after that (according to your choice in Answers - Part 2B).



Results

90+ points: HARDBOILED DETECTIVE

Congrats! You're basically a pro. Nothing escapes your attention.

80 to 89: GUMSHOE

Very good! Not much escapes your attention. One day you could be a real pro. A hardboiled detective.

OR - if you mostly lost points because of overtime leads: HARDBOILED DETECTIVE

You are a pro, just a bit slower nowadays. Nothing escapes your attention.

60 to 79: FLATFOOT

Good! You mostly got it. Not bad for an amateur sleuth. One day you could be a pro.

Less than 60 points: ROOKIE

Don't give up, my young copper! Next time be a bit more thorough, and who knows, you could be a real pro one day.



Epilogue A

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1935

Beautiful Model SHOT DEAD By Jealous Singer

BY BILLIE JONES

The New York School of Music and Arts in Central Park was the scene of fatal events on Tuesday night when Krystal Leblanc, the singer known as 'Miss Krystal' at Herman-Vance's Dance Hall, discovered her husband, one of the school's teachers, in the arms of Mrs. Amy Morgan, a model of the school.

In her jealous rage, Mrs. Leblanc shot the 'other

woman' through the heart with her little Derringer pocket pistol, which was found by the police in the singer's dressing room during a search in the dance hall the next day. Her husband was an eyewitness to the murder and he later gave false information to the police.

The Leblancs were arrested and are now awaiting trial, where the wife may face the death penalty for first-degree murder, and the husband could receive a prison sentence for withholding information from the authorities and complicity in murder.

END OF CASE 2



Epilogue B

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1935

Beautiful Model SHOT DEAD By Jealous Singer

BY BILLIE JONES

The New York School of Music and Arts in Central Park was the scene of fatal events on Tuesday night when Krystal Leblanc, the singer known as 'Miss Krystal' at Herman-Vance's Dance Hall, discovered her husband, one of the school's teachers, in the arms of Mrs. Amy Morgan, a model

of the school.

In her jealous rage, Mrs. Leblanc shot the 'other woman' through the heart with her little Derringer pocket pistol, which was found by the police in the singer's dressing room during a search in the dance hall the next day.

Mrs. Leblanc was arrested, and now awaits a trial where she may be sentenced to death for First-degree murder.

END OF CASE 2



Behind the Scenes: Postscript from the Author

At the end of Case 3.



Full Walkthrough

A possible path:

TUESDAY

Art School: crime scene

Twin Peaks Apartment Building: talking to the manager

Talking to the neighbors: Gerry, Uma, Suzanna, Peter, Paula

Break into the Morgans' apartment: finding the drawing and the gun

Reinhardt's flower shop: description of lover

Looking for the missing teachers:

- Edwin Day: asking Goldie or the Mario's waiter
- Madison Square Theatre: finding Day
- Smirnov: at the Willoughby
- Willoughby: talk to Schmidt about the Pollock brothers
- Leblanc: third missing teacher, finding out about his wife

Standard Oil: talking to Charlie

Brewery: Morgan's workplace, he left

Tea Room: attending the poetry reading

Gun shop OR Firearm Permits: about Morgan's gun

Dance Hall: talking to Krystal

NIGHT LEADS: Bars - finding Jimmy and Morgan

WEDNESDAY

Calling: the lab and the medical examiner

Wellner Motors: finding Jackson

Library: about the authors

Hopkins: about Twain

Edgar Tate & Co.: about their offer

Hotel Lafayette and Mrs. Boyle: about the Poe dinner



HINTS

STOP!



Do **not** access the hints section except when looking up a specific hint from the table of contents at the start of this case book.

Collector 1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Jimmy's note said the job is connected to a dead writer who was mentioned in the *Villager*. Maybe you should check out the local library.



Collector 2

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Have you found Jimmy in a local bar yet? He could probably give you more information about the Collector.



Collector 3

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Jimmy said the writer in question lived in Greenwich Village for a while. That means Poe and Twain. Did you read the articles in the *Villager*? A few mentions them.



Collector 4

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

The article about the Poe dinner mentions the head of the Poe Society, a **Mrs. Boyle**. And the *Who's who in the Village* article mentions that **Mr. Hopkins** is a cousin of Twain. You should talk to both of them.



Director 1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

The paper mentioned him.



Director 2

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Go to Mario's Restaurant.



Hint for Marker A1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Leblanc mentioned where you can find his wife. Did you talk to her?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit one or more of the following leads where this item is obtained:

- [4-8281 on p.66](#)
- [3-3482 on p.51](#)



Hint for Marker B1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you find out where Mr. Morgan works? Did you go there?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [2-0380 on p.37](#)



Hint for Marker C1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you find Jackson's brother? Lester Schmidt knows him.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [1-7607 on p.23](#)



Hint for Marker D1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you talk to Edwin Day?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit one or more of the following leads where this item is obtained:

- [1-7655 on p.27](#)
- [5-6989 on p.80](#)



Hint for Marker E1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you find Jimmy? You should look around in the local bars.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [5-8519 on p.82](#)



Hint for Marker F1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you find the flower shop the bouquet is from?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [5-6620 on p.79](#)



Hint for Marker G1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you talk to all the neighbours in the Twin Peaks apartment building where the Morgans live?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [2-9626 on p.45](#)



Hint for Marker H1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you ask Hopkins about the Shakespeare Fellowship?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [5-9426 on p.84](#)



Hint for Marker H2

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you ask Hopkins about his famous cousin, the writer?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [5-3250 on p.74](#)



Hint for Marker II

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you talk to all the neighbours in the Twin Peaks apartment building where the Morgans live?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [8-6638 on p.111](#)



Hint for Marker J1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you find Jackson? If not - you should track down the missing teachers first. Maybe they know something about him.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [7-0741 on p.98](#)



Hint for Marker K1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit the organizer of the Poe dinner the paper wrote about?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [7-3895 on p.104](#)



Hint for Marker L1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you talk to all three of the teachers who didn't show up at the school today?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit one or more of the following leads where this item is obtained:

- [1-9521 on p.34](#)
- [1-7653 on p.25](#)



Hint for Marker M1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

The paper writes about a poetry reading. Did you go?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [1-4927 on p.20](#)



Hint for Marker N1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you go to the restaurant where the Shakespeare Fellowship held its dinner? It's in the paper.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [6-3967 on p.91](#)



Hint for Marker O1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you call the medical examiner?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [4-2017 on p.61](#)



Hint for Marker P1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you talk to all the neighbours in the Twin Peaks apartment building where the Morgans live?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [3-2708 on p.49](#)



Hint for Marker Q1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you call the crime lab?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [1-2650 on p.14](#)



Hint for Marker R1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you talk to all the neighbours in the Twin Peaks apartment building where the Morgans live?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [6-7015 on p.95](#)



Hint for Marker S1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Where could you find Mr. Morgan? He's not at home, not at work, but he drinks a lot, so...

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [4-1084 on p.57](#)



Hint for Marker T1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Have you visited the victim's apartment building yet? Talk to the manager first.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [7-9326 on p.106](#)



Hint for Marker U1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you talk to all the neighbours in the Twin Peaks apartment building where the Morgans live?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [2-1641 on p.42](#)



Hint for Marker V1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you go to the victim's apartment?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [6-6651 on p.94](#)



Hint for Marker W1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you look for Smirnov in the Willoughby museum? The opening of the exhibit is today, and he is one of the guests of honor.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [1-4266 on p.19](#)



Hint for Marker X1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you go to the crime scene?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [8-7782 on p.112](#)



Hint for Marker Y1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you talk to Hopkins from the paper? He mentions a firm you should visit.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [7-1652 on p.102](#)



Hint for Marker Z1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Did you go to the local library?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [1-3418 on p.17](#)



Smirnov 1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

What's happening today? You learned about it in Case 1.



Smirnov 2

☒ Tick 1 demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

Go to the Willoughby. The opening of the exhibit is today. He is one of the guests of honor.

