Foggy Fates

A Case for New York Noir

by LuxSum

v0.9 - 10/05/26

SUMMARY

When a body turns up in a Hell's Kitchen abandoned warehouse, Detective Deverell expects an open-and-shut case.

- **Author**: LuxSum
- **Status**: Playable
- **Additional credits**: Editing by eagle-eyed Debbie Levy.
- **Copyright**: Music via the Internet Archive: 'Whatever Was Arranged' by David Shire (Faint Figures); Gymnopédie No. 1 by Erik Satie (Evening of Day 1); Ich ruf' zu dir, Herr Jesu Christ by Bach, performed by Erich Vollenwyder. Solitude from Duke Ellington and His Orchestra, recorded January 1934.
- **Game system**: nyNoir
- **Campaign**: High & Low - Oct. 1934
- **Case date**: 10/15/1934
- **Difficulty**: 4 out of 5
- **Playtime**: 5 hours
- **Cautions**: Suitable for all audiences
- **Compiled**: Fri, Oct 16, 2026 at 12:12 PM CDT / Casebook v7.05 (10/16/26) / LeadDb v6
- **Typesetting**: 10pt a4 twosided (xelatex)
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6-0653 100
6-1320 100
6-2986 100
6-4193 100
6-5569 100
6-6056 101
6-6808 101
6-6839 102
6-6883 102
6-6922 103
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Instructions

To play this case you will need the latest full directory set for New York Noir (https://nynoir.org/downloads), including:

- White, Yellow, and Reverse Directories
- Map Atlas w/ interleaved Neighborhood Guide
- Quick Start Guide, Rulebook, Research Guide, and Navigation Guide

Additional Directories & Materials

This case also requires the following additional documents:

- **The Criminal History Directory**

Printouts

Additionally, you should print out the following sheets to write on (copies are inlcuded in this case book on subsequent pages):

- A Case Tracking sheet
- One Daily Log sheet for each day of the case (3)
- A Campaign Log sheet

Looking up Leads

- Use the table of contents at the start of this casebook to look up leads.
- Looking up a lead that has no entry does not cause time to pass, neither does re-reading a previously visited lead.

Tracking Time

This case unfolds over a maxiumum of 3 days:

- At the start of each day use a new Daily Log sheet and record the day #, date, and day of week.
- On the top row record the starting time for the day.
- Keep track of every lead you visit and the time of each visit.

Events

At the start of each day you will schedule an **evening event** that triggers at a specific time:

- Record this in the **Scheduled Events** section at the bottom of the current day's Daily Log sheet.
- When you reach or pass this time, finish any in-progress action and then go to the event lead.
- Typically, this evening event will let you know whether to end your current day immediately, or whether you must enter **overtime** in order to find certain markers first.
- Whatever the case, you will find instructions on what to do in the evening event.

Contacts

A contact list of known friends and allies is provided, whom you may visit when you don't have a better place to go (you may want to visit them all before you finish the case).

Detective's Research Guide

You will need the double-sided Detective Research Guide sheet which lists several dozen common places you might go to look up various information.

Hints

There is a hint section at the back of this casebook:

- Consult a hint if you are having trouble finding a required marker that must be found before the end of the day; the first hint will usually give you some idea of what you are looking for.
- Consult a hint if you encounter difficulty working with criminal histories.

Wrapping-up

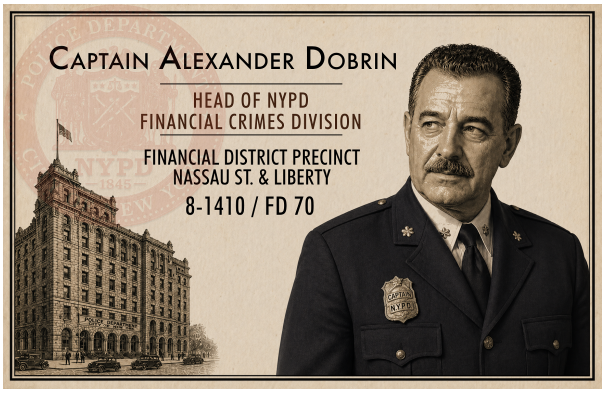
After the last day of your case ends, you will proceed to a conclusion section, but you will have a final opportunity to resume searching for leads without any time limit.

General Tips

- Unless otherwise specified, if you visit a lead that requires a marker that you don't currently have, you can come back when you do.
- Most people tend to work in the same neighborhood where they live.
- Most people stick to the neighborhood where they live or work.

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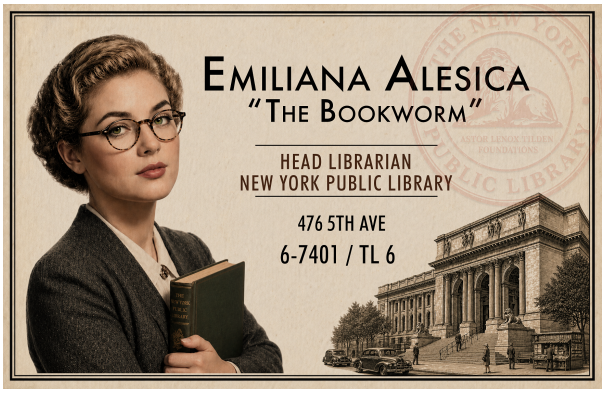
Case Contacts

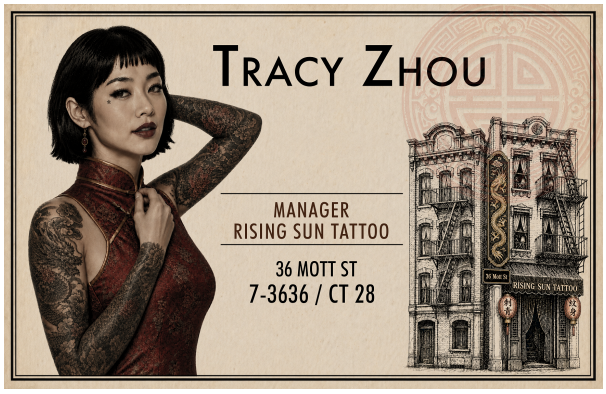
















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DETECTIVE'S RESEARCH GUIDE

Below is a (non-exhaustive) list of the most common resources for doing research on a variety of topics. Even if they don't have exactly what you need, they may be able to point you to somewhere that will.

Police (NYPD)

- Central police records: **NYPD - Police Headquarters [7-8245]**
- Coroner & chief medical examiner: **NYPD - Chief Medical Examiner [4-7384]**
- Other police records & departments: See Yellow Pages for Police (NYPD) - Special Units & Offices
- Labs and evidence analysis: See Yellow Pages for Police (NYPD) - Labs
- Local police: See local neighborhood NYPD Precincts

Other Investigatory Agencies

- Military Intelligence: **U.S. Army Building [8-0608]**
- International Affairs: **State Department [5-1254]**
- Central postal investigations & records: **U.S. Central Post Office [1-0188]**
- Organized counterfeiting investigations & records: **U.S. Treasury [7-3449]**
- Smuggling investigations & records: **U.S. Customs House [7-5838]**
- Federal crime investigations: **FBI Field Office [6-6675]**
- Arson: **FDNY Borough Command [6-4587]** & **NYPD - Arson Investigation Lab [7-9687]**
- Local FDNY arson investigations: See local neighborhood FDNY Stations

Courts and Criminal Justice Records

- Criminal and civil court records: **County Law Clerk (Hall of Legal Records) [6-9565]**
- Ongoing & open criminal cases: **Manhattan District Attorney / Prosecutor's Office [6-3675]**
- Information, records, gossip regarding Lawyers: **Association of the Bar [4-3094]**
- Prison, Probation, Parole records: **NYC Department of Corrections & Probation [5-5770]**
- Courthouses: See Yellow Pages

Other Government Offices & Records

- General city records archive: **Office of City Clerk [3-6861]**
- Birth certificates & death records: **Registrar of Births & Deaths [8-9869]**
- Marriage & divorce records: **Registrar of Marriage & Divorce [7-1950]**
- Welfare records: **NYC Department of Social Services [2-8395]**
- Building permits & construction records: **NYC Department of City Planning [8-5257]**
- Property & tax records: **NYC Department of Finance [6-5810]**
- Education records: **NYC Department of Education [6-4231]**
- Political office records: **NYC Board of Elections [3-8302]**
- High-level city management: **City Hall (Mayor's Office) [8-4648]**
- Bankruptcy filings & records: **U.S. Bankruptcy Court [6-6093]**
- Restaurant Inspections & Health records: **NYC Department of Health [8-8325]**
- Sport licensing, gambling: **NYC Commission on Athletics [6-8189]**
- Trash Collections: See local neighborhood Garbage Removal companies
- For more government offices: See Government Offices in Yellow Pages

continued on next page...

Transportation, Travel, Communications

- Interstate travel: **NYC Department of Transportation [8-2357]**
- Drivers license & vehicle registration: **NYC Department of Motor Vehicles (DMV) [1-8786]**
- Parking ticket records: **NYC Department of Parking Enforcement [7-2889]**
- International travel records: **Passport Bureau at Treasury Building [8-5191]**
- Centralized taxi info: **Central Cab Coordinator [4-2821]**
- Telephone records: **New York Bell Telephone [4-3721]**
- Centralized telegram/telegraph records: **Western Union Telegraph Headquarters [8-4019]**
- Local telegram/telegraph records: See local neighborhood Telegraph Stations
- Foreign Countries (travel, criminal histories, etc.): See Embassies & Consulates

General Information

- New York Public Library:
    - **Information Desk [6-7401]**
    - **Architecture & Design [7-7045]**
    - **Arts & Entertainment [8-8723]**
    - **Business & Finance [2-4500]**
    - **Circulation Desk (checkout records) [4-2384]**
    - **Culture & Sociology [2-6099]**
    - **Fiction & Literature [1-6610]**
    - **Genealogy & Ancestry Records [5-1517]**
    - **General Reference [5-7011]**
    - **History & Biography [1-8347]**
    - **Maps & Geography [8-5503]**
    - **Mathematics & Academics [4-4423]**
    - **Periodicals & Newspapers [6-4164]**
    - **Psychology & Self Help [7-6987]**
    - **Religion & Philosophy [4-3737]**
    - **Science & Technology [4-7981]**
    - **Special Collections & Rare Books [3-7042]**
    - **Supernatural & Occult [4-7978]**

Newspaper Contacts

- **The New York Times [6-8666]** (paper of record)
- **The Daily News [7-0584]** (local news)
- **The New York Post [8-5064]** (local news)
- **The Daily Mirror [2-9326]** (gossip/sensational rag)
- **The Evening Graphic [6-0755]** (scandalous trash rag)
- **The Wall Street Journal [6-2538]** (financial news)
- **Spring 3100 NYPD Magazine [2-4913]** (police & crime news)
- **Vanity Fair Magazine [4-1647]** (high society)
- **Harpers Bazaar Magazine [5-3101]** (fashion / family)
- **The New Yorker [1-1004]** (high-brow essays/fiction, etc.)
- **Art News [6-8647]** (art world news)
- **Variety Magazine [1-8685]** (film and theater news)
- **Billboard Magazine [3-6699]** (local music scene)

NEW YORK NOIR - CASE TRACKING SHEET

Case Name

MARKERS

A1
B1
C1
D1
E1
F1
G1
H1
I1
J1
K1
L1
M1
N1
O1
P1
Q1
R1
S1
T1
U1
V1
W1
X1
Y1
Z1

Date(s) Played, Duration, Final Score, etc.:

DEMERITS

REPUTATION

CULTURE

OTHER

OTHER TAGS

TRACKS

IRP

DOCUMENTS

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
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9
10
11
12
13
14
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NEW YORK NOIR – DAILY LOG SHEET

____ Day# ________ Day of Week ________________ Date

TIME	LEAD		NOTES	RETURN?
			SCHEDULED EVENTS	REQUIRED?

NEW YORK NOIR – DAILY LOG SHEET

____ Day#　________ Day of Week　________________ Date

TIME	LEAD		NOTES	RETURN?
			SCHEDULED EVENTS	REQUIRED?

NEW YORK NOIR – DAILY LOG SHEET

Day# ______ Day of Week ______ Date ______

TIME	LEAD		NOTES	RETURN?
			SCHEDULED EVENTS	REQUIRED?

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NEW YORK NOIR – CAMPAIGN LOG SHEET

Campaign Name

Case	Date(s) played & Duration	Score	Demerits	Reputation	Culture	Notes

ANALYTICAL	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
ASSERTIVE	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
CHARISMATIC	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
CLEVER	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
COMPASSIONATE	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
CONFIDENT	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
CONSCIENTIOUS	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
COVERT	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
CULTURED	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
DUTIFUL	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
ECCENTRIC	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
EFFICIENT	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
GREGARIOUS	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
HEROIC	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
IDEALISTIC	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
IMPATIENT	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
INDUSTRIOUS	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
JEWEL	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
LAWFUL	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
METICULOUS	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
OBSERVANT	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
PATIENT	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
PIONEER	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
POLITICAL	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐

PRUDENT	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
RECKLESS	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
RIGHTEOUS	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
ROMANTIC	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
RUTHLESS	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
THOROUGH	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
WISE	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
WOUNDED	☐☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐
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Prelude

Introduction

8 PM - Monday, October 15th, 1934

The squad room at 240 Centre Street empties by six on Mondays. By seven the only sounds left are the radiators and Jewel's typewriter, and by half past even the typewriter has given up.

I have nowhere in particular to be. I've had nowhere in particular to be for about three years now, and I've stopped pretending the paperwork is what keeps me here. The lamp on my desk makes a small yellow island.

Jewel is at the long table under the window with the Directory open in front of her and a stack of slips at her elbow. She types for four detectives and files for the whole floor, and somewhere in there she does the work that keeps the rest of them from looking like fools in front of a judge.

She doesn't look up. "The building's been empty an hour."

"I hadn't noticed."

"No." She turns a page. "You never do."

I light the briar pipe and go and stand where I can see the page.

The Criminal History Directory. October 1934. Four thousand-odd men and women the City of New York has had cause to write down, fifty-odd to a page, in type small enough to make a clerk squint. Age. Height. Weight. Ethnicity. What they went away for and how long they served. What they answer to when they're not answering to their own name.

"Somebody upstairs wants a name verified before it goes to the DA tomorrow. They've given me a description a blind man could have written. Male. Past forty. Caucasian."

"That's a subway car's worth of criminals..."

"Yeah, that's about two hundred..." She turns the slip over. "Impossible to narrow down... Except for that late addition here at the bottom, in another hand. Somebody's cracked this one wide open: this guy was missing an index finger on his left hand."

"Which narrows it down to?"

She works down the page, and then the next, and the column runs out in a hurry. "Four in the whole directory. Only one of them is past forty." She sets her pen beside it on page 65.

"There he is," I say.

"There's a *number*." She writes it on a slip in her small square hand. "The directory doesn't hold the file, Jack. The directory holds the address of the file. This goes to the Department of Correction on Centre street tomorrow morning and somebody in that basement walks into the stacks and comes back with a folder, and that is an hour of my life spent whether the folder is any use or not."

REMINDER: Reading the Criminal History Directory costs you nothing. You may consult it as often as you like, and narrow your search however you like.

But each time you take a lead number from the Directory and look it up, **advance the clock 60 minutes** (whether or not the entry turns out to be part of this case).

Somewhere down the hall, a door closes. The radiator knocks twice and settles.

She covers the typewriter, which is how the day ends in this room, and puts on her coat, and stops at my desk on her way past.

“Go home, Jack.”

“In a minute.”

She pulls her gloves on, finger by finger. “It’s only Monday. There’s nothing coming before tomorrow. Nobody in this city is going to do anything worth your attention tonight.”

She’s wrong about that, but neither of us knows it yet, and I’m not going to hold it against her.

The door at the end of the floor closes behind her. Somewhere below, a car starts, and I don’t go to the window to see whose.

I sit a while in the small yellow island with the pipe going out and the directory still on the table where she left it, closed on a pen, holding somebody’s place.

[Continue to next entry...]

Day One

Faint Figures

9 AM - Tuesday, October 16th, 1934

 Scan the QR code (or click/tap it if viewing digitally) to add audio ambiance to this scene.

The foghorns woke me before dawn. At Joe Harry's on West 54th you can hear them through the kitchen wall. The Hudson is right across Twelfth Avenue, close enough to smell when somebody cracks a window. Somebody always cracks a window.

Jewel's call caught me before I'd found my other shoe. A beat cop had turned up a body at 605 West 55th. No wallet, no papers, nothing in the pockets. White male, mid-thirties, dressed like a man who didn't have much to lose. The Chief's instructions came through her too, which tells me what he thought the thing was worth: *open and shut, Jack*. I could hear him saying it without having to hear him say it, the weariness worn smooth from repetition. Another dead nobody on the West Side. Hell's Kitchen cleans up its own messes.

She gave me the address and didn't hang up. Neither did I. The line stayed open between her desk and my hallway. She has never had cause to telephone me at home before. I noticed that. I didn't say so.

I take my eggs at the counter, shoulder to shoulder with longshoremen who can smell a cop the way they can smell the river. One of them looks at my shoes and goes back to his coffee. In this neighborhood a man with clean shoes is either lost or looking for trouble.

Somebody has left a newspaper folded back to the puzzle page. Half the squares filled and the rest given up on, the pencil marks going lighter down the column until whoever it was stopped pretending. My mother would have had it finished before the coffee cooled. In pen. The whole grid done and the paper folded to a square. She only ever set it down while solving it to say something she meant, and she set it down once when I was fourteen. I still remember like it was yesterday. My first real case... "Solving a case is a game in a way, but not a game. Do you understand?" I understood the first half of that immediately. The second one took a while.

She is at that table this morning working today's grid, and I haven't telephoned in a month. The dead are easier to keep up with. They stay where you put them.

Through the window, the river should be right there. This morning, it's gone. Fog rolled over Hell's Kitchen in the night, swallowing the waterfront whole.

I leave a nickel on the counter and light the briar pipe on the sidewalk, plunging into the gray. The air tastes like river water and creosote.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Record the following **mandatory** event in your schedule:

- **When**: Today, day #**1** (Tuesday, October 16th, 1934).
- **Time**: 6 pm
- **Where to go**: 3-8783 (p.77)
- **Mandatory**: YES.

When you meet the conditions described above, visit the lead specified.

You are now ready to start your day. On a blank case log sheet record that it is Day **1** (**Tue, Oct 16th**) and that the current time is **9 am**. Then close this case book and begin searching for leads in the directories. Don't forget to keep an eye on your schedule for the **6 pm** event above that will trigger and lead to the conclusion of your work day.

STOP!

 Stop reading this case book now, and begin searching for leads in the directories.

Do not turn the page. You should have set an event which will trigger at the end of **day 1**, which will instruct you on what to do when the day ends.

Evening of Day 1

Scan the QR code (or click/tap it if viewing digitally) to add audio ambiance to this scene.

The morgue smells the way it always does. Formaldehyde and floor wax and something underneath that no amount of either can touch. I find Michels in the basement, humming to the phonograph's rendition of Satie. He's standing over the body with his sleeves rolled to the elbows, dictating notes to himself in a mix of English and German.

"Ah, my boy." His eyes stay on the body. "You are early. I said six o'clock."

"It's quarter past."

He checks the clock on the wall and frowns at it like it's the one who's wrong. "So it is. Well then. Come. I have things to show you."

He pulls the sheet down to the waist. The body looks worse under the bright morgue light than it did on the warehouse floor. Skin the color of tallow. Ribs showing through. A man who hadn't been eating well for a long time.

Michels taps the skin around the wound. There's ink there, dark against the pale flesh. A design. Circular. I lean in. A compass rose, eight points, the kind you'd see on an old nautical chart. The bullet went through the center of it.

"A tattoo," I say.

"A compass. Quite detailed. Good work, actually. Whoever did this had a steady hand." He continues matter-of-factly, "As for the wound, single gunshot to the chest. Close range. The powder burns are consistent with two, perhaps three feet. Death would have been very quick. A minute, perhaps less. He did not suffer long."

"Caliber?"

"A .32." He says it the way you'd say a word in a language you don't respect. "A gun a man buys because it fits in a coat pocket. I take three or four a year out of people who were shot by someone who had never shot anyone."

"But."

"But those go into a shoulder. A stomach. A wall, twice, and then a stomach." He brings the lamp lower. "This one went between the fourth and fifth ribs, through the heart, and out below the shoulder blade. No deflection. No second attempt."

"Meaning."

"Meaning it went where it was sent." He shrugs, and the shrug is not modest. "I could not have placed it better myself, and I have the advantage of a table and no hurry."

I write that down. Then I look at what I've written.

"You're saying whoever did this has done it before."

"I am saying nothing of the sort. I am saying *where* the bullet went." He takes his glasses off, breathes on them, puts them back. "What sort of man puts it there is your department."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Michels moves to the head. “There is more. Blood alcohol was significant. This man was, to use the clinical term, *betrunken*. Very drunk. Not a glass of wine with dinner. The kind of drunk where you need someone to walk you home.”

Michels pulls the sheet back up. Straightens it at the corners, like he is making a bed. He does this with all of them. I’ve never asked why.

“Oh, one more thing.” He opens a drawer and hands me a typed page. “My preliminary report. You will want it for your report.”

Circle **Document 2** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 2** (ME Preliminary Report), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 127.

I thank Michels and take the stairs two at a time.

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 Two

Marked Man

8 AM - Wednesday, October 17th, 1934



The elevator at 240 Centre Street smells like wet wool and somebody's breakfast. I take the stairs.

Jewel is already at her desk when I come through the door. She's always already at her desk when I come through the door. I've started to wonder whether she lives here. The typewriter is going. It doesn't stop for me.

"Morning."

"You have messages." She pulls a sheet from the roller and sets it aside. "Two from the Chief. He wants the Kitchen case closed."

"It's barely eight o'clock."

"He wanted it closed yesterday." She reaches for a fresh carbon. "He also wants to know why you asked Michels for a full autopsy on a John Doe he considers already filed."

"Because the dead don't file themselves."

"I didn't say I agreed with him." She nods toward my desk. "I *said* he wants to know."

I hang my coat and sit. The messages are exactly what she described. The Chief's handwriting hasn't improved. The first note says CLOSE IT. The second says SEE FIRST NOTE.

The fog stayed on the West Side last night, hugging the river, thickening over the piers and the rail yards. From here you wouldn't know it existed. But I can still taste it. Wet brick and creosote. The warehouse. The body on the concrete, face down in nothing.

A man shot in a building that hasn't mattered to anyone in ten months. The kind of case that solves itself. Pin a name on the dead man, and file it before dinner. It doesn't require a detective. It requires a clerk with a steady hand and a long afternoon.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Three years in Homicide. I've worked financial frauds that took six months to unravel. Forgery rings. A poisoning in a locked room on the Upper East Side. And the Chief sends me to an abandoned warehouse in Hell's Kitchen to tag a waterfront stiff. If there's a compliment hidden in that assignment, I haven't found it.

"Michels found something," I tell her.

"I read the report. You left it on my desk." She says this the way a person would say *you left your muddy shoes in the hallway.*

"Then you saw the tattoo."

"Compass rose. Eight points. On the chest. Michels called it good work." She stops typing. That's her tell. When the typewriter goes silent, she's three moves ahead. "A distinguishing mark like that narrows the directory down to only a couple entries."

"Which means the Department of Correction can match it."

"Which means you're going to see Squires." The typewriter starts again. "She opens at eight. You're wasting time sitting here."

She's right. Squires at the basement archives. Efficient woman. Good with the files. She keeps that directory the way some people keep a garden. Everything in its place.

I finish my coffee, button my coat and head for the stairs. Jewel's voice catches me at the door.

"Jack."

I turn. She's still typing. Eyes on the page.

"Try not to solve it too fast. You'll only get another one."

Record the following **mandatory** event in your schedule:

- **When**: Today, day #**2** (Wednesday, October 17th, 1934).
- **Time**: 6 pm
- **Where to go**: 3-5690 (p.72)
- **Mandatory**: YES.

When you meet the conditions described above, visit the lead specified.

You are now ready to start your day. On a blank case log sheet record that it is Day **2** (**Wed**, **Oct 17th**) and that the current time is **8 am**. Then close this case book and begin searching for leads in the directories. Don't forget to keep an eye on your schedule for the **6 pm** event above that will trigger and lead to the conclusion of your work day.

STOP!

 Stop reading this case book now, and begin searching for leads in the directories.

Do not turn the page. You should have set an event which will trigger at the end of **day 2**, which will instruct you on what to do when the day ends.

Evening of Day 2

If you have circled **Marker L1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-2806 (p.67).

If you have circled **Marker S1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-1650 (p.64).



STOP!

 Turn the page when you are ready to begin **day 3**.

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

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Day Three

Cold Clarity

8 AM - Thursday, October 18th, 1934

8 am. Chief's already in. Never good. Door closed. Worse.

Jewel's settling in. Doesn't speak. Just nods once toward the Chief's door. When she doesn't editorialize, the situation's past words.

I knock.

"Jack. Sit."

He doesn't look tired. He looks finished.

"Two calls before seven. DA wants to know why a three-day gang killing still hasn't been filed. And a man from the Hall. I won't name him. He didn't name anyone either." Pause. "He didn't have to."

Tammany Hall. The machine that runs the ward bosses that run the crews that run the Kitchen. Somebody pulled a string. It reached this desk.

"Where is your goddamn report?" The quiet stretches. "I've had it with you and your theories... Halloran starts at noon. Hand him your notes or let him build it cold. Either way, your name comes off the file."

"Chief, please. End of day."

"You're not hearing me. This isn't a negotiation. Halloran starts at noon and I expect his report on my desk at three." He picks up a pen. Looks at whatever's in front of him. Dismissed.

I look out the window past Jewel. Fog's lifting off Centre Street. First time in three days I can see the rooftops west. The city's coming back one block at a time, and what it looks like in the light is uglier than anything I pictured in the gray.

Record the following **mandatory** event in your schedule:

- **What**: Noon, 10/18/1934
- **When**: Noon, today
- **Where to go**: 4-8462 (p.88)
- **Mandatory**: YES.

When you meet the conditions described above, visit the lead specified.

You are now ready to start your day. On a blank case log sheet record that it is Day **3** (**Thu, Oct 18th**) and that the current time is **8 am**. Then close this case book and begin searching for leads in the directories. Don't forget to keep an eye on your schedule for the **3 pm** event above that will trigger and lead to the conclusion of your work day.

STOP!

 Stop reading this case book now, and begin searching for leads in the directories.

Do not turn the page. You should have set an event which will trigger at the end of **day 3**, which will instruct you on what to do when the day ends.

Noon, October 18, 1934

Halloran is in my chair. My file is squared on the blotter in front of him and there's a sheet in the typewriter with DEVLIN, PATRICK across the top and nothing under it.

He looks up. "Back already? I haven't got to the part where you're wrong."

Jewel's typewriter stops. She looks at the Chief's door, then at me, and starts again.

The Chief's door is open. His hat is on the desk beside a sandwich he hasn't touched.

☑ Tick *5* reputation boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Go to Deadline Decisions (p.145)



3 pm, October 18, 1934

Halloran is in my chair. Feet crossed on my desk. The file I built for three days spread across his lap like a newspaper he bought on the corner. He keeps reading.

"Deverell." He turns a page. Slow. Almost bored. "I cleaned up your notes. You're welcome. Half of it was unreadable. Still don't know why you burned three days on an open-and-shut."

He picks up my pen, clicks it twice, then sets it down in the exact center of the blotter. Straight. Perfect. Like he's teaching me how to keep a desk.

My hand finds the briar in my coat pocket and stays there. I give him nothing. Halloran's been waiting years for a rise. He can keep waiting.

Jewel's typewriter is hammering harder than it needs to. She has not looked at him once. The carbon is crooked. Jewel's carbon is never crooked.

The Chief's door is open. I can see his desk from here. Halloran's report sits squared in front of him. Neat. Typed. Devlin's name centered at the top like a nameplate.

Go to Deadline Decisions (p.145)

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.

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1

1-1453

Hint for Document 5 (p.160) contd.

Hint: Visit the businesses and lodgings around the warehouse on West 55th Street.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

1-1890

Hint for Marker Y1 (p.164) contd.

Hint: Cannon isn't at his rooms on West 51st Street, but the woman across the hall knows where he is, and so did Lynch. The bar on 58th with no sign on the door.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

1-2641

Penelope Deverell, traveling musician (7-6315 on p.113) contd.

"Saratoga Springs. A woman teaching piano. Name of Quill."

"Saratoga Springs isn't Brooklyn."

"It isn't Manhattan either."

"That's the second-best argument I've heard all week." The radio goes down. "I know two men who play out that way at weddings. If she teaches, somebody's mother knows her. Give me until Saturday."

"I don't have until Saturday."

"Then you've got nothing and you knew that before you dialed." A pause. "Who is she?"

"Somebody's sister."

Penny doesn't say anything for a second.

"You telephoned Brooklyn to ask about a stranger's sister," she says. "Do you hear that, or is it only me?"

"Ma did the Sunday grid in pen again," she says. "Finished it. Wrote her own clue in the margin for the one she thought was lazy."

Someone in the room behind her calls her name.

"That's me. Try not to get shot." She blasts two notes into the receiver and hangs up.

1-2727

O'Neill Milk & Cream Co. (4-0128 on p.80) contd.

A dairy yard on Eleventh, trucks nose-in along the wall and the plant running loud behind the loading bay. A man in a raised booth watches every one of them come and go, and he has already watched me arrive.

I have nothing to ask him that he'd answer, and nothing to trade for it.

1-3064

Litwack Slaughterhouse (6-6808 on p.101) contd.

He looks at my hand on his arm. Then at me.

"On what?"

"The alias '*Danger*' is registered to your name. A man was called by that alias at a warehouse on 55th the night of a murder. You live six blocks from there."

He doesn't resist. He unties the apron and hangs it on its nail, and he does that slowly, the way a man does something with his hands when he wants to remember doing it.

The floor has gone quiet in patches. Not all at once. Table by table, men stopping to watch a detective walk Pat Devlin out of Litwack's in the middle of a shift. Nobody says anything. Somebody will, later, and it will be in a room I'm not in.

In the doorway my thumb finds the bowl of the briar pipe through the lining of my coat. The alias fits. The address fits. The sheet fits. Everything fits the way a suit fits a mannequin.

The Chief wants a name on his desk. Here's a name.

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

1-3347

New York City Reformatory for Misdemeanants
728 Park Ave, UE-34

Time advances 30 minutes.

The supervisor at 728 Park Avenue pulls the Feely file. Nine months. Model inmate. Attended every voluntary session. Wrote his mother every week.

"What was the offense?" I ask, though I know.

She reads from the intake interview. "Followed a girl home from school. Watched her windows."

A pause. She turns the page.

"He said she'd stopped in the street once, when he was crying. His mother had just gotten sick. Father walked out the same month. She sat with him for an hour. Never told a soul. He just wanted to see her again."

"Who did he bunk with?"

"One of our troublemakers... a sixteen-year-old who kept getting into fights. Scarred lower lip. Never fought with Feely though."

She closes the file.

1-3914

Hint for Document 5 (p.160) contd.

Hint: A juvenile with a conviction gets written down like anyone else. Irish male, roughly seventeen, short, corrective lenses, one arrest about a year and a half ago. Narrow the Directory on that and take the number to Corrections.

If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

1-4729

Pier 95
Near 801 12th Ave, HK-18

Time advances 30 minutes.

Half of Pier 95 is idle. Two sheds shut, a third with the doors chained, and grass coming up between the planks where nothing has been dragged across them in a year.

An old man in a watchman's coat is warming his hands over a can.

"Used to be the busiest berth on this river." He tips his head south, toward the board fence. "It all goes down there now, or it will. Same owners, same men, half the work."

Ten months since Repeal and the river hasn't changed. What moves on it has.

1-4966

Late Lessons (p.155) contd.

Then the clerk. The one who put the false name in the file to begin with. A Department of Correction woman who made one slip at her desk at Blackwell's Island Penitentiary. Never knew a man had kept it, until he came to collect. One word, written into one file, and the frame was built. I took her statement and I took her in.

She nods slowly. "By the book."

"By the book."

"She gets a lawyer, stops talking, and the man who squeezed her is a different story." Not asking; filing it. "You closed the door on the one who got leaned on. The system likes that. It's tidy." She looks past me at the black window over the sink. "Tidy isn't the same as right. You know the difference. You just don't always reach for it."

Record "+1 LAWFUL" in your campaign log.

Return to Late Lessons (p.155).

1-4990

Lonn, Betsy (3-6861 on p.75) contd.

"I've already got her."

"Then what are you doing on my floor?" she says, delighted. "Go on. Come back when you're stuck, that's when I'm irresistible."

1-5016

Hint for Marker C1 (p.161) contd.

Hint: Visit Roosevelt Hospital: 7-8629 (p.114)

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

1-5086

NYC Dept. of Correction – Archives (5-1857 on p.92) contd.

Squires takes the slip. No eyebrow. No remark. She walks into the stacks and comes back with something that has real weight to it, and she doesn't tap it or hold it with two fingers. She sets it down flat and steps back from it. "That one came up from Ossining. It's theirs, not mine, so don't ask me what's missing from it."

Alistair Nolan. Murder. Convicted 1918. Sing Sing. Released August 1934, parole to expiration of maximum.

The paper is dense with disciplinary notes for the first three years. Then nothing. Clean from 1921 straight through to the gate.

He went in during the war and came out into the Depression, and in between he worked out how the system is written and stopped giving it anything to write.

Circle **Document 9** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 9** (Alistair Nolan – Department of Correction – Archive Results), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 141.

1-5254

Hint for Document 7 (p.160) contd.

Hint: Pull the reformatory file first: 1-3347 (p.43). Then look up the matching CHD entry: 3-0906 (p.62)

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

1-5927

NYPD – 18th Precinct
51st St & 10th Ave, HK-27

Time advances 30 minutes.

Two green globes over the door, one of them cracked. Inside, the desk sergeant sits behind a rail built high enough to make a man look up at him, which is the point of it.

I give him what I know.

"We pick them up, Detective." He keeps his eyes on the blotter. "We write it down, we walk them to a cell. After that it isn't ours." He turns the blotter a quarter turn, as if that settled it. "A man who gets sent away goes in the Department of Correction's books. The official record is theirs."

He tips his chin at the shelf behind him. A copy of the Criminal History Directory, spine cracked white, a coffee ring on the cover. "Same book you've got. Corrections prints it. We just read it."

A patrolman comes through with a drunk by the collar. The sergeant has already stopped looking at me.

1-5978

Hint for Document 7 (p.160) contd.

Hint: The boy never got to tell me what his bunkmate looked like. His mother started coughing. But the reformatory might have more information.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

1-6044

Hint for Document 6 (p.160) contd.

Hint: Aliases are printed in the Directory alongside everything else and are very good discriminators. I also have a description for him.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

1-6833

Hint for Marker M1 (p.163) contd.

Hint: One person handles every entry in that Directory before it goes to the printer. She told me so herself, the first day I walked into the basement.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

1-7744

Late Lessons (p.155) contd.

Somewhere in the middle of it I tell her about the Englishman. Nobody sent me after him. A man in a back room with a newspaper and no part in anything I'd been asked about, and I took his name downtown anyway and had them pull the file. It confirmed a date. And the date put him on the same island as Lynch, out eighteen days ahead of him.

For the first time all night, something like a smile gets to her. "Of course you did." She taps the grid. "Seven across has been wrong for an hour and it's been eating you since you sat down. Don't think I didn't catch you reading it upside down." She slides the paper an inch toward me. "Go on. You can't leave it blank any more than I can. That part's mine. The rest you got from him."

Record "+1 METICULOUS" in your campaign log.

Return to Late Lessons (p.155).

1-8073

Lynch, Philip
310 W. 72nd St, LS-11

Time advances 30 minutes.

The door opens on a chain. One eye, sharp and hostile, looks me over through the gap.

I flash my badge. "I'm looking for Cillian Lynch."

The eye doesn't blink. "You and everybody else."

"This was his last known address."

"This was *my* address. Cillian hasn't lived here since before Blackwell's." He starts to close the door. I put a hand on the frame.

"Mr. Lynch. A man is dead."

"Then Cillian's finally done what we all expected." The chain stays on. "Our mother used to say Cillian could charm a saint and rob him blind in the same breath. She had him pegged before he could walk... I let him stay here when he had nowhere else. He repaid me by robbing a man two blocks from my front door. The police came to *this* address. My landlord nearly put me on the street."

"I just need to know where he's living now."

"I don't know and I don't care to. He came by once after they let him out... on parole I assume. I didn't open the door." A pause. "Same as I'm doing now."

The chain holds. The eye disappears. I hear the bolt slide home.

1-8596

NYC Dept. of Correction – Archives (5-5727 on p.95) contd.

Squires sees me coming. "Another one, Detective? People will talk."

"Let them. You're the only woman in this city glad to see me."

That gets half a smile. She reads the slip and her eyebrows go up a fraction.

"Compass on the chest. That's specific."

"I had a productive morning."

"You had a lucky morning. There's a difference." She taps the slip against her palm. "Sit. We've had half the basement off its shelves since Monday and it's still finding its feet."

I find a chair. Floor wax, old paper, the mineral tang of the steam pipes. She moves through the stacks with a purpose that makes sitting down feel like a character flaw.

She comes back with something that has weight to it. "Read it here or take it up. Bring it back in one piece... I've got a system."

"I know. You told me."

"And I'll tell you tomorrow."

The directory gave me a line. The folder gives me the custody history, which is all this basement keeps: what he went down for, where they put him, when they let him out.

Joseph Brennan. Last known address, 461 West 49th Street. Grand larceny. Committed July 1927. Place of detention: City Prison. Discharged December 1927, complaint withdrawn.

Not convicted. Not acquitted. Complaint withdrawn.

July to Christmas in the Tombs, seven years ago, and the city never had cause to write him down again.

"Complaint withdrawn?"

"Not down here." Her eyes stay on the cards. "We hold what the city did to him... Everything else is the courts' business, and they file it their own way."

Fair enough. I have a name now. That's a start.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Circle **Document 8** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 8** (Joseph Brennan – Department of Correction – Archive Results), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 139.

1-8965

Feely, L. (2-4271 on p.53) contd.

The color drains from his face. He puts himself between me and the chair by the window.

"Fine."

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

Go to 3-3284 (p.68)

1-9323

The Brass Monkey (4-3582 on p.85) contd.

I ask the bartender for "*Crow*". He doesn't answer. He looks past me at the man on the stool, and the man on the stool looks at me for a while before he stands and opens the door.

Nobody asked me which *Crow*. Nobody asked me to say it again.

The back room is smaller than it should be. A card table with the chairs pushed in. A green-shaded lamp. A window painted over so the light comes in a sickly yellow and stays that way. Painted glass works both directions.

The table isn't set for cards. Everything on it is paper. Newspapers, four or five, and not all of them in English. A sheet of foolscap ruled into columns, each column a letter of the alphabet, each letter followed by tally marks in a tight neat hand. A teapot. Two cups, one clean.

At the table, a big man sits alone with a folded newspaper and a pencil. He's built like something that used to be an athlete and stopped. Six foot one and two hundred and thirty pounds of it, most of that in the shoulders and the rest below. A scar runs across the left eye and pulls the lid into a permanent half-squint. He doesn't stop working the crossword when the door shuts.

"Detective Deverell. Homicide."

"Sit down, then." The accent is a surprise. Not Kitchen Irish. English, south of the Thames, the kind that clips its consonants and drops its h's.

He fills the clean cup and pushes it across without asking whether I want it. The pot is still hot. Somebody put the water on before I came through the front door.

I sit. The chair puts my back to the door. "An Englishman in an Irish house."

"Sore point for some." The pencil keeps moving. "Ten years ago they'd have drowned me in the North River over the accent." He turns a page. "Now I get the back room and a man on the door. Same accent."

"Cillian Lynch says he was here the night of October 15th."

"He was. Me, him, and Doc. This table." No hesitation. "Eight till closing. Gin rummy. Doc left on his own around eleven, checked the clock and said he had to run. Didn't look rushed. Just decided." He fills a word in, block capitals. "Seven across. *Navigator's tool.* COMPASS." He taps the newsprint. "Been at me all morning, that one."

He looks up for the first time.

"Three down's still open. Five letters. *Assumed name.*"

The lamp hums. I don't fill it in for him.

"Detective." He picks the pencil back up. "You know what Cillian is? He's the fella who knows which man wants a thing and which man's got it. There's no trade school for that." He fills

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

a square, block capitals. “He put me in this room.”

The pencil goes back to the grid and stays there.

“Cillian’s all right. Leave him be.”

The door opens before I reach it.

The bar is fuller than it was and quieter than it was. The man from the stool walks me the length of it, holds the front door, and stays in it. Halfway up the block I look back. He’s still there.

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

1-9418

Cold Clarity - Scheduled event (3-7499 on p.76) - Scheduled event for day 3

It’s **3 pm** on **Thursday, October 18th, 1934**, and day #**3**, the final day of your case, is ending.

The following **6** items must be found before you may end the current day:

- **Marker G1**
- **Marker M1**
- **Marker P1**
- **Marker Y1**
- **Document 3**
- **Document 9**

Record +1 reputation on your case tracking sheet for each of these items that you have already found.

If you have not yet found all **6** items, resume searching for leads now until you have (using hints if needed), and consider yourself in “**overtime**” for the rest of the day. In overtime, time does not advance past **3 pm**.

Furthermore, while in overtime, for every **2 (time advancing) leads** you visit that do not result in you gaining one of these items, you must read a hint to help you find one (taking demerits for hints as normal).

When you have found all **6** required items, proceed to: 3 pm, October 18, 1934 (p.38).

1-9455

Hint for Marker E1 (p.162) contd.

Hint: The court file names the business he stole from. It's still running its trucks out of a yard on Eleventh Avenue.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

2

2-0345

Hint for Document 4 (p.160) contd.

Hint: Every man in the department was retyped onto new forms in January after the Commissioner raided Welfare Island Penitentiary. Lynch's form is probably still on the island.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

2-0396

Hint for Marker V1 (p.164) contd.

Hint: I have a name now. The telephone directory lists people under their own names, and Joseph Brennan's entry will match the West 49th Street address in his Corrections folder.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

2-0459

Hint for Marker H1 (p.163) contd.

Hint: The label is water-damaged, but some information remains. A pharmacist who filled the same prescription every Wednesday since August will remember who came in for it.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

2-1248

Late Lessons (p.155) contd.

Then the man they built the frame around. Patrick Devlin. Everything pointed at him. The name, the record, the address six blocks from the body. I had him in a room, and I let him walk.

She looks up from the grid. "On what? What did you have that said he didn't do it?"

"Nothing. A feeling."

"A feeling." She turns it over the way she turns over a clue she doesn't trust. "Your father would have called that wishful thinking. He'd have had the man in a cell by supper and a commendation by Friday." She fills a square. "It's the first sensible thing you've told me all night."

Record "+1 IDEALISTIC" in your campaign log.

Return to Late Lessons (p.155).

2-1600

Hint for Document 6 (p.160) contd.

Hint: Pull the entry: 3-0737 (p.62).

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

2-1905

Hint for Marker E1 (p.162) contd.

Hint: Corrections holds what the city did to him. The property inventory is a court record, kept at the Hall of Legal Records on Chambers Street.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

2-2392

O'Neill, S.
515 W. 43rd St, HK-56

Time advances 30 minutes.

A basement flat with a milk crate on the step and a window at ankle height. Nobody answers. Nobody's answered in a while, judging by the mail wedged behind the grate.

A man on the stoop above watches me knock and says nothing until I turn to go.

"Susan works nights."

"Doing what?"

He shrugs the shrug of a man who's decided the conversation is over.

I walk back to Tenth with half an hour gone and a name I already had.

2-2661

The Brass Monkey (4-3582 on p.85) contd.

I have a badge, a coat, and no business here. Every man in here worked that out before the door swung shut behind me.

"Wrong place," I tell him.

Somebody laughs behind me. Not much. Just enough.

2-3818

Hint for Marker C1 (p.161) contd.

Hint: The private houses look after their own. Only one hospital on the West Side is obliged to take a woman with nothing in her purse, and every ward in it keeps a visitor log.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

2-4271

Feely, L.
328 W. 56th St, HK-9

Time advances 60 minutes.

The block is quiet. Fog pools between the brownstones the way it pools in the vacant lots, sitting low, patient.

A woman opens the door. Thin, pale, leaning on the frame like she needs it to stand. Before I can show my badge, a boy appears behind her. Short. Glasses. He puts a hand on her shoulder and moves her gently aside.

"It's all right, Ma."

Declan Feely. Seventeen and running a household. I can see it in the way he steers her toward the chair by the window, the way

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

she lets him. He comes back to the door and looks at me. Not afraid. Careful.

"I'm not here about the Harris complaint. I need to know what you saw last night. Near the warehouse on 55th."

The shutters come down. Irish. Hell's Kitchen. Seventeen. He learned the rules before he learned to shave.

"I wasn't out last night."

He was. We both know it. The whole block knows it.

Choose one.

- "Let me put it another way. I have a loitering complaint with your name on it. One phone call and you're back at the reformatory. Your mother sits in that chair alone." Go to 1-8965 (p.48).

- I look past him at the woman by the window. Then back at the kid. "A man died alone in that warehouse last night. Nobody is going to claim him. Nobody is going to miss him. You watch this block every night. You might be the only person who saw what happened to him." Go to 2-5898 (p.56).

2-4948

Squires, G. (8-0265 on p.118) contd.

Three flights up, past three identical landings. She answers the door in a housedress, a wool cardigan over it. She looks smaller here. The pencil is still there, though. Behind the ear. Habit.

She sees my face and steps back to let me in without asking why I've come to her home.

The apartment is orderly. The kind of orderly that doesn't require effort anymore, just years. A single armchair by the window. A small table with a cup of tea going cold. She sits in the chair because there is nowhere else to sit, and I stand because there is no room not to.

"Squires. Patrick Devlin's entry. The alias."

"What about it?"

"Every entry passes through you before it goes to the printer. You told me that yourself."

She looks at the window. Not through it. Just at it.

"Several people are involved in the process, Detective."

"You told me. First day I came in."

The fight goes out of her in stages. First the shoulders. Then the hands. Then the eyes.

"It was one word." She says it to the window. "One word on one entry."

"Who asked you?"

She doesn't answer immediately. Takes the pencil from behind her ear and turns it over in her hands.

"January of thirty-four. The Commissioner came through the island on the twenty-fourth and every man in the place was re-processed inside a month. New forms, new classifications, every clerk in the department pulling doubles." She sets the pencil on the arm of the chair. Picks it up again. "I typed a release date wrong. The third of April, thirty-four. I put down the fourth of March."

"A month."

"Thirty days. It's the commonest mistake there is. You do four hundred forms in a week and the day and the month change places. It's an intake form — nobody gets released on what I type. Nobody was released early. Nobody was held. Nothing happened." A pause. "Except that he already had his copy. Signed at the bottom, in my hand."

"You could have explained it."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"I could have explained it once. Put that sheet on a desk upstairs and tell me what it looks like. It looks like a clerk who doesn't understand how the Department of Correction works, attempting to type a man out of prison thirty days early."

"He kept it. Never said a word. Not until last month."

"Not until last month."

"What did he ask for?"

"One alias. One entry. In exchange, he stays quiet and gives back his copy. Nobody ever knows." Her eyes are dry. Her knuckles are white around the pencil. "I didn't know what it was for. I thought it was nothing. A word."

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

Choose one.

- "I'm going to need your statement on record, Squires. And then I'm going to need you to come with me." Go to 7-1789 (p.110).
- I close my notebook. "The man who contacted you. What did he look like." Go to 4-3833 (p.85).

2-5053

Roosevelt Hospital (7-8629 on p.114) contd.

Roosevelt Hospital takes the block between Ninth and Tenth, and it's been catching this neighborhood's wounded since before my father was born. A lawyer left it a million dollars seventy years ago on the condition that it take people who couldn't pay. It still does. That's the whole reason there's a room in this city where Dorothy Walsh can be dying on somebody else's money.

The charity ward is on the third floor. A long room, iron beds in two rows, and carbolic strong enough to tell you what it's for.

A nurse at the station checks the ledger.

"Walsh, Dorothy. Admitted last week on Tuesday. Charity ward. She's still with us." The nurse pauses. "Barely."

"She gets visitors?"

The nurse checks another book. The visitor log. "One. A man. Every other day, signs in after hours, always late evening. He was here on the 15th. Name..." She frowns. "The handwriting is poor. Looks like it says 'Doyle.'"

"What does he look like?"

"Tall. Dark coat." She closes the book. "Sits with her for an hour. Reads to her. Then leaves before the morning shift. We don't turn visitors away in the charity ward, Detective. The patients here don't get many."

I have a hospital, a man who is supposed to be dead and a mother who doesn't know it.

The fog is lifting. I would rather it didn't.

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

2-5276

NYC Dept. of Correction – Archives (5-1857 on p.92) contd.

Squires isn't in. The girl who takes my slip says she went home sick and then asks whether I'd like to leave a message, and then looks as though she wishes she hadn't asked.

She comes back slower than Squires ever did.

Alistair Nolan. Murder. Convicted 1918. Sing Sing. Released August 1934, parole to expiration of maximum.

The paper is dense with disciplinary notes for the first three years. Then nothing. Clean from 1921 straight through to the gate.

He went in during the war and came out into the Depression, and in between he worked out how the system is written and stopped giving it anything to write.

Circle **Document 9** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 9** (Alistair Nolan – Department of Correction – Archive Results), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 141.

2-5898

Feely, L. (2-4271 on p.53) contd.

Feely doesn't answer right away. He pushes his glasses up with one finger. Looks at his shoes. Then, quietly:

"What do you need to know?"

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

Go to 3-3284 (p.68)

2-6922

Hell's Maw Tattoo NYC
505 W. 38th St, HK-76

Time advances 30 minutes.

The artist is a broad man with a walrus mustache and forearms that look like a subway map drawn by a drunk. He studies the description I give him. Compass rose. Eight points. Chest piece.

"Not mine." He sounds offended. "I do eagles. Anchors. The occasional mermaid." He holds up a stencil of a mermaid with the proportions of a fire hydrant. "Pretty, isn't she?"

I thank the walrus and walk out before he shows me another one of his masterpieces.

2-6951

Nestor, M.D.
614 W. 56th St, HK-6

Time advances 30 minutes.

A brownstone with a brass plate by the bell and a waiting room that used to be a parlor. Dr. Nestor is seventy if he's a day, and he answers his own door.

"Gunshot? Not in the last month, Detective. Split lips and bad chests, mostly."

The back of his office shares a wall with the warehouse lot. He was upstairs and asleep by half past nine, the way he has been every night since his wife died, and he heard nothing. At his age, he says, the dead sleep lighter.

"Ask on Fifty-fifth. Nothing happens on that street that somebody isn't awake for."

2-6957

Harris, M.
655 W. 55th St, HK-6

Time advances 30 minutes.

Harris answers the door in an undershirt, unshaved. A girl's voice calls from inside. "Papa?" Harris pulls the door half-shut behind him and steps onto the stairs, uncomfortably close to me.

"You here about that mick kid?" He keeps his voice low. "Little runt with spectacles. Follows my daughter home from school. Stands across the street and watches the windows. I caught him twice."

"He got a name?"

"I don't need his name. I need him gone. Filed a complaint. The precinct picked him up, too... a year and a half ago. Did a stretch for it." A grim satisfaction crosses his face. "Good. These Irish kids think they own the Kitchen. He's out now, though. I've seen him around again."

Harris glances back at the door. "You find him, you tell him next time it won't be the precinct he answers to."

2-7263

Maranzano Import-Export (3-4966 on p.71) contd.

"West Fifty-fifth," I say. "Inside a Lonergan building."

"Not my avenue." He turns his glass a quarter turn on the blotter. "North of Fiftieth is theirs, south of it belongs to the O'Neills, and neither one of them buys olive oil."

"Somebody walked a man in there and walked back out."

Carmine thinks about that longer than the question deserves.

"Say I need a thing done on Mott Street that can't be mine." He sets the glass down. "I don't send anybody who eats at my mother's table. You send your own, you've written your name on it."

"So you hire."

"So you find a man who isn't anybody's." He refills without asking. "And afterward nobody can say whose he was, because he wasn't."

At the door I look at the frame longer than I did coming in.

"She had it done at Easter," Carmine says, and goes back to his figures.

2-7597

The Four Leaf Tattoo Studio
603 W. 46th St, HK-42

Time advances 30 minutes.

The door is open. The shop is empty. A parrot sits on the counter next to a tip jar and a hand-lettered sign: BACK IN 10 MINUTES. ASK GERALD.

The parrot looks at me.

"Gerald?"

The parrot turns its head sideways. Says nothing. The tip jar has a nickel in it.

While I wait, I flip through the binder on the counter. Crosses. Saints. A Sacred Heart that takes up an entire back. A Virgin Mary with the face of what I can only assume is somebody's ex-wife. The last page is a full-size Jesus with boxing gloves. Every piece in this book is religious, violent, or both. Not a compass in sight.

A man appears from the back room in a cloud of incense smoke, wearing what appears to be a bedsheet tied at the waist.

"The spirits told me you were coming."

"The spirits were wrong. I'm looking for a compass rose."

He looks at me like I've asked for a ham sandwich. "We don't do secular work."

The parrot finally speaks. "Amen."

I leave a second nickel in the jar.

2-7677

Mission on 58th St (4-2573 on p.82) contd.

He sets the bowls down. Studies me. Like something he has already decided about.

"I know who you are." He doesn't raise his voice. Doesn't need to. "You threatened a seventeen-year-old boy in front of his dying mother."

Two men on the nearest bench shift. Not toward me. Away. The room has changed temperature.

"I'm looking for someone who might have been a regular. White male, mid-thirties. Thin. A heavy drinker."

"I know who you're looking for." He picks up a bowl. Sets it down again. "Thomas Quill. Came in most nights. Sat by the window. Off the drink a few days in September. Nobody sits there now." He says it flat. Giving me facts the way you hand a tool to someone you don't trust with it. "Last time, he had money. First time. Buying drinks for men he didn't know. A bag from the liquor store on 10th."

"Family?"

He picks up the stack of bowls and turns his back to me. "I've told you enough, Detective. That's all I have for you. You can find the door."

I can. The men on the bench don't look at me as I leave.

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

2-8096

County Law Clerk (Hall of Legal Records) (6-9565 on p.106) contd.

"Brennan, Joseph. Grand larceny, 1927. The complaint was withdrawn."

"Then there was no conviction and no trial,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

and three floors of this building will tell you there's nothing to pull." The pen stops. She sets it down and folds her hands, which from her means the ledger can wait. "Somebody swore that complaint and somebody signed it away. They're both in the file."

She goes into the stacks and comes back with a folder that could stand to be thicker.

"You may read it here. You may take notes. You may not fold, mark, or remove anything from this room." The pen is back in her hand. "I'll know if you do."

The first page belongs to a patrolman. Shield number, post, hour. Two in the morning, July ninth. A ground-floor window open on Eleventh Avenue, and a man over the fence in the old gasworks lot four hundred feet north, sitting on a slab with a sack between his feet. The patrolman writes: apprehended. There's a fence on all four sides of that lot. There was nowhere for the man to be.

No complaint at first. The case starts with a cop and an open window.

Recovered and vouchered: two bottles whiskey, one bottle cognac, fourteen dollars.

Six hours later Brennan stood in front of a magistrate. No plea. Nothing past his name.

Complainant: O'Neill Milk & Cream Company, 617 Eleventh Avenue. Counsel of record, Tyrrell & Lock, West Thirty-eighth.

"You know the firm?"

"They come down here about twice a year." She blots a line. "Both times somebody has to show them where the index is."

The schedule of loss is on the second page, sworn out the following week, in the bored hand of a man who wanted to go home.

Three bottles Canadian whiskey, at eight dollars. One bottle Hennessy cognac, fifteen. Petty cash from an office drawer, fourteen.

Somebody totaled the column and underlined it twice. Fifty-three dollars.

"You see why the column is underlined."

"Fifty dollars makes it a felony."

"Fifty dollars *proved* makes it a felony." She takes the pen back up. "Your patrolman brought in forty-five. The rest of it is a bottle no policeman has ever seen, priced by the man it was taken from. Which he'd have to say out loud. In the box. Under oath. With a defense attorney eight feet away and nothing better to do."

After that the file is dates. Adjourned July twenty-sixth. Adjourned again, and again, seven times across five months. No reason given.

"Who kept asking for time?"

She turns the file toward herself without picking it up. Reads for about four seconds.

"Six of the seven say *on application of the complainant*." Her finger stays on the line. "The dairy asked. The dairy got it."

Five months, and any morning of it the dairy could have walked down here and ended it either way.

"They wanted him held," I say.

"What they didn't want was one of theirs in the box, explaining what a diary keeps in its desk... But they still wanter him to pay."

The last page is the shortest. December twenty-second, 1927: complaint withdrawn at the request of the complainant. Dismissed. No costs. Nothing from the bench.

"So it just died."

"Cases don't die. They're tried, withdrawn, or dismissed." She turns a page in her ledger. "This one was kept alive on purpose and put down at Christmas."



2-8169

The Brass Monkey (4-3582 on p.85) contd.

The Chief takes one look at the green door, the peeling paint, the smell of hops through the frame. Cannon is in his back room with his crossword, door open. He looks up. Sees two cops. Goes back to three down.

"This is it?" The Chief's voice could strip varnish. "This is what I left my desk for?"

There is nothing here. Cannon will smile and lie and the Chief will never forgive me for the taxi fare.

☑ Tick **10** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

I tell the cab driver to take us to 100 Centre St. Go to 4-0338 (p.80)

2-8760

NYC Dept. of Correction – Archives (5-5270 on p.95) contd.

She reads the number twice.

"This one I remember typing." She's already moving. "An Englishman in the Kitchen files. It's a rare occurrence. I read the ethnicity column twice, and I don't read anything twice."

Michael Cannon. Last known address, 306 West 51st Street. Sentenced 1932, false pretenses, two years, Welfare Island Penitentiary. Released March 16, 1934.

Nothing else.

Circle **Document 10** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 10** (Michael Cannon – Department of Correction – Archive Results), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 143.

2-9139

Squires, G. (8-0265 on p.118) contd.

Nobody answers. She's probably at work.

3

3-0340

NYC Department of Correction – Archives (6-6883 on p.102) contd.

The hook behind the counter is empty. No coat.

The woman keeping the desk is younger and less certain of the stacks, and she volunteers it before I ask: Squires went home. Upset stomach. She says she's never known her to take an hour, let alone a day, and then she stops, because she has heard herself say it.

She asks if I want to leave word for tomorrow.

I tell her no.

3-0737

NYC Dept. of Correction – Archives

Time advances 60 minutes.

If you have **not** circled **Document 4** on your case tracking sheet, go to 5-2398 (p.93).

If you have circled **Document 4** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-2433 (p.67).

3-0889

Cold Clarity - Scheduled event (4-8462 on p.88) contd.

It's noon, and day #**3**, the final day of your case, is ending.

The following **6** items must be found before you may end the current day:

- **Marker G1**
- **Marker M1**
- **Marker P1**
- **Marker Y1**
- **Document 3**
- **Document 9**

Record +1 reputation on your case tracking sheet for each of these items that you have already found.

If you have not yet found all **6** items, resume searching for leads now until you have (using hints if needed), and consider yourself in "**overtime**" for the rest of the day. In overtime, time does not advance past **3 pm**.

Furthermore, while in overtime, for every **2 (time advancing) leads** you visit that do not result in you gaining one of these items, you must read a hint to help you find one (taking demerits for hints as normal).

When you have found all **6** required items, proceed to: Noon, October 18, 1934 (p.37).

3-0906

NYC Dept. of Correction – Archives

Time advances 60 minutes.

Squires has her hand out before I reach the counter.

"Detective. You've become a subscriber."

"Is there a rate?"

"There's a limit. I haven't settled on where." She takes the slip.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

She reads it and goes into the stacks and is gone longer than the shelf calls for. When she comes back she has a good deal to say about the shelving. She squares the folder, its edges stained. She lifts a corner. Mold, in a bloom the shape of a thumbprint. "Sorry, Detective. The damp gets into the lower shelves every spring, they tell me. I've asked for shelving off the floor since I started here back in May."

"I've read worse."

She doesn't answer that. I turn to the file.

Cillian Lynch. Pre-incarceration address, 310 West 72nd Street. Committed 1927, City Prison, twelve months. Time served. Sentenced 1932, unlawful manufacture, two years, Welfare Island Penitentiary. Released the third of April, parole to run twelve months.

Six months ago.

I copy the entry out and slide the folder back. She takes it without breaking stride, already re-shelving something else with her free hand.

Circle **Document 7** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 7** (Cillian Lynch – Department of Correction – Archive Results), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 137.

3-1048

French Pharmacy
581 9th Ave, HK-65

Time advances 60 minutes.

The bell over the door gives its small tired ring as I step in. A narrow shop, shelves to the ceiling, every bottle on them turned label-out. The pharmacist looks up from his ledger. He's a man who remembers faces the way other men remember debts.

I set the bottle on the counter.

He turns it once with two fingers. The label is gone above the fold. A ring of dried water has taken the top half, and what's left of the paper came away with it. What survives is the last third of a directions line and the address of this shop.

"Mine," he says. "The number's gone with it, which is a pity, because the number is how I'd find her."

"Her?"

"It's a heart preparation. That much I can read." He sets it down. "And it's empty, which it should not be."

"How long has it been going out?"

"Since August. Every Wednesday, half past five, before I close. He's never missed one." He says the day like it's an accusation, and it isn't aimed at me. "Until last week."

"He?"

"The son." A pause. "Joseph."

I don't say anything about Joseph.

"He gave you his name."

"He had to. The first month he paid what he could and I carried the difference, which I do not do often and did not expect to see again." He straightens something on the counter that doesn't need it. "In September he came in and settled the whole of it, and the next month with it. I asked whether things had improved. He said he'd sold something."

"And her name?"

"He never once said it, Detective. It was always *my mother*."

He never said it. She has never been in this shop. She's a woman who exists on a doctor's paper and a number that's come off a bottle.

Somewhere in this city she is written down under her own name. She was, once, at least.

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He leans on the counter. "You want to know how bad it is off the medicine. It's for the heart. She takes it, she has a good week. She stops, she has a night where she can't get her breath, and then somebody carries her down three flights and she's not my customer anymore."

The clock ticks somewhere in the back. I put the bottle in my coat pocket.



3-1145

Municipal Building, Registrar of Births and Deaths (8-9869 on p.121) contd.

The registrar looks up from his ledger. "What name?"

I don't have one yet. Not a useful one. The registrar waits with the patience of a man who has heard every variation of *I'm not sure* there is.

"Come back when you know who you're looking for, Detective."



3-1542

Late Lessons (p.155) contd.

Then the hard part. The man I was supposed to be looking at on a slab, who turned out to be breathing. Joseph Brennan, who let another man die wearing his name so the people hunting him would quit looking. I found him in a charity ward, visiting his mother. She's dying and she knows none of it; she thinks her boy works nights. I arrested him there.

For a while she says nothing. The pen rests.

"His mother." It's the only part she's kept. "You took a man off his dying mother's chair and put him in a cell."

"He arranged a murder, Ma."

"I heard you. I'm not arguing the law with you, you'd win." She picks the pen up but doesn't write. "I'm telling you what it costs. A woman dies in a charity bed wondering why her boy stopped coming. You did the right thing. Nobody ever said the right thing was free."

Record "+1 RIGHTEOUS" in your campaign log.

Return to Late Lessons (p.155).



3-1650

Evening of Day 2 (p.32) contd.

The holding cells are in the basement of 240, under the squad room. Devlin has the end one. He's on the bench with his coat across his knees, the way a man sits in a waiting room.

I ask him again. The fifteenth. The warehouse. The name.

He gives me what he gave me at Litwack's. There till six. Home by eight. Asleep in the chair. Nobody has ever called him *Danger*, and he says it with no more heat than the first time.

The cell is cold. He stands and puts the coat

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

on. He works the buttons with his left hand, bottom to top, one at a time. The right hand hangs at his side, the scar white across the palm, the fingers curled in toward it.

He sees me looking. He finishes the top button and says nothing about it.

Upstairs, his file sits where I left it. Report half-written. Name. Address. Alias. Priors. It writes itself.

I get to page two and stop.

I leave page two unsigned and take the keys back down. Held for questioning. Nobody has booked him, so nobody has to unbook him. The desk sergeant watches me walk him to the door and writes nothing down.

On the steps Devlin turns his collar up. "They all saw you take me, Detective. Every man on that floor."

He goes up Centre Street toward the West Side and doesn't look back.

Upstairs the office is dead quiet. Jewel's gone. Typewriter covered like a corpse.

Phone rings at quarter past seven. I know the voice before I lift the receiver.

"I hear you've been busy." The Chief. Not angry. Tired. With him, tired is the dangerous one.

"Working the case."

"The case." A pause like a door shutting. "Two notes from you. No report. A Corrections clerk you've seen more than your own mother. That's not police work, Jack. That's redecorating."

"I cut Devlin loose."

Silence long enough to hear the building breathe.

"Say that again."

"I don't think he did it."

"Alias. Description. Lives six blocks from the body." Each word lands like a file slammed on wood. "You found him. You let him walk."

"The fit's too clean."

Something moves on his end. Chair, door. When he comes back the voice is lower, colder.

"Commissioner's office calls twice a day about West Side blood. Two crews one bad week from turning Hell's Kitchen into a shooting gallery. And my detective finds his man, talks to his man, and sends him home because it was too goddamn clean."

"One more day."

"No." Flat. Final. "Noon tomorrow. A name on my desk with a file behind it, or I give the case to Halloran. He'll have Devlin in a cell by dinner and the paperwork finished by Friday morning. You know he will. You know exactly what kind of case that'll be."

He's not wrong. Halloran closes everything. Fast. Clean. And always pointed at the easiest throat.

"Don't make me do it, Jack." Almost quiet. "I don't want to. But I will."

Line goes dead.

I pull the pill bottle from my pocket. Time for a hospital visit.

Outside, the fog has taken the West Side again. I walk into it.

Go to 4-3189 (p.83)

3-1746

Rising Sun Tattoos (7-3636 on p.111) contd.

"A man got shot in a warehouse north of Fiftieth."

"On the West Side." She doesn't say it as a question. "Irish, then."

"Probably."

"Then I have nothing for you and you know it." She sweeps a stack of cards into a drawer. "I hear what walks past that door. Nobody on Mott Street is talking about Hell's Kitchen, and if they were, they'd be lying to sound important."

Behind the curtain the dragon takes another turn for the worse.

"Come back when you have something on skin," she says. "That I can help you with."

3-1859

NYC Dept. of Correction – Archives (6-9211 on p.106) contd.

Squires reads the number and doesn't get up.

"Police headquarters sent this one down already. One number, in a small square hand. Detectives send me five and a prayer. Whoever she is, she's wasted on Homicide." She takes a card from a drawer at her knee.

"So for 6-9211... Records lost. We only had a name."

"Lost how?"

"Lost is a finding, Detective. It isn't a story." The card goes back in the drawer. "The directory remembers the finger he hasn't got. It's forgotten what he did."

I write the number in my notebook and draw a line through it.

3-2070

Late Lessons (p.155) contd.

I start with the boy. The only soul who saw anything. Seventeen, watches that block after dark, with a mother dying by inches in a chair by the window. I tell her how I got him talking: I gave him a reason instead of a threat.

The saxophone on the radio goes quiet. "You had something on that boy. You'd not have had to say what." She fills the square. "The short way works, Jack. It works every time, and he hates cops the rest of his life." A breath. "You did it the long way. Good."

Record "+1 COMPASSIONATE" in your campaign log.

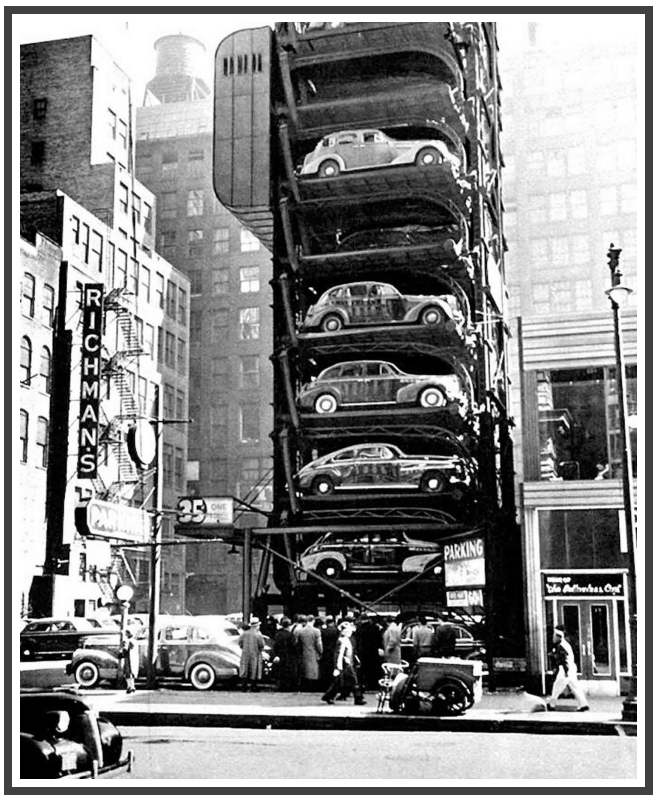
Return to Late Lessons (p.155).

3-2341

Upper Deck Parking
600 W. 55th St, HK-10

Time advances 30 minutes.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Four stories of open steel, cars racked on platforms that lift and swing on cables. One of the automatic garages. In the fog the whole frame creaks and shifts like something working through a thought. The attendant watches it from a glass booth, like he's watching a furnace he doesn't trust.

"We close at six." He doesn't look away from the racks. "Wasn't here last night."

"You work this block. Anything been off lately?"

"There's a kid. Little guy, spectacles. I see him when I lock up, and he's still out there when I open... Just standing by the water, watching boats he'll never get on." He shrugs. "Too small for the crews. Just a pest."

3-2433

NYC Dept. of Correction – Archives (3-0737 on p.62) contd.

Squires' card tray is standing on the counter half-sorted, A through F upright and the rest of the alphabet lying down flat. Somebody has set a cup on it. The young clerk who takes my slip does not appear to know that this is remarkable.

Patrick Devlin. Last known address, 322 West 49th Street. Sentenced 1930, unlawful transportation, one year, Raymond Street Jail, Brooklyn. Released 1931. Known associate, O'Neill organization. Alias: *Danger*.

You don't get called that for washing dishes.

Circle **Document 6** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 6** (Patrick Devlin – Department of Correction – Archive Results), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 135.

3-2806

Evening of Day 2 (p.32) contd.

The office is dead quiet. Jewel's gone. Typewriter covered like a corpse.

I sit. Don't write the report. Just the bones of it, for myself.

A man named Devlin who carries the right alias. A middleman with a scar on his lower lip...

Phone rings at quarter past seven. I know the voice before I lift the receiver.

"I hear you've been busy." The Chief. Not angry. Tired. With him, tired is the dangerous one.

"Working the case."

"The case." A pause like a door shutting.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"Two notes from you. No report. A Corrections clerk you've seen more than your own mother. That's not police work, Jack. That's redecorating."

"I cut Devlin loose."

Silence long enough to hear the building breathe.

"Say that again."

"I don't think he did it."

"Alias. Description. Lives six blocks from the body." Each word lands like a file slammed on wood. "You found him. You let him walk."

"The fit's too clean."

Something moves on his end. Chair, door. When he comes back the voice is lower, colder.

"Commissioner's office calls twice a day about West Side blood. Two crews one bad week from turning Hell's Kitchen into a shooting gallery. And my detective finds his man, talks to his man, and sends him home because it was too goddamn clean."

"One more day."

"No." Flat. Final. "Noon tomorrow. A name on my desk with a file behind it, or I give the case to Halloran. He'll have Devlin in a cell by dinner and the paperwork finished by Friday morning. You know he will. You know exactly what kind of case that'll be."

He's not wrong. Halloran closes everything. Fast. Clean. And always pointed at the easiest throat.

"Don't make me do it, Jack." Almost quiet. "I don't want to. But I will."

Line goes dead.

I pull the pill bottle from my pocket. Time for a hospital visit.

Outside, the fog has taken the West Side again. I walk into it.

Go to 4-3189 (p.83)

3-2944

City Prison (The Tombs) (3-6878 on p.75) contd.

"Lynch. Cell block C." He reads the dates off. "Long time to sit waiting on a bench."

"That unusual?"

"It's a number." He turns the page anyway. "Written up twice. Talking after lights-out, both. Nothing else on him." He considers the column a moment longer than he needs to. "Some men do their time. Some men work it."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning I file paper, Detective." He closes the ledger halfway. "You'll want who was in C with him."

I hadn't asked yet. I say yes.

He reads them off in the order the ledger has them, without pause or emphasis. "Corrigan. Fahey. Brennan. Sloat. Pomerantz. Doyle." He shuts the ledger. "That's the block for the stretch you want."

3-3284

Feely, L. – Continued

He talks in short sentences. Eyes on the floor. Behind him, his mother coughs into a handkerchief. A small sound, held back. She's been doing it since I walked in, the kind of cough that lives in a person.

"It was about 11 pm. Someone walked another man to the warehouse. The man being walked was leaning on him. Like he couldn't manage on his own. The one doing the walking called out. Into the building."

"Called out what?"

"Stood at the door and called, *Danger... Danger, if you're in there, open up.*" He says it quietly, like repeating it might summon someone. "Then, *Danger* opened the door, from

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

the inside. He had a hat. Pulled low. And gloves." Feely pushes his glasses up. "It wasn't cold enough for gloves."

"The leaning man saw this?"

"He was barely standing. But the one walking him said something. Pointed at the door. Like he was telling him that's where to go. Then he left. Then, *Danger* took his arm. Helped him inside. Like he was expected."

"How long before the shot?"

His mother coughs again. Feely waits for it to stop before he answers.

"Less than a minute."

"And then."

"A shot. Just one. Then *Danger* came out of the warehouse. About six feet tall, thin."

"What else? Distinctive mark? Anything?"

Feely shakes his head. "Just his nickname. Fog was bad. I could see the shape of him. The way he moved. Steady. Not in a hurry. He buttoned his coat on the way out, like he was leaving church. Oh, and when he came out, he left the door open. Wide open."

He stops. Swallows. "And then he looked at me."

The room goes quiet. Even his mother's coughing has stopped, as if the whole apartment is holding its breath.

"He couldn't have. You said the fog was thick."

"I know. I know he couldn't have. I was across the street, behind the crates. But he stood there in the doorway and he looked right at where I was. Just for a second. Then he walked away."

Feely's hands are shaking. He puts them in his pockets.

"Probably nothing. Probably just checking the street. But it didn't feel like checking."

"Which way did he go?"

"Toward the river. Didn't run."

"The other one. The one who walked the leaning man there. Tell me about him."

Feely shrugs. "I told you I couldn't see much. Fog was bad."

"Anything at all. Voice. Build. The way he moved."

"West-side Irish. From the Kitchen or Lincoln Square, by the sound of it. A few inches taller than me but about the same frame. Not old. Not young. There was something about his face... like my bunkmate at the reformatory..."

I open my mouth to ask for details. Behind him, his mother begins to cough. Not the small, held-back sound from before. This one takes hold of her whole body. She doubles forward in the chair, one hand gripping the armrest, the other pressed flat against her chest. The handkerchief comes away red.

Feely is already moving. He crosses the room, puts a hand on her back, holds a glass to her lips. She grips his wrist while it passes. He murmurs something I can't hear. She nods, eyes closed.

I stand there with my notebook open and my question going stale. The kid just gave me more than most grown men would. And his mother is dying in a chair by the window while he talks to a cop about a murder he shouldn't have seen.

I close the notebook.

Feely stays beside her, one hand still on her back, watching me from across the room. Waiting for me to leave.

I do.

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

3-3632

O'Neill, Patrick
314 W. 52nd St, HK-25

Time advances 30 minutes.

Two blocks north of the line, and the ground floor is boarded. Scorch above the window frames, black fanning up the brick where the fire came out looking for air. Nobody has touched it since.

The woman sweeping the stoop next door doesn't stop sweeping.

"Spring," she says. "He's gone to his sister's in Yonkers."

"Anybody look into it?"

"A man came." She works the broom around my shoes until I move them. "Wrote it down."

The brick is cold. Whatever it had to say, it said in April.

3-3644

Lonergan, Adolph
330 W. 56th St, HK-9

Time advances 30 minutes.

Three young men on the stoop, who stop talking as I come up the block and don't start again. The door opens before I knock. Nobody invites me in.

"He's not here."

"When is he?"

"He's not here." Same words, same weight, a man reciting something he was given.

Behind him the hallway is full of coats. More coats than a family owns. Somewhere upstairs a chair scrapes and everybody in the doorway hears it and nobody looks up.

I go back down the steps with three sets of eyes on my back all the way to the corner.

3-4719

Hint for Marker E1 (p.162) contd.

Hint: Get the date at the Tombs: 3-6878 (p.75). Pull the court file: 6-9565 (p.106). Then the dairy: 4-0128 (p.80)

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

3-4966

Maranzano Import-Export
255 Canal St, LI-40

Time advances 30 minutes.

The loading dock on Canal is stacked to the beams with crates of olive oil. Legal since December. Stamped, taxed, dull as a church supper.

Carmine has the back office door open and a pencil going down a column of figures. He puts it down when he sees me and reaches for the tall green bottle without asking. The amaro tastes like flowers and old confessionals.

The photograph on the desk is the same one. Two boys, arms around each other's shoulders, ten years old. The cheap black frame is gone. Silver now.

"My mother asks about yours," he says.

I drink.

If you have **not** circled **Document 7** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-7263 (p.57).

If you have circled **Document 7** on your case tracking sheet, go to 6-7371 (p.103).

3-5051

Late Lessons (p.155) contd.

Then the man they built the frame around. Devlin. Everything pointed at him. The name, the record, the address six blocks from the body. I knew the fit was too clean. I brought him in anyway.

"You knew." She tells it to the crossword.

"The Chief wanted a name. I had one."

She looks at me over the top of her glasses and holds it. "Your father gave them names too, when the asking got loud enough. Told himself a clean file was a kindness... that somebody has to close the door. Did it feel like a kindness?"

I don't answer that. She didn't think I would.

Record "+1 PRUDENT" in your campaign log.

Return to Late Lessons (p.155).

3-5690

Marked Man (p.29) - Scheduled event for day 2

It's **6 pm** on **Wednesday, October 17th, 1934**, and day #**2** is ending.

The following **7** items must be found before you may end the current day:

- **Marker C1**
- **Marker E1**
- **Marker F1**
- **Marker H1**
- **Marker V1**
- **Document 7**
- **Document 8**

Record +1 reputation on your case tracking sheet for each of these items that you have already found.

If you have not yet found all **7** items, resume searching for leads now until you have (using hints if needed), and consider yourself in "**overtime**" for the rest of the day. In overtime, time does not advance past **6 pm**.

Furthermore, while in overtime, for every **2 (time advancing) leads** you visit that do not result in you gaining one of these items, you must read a hint to help you find one (taking demerits for hints as normal).

When you have found all **7** required items, proceed to: Evening of Day 2 (p.32).

3-5985

Spruce Lodgings (7-9037 on p.114) contd.

The landlady points me to the third floor, back room. The stairs have been carpeted once and it was a long time ago. I knock twice.

The man who opens the door is lean, clean-shaven, and smiling before he even sees the badge. The kind of smile that's already running ahead of whatever comes next.

"Detective Deverell. Homicide."

"Homicide." He leans against the doorframe. The scar on his lower lip catches the light when he grins. "That's a new one. Usually it's the parole people checking I haven't moved the furniture."

"You're Cillian Lynch."

"Depending on who's asking." He steps back, sweeps an arm toward the room like he's inviting me into a suite at the Waldorf. One chair, one bed, one window with a view of a wall. "Please. Make yourself at home."

I stay standing. "I'm looking into a death near the warehouse district. West 55th. Night of the 15th of October."

"55th." He sucks his teeth. Then the grin comes back. "That's Kitchen territory, Detective. I'm a Lincoln Square man. Have been since I got out."

"Your file says you lived on 72nd."

"My file says a lot of things. Most of them were true at one point or another." He sits on the bed, crosses one ankle over the other. "How long have you been at Homicide?"

"Long enough."

"Before that?"

"Financial Crimes." I'm not even sure why I entertained that question.

"Financial Crimes." He says it like he's tasting wine. Interested. "And they moved you to bodies. That's a step sideways, isn't it? Or is it down? I can never tell with the police."

"A man was found dead in a Lonergan warehouse on West 55th."

"Lonergan." He shakes his head slowly. "That's a rough lot, Detective. You don't want to be poking around their buildings without an invitation. Man goes in one of those places, he's either working for them or he's not coming out."

"Which was it for the dead man?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"How would I know? I was playing cards." He picks at a thread on the blanket. "Night of the 15th, I was at the Brass Monkey on 58th till closing. Ask *Crow*. He'll tell you. We played cards till our eyes went crossed."

"*Crow*?"

"Michael Cannon. Nobody's called him Michael since the boat. Better at cards than me, which isn't saying much."

He watches my hand move across the notebook. Waits for it to stop.

"Two n's."

I don't answer that. "You did time on Welfare Island?"

"Blackwell's." He corrects it without heat, the way you'd correct a man about a street name. "They changed the name after the war. Didn't change the island though. Two years altogether. Model inmate. You can check."

"You were there for the raid?"

"I was there for the raid. Everyone was there for the raid... Including the papers. Two hundred officers off the Queensboro elevator at dawn. By supper, the entire city knew about Joie Rao's pigeons."

"What was the difference? After."

"Paperwork. Before the place ran on favors. You knew who to see about mail, who to see about the doctor. It was rotten straight through, but a man could learn it." He shakes his head. "Then the Commissioner comes through with his lamps and his photographers, and they put Rao in the dark, and after that, every man in the place is a problem to be processed."

"And you?"

"And I was processed." The grin arrives a beat late. "Signed where they told me. Out since April."

He stands and walks me to the door, and it occurs to me he has been steering this conversation toward it since I came in. I never sat down.

"Detective." He has the knob in his hand. "Financial Crimes to Homicide."

I wait.

"I've met a lot of policemen. The ones who come up do it the other way round: bodies first, then the desk, then a better desk." He says it kindly. That's the worst part. "Somebody's punishing you. And here you are on my landing, working a dead nobody off the West Side, and you came alone..." He opens the door for me. "Detective, mind the third stair."

I take them down. The landlady is waiting by the front door with her arms crossed.

"He bother you?"

"Not yet," I tell her.

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

3-6260

Roosevelt Hospital — Evening (4-3189 on p.83) contd.

Brennan watches me. Working it out.

"Case closed," I say. "Brennan, Joseph. Killed in a Lonergan warehouse. Another dead man on the West Side."

"And the rest of it?"

"There is no rest of it."

He looks at the door to the ward. Then at me. He understands what I am giving him and what it costs.

"Go see your mother. And then get out of this city. If I hear your name again it won't be from me."

He walks through the door without a word. I hear the chair scrape as he sits down beside her bed.

I take the stairs down alone. The lobby is empty. The night nurse turns a page.

Outside, the fog has pulled back from the streets but it is still there, hanging over the river, waiting. I can smell it. Wet brick and creosote and the cold edge of the Hudson.

A woman in a charity ward loses her son to a cell and dies without him. None of it brings back the dead guy in the warehouse and the Kitchen stays quiet for another day.

That's what I tell myself. It's almost enough.

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

3-6525

Cannon, M.
306 W. 51st St, HK-29 (apt. 4b)

Time advances 30 minutes.

The woman across the hall opens her door before I knock on his. Arms folded, cigarette balanced on her lower lip.

"He's not in. Try the Monkey on 58th. He practically lives there."

She closes the door before I can show the badge.

3-6859

Hint for Document 9 (p.161) contd.

Hint: The parole officer sorts his caseload by age, and Lynch's Thursday is the thirty-eights to forty-sixes. I need to search for someone that has the right build, in that age band, on parole with a previous conviction that is consistent with what I am about to accuse him of.

If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

3-6861

Lonn, Betsy
1 Centre St (Municipal Building), CC-38 (2nd floor)

Time advances 30 minutes.

"Hiya, Jack." Betsy Lonn leans on her counter and snaps her gum. "You look like somebody who's been in a basement."

If you have circled **Marker V1** on your case tracking sheet, and you have **not** circled **Marker H1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 6-6839 (p.102).

If you have circled on your case tracking sheet **both** of the following 2 items (**Marker H1** and **Marker V1**), go to 1-4990 (p.44).

3-6878

City Prison (The Tombs)
101 Centre St, LI-63

Time advances 60 minutes.



The Tombs sits at the foot of Centre Street like a limestone headache. They built it over a pond they never properly filled, and thirty years later the foundation is still sinking. The guards say you can smell the water on bad days. Today is a bad day.

Over Franklin there's a covered bridge from the prison to the courts. A line of men is crossing it as I come up, and I can hear them through the grating. Feet on boards and nothing else. They go over in a column and they come back one by one.

Inside is louder than the street, and all of it is names. A guard at the foot of the stairs reads off a sheet, and men stand up from a bench and are taken through a door, and he reads more names, and the bench fills again from somewhere I can't see.

Past the stairs the property room stands open. Shelving to the ceiling, and on every shelf, parcels tied with string, a tag on each. A man's whole outside in a bag with his name on it, waiting for him. More patiently than their owners.

The records office is on the second floor. A man behind a caged window looks at my badge with the enthusiasm of a man who has seen ten thousand badges.

I give him what he needs. He disappears for a long time. Comes back with a ledger the size of a Bible. Runs a finger down columns of names and numbers.

If you have circled **Document 8** on your case tracking sheet, go to 5-0415 (p.91).

If you have circled **Document 7** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-2944 (p.68).

3-7499

Cold Clarity - Scheduled event (4-8462 on p.88) contd.

Record the following **mandatory** event in your schedule:

- **When**: Today, day #**3** (Thursday, October 18th, 1934).
- **Time**: 3 pm
- **Where to go**: 1-9418 (p.49)
- **Mandatory**: YES.

When you meet the conditions described above, visit the lead specified.

3-7734

Hint for Document 3 (p.160) contd.

Hint: Visit the tattoo shop on 9th Avenue: 8-3335 (p.119)

If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

3-7897

Late Lessons (p.155) contd.

The end of it I tell her plainly, because there's no soft way. Two of them in the parole office: the one who arranged the whole thing and the one who pulled the trigger. They bolted in two directions and I had half a second to choose. I went after the trigger. The man who actually killed somebody.

"And the arranger?"

"He ran. The Chief put one in his back on the stairs. Legal. Clean. Everything that man knew about who paid him died on the landing."

She gets up from the table. She doesn't go anywhere, just stands with her hand on the back of the chair, the way she does when the kettle isn't on and there's nothing to do with her hands.

"You went after the guilty one. Hard to fault a man for that." A beat. "And the whole rotten arrangement above him goes in the ground with the one who could've named it. Clean on paper." She looks at me. "Paper's where your father lived, at the end. Cold place to keep house."

Record "+1 DUTIFUL" in your campaign log.

Return to Late Lessons (p.155).

3-8783

Faint Figures (p.23) - Scheduled event for day 1

It's **6 pm** on **Tuesday, October 16th, 1934**, and day #**1** is ending.

The following **3** items must be found before you may end the current day:

- **Marker D1**
- **Document 5**
- **Document 6**

Record +1 reputation on your case tracking sheet for each of these items that you have already found.

If you have not yet found all **3** items, resume searching for leads now until you have (using hints if needed), and consider yourself in "**overtime**" for the rest of the day. In overtime, time does not advance past **6 pm**.

Additionally, while in overtime you must mark **1 demerit** on your case tracking sheet for each (time advancing) lead visited.

Furthermore, while in overtime, for every **2 (time advancing) leads** you visit that do not result in you gaining one of these items, you must read a hint to help you find one (taking demerits for hints as normal).

When you have found all **3** required items, proceed to: Evening of Day 1 (p.26).

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4

4-0128

O'Neill Milk & Cream Co.
617 11th Ave, HK-47

Time advances 60 minutes.



If you have **not** circled **Document 8** on your case tracking sheet, go to 1-2727 (p.43).

If you have circled **Document 8** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-7882 (p.86).

4-0338

Time advances 60 minutes.

The parole division is one floor up from the archives. We take the stairs without talking.

I see Lynch first. Back bench, near the window. Legs crossed. Reading a newspaper like a man with nothing on his calendar but good behavior. The scar on his lower lip catches the light when he turns the page.

Three seats down, a tall man sits with his hands on his knees. Thin. Quiet. Looking at nothing. The kind of man you'd walk past on the street and never remember. That's the point.

Lynch looks up. Sees me. Sees the Chief behind me. The newspaper comes down.

For one second nobody moves. Then Lynch is on his feet and moving for the hallway door. The tall man reads the room like someone who did sixteen years reads a room.

He's half a step behind.

Two men. Two directions. Lynch goes left toward the stairwell. The tall man goes right toward the street exit.

Choose one. YOU HAVE 10 SECONDS.

- I go left. Lynch. Go to 7-5562 (p.112).
- I go right. The tall man. Go to 6-5569 (p.100).

4-0837

Late Lessons (p.155) contd.

Then the clerk. The one who put the false name in the file to begin with. A Department of Correction woman who made one slip at her desk at Blackwell's Island Penitentiary. Never knew a man had kept it, until he came to collect. One word, written into one file, and the frame was built. She gave me what I needed. So I closed my notebook before I wrote down the part that puts her in a cell.

"You let her keep her name and her job."

"She was cornered. Forced into it."

"She was." The pen moves. "And you decided that yourself, in her apartment, with nobody watching. Who the law's for and who it isn't. That's a lot of room to give a man, Jack." A warning. No. A fact she wants me holding. "You might have been right this time. Mind the times you're not."

Record "+1 COVERT" in your campaign log.

Return to Late Lessons (p.155).

4-1094

NYC Dept. of Correction – Archives (6-9211 on p.106) contd.

Squires' stool is empty. The young clerk takes the number into the cages and comes back with a jacket that weighs nothing.

"Records lost, Detective." The clerk turns the tab toward me, in case I want to argue with it. "Police headquarters asked for this one already. It went back with a card."

I write the number in my notebook and draw a line through it.

4-1908

NYC Dept. of Correction – Archives (5-5727 on p.95) contd.

The counter is being kept by a young woman who has to check the card index to find out where the card index is. Squires is not in today, she says, and then says it again in slightly different words, which is one more time than the question needed.

She spends forty-five minutes finding it.

The directory gave me a line. The folder gives me the custody history, which is all this basement keeps: what he went down for, where they put him, when they let him out.

Joseph Brennan. Last known address, 461 West 49th Street. Grand larceny. Committed July 1927. Place of detention: City Prison. Discharged December 1927, complaint withdrawn.

Not convicted. Not acquitted. Complaint withdrawn.

July to Christmas in the Tombs, seven years ago, and the city never had cause to write him down again.

"Complaint withdrawn?"

"Not down here." Her eyes stay on the cards. "We hold what the city did to him... Everything else is the courts' business, and they file it their own way."

Fair enough. I have a name now. That's a start.

Circle **Document 8** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 8** (Joseph Brennan – Department of Correction – Archive Results), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 139.

4-2311

Cannon, F.
70 Pleasant Ave, IH-53

Time advances 30 minutes.

The address is a walk-up on Pleasant Avenue. Italian Harlem. A heavyset man in his seventies opens the door eating something out of a napkin.

"Cannon. Francis. What do you need?"

Wrong neighborhood. Wrong age. Wrong everything. He's never heard of the Brass Monkey and he's never been west of Broadway.

Thirty minutes I won't get back.

4-2573

Mission on 58th St
330 W. 58th St, LS-62

Time advances 60 minutes.

A man in a clerical collar is stacking tin bowls when I come in. Wooden benches, a counter, and soup that's been on the stove since morning. The place is a converted storefront wedged between a nightclub and a Japanese restaurant, with a hand-painted sign over the door: MISSION ON 58th. He looks up.

"Detective Deverell. Homicide."

If you have circled **Marker X1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-7677 (p.58).

If you have circled **Marker J1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 7-0165 (p.110).

4-2690

Mom's Boarding House
624 W. 55th St, HK-10

Time advances 30 minutes.

The door opens before I'm up the steps. A heavy woman, arms folded, looking at my badge the way you look at a bill collector. Behind her a hand-lettered sign says MOM'S BOARDING HOUSE. Whoever painted it wasn't describing the management.

"Nobody here saw nothing."

"I haven't asked yet."

She sighs. "There's a boy. Short. Solid enough. Hangs around the block at all hours. The girls don't like it. He's not one of mine."

"Know where he lives?"

"Do I look like his mother?" she says, closing the door.

4-2821

Central Cab Coordinator
625 8th Ave, HK-70

Time advances 30 minutes.

The dispatcher runs the date and the address against his sheets. Runs them again. Shakes his head.

"Nobody called a cab to that block on the 15th. Or the 14th. Or any night I can find." He closes the ledger. "This is the Kitchen, Detective. A man wants to go somewhere quiet down here, he doesn't telephone for a Yellow." He picks his teeth. "He walks. Or somebody walks him."

4-3189

Roosevelt Hospital — Evening

Time advances 60 minutes.

Scan the QR code (or click/tap it if viewing digitally) to add audio ambiance to this scene.

At night, Roosevelt Hospital is quieter than the streets that feed it.

From the chapel below, the deep tones of the organ drift through the charity ward, nightly compline prayer echoing in the quiet hours. The hospital settles the way a building settles at night. Footsteps softening. Doors closing with care instead of force. A cough from behind a curtain. The hiss of a radiator finding its rhythm.

I find a chair in the corridor near the stairwell. Nobody questions a detective sitting in a hallway. Nobody questions much in the charity ward. From here I can see the entrance to the ward. In a bed, by the far wall, Dorothy Walsh lies with her eyes closed and her hands folded on the sheet.

At a quarter past ten, footsteps on the stairs. Steady. No hesitation at the landing. No glance at the signs. A man who knows this building like he knows the route home.

He turns the corner toward the ward. Sees me. Stops.

Neither of us moves. Then he does. Not away. Toward me. Steady. He stops at the stairwell door and holds it open. An invitation that is also a command. Away from the ward. Away from her.

I follow him through. The stairwell is concrete and cold. He leans against the railing, arms folded, and looks at me like a hand he has been dealt.

"You're Joseph Brennan."

"I was." Quiet. Measured. "You found her."

He glances at the door we came through. Toward the ward on the other side of it. His face doesn't change, but something behind it does. He continues. "She doesn't know. She thinks I'm working nights."

"You're supposed to be dead."

"I'm supposed to be a lot of things. What do you want, Detective?"

"I want to know why I'm looking at a man whose body I stood over on Tuesday morning in a warehouse on West 55th Street."

"The O'Neills wanted me dead. Not arrested. Not warned. Dead." No drama in it. "A month ago they traced something back to me. Something I took years ago. I didn't know what it was worth when I took it. By the time I did, it was too late."

"So you arranged to die."

Brennan's arms stay folded but his fingers tighten. A small thing. Enough.

"Someone arranged it for me. I said yes." He looks at the floor. "I'm not going to tell you who. I'm not going to tell you how. I'm here because my mother is in that bed and she is running out of time and I couldn't leave the city without making sure someone would sit with her."

He stops. A man who listens. Who measures. Who gives you the minimum and waits to see what you do with it.

"The O'Neills don't kill a man over four bottles and fourteen dollars."

Brennan doesn't move. The stairwell hums.

"They found three." He keeps his eyes on the stairs below. "There's a lot on Eleventh with a fence round it. I went over it with the sack and I put one in a hole."

"But there was more."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"The papers were easier to hide. I simply shoved them in my pockets. I didn't know what they were. I couldn't read a line of them. They were all coded. I got them back at Christmas, six years ago, with my belt. He came to me in April. Week he got out." Brennan looks at the railing. Runs a thumb along the rust. "I told him I was done. I told him I had a job and a room and I hadn't been in a cell in six years and I wasn't going back for a pile of papers."

"And then?"

"And then she got sick. He gave me a fair price. He didn't have to."

"How much?"

Brennan looks at the door to the ward. Not at me. "Enough for August. And September. And October so far."

A long time. The pipes work in the wall.

"So who was waiting inside the warehouse? The man who bought the papers?"

Brennan's thumb stops on the rust. He doesn't take his hand off the railing. "That wasn't him." Quick. Almost defensive. The first thing he's said without measuring it first. "He arranged things. He didn't do the work himself. He's not built for it."

"So who then?"

"Someone who doesn't lose sleep, Detective. That's all he told me. That's all I wanted to hear."

The stairwell is quiet. Concrete walls and cold iron railing and the sound of the building breathing through its pipes. On the other side of the door, Dorothy Walsh sleeps on. She will not know her son was here tonight. She will not know what he did to be at her side.

Choose one.

- A dead man, resurrected into handcuffs. Whatever happens next. The Lonergans, the trial, the Kitchen tearing itself open. That starts with this walk. "Joseph Brennan, you're under arrest." Go to 5-3921 (p.94).

- Arrest him and the O'Neills reach him inside a week. The Lonergans reach him faster. He testifies and Hell's Kitchen turns into a shooting gallery and the body count makes the dead man in the warehouse look like a rounding error. I close my notebook. "The body in the warehouse is Joseph Brennan. That's what the directory says. That's what my report is going to say tomorrow morning." Go to 3-6260 (p.74).

4-3491

Hint for Marker Y1 (p.164) contd.

Hint: Try his rooms: 3-6525 (p.74). Then the Brass Monkey: 4-3582 (p.85)

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

4-3582

The Brass Monkey
450 W. 58th St, LS-61

Time advances 60 minutes.

If you have circled **Marker Z1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-8169 (p.60).

No sign on the door. Just blistered green paint and the smell of hops forced through the frame. Inside, bar along the left wall, booths along the right, a ceiling the color of tobacco.

The place is already half full. Longshoremen off the morning shift, cargo hooks still on their belts, the steel polished bright at the point from use. Nobody is drunk. Nobody is talking above a murmur.

Two men at the near end go quiet the moment the door opens. They don't look over. They simply stop.

Past the booths there's a second door, and beside it a man on a stool with nothing in front of him. No glass, no paper. He watches me cross the room the way a yard dog watches a stranger who has already stepped inside the fence.

The bartender folds his newspaper once, carefully, and sets it aside. "Help you?"

If you have **not** circled **Marker P1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-2661 (p.53).

If you have circled **Marker P1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 1-9323 (p.48).

4-3805

Hint for Document 9 (p.161) contd.

Hint: The Directory writes down what the city would recognize a man by. This one gave the witness a build, a coat, and nothing else. But other elements can be deduced for the shooter to narrow down your search.

If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

4-3833

Squires, G. (2-4948 on p.54) contd.

She looks at the closed notebook. Understands what it means. What I'm not writing down.

"Irish. About forty. Thin face. A scar on the lower lip." She touches her own. "I remember because he smiled the whole time. The scar moved when he smiled."

I take the stairs down. Grand Street outside is half-hidden. Things look almost exactly like themselves.

Circle **Marker U1** on your case tracking sheet.

4-6615

Hint for Document 9 (p.161) contd.

Hint: Take the number to Corrections: 5-1857 (p.92)

If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

4-7748

NYC Dept. of Correction – Archives

Time advances 60 minutes.

The Department of Correction keeps its files in the basement of 100 Centre Street, below the water table of a pond the city drained a century ago and has been arguing with ever since. Wire-cage shelving floor to ceiling, bare bulbs, the smell of old paper and damp concrete. Behind the counter, a woman with a pencil behind her ear is sorting index cards. The nameplate reads G. SQUIRES.

"Detective Deverell. Homicide." I slide the reference number across.

She reads the slip. She does not hurry.

"Hell's Kitchen." Not a question. "Half this basement is Hell's Kitchen. Sit down or don't. It makes no difference to the shelf."

She is back in twenty minutes with a folder I can see through.

"That's the whole file?"

"That's the whole file, and it's correct." She sets it square to the edge of the counter. "Every entry in that directory passes through me before it goes to the printer." She taps it once. "A thin file on a boy is the best thing I can hand you. It means the city only had cause to write him down the once." She pushes the folder toward me. "If you want more, you'll have to visit where he did his time and hope their archive is as orderly as mine."

The directory gave me a description and a neighborhood. The folder gives me the rest of it. Declan Feely. Last known address, 328 West 56th Street. Guardian listed as mother, Mrs. Feely, same address. Committed to the reformatory on a loitering complaint sworn by one M. Harris of West 55th Street. Released six months ago. No gang ties noted.

A kid with corrective lenses who haunts Hell's Kitchen after dark. If he was out near the warehouse that night, he saw something. Kids like that always do.

"Anything else, Detective? I'm here till six."

Circle **Document 5** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 5** (Declan Feely – Department of Correction – Archive Results), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 133.

4-7882

O'Neill Milk & Cream Co. (4-0128 on p.80) contd.

The gas tank on Forty-fifth is two hundred feet of riveted steel and it takes the light off this block by three. O'Neill Milk & Cream sits in the shade of it. There's an arch in the front of the building for the trucks, and no one watching it. Nobody stops me, which I like less than being stopped.

Inside, bottles move on a belt with a sound like a room full of small arguments. A boy walks the line with a bucket.

A booth sits above it all on a half-flight, windows on three sides. A truck rolls toward the arch and the man in the booth lifts two crooked fingers off the sill and the truck barely passes through. One way in. The same way out.

He watches me come up the stairs. Fifty-odd, sleeves rolled, a neck like a piling. Doesn't stop writing in his ledger.

I flash my badge.

He doesn't get up.

"Joseph Brennan."

The pencil stops. Not long. Long enough that when it starts again it's doing something else.

"That's ancient history... Drunk came through a window in... was it 'twenty-seven? Took what

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

was on the desk." He rubs his crooked fingers on his chin. "We got him."

"Who's we?"

"The police, Detective. Same as you." He turns a page.

"Wasn't someone watching the gate that night?"

"Slept through it. Cost him the job and near cost him the hand, the way he took it." A number goes in the book. "He's in a slaughterhouse now, I hear."

"And Brennan?"

"I hear he's dead." He lifts the receiver and clicks the hook for the operator, and whatever number he gives her he gives low. "Detective, sit a minute."

A man in whites takes me down and puts me on a bench in the corridor by an office and goes back to whatever he was doing.

The office door has a glass panel. Two spectacled men at a table in shirtsleeves. Ruled paper, columns of letters and symbols. One of them works a sheet with his thumb, checking it against another. There's paper everywhere: on the chairs, on the floor, in a wastebasket that went over sometime today.

Whatever they're doing, they've been at it a month and they aren't winning.

The door comes open. One of the spectacled men is looking straight at me, and then he's coming out fast, and two more from the far end of the corridor, and one of those two is reaching back under his coat.

These are not dairymen.

Eighty feet of wet concrete and one arch and they're all coming from the office end.

I run.

The truck starts before I'm halfway. It eases off the wall at walking pace and turns for the arch. It doesn't need to go any faster.

Bottles going past on the belt. Forty feet to the arch. The boy with the bucket standing still with his mouth open.

Thirty feet. The cab pulls alongside now. He isn't looking at me. He's looking at the arch, judging the same distance I am. Two crooked fingers lift from the wheel.

The truck finds another gear.

Twenty feet and the light in the arch narrowing to a strip.

I don't make the middle of the arch. I make the edge. Brick on my shoulder and the running board coming through where my knee was, and something catches my coat and gives it back, and then I'm in the shade on Eleventh Avenue with my hat somewhere behind me.

Behind me, the truck stops in the arch. It doesn't come out.

Nobody shouts. That's the part I'll remember.

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

4-8231

Spruce Lodgings *(7-9037 on p.114)* *contd.*

The landlady has her arms folded before I finish telling her why I'm there.

"His name?"

I don't have it.

"What floor?"

I don't have that either.

Her arms tighten.

"Come back when you know who you're looking for."

The door closes, taking the rest of the building with it.

4-8373

Reformatory Center
217 W. 36th St, TL-30

Time advances 30 minutes.

The woman at the intake desk runs the name twice. Checks a second ledger. Comes back empty.

"No Feely here." She sets the ledger down. "This facility handles felony-class juveniles. We don't take misdemeanants."

She studies the reference number I gave her. Then me. "You certain this was a misdemeanor conviction, Detective? Because if it was, you want Park Avenue at E. 71st. That's where they'd have sent him."

4-8462

Cold Clarity (p.35) - Scheduled event

Noon. A bell somewhere east of here counts it out and nobody on the street looks up.

Halloran will be in my chair by now. My notes on his lap, a fresh sheet in Jewel's spare machine, one name typed across the top. He won't need three hours. He'll take them anyway, so the Chief sees the effort.

The Chief doesn't want Halloran's version. He wants a reason to throw it out, and a reason that turns up after three is no use to him.

I check the watch.

Choose one.

- **"I've got it. I know what happened."** I flag a cab for Centre Street before Halloran finishes his first page. ***(End your investigation now.)*** Go to 3-0889 (p.62).

- **"Not yet. I need more time."** I put the watch away and keep moving. ***(Continue investigating until 3 pm.)*** Go to 3-7499 (p.76).

4-8691

Hint for Marker Z1 (p.164) contd.

Hint: I think I can find both men I am looking for at the same place at that precise time.

If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

5

5-0163

Hint for Marker G1 (p.162) contd.

Hint: Visit the mission on 58th Street: 4-2573 (p.82)

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

5-0174

Empty warehouse
605 W. 55th St, HK-6

Time advances 30 minutes.

The walk to West 55th takes three minutes on a clear day. In the fog it takes longer... not for the distance, but because you can't see where the sidewalk ends and the street begins, and down here the trucks don't slow for pedestrians they can't see either. A delivery truck arrives at a boarding house across the street, its headlamps cutting two weak tunnels into the gray.

The warehouse sits in the middle of the block like a memory of a time forgotten. The inside of the building smells like ten months of nothing. Damp concrete, rust, rat droppings. Wooden crates line the far wall, most of them busted open and empty. Smugglers' stock from the days when Hell's Kitchen ran half the bootleg liquor on the West Side. A whole industry, dead overnight... That was ten months ago. The crates are just furniture now.

The body is in the back, face down on the concrete. White male, mid-thirties. Shot once in the chest, close range. Just a dead man in a dead building.

A beat cop hands me an envelope. "Crime scene photographs, Detective. Took them before you got here. He's been ripening since yesterday evening."

Circle **Document 1** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 1** (Crime Scene Photographs), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 125.

This is Lonergan territory. Everything north of 50th Street, from Eighth Avenue to the river, belongs to the Lonergan crew. South of 50th is O'Neill country. The two crews have been circling each other since Repeal, carving up what's left. A body in a Lonergan warehouse could mean the O'Neills came north to send a message. Could mean the Lonergans are cleaning house. Could mean nothing at all. Most killings in Hell's Kitchen don't mean anything, except to the man on the floor.

I've seen a dozen scenes like this one. Pin a name on the dead man and move on. Homicide has real cases waiting. *Cases that fight back.* Except there's no name to pin. No wallet, no papers, nothing in the pockets but lint. So he'll have to wait on Michels, and Michels won't have anything before tonight.

Which leaves the other half of it. Somebody put him on this floor at close range and walked back out through the only door that leads in and out of this warehouse. The Kitchen doesn't sleep so much as it sits... Men on stoops, women at windows, kids who have nowhere to be and nobody looking for them. Between the river and Eleventh Avenue there must have been eyes that did not sleep.

5-0415

City Prison (The Tombs) (3-6878 on p.75) contd.

"Brennan. Cell block C, second floor. Received July ninth. Discharged December twenty-second." He says it the way he says everything else. A date. A fact.

"Who was he in with?"

"Overlapped with..." He squints. "Lynch, Cillian. Came in ahead of him. Still here after he went. Same block the whole of Brennan's stay."

"How'd they get along?"

The records man shrugs. "I file paper, Detective. I don't watch men sleep." But he glances at the ledger again. "The guards' notes say they were close. '*Thick as thieves*' is the phrase somebody used." He closes the ledger. "Lynch was the talker. Brennan was the listener. Lynch got written up twice for being loud after lights-out. Brennan's sheet is almost clean. Five months and only one mark on it: Talking after lights-out."

"Anything else on him?"

"Property's the same page." He reads it off, bored. "Belt. Laces. Coat. Fourteen cents. One bundle of paper." He shrugs. "Signed for the lot."

"Paper."

"It says paper." He turns the ledger a quarter turn so I can see the line, which is a courtesy and not an invitation. The hand is small and even and entirely uninterested. "We hold what's in a man's pockets and we give it back. That's the whole job."

5-0716

Hint for Marker Z1 (p.164) contd.

Hint: Go to the Parole division of the Department of Correction: 4-0338 (p.80)

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **4** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

5-0892

Spruce Lodgings (7-9037 on p.114) contd.

The landlady points us to the third floor. The Chief takes the stairs like a man counting the reasons he should have stayed behind his desk. Lynch's room is empty. Bed made. Window open. The kind of empty that means a man left on schedule, not in a hurry.

"Gone." The Chief turns to me. "You dragged me across town for an empty room."

Downstairs the landlady has her arms folded, the way landladies fold them once they've decided the trouble isn't theirs. She says Mr. Lynch keeps regular hours. She says he was particular about Thursday afternoons.

☑ Tick **10** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

The Chief gets in the car and doesn't give the driver an address.

Go to 4-0338 (p.80)

5-1254

Sinclair, Sir George
141 Barrow St, HY-52

Time advances 30 minutes.

Sinclair pours the tea before I've said what I came for, which is his way of setting the length of the visit.

"Hell's Kitchen," I say.

"Ah." He settles back. "The Irish."

"One of them's dead."

"They are frequently dead, my boy, and always at one another's hands. Have you followed the business with de Valera? The oath, the whole squalid pantomime." He stirs. "One removes the oath from the constitution and expects the temperament to follow. It does not follow."

I put the cup down full.

"You might mention to your Commissioner," he says as I reach the door, "that I'm shortlisted for Ottawa. It would do no harm for it to be said in the right room."

He sees me get the pipe going with my left hand and something goes soft in his face.

"Your father did that with his left hand, also."

I put the pipe back in my pocket.

5-1857

NYC Dept. of Correction – Archives

Time advances 60 minutes.

If you have circled **Document 4** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-5276 (p.56).

If you have **not** circled **Document 4** on your case tracking sheet, go to 1-5086 (p.45).

5-2124

Hint for Marker H1 (p.163) contd.

Hint: Brennan's apartment: 6-7829 (p.104). The pharmacy: 3-1048 (p.63). The Registrar: 8-9869 (p.121)

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

5-2236

Hint for Document 5 (p.160) contd.

Hint: Look up the witness at the Department of Correction: 4-7748 (p.86)

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

5-2380

Penelope Deverell, traveling musician (7-6315 on p.113) contd.

"You're home."

"Three days. Then Providence, then some place in Connecticut that has a lake and no piano." A match strikes. "You want something."

"I don't."

"Jack. You've called this number twice in a year and the first time was to ask about a bus schedule."

I let that sit.

"It's fine," she says. "I like the bus schedule. It was a good bus schedule."

5-2398

NYC Dept. of Correction – Archives (3-0737 on p.62) contd.

"Detective."

She doesn't ask me anything. She's back with it inside fifteen minutes, which is faster than she found a boy with one arrest on him.

She sets the folder on the counter and goes back to her cards.

Patrick Devlin. Last known address, 322 West 49th Street. Sentenced 1930, unlawful transportation, one year, Raymond Street Jail, Brooklyn. Released 1931. Known associate, O'Neill organization. Alias: *Danger*.

You don't get called that for washing dishes.

Circle **Document 6** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 6** (Patrick Devlin – Department of Correction – Archive Results), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 135.

5-2667

Hint for Marker P1 (p.163) contd.

Hint: Visit the parole division: 5-5770 (p.95). Then his lodgings on West 60th: 7-9037 (p.114)

If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

5-3702

Newspaper & Magazine Stand on 55th St
630 W. 55th St, HK-10

Time advances 30 minutes.

The vendor cuts the twine on the morning editions with his thumbnail, fingers already black with it. Fog beads on the headline stacks. HAUPTMANN FIGHTS EXTRADITION, and a single column underneath, MILK TRUCK HELD UP NEAR MADISON SQUARE GARDEN The stand is a plywood box and a canvas tarp and not much else.

I show my badge. "Anything unusual last night? Early hours?"

He shakes his head. "I close at eight. But there's a kid who's always around here at night. Short. Comes up to about here." He holds a flat hand at his collarbone. "I see him when I open up some mornings, just walking. Don't know his name. Don't want to."

5-3784

Knapp Memorial Eye Hospital
500 W. 57th St, HK-2

Time advances 30 minutes.

Four stories of red brick and limestone on the corner of Tenth, with the name cut into the stone above the door in letters you could read from a moving truck. It went up in '13 and it has the look of a building that cost somebody real money once. Fifty beds, and every one of them for eyes.

The out-patient department is on the ground floor and it's full at this hour. A longshoreman with a gauze pad taped over the left side of his face. A woman holding a boy's chin still with two fingers. On the far wall, the chart. Big letter at the top, and the rows underneath getting smaller until they're nothing at all. Half the room is squinting at it while they wait, practicing.

The clerk at the desk has the patience of a woman who explains the same thing forty times a day.

"Clinic's Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, mornings only. There's no charge. The relief bureau sends them over with a slip, or they walk in off the avenue and we don't ask." She nods at the bench. "We grind the lenses here. Frames come out of a drawer and the drawer has three sizes."

"You keep records?"

"We run a charity here, not an archive, Detective." She reaches past me for the next slip. "Next."

5-3863

Hint for Marker G1 (p.162) contd.

Hint: A mission on 58th Street fed a quiet man most nights, in the same seat by the window. He came in one last time with money he'd never had before, and then he stopped coming.

If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

5-3921

Roosevelt Hospital — Evening (4-3189 on p.83) contd.

He doesn't resist. He holds out his wrists and looks toward the ward one last time.

"Tell her I'm working late."

I don't tell her anything. I walk him down the stairs and out through the lobby. The night air hits us both. The fog has lifted. The streets are clear and cold and empty.

Brennan walks beside me without speaking. With a man who traded a nobody's life for his own and got caught because he couldn't stop visiting his mother.

Dorothy Walsh will die in a charity ward. Her son will not be there. The doctors say weeks. The law says years.

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

5-5270

NYC Dept. of Correction – Archives

Time advances 60 minutes.

If you have circled **Document 4** on your case tracking sheet, go to 6-4193 (p.100).

If you have **not** circled **Document 4** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-8760 (p.60).

5-5727

NYC Dept. of Correction – Archives

Time advances 60 minutes.

If you have circled **Document 4** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-1908 (p.81).

If you have **not** circled **Document 4** on your case tracking sheet, go to 1-8596 (p.47).

5-5770

NYC Department of Correction
100 Centre St, LI-53

Time advances 60 minutes.

To visit archives, go to 6-6883 (p.102)

To visit the parole division, go to 6-2986 (p.100)

5-5941

Blackwell's Welfare Island Penitentiary
East River (Near 72nd St)

Time advances 60 minutes.



The elevator down from the Queensboro Bridge takes ninety seconds. A man in a booth works the lever with his eyes on a racing form. The city goes past the glass in bands, then there's water on both sides, then there's the island.

Almost everybody on this island is sick: the almshouse, the hospital for incurables, and the penitentiary.

The building is stone and a hundred years old and was cut for eight hundred men. The guard at the gate tells me they're down to sixteen hundred. He offers it as good news. He walks me in, past the kitchen. There's a trough along one wall where the men wash their plates, and the water in it is gray. The men coming off the line put their plates in it anyway. An orderly comes the other way with a bundle of sheets held out from his body, and takes them toward the incinerator. The guard steps aside and keeps talking. Tuberculosis ward, he says, the way you'd mention a stairwell.

Inside is colder than outside. The blocks stack four high around an open well and the sound goes straight up. Coughing, mostly. It doesn't stop, it just moves around the building. The cells were built for one man. I count three cots in the first one I pass, and a bucket, and

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

the bucket is the reason for the smell, and the smell is in the stone.

The records office is the one warm room. Coal stove, a clerk with clean cuffs, and a full set of the new classification forms, which he's proud of. He designed it himself, he tells me, and shows me the fields: education, occupation, marks and scars. Behind him a window gives onto the yard. Two prisoners are walking something across it under canvas on a stretcher. A hand's come out from under it and nobody has put it back. He's telling me about the fields.

He pulls Lynch's packet out of a drawer.

It's thin. Two years and almost nothing in it. No disciplinary notes. Model inmate twice, in two different hands. Six weeks bunked with an Englishman, Cannon, M., annotated Crow, doing two years of his own on a confidence charge.

The re-intake form is stapled at the top.

I fold it into my coat and leave this place.

The elevator back up takes the same ninety seconds. The man works the lever. The smell comes up with me. It's in my coat.

Circle **Document 4** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 4** (Cillian Lynch – Welfare Island Re-intake Form), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 131.

5-6358

Dobrin, Alexander (8-1410 on p.119) contd.

"Somebody in the house is building a case on paper."

"Somebody is always building a case on paper." He moves a knight and considers what it cost him. "Paper cases break in one place. Where two documents disagree with each other."

"And if they agree?"

"Then either they're both right, or one man wrote both of them." He picks up the sandwich, looks at it, puts it down. "Two documents that don't agree, and one pair of hands that touched them both. That's where it opens."

5-6644

Late Lessons (p.155) contd.

Then the hard part. The man I was supposed to be looking at on a slab, who turned out to be breathing. Joseph Brennan, who let another man die wearing his name so the people hunting him would quit looking. I found him in a charity ward, visiting his dying mother. I had him cold. And I closed my notebook, told him the dead man was Brennan, and told him to go sit with her and then leave the city.

She stops writing, mid-word.

"You let him keep his mother." Not approval. Not the other thing either. "And the man in the warehouse. The one who actually died. What was his name?"

"Quill. Thomas Quill."

"Does anyone answer for Thomas Quill, in the version where you close your book?"

I don't have that square filled either. She lets it sit.

Record "+1 POLITICAL" in your campaign log.

Return to Late Lessons (p.155).

5-6859

Hint for Document 8 (p.161) contd.

Hint: Visit the Department of Correction: 5-5727 (p.95)

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

5-8648

NYC Department of Correction – Parole Division (6-2986 on p.100) contd.

The parole division sits on the first floor of 100 Centre Street, just above the archives. Smaller office. Fewer cabinets. More foot traffic. Twelve men on a bench against the wall, waiting their turn, eyes fixed on nothing in particular. A man in shirtsleeves is eating a sandwich at his desk. He wipes his hand on his trousers before he shakes mine.

"Cillian Lynch. He's one of mine." Didn't even glance at the file. "Thursdays are my thirty-eights to forty-sixes. Mondays the young ones, sixteen to twenty-five. Tuesdays twenty-six to thirty-one. Wednesdays thirty-two to thirty-seven. Fridays I keep the old ones." He shrugs like it was the most natural thing in the world. "You put a twenty-year-old and a fifty-year-old on the same bench, one of them teaches the other something I'd rather he didn't know. So I keep 'em sorted."

He pauses, almost amused.

"Every Thursday. Next one's on October eighteenth, four o'clock sharp. Hasn't missed one. Knows half the men in the waiting room by name. You'd think he was running a social club."

Six months of Thursdays. Same bench. Same forty-odd men. Nowhere to go and an hour to kill. Lynch learned their names.

A man who can't help being liked. That's the dangerous kind.

"I need his current address."

He pulls a ledger from the drawer and runs a finger down the column.

"Spruce Lodgings. Twenty-one West Sixtieth. Third floor. Been there since he got out." He looks up. "What's this about?"

"Routine."

He doesn't believe me. Doesn't push it either.

5-9821

Hint for Document 4 (p.160) contd.

Hint: Visit Blackwell's Welfare Island Penitentiary: 5-5941 (p.95).

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

6

6-0556

Hint for Marker M1 (p.163) contd.

Hint: Return to the archives: 5-5770 (p.95). Then her apartment on Grand Street: 8-0265 (p.118)

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

6-0653

Hint for Marker G1 (p.162) contd.

Hint: He has no record, so no folder, no Directory row, no last known address. Official channels will not find him. The only people who knew him knew him by his face: missions, soup lines, flophouses in the same blocks.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

6-1320

Hint for Marker M1 (p.163) contd.

Hint: Her stool is empty since I visited Blackwell's. Home sick, the first day in years, and her address is in the telephone directory.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

6-2986

NYC Department of Correction – Parole Division (contd. from 5-5770 on p.95)

If you have circled **Marker Z1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-0338 (p.80)

If you have **not** circled **Document 7** on your case tracking sheet, go to 8-4485 (p.120).

If you have circled **Document 7** on your case tracking sheet, go to 5-8648 (p.97).

6-4193

NYC Dept. of Correction – Archives (5-5270 on p.95) contd.

Squires' stool is empty and her pencil is lying on the counter where she'd never leave it. The young clerk apologizes for the wait twice, which Squires has not done once.

Michael Cannon. Last known address, 306 West 51st Street. Sentenced 1932, false pretenses, two years, Welfare Island Penitentiary. Released March 16, 1934.

Nothing else.

Circle **Document 10** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 10** (Michael Cannon – Department of Correction – Archive Results), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 143.

6-5569

4-0338 (p.80) contd.

He's through the street door before I clear the hallway. Long legs. Steady pace. Not panicking. A man who has been chased before.

I hit the sidewalk and close the distance. He cuts left on Centre Street. I cut with him. He's fast but he doesn't know the block the way I

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

do. I catch him at the mouth of an alley and put him down hard.

He doesn't speak. Doesn't resist. Just lies there with his cheek on the pavement and his hands behind his back. He's done this before and knows how it ends.

Behind me, somewhere inside the building, I hear the shot.

One shot.

I find the Chief in the stairwell. He is sitting on the stairs with his service revolver across his knees. Lynch is face down on the landing below him. Not moving. The Chief's hands are steady but his face is gray.

"He was running." The Chief does not look at me. "I told him to stop."

Lynch was running. The Chief, winded, losing ground on the stairs, fired on a man who would not stop. The law says he could: a fleeing felon is a target the moment he runs. Legal. Clean. And Lynch is dead on a staircase with a bullet in his back and everything he knew about the scheme died with him.

The tall man is in handcuffs outside. The triggerman. He will not talk. He has nothing to trade. He sat on a bench and waited and when the room turned, he ran. He doesn't know about the alias. He doesn't know about Squires. He knows Lynch paid him to be inside a warehouse with a gun. That's the beginning and end of what Jack Deverell bought with one bullet in a stairwell.

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

Go to Missing Motive (p.151)

6-6056

Hint for Marker Y1 (p.164) contd.

Hint: A badge on its own gets me as far as the bar. The back room opens only once I've sat across from Lynch himself.

If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

6-6808

Litwack Slaughterhouse
601 W. 40th St, HK-67

Time advances 60 minutes.

You smell Litwack's from the corner of 11th. By the loading doors it's in your clothes.

Inside it's colder than the street and louder than the street. A rail runs the length of the ceiling with the day's work hanging off it, moving in short jerks. The floor slopes to a drain in the middle of the room, half an inch to the foot, so nothing has to be carried.

Twenty men at the tables, a knife in every hand, all of them shouting over the noise to be heard, so the room is a constant traffic of names. Sean. *Hook*. Luke. *Deacon*. *Lefty*. Fergus. *Tiny*, who is not. ... Pat.

Pat is at the far end with a hose.

Devlin is thinner than his file suggests. Gaunt, almost. Forty years old in a rubber apron, washing a concrete floor toward a drain, and he's doing it with his left hand carrying the weight of the hose while his right rides along the top, steadying, not gripping. He works his way across, without lifting his head. He doesn't have to. He knows the shape of a man standing where I'm standing.

"Detective Deverell. Homicide."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"I know what you are." He doesn't stop the hose. "You've been standing there a minute."

The water runs down the slope ahead of him, pink at first and then not.

Two men at the nearest table have stopped pretending to work. One of them sets down his knife, wipes his hands on his apron, and walks the length of the floor and out the side door. He doesn't come back while I'm there.

"The alias *Danger*. That yours?"

The water goes on running.

"No."

"It's on your sheet."

"Then somebody put it there." He moves the hose a foot to the left.

I let the silence do its work. He lets it too. Whatever he's afraid of, it isn't silence. I put the badge away.

"Devlin. The man in that warehouse. You hear anything about it?"

He shuts the hose off. The room is still loud. In the quiet where the water was, he says:

"I hear things. Everybody in this neighborhood hears things." He shifts his grip and looks up at me. "The fifteenth I was here till six and home by eight. Twenty men saw me."

"I can ask them."

"You can." He turns the water back. "You see the man who went out the side door?"

"I saw him."

"He'll be back before I finish this floor." He moves the hose a foot to the left. "You'll want to be gone."

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

Choose one.

- I let him go back to work. Go to 7-5725 (p.112).
- "Patrick Devlin, you're coming with me." Go to 1-3064 (p.43).

6-6839

Lonn, Betsy (3-6861 on p.75) contd.

"I've got a son and no mother."

"Then you want the fourth floor and you want it before three, because the fella up there takes the long lunch and he isn't sorry about it." She reaches into the drawer below the counter without breaking eye contact and comes up with the right requisition form. "Births and deaths. Fourth. Marriages are the third, but that's not what you're asking."

I look at the drawer. There are maybe forty forms in it.

"How do you do that?"

"Twelve years, sweetheart." She slides the form across. "The ones people actually use go thin at the corner. You can feel it."

6-6883

NYC Department of Correction – Archives (contd. from 5-5770 on p.95)

Time advances 30 minutes.

If you have circled **Document 4** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-0340 (p.62).

If you have **not** circled **Document 4** on your case tracking sheet, go to 7-5875 (p.112).

6-6922

Late Lessons (p.155) contd.

The end of it I tell her plainly, because there's no soft way. Two of them in the parole office: the one who arranged the whole thing and the one who pulled the trigger. They bolted in two directions and I had half a second to choose. I went after the arranger. The clever one. The one who could give me everybody.

"And the other?"

"The Chief stopped him. On the sidewalk. He didn't get up."

She gets up from the table. She doesn't go anywhere, just stands with her hand on the back of the chair, the way she does when the kettle isn't on and there's nothing to do with her hands.

"You did the arithmetic. Take the one worth the most, spend the one worth the least. Good arithmetic." Quiet. "A man's still dead on a sidewalk because you ran the numbers right. I'm not saying you were wrong. I'm saying don't ever get easy with it."

Record "+1 ANALYTICAL" in your campaign log.

Return to Late Lessons (p.155).



6-7371

Maranzano Import-Export (3-4966 on p.71) contd.

I give him the name.

He turns it over the way he'd turn over a coin somebody handed him in the dark. His face does nothing at all.

"Say it again."

I say it again.

"From Fourteenth Street to the Bronx I can tell you who belongs to who. Who eats where. Whose brother married whose sister." He sits back. "That one isn't in the book."

"Meaning he's nobody."

"Meaning he isn't *anybody's*." He caps the bottle. "You understand those are different."

At the door I look at the frame longer than I did coming in.

"She had it done at Easter," Carmine says, and goes back to his figures.



6-7389

Hint for Document 3 (p.160) contd.

Hint: There are shops all over the West Side, but this case has stayed inside the same handful of blocks. Only one of them sits in those blocks: Ninth Avenue, no sign on the door.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



6-7401

Alesica, Emiliana
476 5th Ave, TL-6 (ground floor)

Time advances 30 minutes.

Miss Alesica has a catalog drawer pulled all the way out and balanced on her forearm, going through it card by card.

I tell her what I have. A dead man, a warehouse, a neighborhood that doesn't answer questions.

"Then I'm of no use to you at all," she says, pleasantly. "We hold nothing that isn't published, and nobody publishes Hell's Kitchen."

She turns a card, frowns at it, turns it back.

"We lost a volume once. Eighteen ninety-one, an octavo on canal engineering. Cataloged into the wrong sequence. One digit! Shelved exactly where its card said it belonged, which is to say correctly, and looked for exactly where the sequence said it ought to be, which is to say nowhere."

"So it was on a shelf the whole time."

"It was on a shelf the whole time." She slides the drawer home with her hip. "Thirty-eight years, Detective, and it didn't exist. The building is not the books. The building is the cards."

6-7829

Brennan, Joseph
461 W. 49th St, HK-32

Time advances 60 minutes.

The building is a narrow tenement on the north side of 49th. Just below the line. Close enough to Lonergan territory to spit north, close enough to O'Neill territory to hear them coming from the south.

The door to Brennan's apartment is unlocked. Nobody inside. The place has the feel of a life interrupted mid-breath. A coat still on the back of a chair. Dishes in the sink. Soaked, not scrubbed.

The cup on the table is the kind you get at a five-and-dime. Cheap white ceramic, a chip on the rim. The coffee dried into a ring. A second cup sits beside it. Clean. Turned upright.

A pill bottle on the counter. Cap off. Empty. The label's from a place on Ninth Avenue.

Everything else stays put. Waiting.

I walk through it slowly. Looking at what's left rather than what's missing.

The bedroom is small. Two beds. One unmade. One made up tight and turned down at the corner, the way a bed is made for a person who is coming back to it. On that bed, a brown crocheted shawl, carefully folded, awaiting its owner.

A chair pulled in close to the bed. Close enough to reach without getting up.

A three-drawer chest to the right. The bottom drawer isn't clothes. Lying flat at the back, wrapped in a dish towel, a bottle of Canadian whiskey with the seal unbroken and six years of dust on the shoulders. Beside it, a dust-free space where something rectangular sat.

A man keeps a bottle he will never open, below the drawer he opens every morning, where he cannot get dressed without thinking about it.

On the nightstand, a photograph: young man, older woman. Same jaw. Same eyes. The same quiet disappointment.

At the door I stop. The made bed. The chair. The cup on the table.

Everything in its place. Just not the people.

I close the door behind me.

Circle **Marker V1** on your case tracking sheet.

6-8041

Hint for Document 6 (p.160) contd.

Hint: “Danger” belongs to exactly six men in that book. Only one is about six feet tall, thin and about 40. Take the number to Corrections.

☑ If this hadn’t already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

6-8090

Hint for Marker D1 (p.162) contd.

Hint: The Corrections folder gives a last known address on West 56th Street, with his mother listed as guardian at the same address.

☑ If this hadn’t already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

6-8350

Late Lessons (p.155) contd.

I start with the boy. The only soul who saw anything. Seventeen, watches that block after dark, with a mother dying by inches in a chair by the window. When I get to how I made him talk, I find myself going lighter on it. She notices. She always notices.

“What did you say to him.”

I tell her about the old complaint. The reformatory. His mother, alone in that chair, if he didn’t. She reaches over and turns the radio off.

“His mother was sick.” Not a question. “You used a dying woman to frighten her son.” Quiet. Worse than loud. “I taught you the puzzle, Jack. I didn’t teach you *that*.”

Record “+1 RUTHLESS” in your campaign log.

Return to Late Lessons (p.155).

6-8449

Hint for Marker H1 (p.163) contd.

Hint: The pharmacist gives me a relationship, not a name. It was always “my mother.” Brennan’s own birth record carries hers, and births and deaths are kept in the same office.

☑ If this hadn’t already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

6-9031

Hint for Marker V1 (p.164) contd.

Hint: Visit Brennan's apartment on West 49th Street: 6-7829 (p.104)

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

6-9211

NYC Dept. of Correction – Archives

Time advances 30 minutes.

If you have circled **Document 4** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-1094 (p.81).

If you have **not** circled **Document 4** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-1859 (p.66).

6-9565

County Law Clerk (Hall of Legal Records)
31 Chambers St, CC-34

Time advances 60 minutes.



The fourth floor of the Hall of Records smells like furniture polish and judgment. Veronica Bonner is behind the counter with the ledger open and the fountain pen going, and she doesn't stop it for me.

"Detective Deverell." She says it to the ledger. "Homicide sends a boy with a slip."

"No boy today."

"Then it's the sort you'd rather not put in writing." The pen keeps going down the column.

"You've had that pen since I've known you."

"I've had four. They're identical. That's the point of them." She turns the page without breaking the line. "How can the courts be of assistance?"

If you have circled **Document 8** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-8096 (p.58).

6-9796

Devlin, Patrick
322 W. 49th St, HK-37

Time advances 30 minutes.

A walk-up on the south side of 49th. O'Neill country. The fog sits lower here than it did on the West Side this morning. Same fog, different neighborhood.

The door on the third floor opens on noise. A boy of about nine with a bowl in his hands, a girl behind him arguing about the bowl, and somewhere further in, a baby working up to something. The woman who moves them both aside with her hip has flour to the wrist and a look that says the day has been going on for some time.

"Detective Deverell. Homicide."

"He's not here." No pause. No color leaving her face. She wipes her hands on her apron and looks past me down the stairwell, checking whether there are more of us. There aren't. That satisfies her more than anything I could say. "He's at work. Litwack's, on 40th."

"Litwack's?"

"The slaughterhouse."

Behind her the girl has got hold of the bowl. The boy appeals to his mother in a language of pure grievance. She doesn't turn around, holds my gaze and continues. "He did his year, Detective. He's asleep in that chair by eight o'clock like an old man."

I look past her at the chair. It's the only good one in the room.

"Mrs. Devlin. Has anyone ever called your husband *Danger*?"

She stops. Not the way people stop when they're deciding what to say. The way people stop when the question is nonsense.

"Called him what?"

"*Danger*."

"Who'd call him that?" And then, because it's genuinely funny to her, and she's too tired to keep it in: "Patrick?"

The baby arrives at whatever it was building toward. She turns back into the noise and I take the stairs down with the sound of it following me.

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7

7-0165

Mission on 58th St (4-2573 on p.82) contd.

He sets the bowls down. "We don't get many detectives here. We get the men detectives have given up on."

"I'm looking for someone who might have been a regular. White male, mid-thirties. Thin. A heavy drinker. The kind of man who'd been living rough for a while."

The man doesn't ask which one I mean. "What happened to him?"

"I need the name first."

He picks the bowls back up before he answers. "Thomas. Thomas Quill." He says it the way you say a name you don't want to give up, because once you give it to a detective, the man it belongs to becomes a case. "Came in most nights for a meal. Quiet man. Kept to himself. Drank, when he could get it. He was off it a few days in September and I let myself think we'd got him." He nods toward an empty bench. "Nobody's sat there since he stopped coming."

"Anything different, last time you saw him?"

The man thinks. "He had money. First time I'd ever seen Thomas with money. He was buying drinks for men he didn't even know. Came in here with a bag from the liquor store on 10th. Passed bottles around like it was Christmas." A pause. "It made me uneasy. A man with nothing who suddenly has something. That's not fortune. That's a transaction."

"Family? Anyone who might know where he came from?"

"He mentioned a sister once. Somewhere upstate. Saratoga Springs, was it? He talked about her when it got cold. Said she teaches piano."

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

Thomas Quill. The nobody in the warehouse. He had a name. He had a seat by the window. He had a sister who teaches the piano.

7-1600

Hint for Document 7 (p.160) contd.

Hint: For the rest, I should work from the boy himself: a couple of inches taller, the same frame. His own Directory row gives me a height and a weight to start from. Irish, male, not old, not young.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

7-1789

Squires, G. (2-4948 on p.54) contd.

The pencil snaps. Two clean pieces. She sets them on the arm of the chair side by side. Parallel. Even now, she lines things up.

"I understand." She stands. Pulls the cardigan straight. The efficiency is back, but it belongs to a woman walking herself to the end of something.

"Let me get my coat."

Whatever she knows about the man who blackmailed her dies in a holding cell the moment she has a lawyer. She'll have one by evening.

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

7-1861

O'Neill, Mary
419 W. 44th St, HK-53

Time advances 30 minutes.

Third floor, and she opens the door on the chain until she sees the badge, which makes her open it wider rather than less.

"You'll be about my Kevin."

"No, ma'am."

"Then you're the first one in eleven years who wasn't." She looks me over. "There's four O'Neills on this block, Detective, and two more on the next, and I'm related to none of them and neither are they. It's a name. Half the parish has it."

She is entirely right, and she shuts the door before I can agree with her.

7-3104

Hint for Marker F1 (p.162) contd.

Hint: Pull the entry: 3-0737 (p.62). Then the apartment: 6-9796 (p.107). Then the slaughterhouse on 40th: 6-6808 (p.101)

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

7-3636

Rising Sun Tattoos
36 Mott St, CT-28

Time advances 30 minutes.

Rising Sun is one room and a curtain. Somebody behind the curtain is getting a dragon and taking it badly.

Tracy Zhou is at the front counter in a high collar with the cuffs turned back to the elbow. Both forearms are covered to the wrist. Not a shop's worth of flash. One design, running.

"Detective."

If you have **not** circled **Document 2** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-1746 (p.66).

If you have circled **Document 2** on your case tracking sheet, go to 8-1225 (p.118)

7-5350

Hint for Marker D1 (p.162) contd.

Hint: The witness lives at 328 West 56th Street: 2-4271 (p.53)

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

7-5562

4-0338 (p.80) contd.

Lynch takes the stairs three at a time. He's fast. Desperate fast. I'm faster. I catch him at the landing between floors. He swings. Misses. I put him into the wall and hold him there.

"Cillian Lynch, you're under arrest."

The smile is gone. The scar on his lip is white. He doesn't say a word.

Behind me, somewhere above, I hear the street door bang open. Then I hear the shot.

One shot. The sound fills the stairwell and dies.

I find the Chief on the sidewalk outside the building. He's standing over the tall man with his service revolver in his hand. The tall man is not standing. He's not moving. The Chief's breathing is ragged. There's blood on his collar where something caught him. A fist. A fingernail. Something from the five seconds between cornering a man and pulling the trigger.

"He came at me." The Chief hasn't lowered the revolver. "He turned and he came at me."

I believe him. The tall man did sixteen years for murder. He was not going back.

Lynch is in handcuffs behind me. The architect. The fixer. The man who can unspool the whole conspiracy from Squires to the warehouse to the planted alias. He is alive and he will talk because men like Lynch always talk. That is what they do instead of fight.

The triggerman is on the sidewalk. Dead outside a government building because I told my Chief to trust me.

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

Go to Costly Candor (p.148)

7-5725

Litwack Slaughterhouse (6-6808 on p.101) contd.

Out on 40th the air is a mercy and it still isn't clean. The smell has gone into the wool of my coat and it will be there tonight and probably tomorrow.

He'll wash that floor until six. Then he'll walk nine blocks north to a flat with three children in it and fall asleep in the only good chair by eight.

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

7-5875

NYC Department of Correction – Archives (6-6883 on p.102) contd.

Squires is behind the counter, sorting cards. She looks up when I come in. Same efficiency. Same pencil behind the ear.

"Detective. What can I do for you?"

Nothing yet. Not a question she can answer.

7-6315

Penelope Deverell, traveling musician
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I put a call through to Brooklyn from a pay phone. It rings eleven times.

"If this is Sammy about Saturday, the answer is still no."

"It's me."

"Well." A chair scrapes. Somebody's radio is on behind her. "The Police Department."

If you have **not** circled on your case tracking sheet **both** of the following 2 items (**Marker G1** and **Marker J1**), go to 5-2380 (p.92).

If you have circled on your case tracking sheet **both** of the following 2 items (**Marker G1** and **Marker J1**), go to 1-2641 (p.42)

7-8274

Roosevelt Hospital (7-8629 on p.114) contd.

The hospital reception desk is busy. A nurse looks at me over a stack of intake forms.

"Can I help you, Detective?"

I don't know what, or who, I'm looking for. Not yet.

7-8508

Dobrin, Alexander (8-1410 on p.119) contd.

"An alias in a Corrections file. The man it belongs to says nobody has ever called him that."

"Then somebody put it there." Dobrin studies the board. "Why is that interesting to you?"

"Because it's stupid. He could have shouted the name in the street and saved himself the trouble."

"A shout is one man's word against a room." He moves a piece for white and turns the board around. "And a shout that turns out wrong tells you somebody aimed you deliberately. That's a thread with a hand on the other end of it."

"And a line in a file that turns out wrong?"

"Tells you a clerk was tired."

I get the pipe going again.

"Consider what you had," he says. "A stranger overhears a word in the dark. A government file gives you a build. Two things that never met each other, agreeing." He sets the black king upright where he'd knocked it. "That isn't a plant, Jack. That's police work. You'd have written it up yourself and signed it."

He puts the glasses back on.

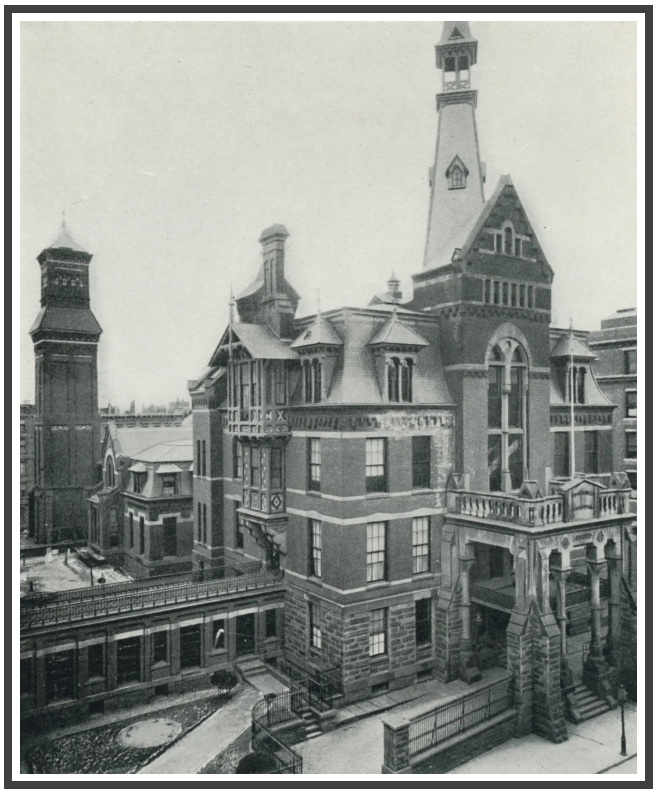
"The desk is still there. The one you had." He picks up the sandwich again. "They're letting me hire this year. Numbers never once ran from you."

I don't answer, and he doesn't ask twice. He goes back to losing to himself.

7-8629

Roosevelt Hospital
1000 10th Ave, LS-56

Time advances 30 minutes.



If you have **not** circled **Marker H1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 7-8274 (p.113).

If you have circled **Marker H1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-5053 (p.55).

7-9037

Spruce Lodgings
21 W. 60th St, LS-50

Time advances 60 minutes.

If you have circled **Marker Z1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 5-0892 (p.91).

If you have **not** circled **Document 7** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-8231 (p.87).

If you have circled **Document 7** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-5985 (p.72).

7-9072

Pier 94
Near 630 W. 55th St, HK-18

Time advances 30 minutes.

A board fence along Twelfth Avenue, a padlocked gate, and behind it a shed the color of old dishwater going soft in the fog. The sign on the gate says KEEP OUT. Somebody has added, in pencil: OF WHAT.

The watchman meets me at the gate with a folding chair under one arm and a cat under the other.

"Nobody here the night of the fifteenth." I haven't asked yet. "Nobody here any night. I'm paid to keep people out, and they've been very cooperative."

"Busy pier?"

"Was, when ships were shorter." He points his chin south, into the gray. "The French are building one a thousand feet long. The British launched theirs last month. Neither fits on anything this city owns. Tie the French one up here and her back end's taking the air in Weehawken."

"So they'll build out."

"Army won't let them. The river's federal." He unfolds the chair and sits. The cat arranges itself on his knee like it holds the lease. "So they're going to dig Manhattan back to make room. Forty years on this river, Detective. First time I've seen the island move for a boat."

Down the shore, a man with a surveyor's pole stands in the fog, waiting for another man to find him.

The cat looks at my badge, decides it's nothing to guard against, and goes back to sleep.

7-9153

French Hospital
324 W. 30th St, CS-17

Time advances 30 minutes.

Six stories of new brick on 30th, and the newest thing on the block by thirty years. A sister at the desk hears me out with her hands folded.

I tell her the name. She checks the admissions book anyway, which is more than I've earned. "*Non.*"

The society that built this place looks after its own: French nationals, and whoever else turns up with the means. There is a plaque in the vestibule with the names of the men who paid for it, and not one of them is from Hell's Kitchen.

"A woman from the West Side with nothing in her purse," the sister says. "She would be at Roosevelt, Detective. They take everybody, *eux*. It is the only place that must."

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8

8-0265

Squires, G.
110 Grand St, LI-23 (apt. 4a)

Time advances 60 minutes.

If you have circled **Document 4** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-4948 (p.54).

If you have **not** circled **Document 4** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-9139 (p.60).

8-1225

Rising Sun Tattoos (7-3636 on p.111) contd.

"Compass rose. Eight points. On the chest, over the heart."

"Whose?"

"A dead man's."

She pulls a stool over with her foot. "Was it soft at the edges?"

"No."

"Patchy in the fill? Anywhere it went thin, like it faded before it healed?"

"Clean all the way through."

She rolls the cuff back another turn and sits down on the stool.

"When a man's been drinking, his blood runs thin and it won't clot. Needle opens him up and he floods. Blood carries the ink right back out while you're putting it in." She taps two fingers on the counter. "You don't see it that day. You see it three weeks later. Soft edges. Fill gone patchy. Every sailor on Chatham Square has one and they all look like it rained on them."

"And a clean one?"

"A clean one sat dry."

"So who does clean work?"

"Not the men on Chatham Square." She buttons the cuff at her wrist. "There's a man in Hell's Kitchen. One up on Ninth Avenue. Maybe two or three others I'd trust to hold a line that tight."

8-1410

Dobrin, Alexander
Nassau St & Liberty St, FD-70

Time advances 30 minutes.

The stairs still creak in the same three places.

☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet if it's before noon or after 1 pm, since you'll have to disturb Captain Dobrin to talk to him, or else leave.

Dobrin has a sandwich on wax paper and the chess set turned so the black pieces face him. He takes off the wire-rimmed glasses and cleans them on his handkerchief.

"Jack."

If you have **not** circled **Marker F1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 5-6358 (p.96).

If you have circled **Marker F1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 7-8508 (p.113)

8-3161

Municipal Building, Registrar of Births and Deaths (8-9869 on p.121) contd.

The registrar finds the birth record in the Manhattan ledger without much trouble. Brennan, Joseph. Born 1898. Mother, Dorothy Walsh. Father, a line left blank by a clerk thirty-six years ago and never filled in since.

"And the mother. Is she in the other ledger?"

He knows which one I mean. Births and deaths are the same office and the same afternoon to a man who has done this long enough. He is gone about four minutes.

"Not this year. Not last." He closes it. "If she's died in this city, Detective, nobody has told me about it, and they generally do."

A man spends his life burying his name under others. His mother's is the one still sitting in the county ledger, waiting for him to need it.

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

8-3335

Inked Reverie Tattoo
885 9th Ave, LS-61

Time advances 60 minutes.

There is no sign. Just a door between a laundry and a shoe repair, propped open with a brick. The fog on 9th Avenue is thinner than it was yesterday. Not gone, just thinner. Enough to see the far curb. A narrow staircase leads up to a room that smells like rubbing alcohol and cigarette smoke. The walls are covered in drawings: ships. Anchors. Eagles. Pin-up girls with improbable proportions. The kind of gallery that exists between the waterfront and the law.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The artist is at a workbench, cleaning needles. He's small, precise, with the kind of hands you'd expect on a watchmaker. An apron over his shirt, ink stains on the cuffs. The needles keep moving.

"We're closed."

I flash my badge.

The needles stop. He looks at me. Looks at the badge. Then at the door behind me, as if calculating the distance.

"I'm not here about your business. I'm here about a specific job. Compass rose. Eight points. Chest piece. Done within the last few weeks."

He sets the needle down on the cloth, beside the others. He knew this was coming. He just didn't know when.

"Sit down, Detective."

"I'm not looking to make trouble for you. A man is dead and I need to understand how. Anything you can tell me stays between us."

He studies me. Weighing. Then he reaches into a drawer and sets not a piece of paper but a photograph on the workbench. Folded twice. I unfold it. A compass rose. Eight points. On the reverse side, handwritten notes: *chest, over the heart, three inches diameter.*

Circle **Document 3** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 3** (Tattoo Commission Reference), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 129.

"The man who brought me this was Irish. About forty. Scar on his lower lip." He says it quietly, like giving directions to a place he doesn't want to visit again. "That's all I'm going to say about him."

"And the man who sat for the tattoo?"

"First time, he'd been drinking. Wearing one of those coats they hand out at the nearby mission." He wipes a needle and sets it in the tray. "I don't work on drunks. The one with the scar didn't argue. Brought him back three days later."

"And?"

"Dry. Sweating through his shirt, hands going like this", he holds one up and lets it shake, "but dry, and he sat for hours and never moved." He puts the tray away. "I've been doing this twenty years. I don't know how a man does that to another man in three days."

8-4485

NYC Department of Correction – Parole Division (6-2986 on p.100) contd.

The parole division sits on the first floor of 100 Centre Street, just above the archives. Twelve men on a bench against the wall. A man in shirtsleeves is eating a sandwich at his desk.

"Which one of mine?"

I don't have a name to give him.

He goes back to the sandwich. "Every man on that bench belongs to somebody, Detective. Come back when you know whose."

8-4525

Hell's Kitchen Shelter
800 11th Ave, HK-7

Time advances 30 minutes.

A line of men along the wall, waiting on a door that opens at six. Nobody talks. Inside, a hall of cots with the blankets folded the same way on all of them.

The man at the desk turns the register around for me before I ask.

"White male. Mid-thirties. Thin. Drinker."

He looks past me at the room and waits for me to look with him. "Two hundred and eleven beds, Detective. Two hundred and eleven names. None of them worth the ink. A man gets a bed for whatever name he gives me. Half of them give me the last one that got them in trouble."

A block from the warehouse. Two hundred and eleven of him.

8-4830

Hint for Marker M1 (p.163) contd.

Hint: A clerk doesn't do that for money. Whoever asked had something on her, and a thing like that lives on paper.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

8-5168

Claddagh Tattoo
450 11th Ave, HK-82

Time advances 30 minutes.

A woman with ink up to her jawline looks at my badge, then at me, then back at the badge, as if deciding which one she trusts less.

"Compass rose? Eight points?" She shakes her head. "I did a compass once. Four points. The client wanted eight but couldn't sit still long enough. Started crying at three. I told him four was enough for most people."

8-7015

Hint for Marker P1 (p.163) contd.

Hint: His current address sits in a parole officer's ledger, one floor above the archives at 100 Centre Street.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

8-9869

Municipal Building, Registrar of Births and Deaths
1 Centre St (Municipal Building), CC-38 (4th floor)

Time advances 30 minutes.

If you have **not** circled **Document 8** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-1145 (p.64).

If you have circled **Document 8** on your case tracking sheet, go to 8-3161 (p.119).

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DOCUMENTS

STOP!



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

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Document 1

Crime Scene Photographs, from 5-0174 (p.90)





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Document 2

ME Preliminary Report, from Evening of Day 1 (p.26)

THIS IS A PERMANENT RECORD. N.B. - Every item of information should be carefully supplied. Physicians should state injuries in plain terms, so that they may be properly classified. Exact statement of demographic data, and autopsy results is very important.

REPORT OF INVESTIGATION BY MEDICAL EXAMINER

AUTOPSY REPORT - Property of NYPD

Case No._____

Case Date_____

1. DECEASED

Full Name: Unidentified

Race: Caucasian

Date of Birth: Unknown

Occupation: Unknown

Sex: Male

Single, Widowed, Married or Divorced: Unknown

2. RESIDENCE OF DECEASED

City or Town: Unknown

Borough: Unknown

Street and no.: Unknown

3. BODY DESCRIPTION

Eye Color: Green

Hair Color: Dark brown

Height: 5' 11" Weight: 158 lbs

4. DEATH

Date of Death: 10 / 14-15 / 1934

Time of Death: Est. between 3 pm and 3 am.

Place of Death: 605 W. 55th St, Hell's Kitchen

5. AUTOPSY RESULTS

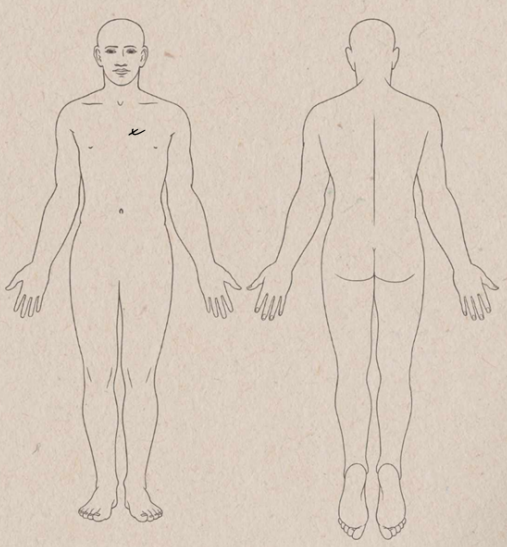
Abrasion and contusion face and forehead, consistent with a fall to a hard surface. Musculature wasted; sign of poor nourishment. Tattoo, compass rose, anterior chest (left side); fresh (weeks), skin healing, edges not settled. Glass fragments left suborbital margin. Rigor present, early resolution; hypostasis fixed, anterior. Interval since death: 12-24

6. TOXOLOGY RESULTS

Ethyl alcohol in blood, urine and brain; blood concentration 0.31 per cent. Stomach contents scant – fluid with spirituous odor, minimal solid food. Tests for common poisons and narcotics negative.

7. CAUSE OF DEATH

Gunshot wound of chest. Wound of entrance left of sternum; powder stippling, range estimated 24-36 inches. Track perforates left ventricle. Projectile recovered, posterior chest wall: .32 caliber, deformed. Death within 1 min. Homicidal.



8. MARK ANY INJURIES IN THE DIAGRAM ABOVE

The facts stated herein are true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Heinrich Michel

10 / 16 / 1934
Date

245 Greenwich St., Manhattan, NYC
Place

THE SEAL OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT • THE CITY OF NEW YORK •

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Document 3

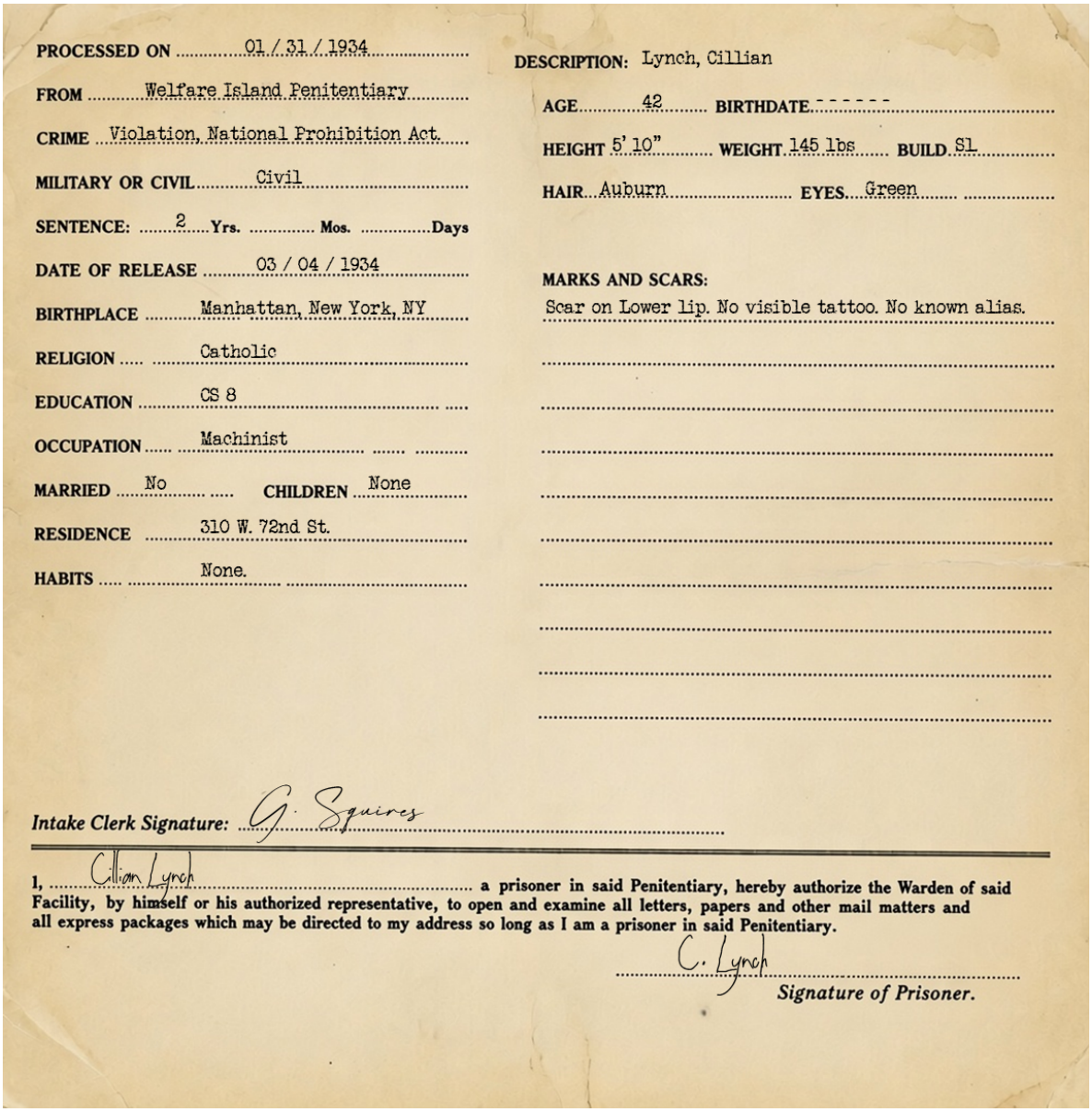
Tattoo Commission Reference, from 8-3335 (p.119)



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Document 4

Cillian Lynch – Welfare Island Re-intake Form, from 5-5941 (p.95)



PROCESSED ON 01 / 31 / 1934

FROM Welfare Island Penitentiary

CRIME Violation, National Prohibition Act.

MILITARY OR CIVIL Civil

SENTENCE: 2 Yrs. ..... Mos. ..... Days

DATE OF RELEASE 03 / 04 / 1934

BIRTHPLACE Manhattan, New York, NY

RELIGION Catholic

EDUCATION CS 8

OCCUPATION Machinist

MARRIED No CHILDREN None

RESIDENCE 310 W. 72nd St.

HABITS None.

DESCRIPTION: Lynch, Cillian

AGE 42 BIRTHDATE - - - - - -

HEIGHT 5' 10" WEIGHT 145 lbs BUILD Sl

HAIR Auburn EYES Green

MARKS AND SCARS:

Scar on Lower lip. No visible tattoo. No known alias.

Intake Clerk Signature: G. Squires

I, Cillian Lynch a prisoner in said Penitentiary, hereby authorize the Warden of said Facility, by himself or his authorized representative, to open and examine all letters, papers and other mail matters and all express packages which may be directed to my address so long as I am a prisoner in said Penitentiary.

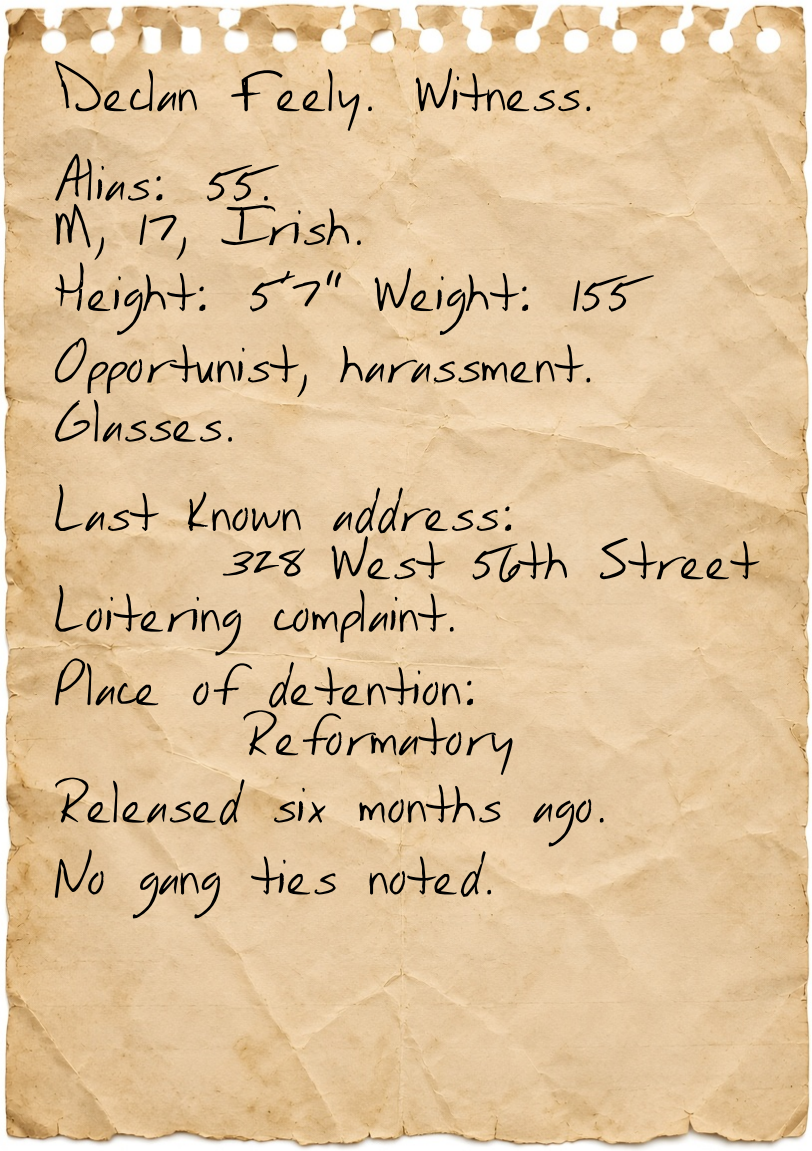
C. Lynch

Signature of Prisoner.

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Document 5

Declan Feely – Department of Correction – Archive Results, from 4-7748 (p.86)


Declan Feely. Witness.

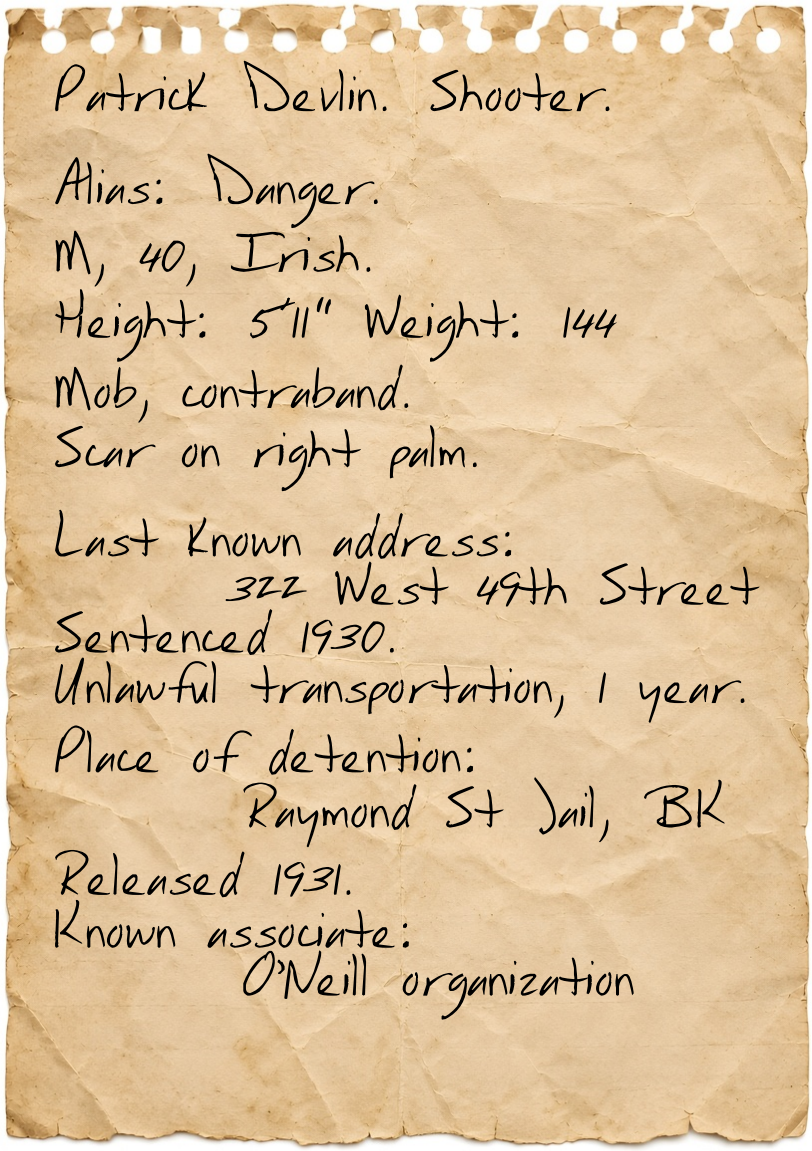
Alias: 55.
M, 17, Irish.
Height: 5'7" Weight: 155
Opportunist, harassment.
Glasses.

Last known address:
328 West 56th Street
Loitering complaint.
Place of detention:
Reformatory
Released six months ago.
No gang ties noted.

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Document 6

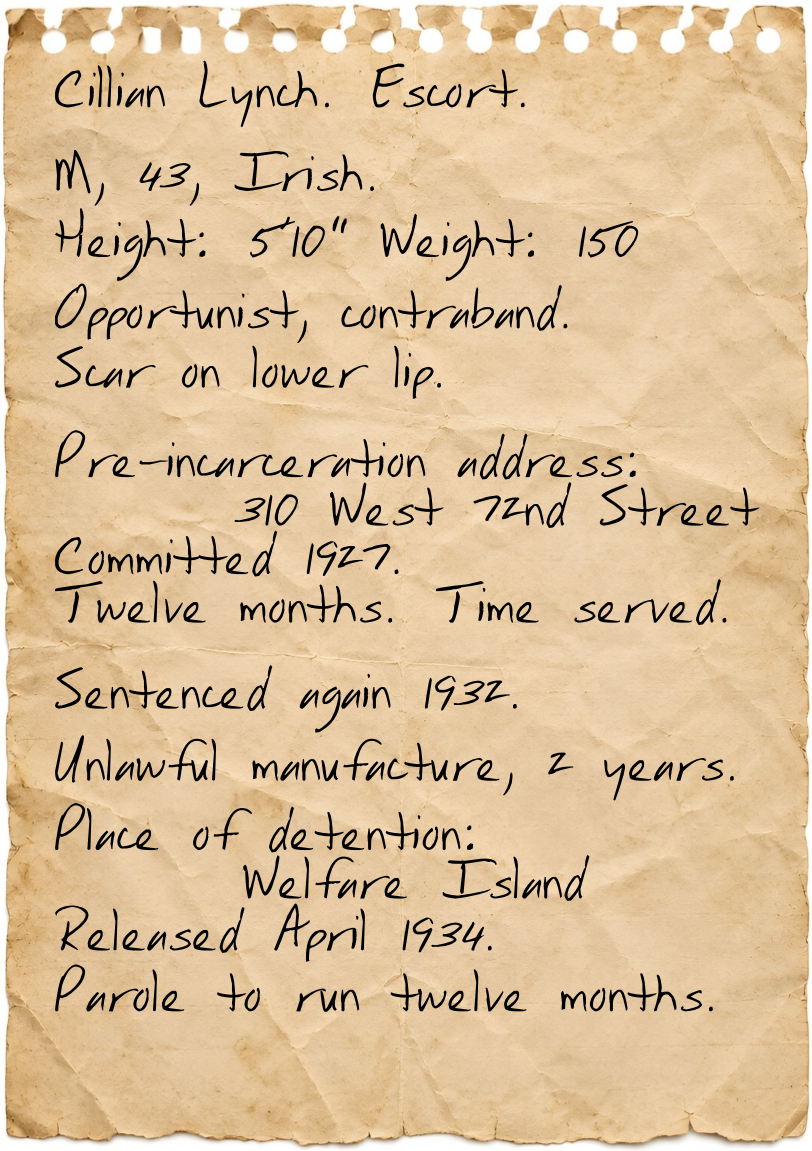
Patrick Devlin – Department of Correction – Archive Results



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Document 7

Cillian Lynch – Department of Correction – Archive Results, from 3-0906 (p.62)



Cillian Lynch. Escort.

M, 43, Irish.
Height: 5'10" Weight: 150
Opportunist, contraband.
Scar on lower lip.

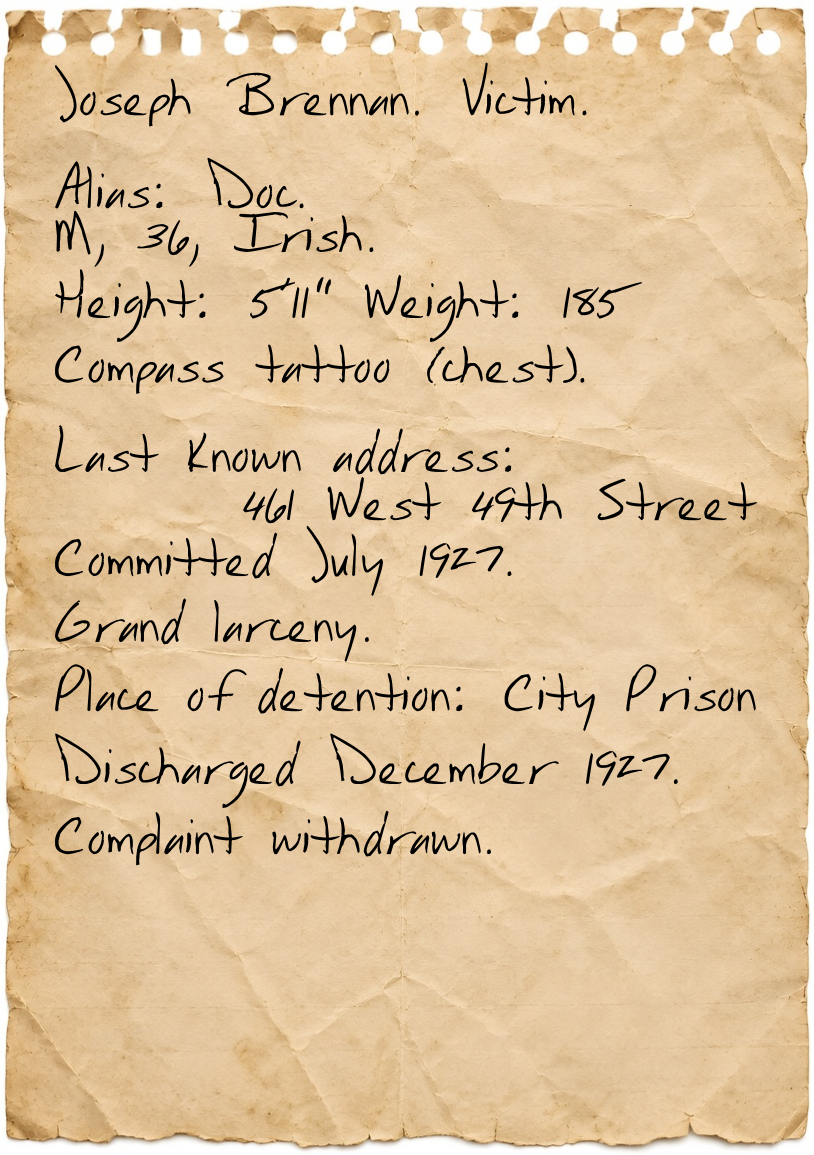
Pre-incarceration address:
310 West 72nd Street
Committed 1927.
Twelve months. Time served.

Sentenced again 1932.
Unlawful manufacture, 2 years.
Place of detention:
Welfare Island
Released April 1934.
Parole to run twelve months.

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Document 8

Joseph Brennan – Department of Correction – Archive Results



Joseph Brennan. Victim.

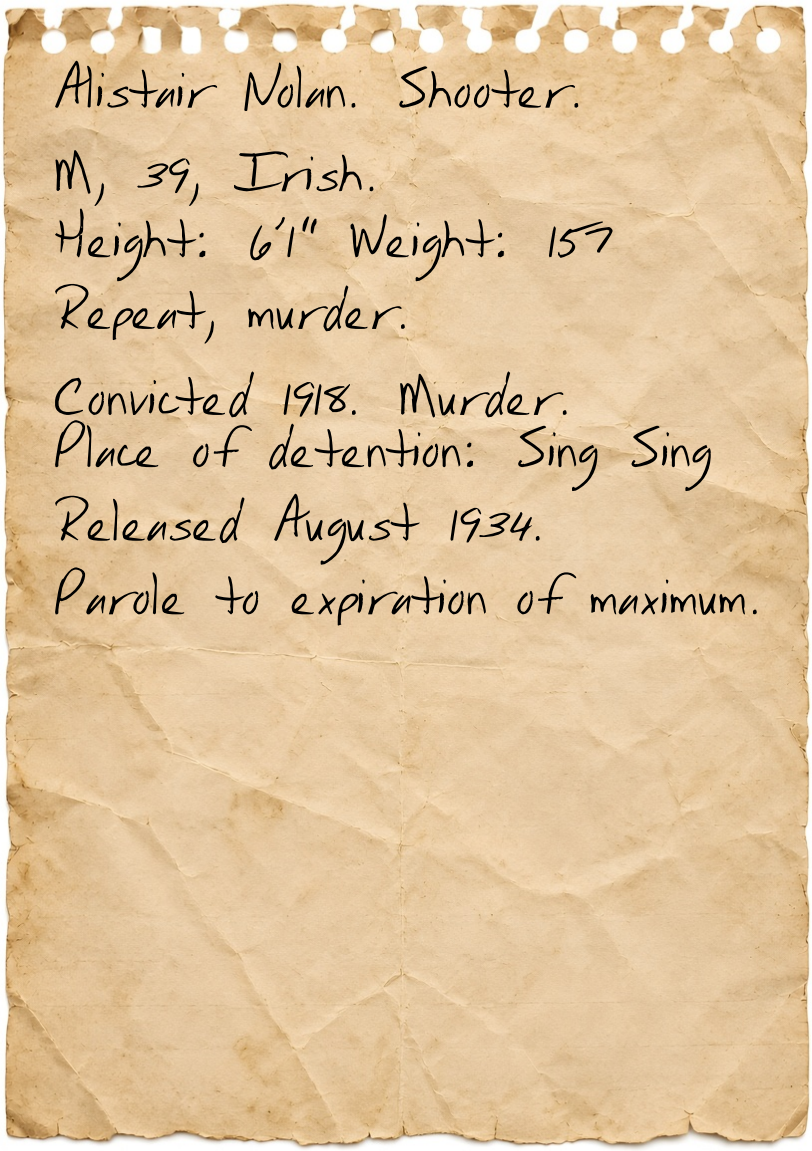
Alias: Doc.
M, 36, Irish.
Height: 5'11" Weight: 185
Compass tattoo (chest).

Last known address:
461 West 49th Street
Committed July 1927.
Grand larceny.
Place of detention: City Prison
Discharged December 1927.
Complaint withdrawn.

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Document 9

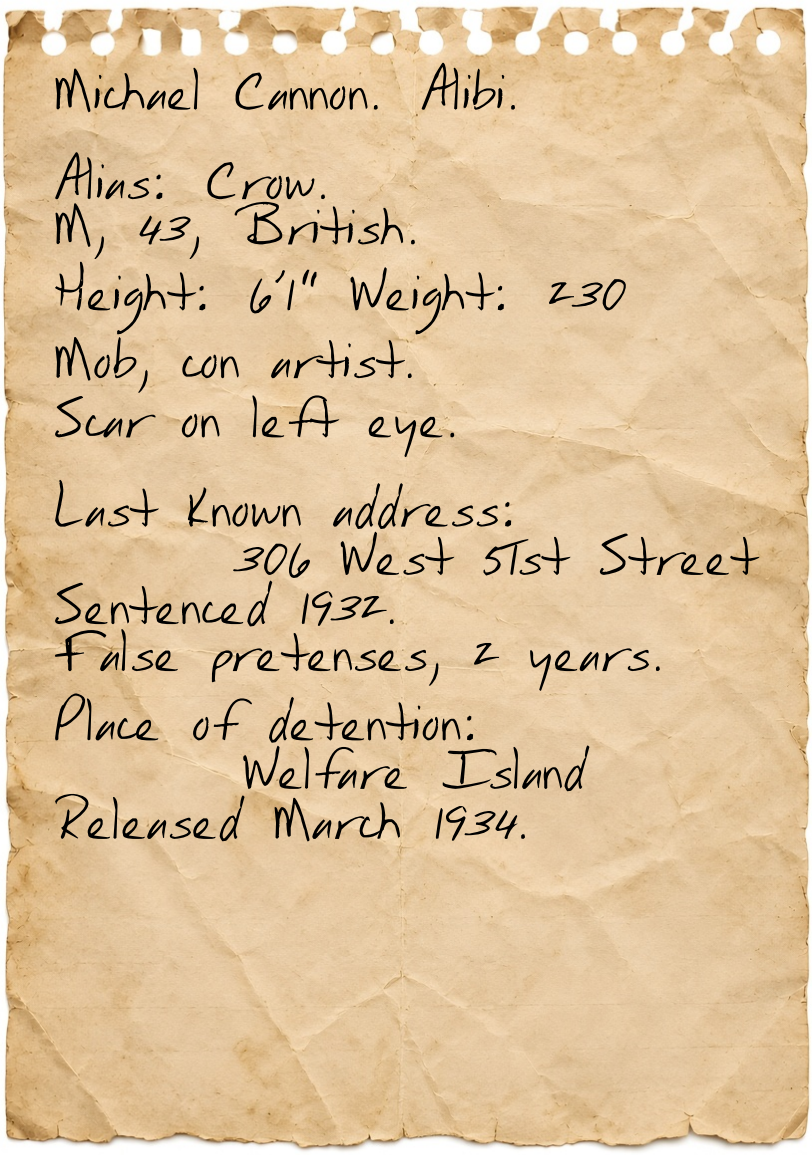
Alistair Nolan – Department of Correction – Archive Results



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Document 10

Michael Cannon – Department of Correction – Archive Results



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END

Deadline Decisions

I walk into the Chief's office the way a man walks into a room where the verdict is already in.

"Three days, Jack."

"I know."

"Halloran will have Devlin in a cell by dinner and a file the DA signs by morning." He doesn't look toward the bullpen. He doesn't have to. "That's what a closed case looks like."

"Devlin didn't do it."

"For three days you've said that. And for three days I've had nothing on my desk but your word." He sits back. "So put something on it. All of it. From the top."

Go to Questions (p.146)



Questions

Q1. Who was the man in the warehouse meant to be, and what did the killing have to do with a robbery in 1927? (**max. 20 points**)

Q2. Who was meant to be framed for the murder, and why? (**max. 20 points**)

Q3. Who was really the dead man in the warehouse? Explain what you believe happened to him. (**max. 20 points**)

Q4. What was the significance of the alias *Danger*? Explain the sequence of events that caused it to end up where it did. (**max. 20 points**)

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Q5. Who else was present at the warehouse that night, and what role did he play in the events that unfolded? (**max. 20 points**)

The Chief hasn't moved. Behind me, the bullpen has gone quiet.

"That's a story," he says. "Halloran's got a name."

"Give me until four."

"Why four?"

"Because at four o'clock I know where to look. Come with me this time. If I'm wrong, I'll tell Halloran he was right. In front of the bullpen."

He looks at me like a bet he knows he shouldn't take.

"Four o'clock." He reaches for his hat. "Not a minute after."

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

It is Thursday, October 18, 4 pm. The Chief is with you. You may visit **ONE** more lead.

The Chief will accompany you. Choose carefully.

If you don't know where to go, refer to the Hints section for **Marker Z1**

STOP!

Choose a lead to visit. You will be redirected to the epilogue from that lead. If you are not, refer to the Hints section for **Marker Z1**

Costly Candor

He's in the Tombs for now, which he'll appreciate more than he lets on.

I go down on the Friday with a folder I don't need and a pencil I don't use. He's on the bunk with his back to the wall and his ankles crossed, and when the guard opens up, he looks at me like the only visitor he's going to get.

"Detective." The scar catches the light. "You look worse than I do."

He shifts over to make room he doesn't have to make. "Sit down. I've nothing left to sell you and it's the first easy afternoon I've had in six months."

So he talks.

He met Joseph Brennan in the Tombs in the summer of 1927. Five months and a half on the same bunk. Brennan was a longshoreman off the O'Neill piers who had gone through an office window and come out with three bottles of whiskey, a Hennessy, fourteen dollars, and a pile of paper he couldn't read a line of. Nobody reported the papers. You don't report to the police that somebody has your routes.

"He told me about it once. One night, maybe two in the morning." Lynch shrugs. "A fella tells you everything he has when he's got nothing else to give you."

Lynch remembered it for seven years, the way another man remembers where he left a good coat.

In 1932 he went down for unlawful manufacture and served on Welfare Island until the Commissioner came through in January. They were all re-processed. New forms. New bunks. Six weeks of it beside an Englishman named Cannon, in for false pretenses, who worked the puzzle page every morning and spoke to nobody before seven across.

"I told him about papers that nobody could read." He says it without emphasis. "He was interested."

Lynch came out on the third of April. He went to Brennan inside the week.

"And he told me no." The first time all afternoon he sounds like he's reporting something he doesn't understand. "He said his days were behind him." A pause. "He'd kept the bottle. Did you know that? Six years and never opened it. Kept it where he'd see it dressing."

"I know about the bottle."

"Course you do." Almost pleased.

"I paid him fair." Flat. "I want that written down somewhere. I paid him *more* than fair."

Cannon had it cracked inside two weeks. By mid-September the Lonergans were meeting O'Neill deliveries at the corner before they got there, twice in the first week, and an Englishman with a scar and a pencil had a back room and a man on the door.

And the O'Neills, being neither stupid nor forgiving, sat down and worked out that only one thing had ever left that office.

"One month." Lynch holds up a finger. "That's what I had. From the day I heard they'd put his name up to the day they'd have had him in the river." He looks at the ceiling. "You can't hide a man in this city, Detective. His mother's dying. He'll go to her. They'd have sat outside that ward and waited, and they'd have been right."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"So you killed him."

"So I *buried* him." The correction is mild and immediate. "There's a difference and you know there is, or you'd not be sitting on that bunk."

A dead man stops being hunted. That was the whole of it. He needed a body of the right height and the right age, three weeks of quiet to put a compass rose on its chest, one word in one file downtown, and a professional.

The body he found at a mission on 58th Street. Thomas Quill, mid-thirties, thin, drinking himself out of the world at his own pace and nobody's timetable. A week of hot meals and money in his pocket and a man to sit with him. A tattooist on Ninth, and a drunk kept dry for three days so the ink would hold.

"He was going anyway." Lynch says it the way you'd read a line off a manifest. "Six months. A year at the outside."

The word in the file came from a clerk in the Corrections archive who had transposed a date on his own re-intake form in the January chaos (the third of April typed as the fourth of March). He didn't threaten her. He didn't have to. He put a signed sheet on a table and let her look at what it would be to explain it.

One alias, on one record. *Danger*, against the name of Patrick Devlin. A man south of the line who slept through a burglary he was supposed to guard against in 1927.

"Why him?"

"Because he'd have done it." Lynch spreads his hands. "You want a frame to hold, you don't hang it on an innocent man. You hang it on a fella who'd have been guilty if he'd got there first."

The professional he found on a bench, one floor above the archive, every Thursday at four o'clock, thirty-nine years of age, sorted by a man in shirtsleeves eating a sandwich at his desk. Alistair Nolan. Sixteen years at Sing Sing and a build much like Devlin's.

"You met your shooter in a waiting room."

"I met everybody in that waiting room." He almost laughs. "It's the only place in New York where they make men sit still and be sociable."

On the night of the fifteenth he walked Quill to a warehouse door on 55th, took his elbow at the step, and called a name into the dark so a boy across the street would hear it. Then he walked away north and Nolan did the rest with one round through the heart.

"And that's the whole of it," Lynch says. "A man was dying anyway, and a man who was going to die got to stop. Two into one. That's not nothing, Detective."

"It cost you everything you had."

"It did." No hesitation at all.

"Why?"

He looks at the wall for long enough that I think he's finished.

"There's a note in my file at the Tombs. Second write-up. Loud after lights-out." He's not smiling now. "It's got two names on it and only one of us was talking. He took it and he never said a word about it, not that night, not after."

"That's a disciplinary note."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"That's five and a half months of a man staying awake." He puts his head back against the brick. "You've been in a cell, have you? No. Well. There's a fortnight in there somewhere where I'd have done it, and I didn't, and it's because there was a fella on the other bunk letting me talk."

He turns his head and looks at me, and the charm is entirely gone, and what's underneath is a middle-aged man in a cell on Centre Street.

"So no. Not gratitude. I'd made him a dead man in September for five hundred dollars, and I knew it before he did." The scar goes white. "You asked me why a man spends what he spent. There's your answer and I'd thank you to stop asking."

The guard comes at four. Lynch stands, straightens a shirt that doesn't need it. He puts his hand out... and takes it back before I can decide.

"Detective. The Englishman." Almost casual. "You'll not get him. He's cleverer than the both of us and he's got people now."

"I know."

"Well." He sits back down on the bunk. "It was worth saying."

Halloran signed Devlin out on the Thursday and hasn't mentioned it since. The Chief's report says a fleeing suspect turned on a superior officer on a public sidewalk, and it will pass, because it's true. A woman in a charity ward on Ninth Avenue has weeks and there's a bench at a mission on 58th Street that nobody sits in.

Go to Final Scoring (p.153)

Missing Motive

VOL. LXXXIII... No. 28,847. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1934 3 cents

ONE DEAD, ONE HELD AFTER FLIGHT FROM CENTRE ST. PAROLE OFFICE

Cillian Lynch, 43, of West 60th Street was shot and killed Thursday afternoon while fleeing officers in a stairwell at 100 Centre Street. A second man, Alistair Nolan, 39, was taken into custody in an alley off Centre Street.

Both men had reported to the parole division earlier that hour. Police say the two ran in opposite directions when approached by detectives.

A departmental review of the shooting has been opened as a matter of course. Lynch was unarmed. Under existing statute an officer may fire upon a fleeing felon.

Nolan, released from Sing Sing in August after sixteen years on a 1918 murder conviction, is being held in connection with the death of a man found in a West 55th Street warehouse on the morning of October 16th.

Police have declined to describe the connection between the two men.

VOL. LXXXIII... No. 28,895. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1934 3 cents

NOLAN INDICTED IN WAREHOUSE KILLING; SECOND MAN FREED

A New York County grand jury has returned a single indictment for murder in the first degree against Alistair Nolan, 39, in the death of a man found in a West 55th Street warehouse on October 16th. Nolan stood mute at his arraignment yesterday, and a plea of not guilty was entered for him. He is held without bail.

Patrick Devlin, 40, a slaughterhouse worker of West 49th Street, held in the Tombs since October on a charge arising from the same killing, was released yesterday when the charge was dismissed on the District Attorney's motion. His wife was waiting at the gate. The District Attorney's office would not say what had led to his arrest.

The District Attorney's office confirmed that no conspiracy charges will be sought. "The man who could have spoken to the arrangement is dead," an assistant district attorney said. "What remains is a shooting and a shooter." He declined to say what the arrangement had been.

A departmental review has found that the officer who fired on Cillian Lynch in a stairwell at 100 Centre Street on October 18th acted within the law. Lynch was unarmed.

VOL. LXXXIV... No. 29,021. THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1935 3 cents

NOLAN CONVICTED IN WAREHOUSE KILLING; MOTIVE UNDETERMINED

A Manhattan jury took two hours Wednesday to convict Alistair Nolan of murder in the first degree in the death of a man found in a West 55th Street warehouse in October 1934.

The state's case rested on the testimony of a seventeen-year-old witness and the medical examiner's finding that the shot was fired at close range by a practiced hand. Nolan offered no defense and did not take the stand. He has not spoken to investigators since his arrest in October.

The prosecution advanced no motive. Judge Corrigan noted the omission in his charge to the jury, instructing that motive is not an element of the offense.

The court heard that the tattoo on the dead man's chest had been paid for by Cillian Lynch, killed while fleeing arrest in October.

Why either man should have wished the victim dead was not established, nor why Lynch would have paid for a tattoo on a man who was about to be killed.

Sentencing is set for the 24th.

The clippings go in the folder with everything else. I read them all.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Nolan says nothing at the sentencing and nothing on the way out. He never says anything. Sixteen years taught him the one thing he needed, and a man who has learned it does not unlearn it for a detective, a district attorney, or a judge.

The papers have the mechanism and not the reason. They have a shooter, a dead fixer, a nobody with a compass on his chest, and no line running between them. Every line ran through a man on a staircase on Centre Street.

Go to Final Scoring (p.153)



Final Scoring

Q1. Who was the man in the warehouse meant to be, and what did the killing have to do with a robbery in 1927? (**max. 20 points**) _____

- The dead man in the warehouse was meant to be identified as Joseph Brennan.
- In 1927, Brennan broke into an O'Neill office and walked out with whiskey, cash, and coded information he couldn't read. He served five and a half months in the Tombs for it.
- Lynch, his cellmate, remembered those papers for seven years. In 1934 he used Cannon to decode them, selling the O'Neills' secrets to the Lonergans.
- The O'Neills traced the original theft back to Brennan and marked him for death. Lynch staged the warehouse killing — complete with a planted compass-rose tattoo matching Brennan's Directory entry — so the city would record Brennan as dead and the hunt would stop. A dead man stops being hunted.

Q2. Who was meant to be framed for the murder, and why? (**max. 20 points**) ..... _____

- Patrick Devlin was meant to be framed for the murder.
- Devlin was the O'Neill guard on duty the night of the 1927 break-in — he slept through it while Brennan went through the office window. It cost him the job and nearly cost him worse. He ended up at Litwack's slaughterhouse.
- That history gave him plausible motive: a man the O'Neills already blamed for the loss, who'd have had reason to want Brennan dead. You want a frame to hold, you don't hang it on an innocent man. You hang it on a fella who'd have been guilty if he'd got there first.

Q3. Who was really the dead man in the warehouse? Explain what you believe happened to him. (**max. 20 points**) _____

- The dead man was Thomas Quill, a homeless man of no fixed address, living at a mission on West 58th Street.
- Lynch found him there — mid-thirties, thin, drinking himself out of the world.
- Lynch fed him, kept him off the drink for three days so the ink would hold, gave him money, and had a tattooist on Ninth Avenue put a compass rose on his chest.
- That distinguishing mark was specifically chosen so the Directory would identify the body as Brennan.
- On the night of October 15th, Lynch walked Quill to the warehouse door, called a name into the dark for the witness across the street to hear, then walked away.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Q4. What was the significance of the alias *Danger*? Explain the sequence of events that caused it to end up where it did. (**max. 20 points**) .....

- Danger was the alias planted in Devlin's Directory entry to frame him as the killer — the name Lynch called into the warehouse so the witness would hear it, pointing investigators toward Devlin.
- In January 1934, Commissioner MacCormick raided Welfare Island Penitentiary and all inmates were re-processed onto new forms.
- During that chaos, a date on Lynch's own re-intake form was transposed (3 April typed as 4 March). Lynch put that signed form on a table in front of Squires, the archives clerk, and let her see what it would cost to explain the discrepancy.
- Under that pressure, Squires added the alias Danger to Patrick Devlin's record — one word, in one file, pointing to a man south of the line who had reason to want Brennan dead.

Q5. Who else was present at the warehouse that night, and what role did he play in the events that unfolded? (**max. 20 points**) .....

- Alistair Nolan was present at the warehouse that night. He was the shooter.
- Lynch found Nolan on a bench one floor above the Corrections archives, in the parole waiting room at 100 Centre Street, every Thursday at four o'clock. Nolan was 39 years old, had served 16 years at Sing Sing on a 1918 murder conviction, and had a build similar to Devlin's.
- Nolan waited inside the warehouse. When Lynch called the alias into the dark and walked away, Nolan fired one round through Quill's heart at close range.

Total score from questions (max. 100): .....

Go to Late Lessons (p.155)

Late Lessons

Scan the QR code (or click/tap it if viewing digitally) to add audio ambiance to this scene.

The subway out to Brooklyn runs almost empty this time of night. I haven't made the trip in months.

She's at the kitchen table when I let myself in, filling a square in pen, the radio turned low to a dance band from a hotel somewhere uptown. It isn't her station. She doesn't look up.

"You look like something the cat gave up on." She slides the cookie tin across the table the way she once slid the cereal, without once looking at me. "Sit. You're letting the heat out."

I sit. I give her the shape of it: a man turned up dead in a Hell's Kitchen warehouse, and the longer I looked the less he was the man everyone said he was. Same with the killer.

She fills another square. "And?" The pen pauses, half a beat. "What did you learn?" The same question since I was fourteen. I never have a clean answer. So I tell her what I did instead.

If you have circled **Marker J1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-2070 (p.66), then return here.

If you have circled **Marker X1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 6-8350 (p.105), then return here.

If you have circled **Marker L1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-1248 (p.52), then return here.

If you have circled **Marker S1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-5051 (p.71), then return here.

If you have circled **Marker K1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-1542 (p.64), then return here.

If you have circled **Marker T1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 5-6644 (p.97), then return here.

If you have circled **Marker R1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 1-4966 (p.44), then return here.

If you have circled **Marker U1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-0837 (p.81), then return here.

If you have circled **Document 10** on your case tracking sheet, go to 1-7744 (p.46), then return here.

If you have circled **Marker B1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 6-6922 (p.103), then return here.

If you have circled **Marker W1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-7897 (p.76), then return here.

She only ever sets the pen down for something she means. When she sets it down now, she doesn't ask another thing about the case. The case is over. She knows the difference between a case and a man. "You came all the way out here to tell me about dead men," she says. "There's a telephone for that."

"I know."

"You didn't use it."

She closes the book on the finished grid and gets up to put the kettle on. She takes down two cups.

I take off my coat.

Behind the Scenes: Postscript from the Author

I hope you've enjoyed *Foggy Fates*. If you're reading this, you either got the killer or the 'Lynch-pin' of the case behind bars: either way, welcome backstage.

It began with the Directory.

The brief I set myself was two lines. Make the Criminal History Directory almost a character in its own right. And push Jack, and the player, into decisions that get harder as the days go on. No victim, no killer, no neighborhood. Just those two.

The first half turned out to be harder than it sounds. I wrote a stack of concepts before I wrote a word of this one: a bank case, a radio case, a hotel case. Every one failed the same way. I'd invent a murder I liked, then bolt the Directory onto it afterwards, and it would sit there being a lookup table. The book has to be the spine or it's furniture.

So I started again from what the Directory is genuinely good at, which is three things: putting a name to an unknown person from a physical description, telling you that somebody you already know has a history they never mentioned, and turning a witness's description into a short list you then have to cut down to one. This case uses all three, roughly one per day, in that order.

The thing about the Directory is that it isn't a book of people. It's a book of *descriptions*. The state has written down the handful of facts it believes would let you pick somebody out of a crowd, printed them, and every court in New York now treats the result as established fact. Anybody who understands how the book matches bodies to entries can therefore run it backwards.

That's the case. Three weeks before he dies, a starving man is fed, kept off the drink for a few days, and given a compass rose on his chest: a distinguishing mark is the sharpest filter in the book, and a compass cuts too many entries down to one. After that the corpse identifies itself. Nobody has to lie to a detective. The detective looks it up. Everything else is downstream. If the book can be written into, somebody does the writing, and you have Squires and a transposed date on a form. If a planted mark can name a dead man, a planted alias can name a living one, and you have *Danger*.

And the real shooter was intended to be the needle in the haystack: no marks, no aliases. He's in there but hard to narrow down without the parole officer's Thursday caseload.

The Prelude exists for one reason: to teach you the book on an entry that is telling the truth. You have to trust it before it can betray you.

The other half of it was the machine that prints the book.

I wanted three days of brushing up against what correction in this city actually was in 1934, without one paragraph of editorial about it.

So the case puts you in it on the first morning. Your only witness is a boy of seventeen, and the way you find him is to look him up in a book of criminals. A juvenile with one arrest gets written down like anyone else and stays written down. That's your first search. Before you know who the dead man is, you've pulled a teenager's file, read off his height and his eyesight and his mother's name as guardian, and gone to knock on his door.

After that it accumulates on its own. Welfare Island Penitentiary is reached by an elevator down from the Queensboro Bridge deck, so a man descends into a prison from above with the city directly over his head the whole way, and a guard names the tuberculosis ward without any particular feeling about it. The Tombs holds men awaiting trial alongside men waiting to be

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

moved somewhere worse. And at the end, a man runs down a staircase and is shot in the back, and it's lawful, because in 1934 a fleeing felon is a target from the moment he runs.

None of that is argued. It's furniture. But the Directory sits on top of all of it, and I wanted the book to feel heavy for the right reason: a man's life reduced to a row of abbreviations and filed for good, whether or not anyone ever proved a thing against him.

The history kept correcting me, and it was right every time.

I should confess two things outright: the Department of Correction offices at 100 Centre Street did not exist in 1934. I knew, and kept them anyway, which is why exterior description is kept to a minimum. Also, Nolan served his time at Sing Sing, a state prison, so he would have reported to a state parole officer, not a city one. Sorry to the more legally inclined players.

Everything else I lost the argument to. I had built Squires' error on the opening of Rikers, and Rikers Penitentiary opened in 1935. What actually happened in January 1934 was Commissioner Austin MacCormick coming down the bridge elevator before dawn to raid Welfare Island. The correction took something too. In an earlier draft Lynch had served his two years on Rikers, and I gave him a memory of the morning of the ninth of September 1932, when the boiler of the steamboat *Observation* let go in the East River and killed seventy-two men on their way to work. He heard it from the yard, he said, and they got extra rations that night. It was one nice wink to history I put in his mouth and it had to come out, because the men on that boat were laborers going to build a penitentiary that wasn't finished yet, and Lynch was never on that island at all.

Welfare Island Penitentiary has been the official name since 1921. Blackwell's is what the men who served there still call it, and the gap became a small test: Jack says one, Lynch corrects him with the other, and neither is wrong.

The rest is a scatter of things I didn't invent, set down here for anyone who likes to check. 240 Centre Street had been Police Headquarters since 1909. Repeal arrived in December 1933, ten months before the first morning of this case. This is why the warehouse on 55th is empty, why Carmine's imports are suddenly legal, and why two crews are carving up a neighborhood that used to have enough to go round. One nice touch... Lynch's unlawful manufacture under the Volstead Act is a real charge and the right one for a machinist in 1932. Did you notice?

The Herman Knapp Memorial Eye Hospital stood at Tenth Avenue and 57th Street from 1913 to 1940. Its outpatient dispensary is how a boy with nothing in his pockets came to be wearing spectacles. Lenses in that period were mineral glass, which is why they shatter, and why a fragment ends up where it does. Check the autopsy report and the crime scene photos... Quill also wore glasses, another hint that he wasn't Brennan. And the record playing in the last scene was cut in January 1934, a few months before any of this starts. I'm not going to tell you what it is.

The same thing happened here that happened on *Death by Design*: every time the record contradicted me, it handed back something better than what I'd written. The raid didn't just fix a date. It gave me the mechanism.

Death by Design was his father. This one is his mother.

Somewhere around the third draft I had a case that worked and a detective who didn't. Jack observed Hell's Kitchen for three days with great precision and never let any of it touch him. *Death by Design* puts him at his father's grave in the first paragraph. You know what he wants before you know what the case is. *Foggy Fates* kept him at arm's length from himself for a hundred pages. The fix wasn't adjectives. It was giving him somebody to answer to.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The two cases are a deliberate pair. His father is method and cynicism (trust what you can see and prove) and that inheritance is what makes Jack good at this and what makes Halloran possible. His mother is the other half: crosswords in pen, more musically inclined, the cereal box pushed across the table without her looking up, and a warning delivered when he was fourteen that it is a game in a way, but it isn't a game.

She's alive, she's sharp, and Jack doesn't visit her. That was the choice that unlocked the case. This is a story stuffed with dying mothers and devoted sons: Brennan reading to his dying mother, the Feely boy watching windows while his mother coughs in the next room... The only mother in it who is well is the one nobody comes to see.

On the design, and what a choice is allowed to cost.

The larger decision was to give you hard choices early and often, and let almost none of them change the plot. What they change is what you have to carry out of the room. For example, how you treat the boy decides what the 58th Street mission gives you: who Quill actually was, or the same facts with the warmth stripped out. You'll never know which one you didn't get.

So the case has a handful of choices with a moral price. Whether you bring Devlin in, knowing he is a man with a family who has to keep working an O'Neill kill floor to feed his kids. What you do with Squires once you have her, and what it takes out of you to do it. The ten seconds at the end are the largest of them. Two men, two doors, no correct answer.

Then all of it comes back at you in a kitchen while a woman fills in a crossword in pen. That's what makes the small ones worth making, and it's why every attribute you earned over three days surfaces there in her voice. What these choices change is not the narrative, but what you carry out of the room. What I wanted was fog. Not a hard call with a right answer buried somewhere, but the other kind, where you stand in it long enough to know that whichever way you go you'll have taken or given something to someone who didn't have much.

Thanks.

Special thanks to Jesse for the *NY Noir* system, the casebook language, and for Jack Deverell and the people who fill his address book. I've now spent two cases in his company and I hope I've kept faith with him.

Thanks to Jacob, Kohlby, Sam, Selena & Jasmine for your patience in playtesting. Thanks to the best editor, Debbie for her sharp eyes.

And thanks to you, for three days in October 1934, where the fog comes up off the Hudson every night and the Kitchen goes on not asking anybody's name.

— LuxSum, 2026



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.

Hint for Document 3

(must be found by end of day 3)

If you have **not** acquired **Document 2**, stop reading now, and return here after you have.

The compass was professional work. Clean, deliberate. Prison ink doesn't look like that. Somebody commissioned it, which means a reference drawing and a man who watched the customer pay for it.

If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 6-7389 (p.103).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 3-7734 (p.76).

Hint for Document 4

I need to get Lynch's full incarceration history.

If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 2-0345 (p.52).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 5-9821 (p.98).

Hint for Document 5

(must be found by end of day 1)

Somebody on that block was awake. Between the piers and Eleventh Avenue there is a doorway or a business every twenty feet and somebody in most of them.

If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 1-1453 (p.42).

For another hint, go to 1-3914 (p.43).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 5-2236 (p.92).

Hint for Document 6

(must be found by end of day 1)

If you have **not** acquired **both** of the following 2 items (**Marker D1** and **Document 5**), stop reading now, and return here after you have.

The escort stood at the warehouse door and called an alias into the dark. And somebody inside answered to it.

If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 1-6044 (p.46).

For another hint, go to 6-8041 (p.105).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 2-1600 (p.52).

Hint for Document 7

(must be found by end of day 2)

If you have **not** acquired **both** of the following 2 items (**Marker D1** and **Document 5**), stop reading now, and return here after you have.

One man walked the victim to that door and left him there. The witness gave me a build and a voice and one more thing: he looked like his bunkmate at the Reformatory.

If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

For another hint, go to 1-5978 (p.46).

For another hint, go to 7-1600 (p.110).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 1-5254 (p.45).

Hint for Document 8

(must be found by end of day 2)

If you have **not** acquired **Document 2**, stop reading now, and return here after you have.

Michels found ink under the wound. A compass rose, eight points, on the chest. The city writes down what it would recognize a man by. A distinguishing mark is the sharpest filter in the Directory.

If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 5-6859 (p.97).

Hint for Document 9

(must be found by end of day 3)

If you have **not** acquired **all** of the following 6 items (**Marker F1**, **Document 6**, **Marker D1**, **Document 5**, **Marker P1**, and **Document 7**), stop reading now, and return here after you have.

Devlin's alias was put in that file for somebody to find. Which means the man who answered to it at the warehouse door was never Devlin. Everyone in this case seems to be connected to Lynch in some way... Where could he have met someone that would be willing to do what he did?

If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 4-3805 (p.85).

For another hint, go to 3-6859 (p.74).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 4-6615 (p.85).

Hint for Marker C1

(must be found by end of day 2)

If you have **not** acquired **all** of the following 3 items (**Marker H1**, **Document 8**, and **Document 2**), stop reading now, and return here after you have.

I have her name. She isn't in the death ledger and she isn't at that apartment, and a woman that ill in this neighborhood ends up in one of two places.

If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 2-3818 (p.53).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 1-5016 (p.45).

Hint for Marker D1

(must be found by end of day 1)

If you have **not** acquired **Document 5**, stop reading now, and return here after you have.

I have a number and a name. He was on that block the night of the fifteenth, whatever he tells me at the door.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 6-8090 (p.105).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 7-5350 (p.111).

Hint for Marker E1

(must be found by end of day 2)

If you have **not** acquired **both** of the following 2 items (**Document 8** and **Document 2**), stop reading now, and return here after you have.

Six years quiet, a five and a half month stay in prison, and then a bullet through the middle of him at three feet. Nobody spends that on a man over three bottles of whiskey and one of cognac. I need to know what he actually walked out with.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 2-1905 (p.53).

For another hint, go to 1-9455 (p.50).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 3-4719 (p.70).

Hint for Marker F1

(must be found by end of day 2)

If you have **not** acquired **all** of the following 3 items (**Document 6**, **Marker D1**, and **Document 5**), stop reading now, and return here after you have.

The folder gives a home address on West 49th Street, but he works days. His wife will say where.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 7-3104 (p.111).

Hint for Marker G1

(must be found by end of day 3)

If you have **not** acquired **both** of the following 2 items (**Document 3** and **Document 2**), stop reading now, and return here after you have.

Somebody paid a professional to put a permanent mark on a starving drunk three weeks before he was shot through the middle of it. That mark was meant to be found. The man wearing it was never the man it points to.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 6-0653 (p.100).

For another hint, go to 5-3863 (p.94).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 5-0163 (p.90).

Hint for Marker H1

(must be found by end of day 2)

If you have **not** acquired **both** of the following 2 items (**Document 8** and **Document 2**), stop reading now, and return here after you have.

Those rooms weren't lived in alone. Two beds, two cups, and a prescription bottle standing empty on the counter with the name gone off it.

If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 2-0459 (p.52).

For another hint, go to 6-8449 (p.105).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 5-2124 (p.92).

Hint for Marker M1

(must be found by end of day 3)

If you have **not** acquired **all** of the following 5 items (**Marker F1**, **Document 6**, **Marker D1**, **Document 5**, and **Document 4**), stop reading now, and return here after you have.

Devlin has never been called *Danger* in his life, and his wife laughed when I said it out loud. Somebody put that word in his file.

If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 1-6833 (p.46).

For another hint, go to 8-4830 (p.121).

For another hint, go to 6-1320 (p.100).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 6-0556 (p.100).

Hint for Marker P1

(must be found by end of day 3)

If you have **not** acquired **all** of the following 3 items (**Document 7**, **Marker D1**, and **Document 5**), stop reading now, and return here after you have.

Lynch is on parole. Men on parole have an officer, a day of the week and a place of residence.

If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 8-7015 (p.121).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 5-2667 (p.93).

Hint for Marker V1

(must be found by end of day 2)

If you have **not** acquired **both** of the following 2 items (**Document 8** and **Document 2**), stop reading now, and return here after you have.

The folder gave me a name and a last known address. Before the city boxes up a dead man's life, somebody should look at it.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 2-0396 (p.52).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 6-9031 (p.106).



Hint for Marker Y1

(must be found by end of day 3)

If you have **not** acquired **all** of the following 4 items (**Marker P1**, **Document 7**, **Marker D1**, and **Document 5**), stop reading now, and return here after you have.

Lynch gave me an alibi and a man to check it against, and he spelled the name out for me. Nobody volunteers a spelling.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 1-1890 (p.42).

For another hint, go to 6-6056 (p.101).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 4-3491 (p.84).



Hint for Marker Z1

I heard that date and time before... Thursday, October 18, 4 pm.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 4-8691 (p.88).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 5-0716 (p.91).

