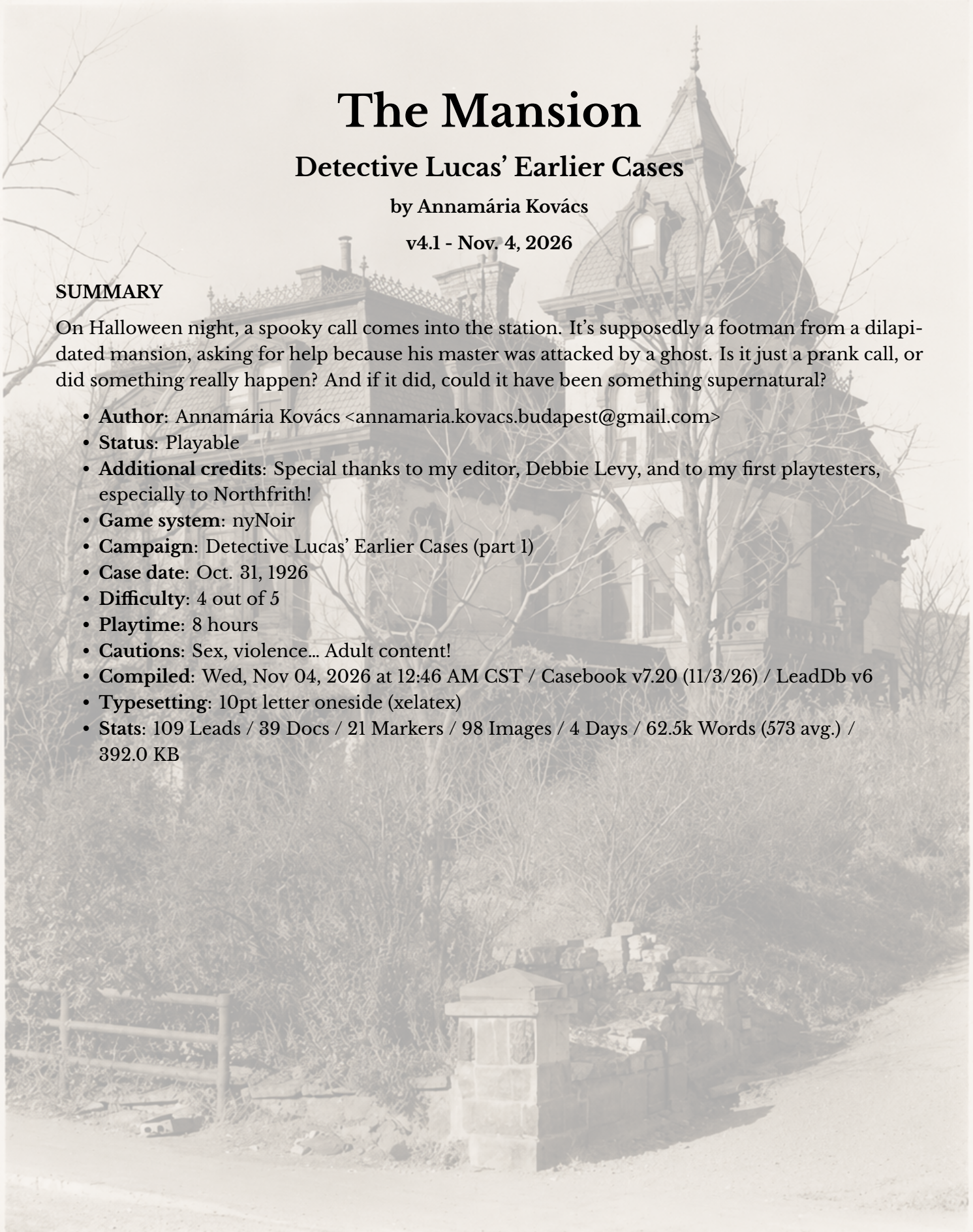


The Mansion

Detective Lucas' Earlier Cases

by Annamária Kovács

v4.1 - Nov. 4, 2026

SUMMARY

On Halloween night, a spooky call comes into the station. It's supposedly a footman from a dilapidated mansion, asking for help because his master was attacked by a ghost. Is it just a prank call, or did something really happen? And if it did, could it have been something supernatural?

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Instructions

You'll need the *New York Noir* base game for this case.

You can download the rulebook, maps and directories from the nynoir.org website OR you could use the online map and directories.

Use the following:

- Research Guide (at the end of the Rulebook) - optional
- White Pages (with the Street Guide at the end)
- Yellow Pages
- Reverse Directory - optional
- Map Atlas
- A Case Tracking sheet
- A few Case Day Logs (4 double sided)
- Optional: a Campaign Log, other worksheets (Timeline, Revisit, Person of Interest)

DON'T FORGET: You're in 1926, so there's no internet yet!

In other words: **Only the materials provided with the game may be used.**

If you need more information about a person or a subject, you can visit your contacts. (Their business cards can be found at the end of the Rulebook.)

IMPORTANT INFORMATION

Your contacts in this game:

Heinrich Michels – H. M., the Chief Medical Examiner

Emiliana Alesica – head librarian, where you can look up more information about a topic once you've come across it in the game

Carmine Maranzano – underworld contact, if you want to visit clubs during Prohibition (not bars, aka 'speakeasies' though)

Alistair Grey – private collector, who knows about occult subjects and people

During the game a **lead takes half an hour or an hour** most of the time. If you look up something but there's no lead, no time passes.

Don't forget: you can always use **hints** if you are stuck. You find them **at the end** of this book. (And you only need to deduct points if you learn new information from them.)

Points at the end of the game:

Questions: 75 points

Reputation points: Maximum 20 (20 bonus points)

Every hint: 2 demerit (-2 points)

Every overtime lead: 1 demerit (-1 point)

Culture points: Maximum *5* (*5* bonus points)

Printing Suggestion

It may be worth printing out the **suspects' photos** from the first **eight pages of Document 33** separately as well (16 photos); and all the fingerprints: **Documents 34-52**.

CAMPAIGN LOG – optional

You can collect attribute points for Detective Lucas. (These points are not part of the scoring of the case.) If you have already played *The Collector Trilogy*, you can continue using that same campaign log.

THE MANSION



Introduction

10 PM - Sunday, October 31st, 1926

NYPD - 33rd Precinct, Washington Heights

You feel tired as you sit at your desk on October 31. You took tonight's shift because you wanted to catch up on paperwork. And because you didn't feel like opening your door to trick-or-treating morons.

Although it's been more than a year since you requested a transfer to the Washington Heights precinct, you still haven't gotten used to the new place. It feels strange not working in the Village. But you couldn't stay after what happened two years ago. There were too many ghosts haunting you in Greenwich Village...

You down your coffee, shake yourself awake, and take out the first dossier. You've only written down a few sentences when the phone rings. It's the officer on duty at the front desk.

"Detective Lucas?"

"Yeah?"

"I just got a call about an attack... I mean, a supposed attack."

"A what?"

"Well, sir, a certain butler rang just now, and he said his master was attacked by a... a..."

"Yes? Spit it out, for heaven's sake!"

"...by a ghost."

"Are you joking with me? Or is this some kind of trick-or-treating attempt? Because I'm not amused."

"No, sir, I swear. The butler said he already called the hospital because he feared for his master's life."

You sigh: "And where exactly did this 'ghost' attack happen?"

"At a mansion, at 15818 Riverside Drive West? At least I think that was the address. A young lady was hysterically crying in the background, so it was hard to hear sometimes."

"There's a hysterical woman as well? Great. Just my luck," you say bitterly.

"The butler said it was a house party, sir, so I'm guessing there are other guests as well."

"And who is the victim?"

"Well, that's the reason I called you, Detective. It's Robert Christie."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Should I know who that is?”

“The son of Mr. Arthur Christie, the director of the National City Bank, sir.”

“A bigwig, huh?”

“Yes, sir.”

“All right, I’ll check it out. Tell the boys. Who’s in?”

“O’Connor, Murray, and Wilks, sir. I’ll send them to the car immediately.”

You close the dossier with a big sigh and put it back on top of the pile. It looks like the paperwork has to wait a little longer because you have to go and hunt a ghost. Unbelievable.

This is not an ordinary day: no start or end, so you **don’t need to track the time**. You just have to **go to the mentioned address**.

STOP!



Proceed only after you have completed searching for leads on **day 1**.

END OF DAY 1

"Don't worry, my child. I know you'll make the right choice," the beautiful woman whispers in your ear.

At least, for some reason, you have the impression that she is beautiful. In truth, you can't really get a good look at her, because the stars on her dress are shining with a blinding light... Or are they not on her dress at all, but on her skin? If only you could get a better look...

"The stele must be returned to where it belongs. Only then can the right decision be made. The decision that will serve the best interests of everyone. Of all humanity..." the woman continues.

Her words seem to lull you into a trance, and you grow increasingly drowsy as you listen. Something inside you tells you that you ought to pay attention, that what she is saying is terribly important. But it is becoming harder and harder to fight the sleepiness. Your blinks grow longer, your eyelids almost too heavy to keep open. Still, you can hear the woman whispering:

"My son and my grandson... Well, there have always been problems between them. They always find something to quarrel over. But there is nothing to be done about it. It has all been written already. MORTAL!"

The woman's sudden change of tone jolts you halfway out of your stupor.

"What??? What is it? Who are you?" you demand, though you still can't quite make out her face. Why are those sequins on her dress shining so brightly? Or... what was it you thought they were a moment ago?

"Don't concern yourself with my stars. Concern yourself with what I have told you! Do you hear me, mortal? I know you will make the right choice. Look!"

Suddenly, you feel as though you have been torn from your own body. You begin to soar upward, higher and higher, higher still!

As you begin to descend, you notice a group of people below. Or... are they even people at all? Their faces are so strange. Perhaps they aren't really faces. One of them seems to have the head of a jackal. Another, who is busy writing something down, has a long, slender beak. As you draw closer, the scene below becomes clearer. They are intently watching a set of scales.

What is that on one of the pans? You have the distinctive feeling that it belongs to you... Oh, God! Is it your still-beating *heart???"*

You suddenly sit bolt upright in bed. Cold sweat has broken out across your forehead. What the hell was that? Your heart is still pounding.

"Come on, Lucas. Don't be ridiculous. It was just a bad dream," you tell yourself in the darkness.

Somehow, the silence suddenly seems much more eerie than it should.

You shake your head and climb out of bed to get yourself a glass of water in the kitchen. You've only just realized how dry your throat has become...

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

STOP!

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

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

DAY 2

9 AM - Monday, November 1st, 1926

NYPD - 33rd Precinct, Washington Heights

"Morning, Lucas. So, what are we tackling today? I take it we're treating the kid's death as a possible homicide now?" O'Connor asks as you arrive at the station.

"You got it. Just came from the Chief. He's giving me a free hand. Says we need to close this case as soon as we can."

"Wow. Now that's something. So, where do we start? Want me to take yesterday's stuff down to the toxicology lab?"

"Yeah, that's your first job. But don't wait for them to finish analyzing everything—it could take days. Keep checking in and ask for the preliminary results as they come in."

"Got it. Preliminary results." O'Connor eagerly starts scribbling in his notebook. "Anything else?"

"I want to talk to everybody again. And take their fingerprints."

"Fingerprints. Makes sense." Your partner jots it down.

"The medical examiner won't have anything for us until tomorrow, I suppose."

"Tomorrow at the earliest. So we'll have to wait on that. I'll see if I can get him to move things along, though. Anything else we can handle today?"

"We should take another look at the masion. We didn't search it properly yesterday. Get Murray and Wilks, too. More eyes, more chances we'll spot something. And they already know the case."

"What time? Noon?"

"At noon then. See you there," you say as you leave. You're also planning to swing by one of your contacts this afternoon.

Toxicology Lab Results

You can call the lab for preliminary results at the following times:

today at 5pm (or later);

tomorrow at 10am, 2pm, and 5pm (or later);

and the day after tomorrow at 10am (or later).

Fingerprints

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Whenever you speak to someone who was at the mansion, you will obtain their fingerprints.

Day start: 9am. Day end: 10pm.

You are now ready to start your day. On a blank case log sheet, record that it is **Day 2** and that the current time is **9am**.

Stop by and see **Alistair Grey** sometime **after 5pm**.

When you reach **10pm** (or finish an action that causes you to move past it), **OR when you run out of leads**, your day ends, so you can go to the **'End of Day 2'** section.

SUGGESTION

Make a list of everyone who was at the mansion. Next to each name, note where they can be found and whether you managed to obtain their fingerprints. It's also worth keeping track of anything suspicious about each person, and who might have had the motive and opportunity to kill Robert Christie.

STOP!



Proceed only after you have completed searching for leads on **day 2**.

END OF DAY 2

"Come now, Uncle. You can do better than that!" the bird-headed one teases his companion, who has the head of a dog. Or perhaps an anteater? But what's with those long ears?

"Do you really think your ridiculous words are going to have any effect on me?" the weird-headed creature replies with contempt.

Both men are bare-chested, wearing nothing but something resembling a loincloth. Or perhaps some sort of skirt. They are tall and muscular, their skin bronzed. They circle each other warily, ready to spring at any moment. One of them even seems to be growling.

"Careful, Uncle. At this rate, you'll frighten the poor mortal to death with all that growling." The bird-headed one glances at you.

What? Is he talking about you?

"Well, mortal? Lost your nerve?" he asks, turning to you.

You suddenly feel very uncomfortable. Are you supposed to answer? Who the hell are these creatures? And where the hell are you?

"Uh... hello. I'm Detective Lucas with the New Yor—" you begin your usual introduction, but stop halfway through. Somehow, mentioning the New York Police Department doesn't seem particularly relevant here.

The bird-headed creature lets out a sharp, shrill cry. Sounds like he's laughing at you.

The other one, however, remains completely serious. He looks you straight in the eye.

"Pay no attention to my nephew, mortal. Your task is to find the stele and destroy it! Do so, and you will receive a reward beyond anything you could possibly imagine or dream of..."

"Now, now, Uncle. What kind of corruption is this? Mortal, I hope you're not going to listen to whoever offers the most! The stakes are far too great to be decided on such petty terms. Listen carefully! The key to the future is in your hands. Or at least, it soon will be. Give the stele to the magician when you find it. He knows exactly what must be done!"

You stare at the two men—or whatever the hell they are—in bewilderment.

What are they talking about?

"Don't listen to them!" comes the familiar woman's voice from behind you. "Remember what I told you last night!"

"Mother? What are you doing here? And why do you always have to interfere in everything?" says the weird-headed one.

"Yes, Grandmother. I think you'd better stay out of this one!" the bird-headed one adds.

You decide to take advantage of the moment, while the strange creatures' attention is focused elsewhere. Slowly, you begin to back away.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"Do you really think I'm going to leave the fate of mortals in the hands of you two quarrelsome dandies? I should say not!" continues the star-covered woman.

"Dandies? Did you just call me a dandy, Mother? I can hardly believe my ears. I've been accused of many things over the millennia, but never that."

"Well, Grandmother, that just proves you're not the goddess of the future. Even your insults are hopelessly out of date. Though I can't say they're entirely inaccurate. No offense, Uncle, but that new perfume you're wearing... well, it's absolutely dreadful."

"Rrrrrgh!"

A savage roar tears from the throat of the weird-headed creature.

To hell with backing away slowly!

You turn and run with all your strength.

Behind you comes a cacophony of snarls and animalistic roars. It sounds as though two wild beasts are tearing each other apart in a fight to the death.

You have to get out of here. Now!

You force yourself onward with every last ounce of strength.

What's that in the distance? It looks like a gate.

That's it! Maybe you can escape this accursed place through it. You just have to make it that far.

Sweat pours down your face. Your side is stabbing with pain, and your temples are pounding. Come on. Come on!

You're almost there...

You sit bolt upright in bed, gasping for breath.

You're drenched in sweat. Your temples are pounding, and your side aches...

What the hell is happening to you?

You try to climb out of bed, but your legs are hopelessly weak, as though you really had been running for your life.

A chill runs down your spine. Every hair on your body stands on end.

"Come on, Lucas! Stop this nonsense! It's just childish dreams and fantasies..."

But your words ring hollow in the empty room.

---

*When you're ready to **start Day 3**, turn the page.*

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...

DAY 3

9 AM - Tuesday, November 2nd, 1926

Today, you continue with what you started yesterday: tracking down the witnesses and having the evidence you've lined up analyzed. By now, the coroner's report should also be ready, so you can give the coroner a call as well. (And don't forget about your lab appointments.)

You could also swing by one of your contacts in the afternoon.

Day start: 9am. Day end: 10pm.

You are now ready to start your day. On a blank case log sheet, record that it is **Day 3** and that the current time is **9am**. Then continue to follow leads.

Stop by and see **Carmine Maranzano** sometime **after 3pm**.

IMPORTANT:

If you don't marker **Marker H1** by 6pm, check the hint for it.

When you reach **10pm** (or finish an action that causes you to move past it), **OR when you run out of leads**, your day ends, so you can go to the **'End of Day 3'** section.

STOP!



Proceed only after you have completed searching for leads on **day 3**.

END OF DAY 3

For once, the night passes without a single nightmare.

You sleep soundly, almost peacefully, with Stella curled up in your arms. Every now and then, you stir when she shifts against you, perhaps searching for a more comfortable position. You wake just enough to notice her moving, but within moments you are drifting off again.

No strange voices. No impossible figures. No visions of ancient gods or mysterious women whispering in your ear.

Just the quiet darkness of the room, the steady rhythm of Stella's breathing, and the warmth of her body beside you.

By morning, you realize you have slept through the night almost without interruption. For the first time in days, you wake feeling rested.

STOP!

 Turn the page when you are ready to begin **day 4**.

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

DAY 4

9 AM - Wednesday, November 3rd, 1926

You arrive at the police station in high spirits, whistling a little tune to yourself. There are still a few things you need to take care of during the morning, but you're confident you'll have the case wrapped up by noon.

For once, the morning doesn't feel like a long, uphill fight. You've got a few loose ends to tie up, a couple of people to talk to, and some reports to look over, but nothing that should keep you there past lunchtime.

Day start: 9am. Day end: 12pm/noon.

You are now ready to start your day. On a blank case log sheet, record that it is **Day 4**.

This is the last day of the investigation. If you still have leads to follow, you can do that now. If you haven't visited your contact at the library yet, make sure you do it today.

You can follow leads normally **until noon**. After that: **You can work overtime.** (You **don't have to record the time anymore**, but you need to mark **1 demerit for every lead** you visit. You can also visit 'After 8pm' leads and similar locations.)

Don't forget: You have one more **toxicology lab** appointment at **10am**, and the **fingerprint results** will be ready around **11:30am**.

TIP

If you want to **experience the entire story**, don't hesitate to follow every clue, and look up more leads. **Don't worry about losing points!** (For one thing, each demerit will only cost you one point. For another, you can more than make up for those losses by earning Culture Points and Reputation Points. Not to mention that you'll be able to answer the questions more thoroughly, too.)

IMPORTANT

For your report you'll need these documents: Document 10, **Document 13**, **Document 14**, **Document 15**, **Document 19**.

And these markers: Marker B1, **Marker G1**, **Marker U1**.

And these fingerprints:

Those of the suspects – **Document 21** through **Document 35**;

Those found on objects – **Document 36** through **Document 39**.

(Use the **hints** if you don't find a marker or a document.)

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

When you have all the required markers and documents, AND you **don't have more leads to follow**, your investigation ends, so you can **go to the 'Questions.'**

LEADS

STOP!

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

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

1

1-1004

New Yorker
25 W. 43rd St, TS-89

If you have circled **Document 8** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-3779 (p.64)



1-1255

The Guilded Teacup
51 E. 73rd St, UE-22

On **Day 3 at 5pm or 5:30pm**, or on **Day 4**, go to 7-4318 (p.187).



1-1724

The Traveler's Chemist
1365 Saint Nicholas Ave, WH-23

What would you like to do?

Inquire about buying poison, go to 3-5978 (p.91).

Look through the Poison Register, go to 7-7129 (p.191).



1-2054

The Foxhole
120 W. 69th St, LS-26

If it's **8 pm or later, AND** If you have circled **Marker V1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 6-7880 (p.164).

Otherwise:

You have to wait until 8 o'clock, and you need a membership card to get in.



1-2687

Adler, Jack
187 Mulberry St, LI-20
Time: ***30 minutes***

You step into a noisy, bustling building. Italian voices can be heard all around you.

"Giovanni, dove diavolo sei stato stavolta?"

"I'm coming, I'm coming, Mamma! Don't get mad!"

You ask a woman sitting in the courtyard, sorting vegetables into a basket, about the Adlers.

"Up stairs, first floor, over there," the woman says, pointing upward. "But who you be, huh? What you want with Maria? She got enough troubles with the children. Her husband, Michele, a drunk. Drink take him to grave. Ay-ay, poor Maria, left all alone with so many bambini. *Mamma mia*! Even most old boy, he nothing but trouble. Every night he go wandering, never home!"

You thank the woman for her help and head upstairs in the direction she indicated. Everywhere you look, the overcrowding and poverty are startling.

The Adlers' door is open. A woman is scolding a small boy in Italian in the middle of the kitchen. The poor little fellow sniffles as he wipes his nose on his shirt sleeve.

"Perché te lo dico sempre di stare attento ai tuoi vestiti! Che credi, dove li trovo i soldi per comprarti un paio di pantaloni nuovi?"

You knock on the open door.

"Excuse me, ma'am. Am I speaking to Mrs. Adler?"

"Who you?" the woman snaps angrily, turning toward you. The little boy seizes the opportunity and slips past you through the doorway.

"Giovanni! Torna subito qui!" his mother shouts after him. If anything, she looks even angrier when she turns back to you. You straighten up and introduce yourself.

"I'm John Lucas, Detective with the New York Police Department. I'm looking for your son, Jack."

"Why? What want policeman with my Jack? He good boy, bring money home, help his mamma, like good boy."

"Your son isn't in any trouble. I just want to speak with him about what happened at the Halloween party."

"What? I no understand."

"On October 31st. Do you know where your son was that night?"

"He work, every night. Always work, make money, help family. Very resource boy."

"You mean *resourceful*?"

"Yes, yes, that."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“I see. And where is he working?”

“Where? Here and there, everyplace. Not know.”

“And where can I find your son now?”

“I not know. He grown man. He no need give account to nobody.”

“I understand. Well, in any case, thank you for your help, ma’am.”

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

1-2901

The laboratory (contd. from 5-8916 on p.152)

The laboratory occupies one of the rooms in the house. You look around in amazement.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

On the bookshelf, you notice a book on poisons. Before the butler can stop you, you cross to the shelf, pull out the book, and open it to the pages marked by a small bookmark.

Circle **Document 14** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 14** (Poison Book), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 262.

The butler is immediately at your shoulder.

"I'm afraid, sir, the mistress gave you permission to look at the room. She did not give you permission to handle anything."

"Yes, yes. Quite right. My apologies."

You put the book back and turn toward the door.

You've already learned what you came to find out.



1-4068

The card (contd. from 7-7914 on p.192)



1-4371

Will's room (contd. from 7-2201 on p.182)

Since you have only a minute, you quickly look around the bedroom. Your eyes first settle on an autographed photograph standing on the nightstand.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Then you notice a bank statement lying on the desk.



SAFETY
SERVICE
STABILITY

EMPIRE STATE TRUST BANK
523 AMSTERDAM AVENUE
NEW YORK

A STRONGER
NEW YORK
A BRIGHTER
TOMORROW

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT

Account No. 447-263

William Henry McCullagh
12 West 71st Street
New York, N. Y.

FOR THE MONTHS OF
SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1926

Date	Description	Withdrawals	Deposits	Balance
Sept. 1	Balance brought forward	—	—	$ 24,850.00
Sept. 5	Check No. 761 – B. Alden & Co. (Tailors)	125.00	—	24,725.00
Sept. 8	Cash withdrawal	50.00	—	24,675.00
Sept. 12	Check No. 762 – The St. Regis Hotel	210.00	—	24,465.00
Sept. 17	Cash withdrawal	1,500.00	—	22,965.00
Sept. 21	Check No. 763 – Cartier (Jeweler)	340.00	—	22,625.00
Sept. 25	Cash withdrawal	75.00	—	22,550.00
Sept. 28	Check No. 764 – Automobile Service Co.	68.50	—	22,481.50
Sept. 30	Interest credited	—	24.17	22,505.67
Oct. 1	Cash withdrawal	1,500.00	—	21,005.67
Oct. 4	Check No. 765 – The Biltmore Hotel	186.00	—	20,819.67
Oct. 9	Cash withdrawal	100.00	—	20,719.67
Oct. 12	Check No. 766 – Ward & Co. (Clothing)	275.00	—	20,444.67
Oct. 15	Cash withdrawal	1,750.00	—	18,694.67
Oct. 20	Check No. 767 – Ticknor's (Books)	42.35	—	18,652.32
Oct. 26	Cash withdrawal	60.00	—	18,592.32
Oct. 29	Check No. 768 – Colony Club	118.00	—	18,474.32
Oct. 31	Service charge	2.50	—	18,471.82

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

"Your Trust Is Our Greatest Asset"

You quickly jot down a few details from it and head for the door. Just in time, too—the butler is already clearing his throat outside.

"Are you finished, Detective?"

"Yes, O'Malley. Thank you."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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

1-5484

Rexall Drugs (Lincoln Square)
215 Amsterdam Ave, LS-19

What would you like to do?

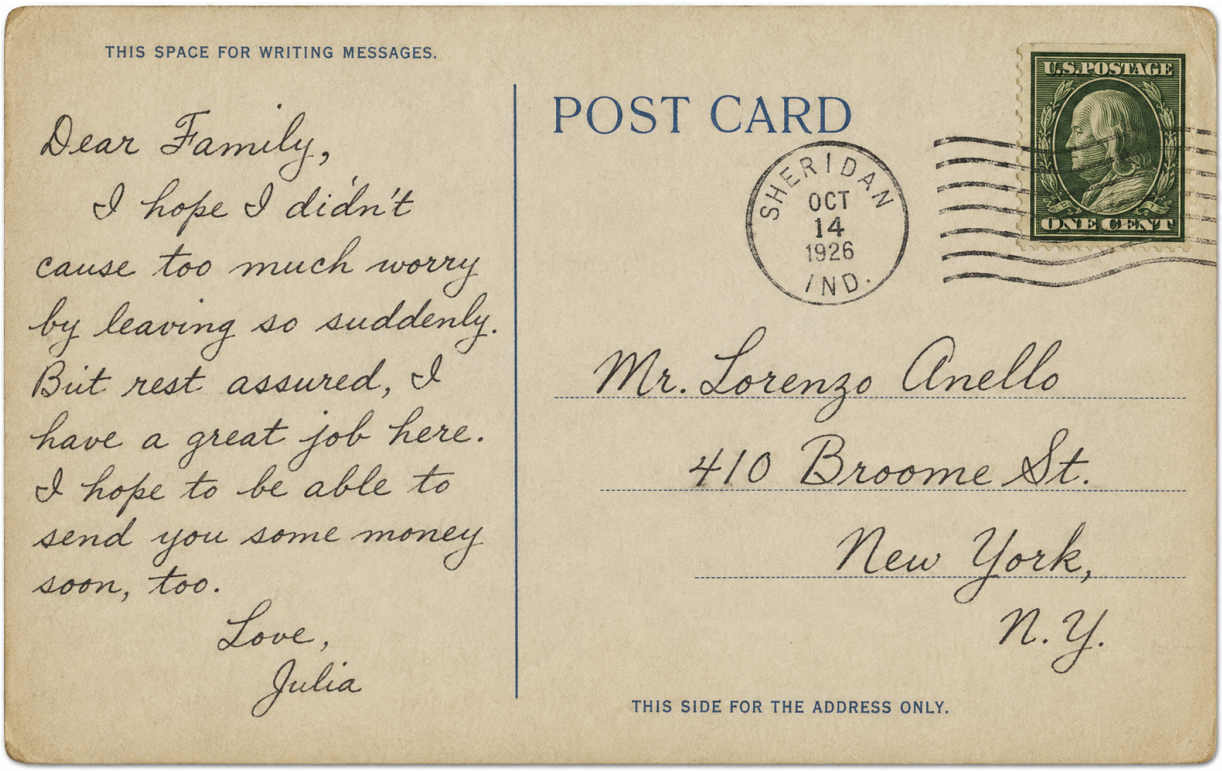
Inquire about buying poison, go to 3-5978 (p.91).

Look through the Poison Register, go to 7-7129 (p.191).



1-6214

You examine the postcard (contd. from 4-7311 on p.120)



You take the photographs of the women who attended the Halloween party out of your pocket and hold them out to the woman.

"Do you recognize the lady who visited Julia the day before she left?"

The woman studies the photographs one by one, then finally points to Evie and Helen.

"She was blonde, but she wear sunglasses, so I don't see her face too good. But maybe she was one of them two."

You thank Mrs. Anello for her help and take your leave.

1-6752

Racquet and Tennis Club
370 Park Ave, TS-42
Time: 60 minutes

Before reading this section, take a moment to write down what you think you're about to learn.

After a good deal of questioning—and a little pressure—you finally get one of the employees to track down the blonde girl. Apparently, she is in the ladies' locker room, sobbing.

"Is anyone else in the locker room?"

"No, sir. Just Miss Nowak."

"Then stay here and keep watch at the door. See that we're not disturbed," you tell the startled employee, and step through the locker-room door.

"B-but, Detective, I don't think—" the poor girl begins, but fortunately, she stays where you told her.

Inside, you find Evie sitting on a bench, her face buried in her hands, sobbing.

You sit down on the bench opposite her.

"Miss Nowak? Miss Nowak!"

At first, she doesn't seem to hear you. Then, at the second, firmer call, she looks up.

"What? Who—who are you? What do you want?"

"I'm Detective John Lucas. Don't you remember me, Miss Nowak?"

The girl rubs her eyes frantically and blows her nose.

"Detective Lucas? Oh… yes. I remember now. I'm sorry. I didn't recognize you."

"That's all right. Could you spare me a few minutes? I'd like to ask you a few questions and I'll need your fingerprints as well, miss."

She looks back at you in surprise: "My fingerprints? But why?"

"I need the fingerprints of everyone who was at the mansion."

She hesitates, then nods.

Circle **Document 26** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 26** (Evie's fingerprints), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 319.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"I know this is difficult, Miss Nowak, but I'd like to ask you about Halloween night. I assume you've heard by now that Mr. Christie is dead."

The girl swallows hard and nods. Then, in a whisper, she adds:

"And you don't believe the ghost killed Robbie, do you?"

"That's right. Now, first I'd like to ask you about the statement you gave my colleague. You told him that you left the drawing room at about 8:50 because you intended to use the bathroom. But I have a feeling that wasn't quite the whole story."

The girl hesitates for a moment. Then she takes a deep breath and begins.

"What a fool I made of myself! But that ridiculous fortune-teller put all sorts of nonsense into my head. She told me I was going to find the love I'd been waiting for, that my wishes were about to come true—perhaps that very night. It sounds absurd now. But at the time, I believed every word of it.

When I saw Robbie leave the drawing room, I went after him a little while later. I had to look around for a bit, but eventually I found him upstairs in the attic. He had just come out of one of the rooms.

I don't know where I found the nerve. I'd been hopelessly in love with him for years, but I'd never seriously considered telling him. Perhaps I'd had too much to drink. I don't know. But Robbie turned me down, of course.

It was awful. It felt as though he'd put a knife straight through my heart. He was so cold. So hard. And all that time I'd thought we were at least friends. I had done everything he ever asked of me. Everything. And there, in that attic, he spoke to me as though I were a complete stranger.

Frankly, I still don't understand it. It wasn't as though he was in love with Helen. We all knew that marriage was going to be an arrangement, nothing more. That's how these things are done in our set. But that doesn't mean you can't love someone else—someone your heart chooses…"

At those words, her eyes fill with tears again, so you quickly steer the conversation elsewhere.

"I also wanted to ask you about Mr. McCullagh. It seems to me that the young man doesn't care for you very much."

Evie suddenly laughs. It is a slightly hysterical laugh.

"Oh, Will! Yes. Well, he and I can't stand each other."

"May I ask why?"

"Robbie, of course. Who else? Everything in our little circle seemed to begin and end with him. Robbie was the leader. He was the cleverest, the boldest, the most dangerous. The girls adored him. The boys either envied him or wanted to be like him.

Will was always so *proud*, so arrogant. He was trying to have Robbie to himself, and I was forever getting in his way. At first he was merely annoyed. Later, he began to hate me openly. But I never let him get the better of me. Whenever he picked a fight, I gave as good as I got."

The girl continues:

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“George, of course, never took my side in any of our arguments. He always tried to remain, as he put it, ‘neutral.’ And yet he’s so terribly proud of himself for being such a *humanitarian* person. I’ve told him more than once that the truly humanitarian thing would be to take the side of his poor, delicate little sister when she’s arguing with some big, rough boy. Of course, George just laughed and said I was twisting the meaning of words to suit myself, and that I’d never had much of a head for language, so I oughtn’t to strain myself. What a brother!

Fortunately, Robbie often took my side. That’s why I thought that perhaps he…”

She trails off.

“But it doesn’t matter now. None of it matters anymore…”

Once again, the girl bursts into tears.

You wait a few minutes for her to calm down before asking another question.

“Did you happen to see what Mr. Christie ate or drank that evening?”

The girl looks at you in surprise. “What he ate and drank? Well, I’m not sure. Almost everyone had sandwiches, and we had cocktails… though I think Robbie may have had nothing but lemonade. Johnson served fresh coffee just before the séance. I believe everyone had some. I brought Robbie his coffee from the little table at the edge of the parlor.”

“Really?” you ask, raising an eyebrow.

“Yes,” she replies. “He’d already taken a seat at the table beside the Ouija board, and I suppose he didn’t want to get up.”

“I see.”

Suddenly, you hear voices coming from the hallway. It sounds as though someone is trying to get into the dressing room, and the girl stationed outside is busy arguing with her.

Time to leave.

“Thank you for your help, Miss Nowak.”

If you wrote down something similar to this, at least in part:

☑ Tick **1** reputation box on your case tracking sheet.

1-8347

NY Public Library - History & Biography
476 5th Ave, TL-6 (3rd fl. west)
Time: ***30 minutes***

If you want to read about Egyptian gods and goddesses and the *Book of the Dead*,

Circle **Document 3** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 3** (Gods), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 228.

1-8493

NYPD - Fingerprint Lab (contd. from 4-3891 on p.111)
Time: ***30 minutes***

Here are the results:

Bottle, go to 3-2923 (p.84).

Coffee cup, go to 5-5728 (p.146).

Dagger, go to 1-9205 (p.52).

Something else, go to 8-6951 (p.212).

1-9016

In the attic (contd. from 5-3822 on p.144)

The attic room presents you with a strange sight.



"And what kind of act were you preparing up here, Mr. Mandrell?" you ask, eyeing the magician suspiciously.

"Mr. Christie wanted to close the evening with a séance, so I arranged the chairs for that."

"Uh-huh. And I see you've prepared some drinks as well."

"But only for medicinal purposes."

"Medicinal purposes?"

"Indeed, Detective. During a séance, it's not uncommon for some people to start fainting. Young ladies in particular..."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Yes, yes, of course. Is this your trunk?” You walk over to the steamer trunk standing against the wall and lift the lid.



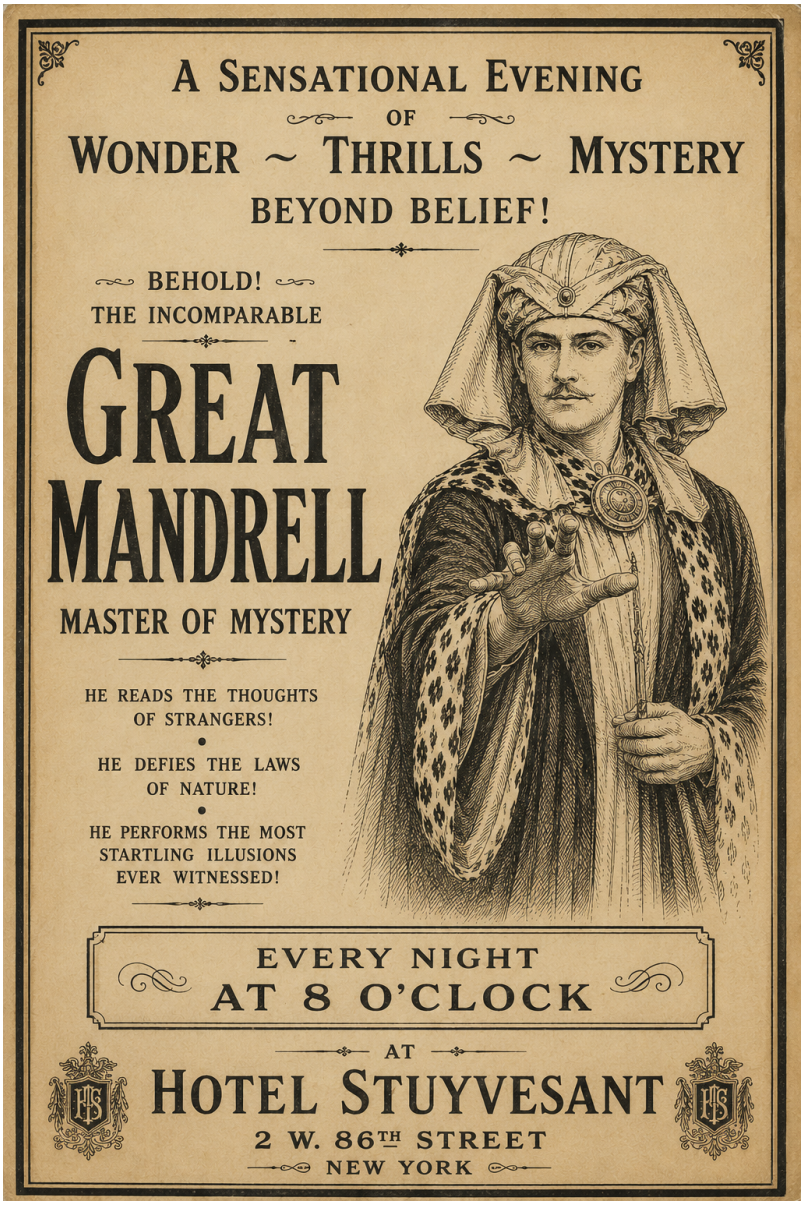
“Care to explain the ropes and the dagger?”

“Just props for my escape act. The cloaks and candles are there to set the mood. On Halloween, people generally expect a spooky performance.”

The man looks at you with a knowing smile.

“But here’s a flyer, in case you’d like to see my act in person sometime.” He pulls a piece of paper from his coat pocket and hands it to you.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



"Thank you. Now, when did you arrive here?"

"Half past seven, as I had arranged with Mr. Christie beforehand. I generally need only an hour to make my preparations, but Mr. Christie didn't want any of his eight-o'clock guests to see me and spoil the surprise. The performance was to begin around ten, of course, but as you know, it never came to that."

"Around ten? You and Mr. Christie didn't agree on an exact time?"

"No. He just told me to stay here and be ready for the show. He said he'd bring the guests up sometime around ten."

"Were you here in this room the entire time?"

"Yes."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Did you see Mr. Christie when you arrived? Or anyone else?”

“The butler answered the door and brought me straight up here.”

“And what about the fortune-teller?”

“The fortune-teller?”

“Aren’t you two together?” You look at the magician.

He answers indignantly.

“I can’t imagine where you got that idea, Detective. I’m a professional performer. I have nothing to do with some palm reader. I didn’t even see her until I went downstairs after all the commotion started.”

“I see. Thank you, Mr. Mandrell; I guess you can go now. But where can I find you if I need to ask you more questions?”

“At my hotel. You find the address on the flyer. I live there at the moment. And what about my props?” He looks around at the attic room. “Can I take them with me?”

“I’m afraid you’ll have to wait until the investigation is over. But I assume you have other tricks up your sleeve?” You grin at him, but he doesn’t seem to appreciate the joke and replies with the utmost seriousness.

“Yes, of course. I’m prepared with several different acts.” He hesitates for a moment and looks at the trunk, but eventually sets off down the stairs.

“Goodbye, Detective.”

Before you head downstairs, you take a look into the other two attic rooms. They appear to be empty apart from a few chairs and couches. Strangely enough, everything is quite clean. The floorboards, however, are loose in several places. You’d better watch your step.

“What are you doing here?” someone whispers behind you.

You spin around. No one’s there. What the hell?

You look around more carefully, but you’re the only one in the attic.

You’re obviously getting tired… You shake your head and make your way down the stairs.

The rooms on the second floor are furnished, but personal belongings are conspicuously absent. It doesn’t look like anyone actually lives here. Although, judging by the bed in one of the bedrooms, it seems someone may have slept there recently.

In the biggest bedroom you find a cut-out advertisement and several rolled-up blueprints on the bedside table.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Circle **Document 1** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 1** (Blueprints of the Mansion), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 223.

- Go to 2-9339 (p.72)

1-9205

Dagger (contd. from 1-8493 on p.46)

The following fingerprints were found on the handle of the dagger:

Circle **Document 37** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 37** (Prints found on the dagger), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 331.

Before you reveal the result, you can guess whose (one or more person's) fingerprints were found on it. If you get it right, you can earn bonus points.

1-9686

Dr. Antoine, Robert, Psychoanalyst
300 Central Park W., UW-5 (apt. 16c)
Time: ***30 minutes***

"Yes, Mr. Christie came to see me in early June. He was suffering from recurring nightmares. His family physician had prescribed him something to help him sleep, but it had done little to relieve the trouble. That was why he consulted me."

"And what sort of nightmares were they?"

"Let me see… I have it here in my notes. Yes. He was being pursued by creatures with the bodies of men and the heads of animals. There was also a woman dressed in a gown covered with stars. But the dreams were not the only matter troubling him. He spoke of strange voices, too—voices he would hear from time to time while he was quite awake. He described them as whispers, almost as though someone were standing behind him and speaking directly into his ear."

"And what did these voices say?" you ask, a chill running down your spine.

"They seemed to be trying to frighten him, much as the nightmares did."

"And what did you do about it, Doctor?"

"I explained to Mr. Christie that the source of the trouble might well lie deep within his subconscious. I suggested that we try hypnosis. By taking him back into his childhood, we might be able to discover something about his early experiences—his relationship with his mother, for instance. Many of the difficulties we suffer in later life have their beginnings there."

"And did the treatment help?"

"Mr. Christie declined the treatment at first. But he came back in early October because the nightmares had continued. By then, he was willing to give my method a try."

"And what did you find?"

"Well, Detective, I should caution you that the results of my work cannot be measured quite so simply as those of a family physician. The causes are not always apparent, and the work generally takes time.

In that first session, Mr. Christie and I had only just begun to get beneath the surface, so to speak. We went back to his childhood, and it became clear that his mother had been a very distant figure in his life—someone he could scarcely reach. He was always waiting for her, longing for her, but she was seldom there.

We even came upon what appeared to be a considerable amount of anger in the child toward his mother. He seemed to want to punish her for always being away.

I asked Mr. Christie whether he had ever felt anger toward women, or whether he had ever experienced a desire to punish them. You see, the emotional patterns formed in childhood have a way of repeating themselves in later life. We often recreate, without realizing it, the same wants and frustrations we experienced as children."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“And what did Mr. Christie say to that?”

“According to my notes, he became rather defensive. He insisted that we return to his dreams. He said that was what he had come to me about—not his relations with women.

I tried to make him understand that the manifest difficulty—the nightmares, in this case—might merely be the outward sign of some deeper, hidden trouble. My purpose was to discover what lay beneath it.”

“And did you?”

“Unfortunately, Mr. Christie never came back for another appointment, so I’m afraid I cannot tell you much more than that, Detective. I regret that I cannot be of greater assistance.”



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



2

2-1054

Vial shards (contd. from 2-7306 on p.70)

"The vial contained strychnine dissolved in alcohol. Shall we send the glass shards over to the fingerprint boys, just in case they can find anything?"

"Yes, definitely. Could you put a rush on it?"

"Sure. In that case you can try it in an hour or so."

"Thanks."

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

If you anticipated this answer (strychnine dissolved in alcohol):

Tick **1** reputation box on your case tracking sheet.

2-1354

Dagger (contd. from 3-2777 on p.83)
Time: ***30 minutes***

What do you think they found?

Write it down, then go to 7-1838 (p.181).



2-2087

The mantel (contd. from 2-5403 on p.69)



You walk over to the bookcase. Its shelves are filled with books on all manner of rituals, black magic, and the occult.

- Go to 4-2298 (p.102)

2-2510

The Mansion - Later (contd. from 8-1966 on p.202)
Time: ***30 minutes***

Entering the house, you head straight for the table in the parlor. You walk around it, examine it carefully, and look underneath the tabletop. Yes, there it is: a small lever that, when moved, makes the planchette on the Ouija board move. It's on the exact side facing the overturned chair. Where Robbie was sitting. Just as you suspected.

But where could the hidden compartment be—and the little button that opens it?

You carefully run your fingers over the wooden surface. Wait! There seems to be something here… You press the little button, and… yes.

You hear a click, and a compartment opens underneath the table. You reach inside and pull out a small package, roughly 20 by 12 inches. You place it on the table and carefully peel away the wrapping.

 Circle **Document 15** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 15** (The Stele), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 264.

Suddenly, you hear a noise. Did a door just slam somewhere up in the attic?

You stop and listen. What is that rushing sound? It almost sounds like the wind howling through the house…

You glance toward the staircase. Better make sure you're alone in here.

You cautiously make your way upstairs and check the rooms one by one. Nothing. No sign of anyone hiding in the bedrooms or along the hallway. You climb another flight of stairs and search the attic as well, but there's no one there either.

So where did that noise come from?

Ah, yes. Perhaps a window up there blew open, and the sudden draft is making the whole house creak and groan.

Damn this house!

You can't help shivering as those strange dreams come back to you. For a moment, you find yourself wondering whether they were really just dreams after all…

DECISION TIME – Choose one of the three options!

What would you like to do with the stele?

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

A: Wrap it up again and put it back in the hidden compartment.

B: Confiscate it as evidence and enter it into the official record.

C: Hand it over to Grey so he can return it to Cairo.

If you don't want to decide now, **you can wait until you reach the 'Questions' section** and make your choice then.



2-2592

Liggett's Drugstore (Bloomingdale)
1011 Columbus Ave, BD-4

What would you like to do?

Inquire about buying poison, go to 3-5978 (p.91).

Look through the Poison Register, go to 7-7129 (p.191).



2-2940

Arthur Christie (contd. from 5-2953 on p.143)
Time: 60 minutes

"I can give you ten minutes, Detective. What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Christie, I'm investigating your son's death, and you're telling me you have ten minutes for me?" You look at the arrogant man seated like a little king behind the desk of his enormous office.

"Detective, I'm sure you know the expression—time is money. There's hardly a place in New York where that is more true than in this office. If you were here about anything less serious, you might not have seen me for another month. So I hope you'll understand now that I'm taking my son's death quite seriously."

"I see. Then let's get to the point. I went to your home first and tried to speak with Mrs. Christie, but I'm afraid I didn't get very far."

The man's expression softens for a moment.

"My wife… Yes. Robbie's death has been a terrible shock to her. She was never particularly strong, even before this. You were right to come to me. Though I'm afraid I can't tell you very much. I haven't seen Robbie since early October. He'd been living on his own for some time. We saw him once or twice a month at family dinner, when he came around."

"I see. And how were things between the two of you? Were you and your son on good terms?"

The man looks out the office window for a moment before turning back. His eyes seem a little damp.

"Robbie and I… well, we didn't always agree. He had a habit of getting some idea into his head and running with it, and I would try to talk some sense into him. This latest business was no different. He decided he was going to become an archaeologist and go off to Egypt. Find buried treasure, just as Carter did. It was a childish notion.

I let him have his way for a while. I thought he'd get tired of it. So I allowed him to rent that old house and carry on with his 'research.' He even had a telephone put in, claiming he was going to use the place as an office.

But after a few months, I'd had enough. I told him it was time he came into the firm and got down to some serious work. Naturally, he was furious and told me I had no right to tell him how to spend his time. I told him that was fine, but if he wanted to live that way, he'd have to pay for it himself. I'd been giving him $1,500 every two weeks, but I told him that was over. If he wanted to keep chasing his childish dreams, he could find the money to fund them himself!"

"When was that?"

"Sometime in July. I can't remember the exact date. We didn't see him for more than a month after that. Then he turned up at dinner in September as though nothing had happened. He must have found himself some other source of money. I didn't ask where."

"And his fiancée, Helen Harrison?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Well, at least he listened to me about Helen. I’ll give him that. I met her father, Adrian, less than a year ago. Since then, our families have become quite close.

They’re a very old family, well established and very well regarded. One of the better families in Manhattan. Naturally, I was pleased when the engagement was announced. We had a very nice party.

But I suppose none of that matters now…”

Mr. Christie turns back toward the window.

“I’m very sorry about what happened to your son, Mr. Christie,” you say to him.

The telephone suddenly rings. Christie starts slightly and picks up the receiver.

“Christie speaking. One moment…”

He looks toward you.

“I’m afraid that’s all the time I have today, Detective. I’m sorry.”

“Thank you for your time, Mr. Christie. Good day.”

You rise and leave the office as the banker turns his attention to the telephone and resumes his business.



2-3779

Harold Ross (contd. from 1-1004 on p.28)
Time: ***30 minutes***

"Yes, I'm a member of the Algonquin Round Table myself. I'm heading over there shortly. Wouldn't want to miss today's meeting," Mr. Ross says when you ask him about the article. "Every now and then, someone new gets introduced to the group. We rarely take on permanent members, of course, but we've had plenty of guests drop in for a day or two. The only thing we really care about is that they're intelligent and quick-witted.

As I understand it, today's guest is a Miss Owens. At least, that's what Dotty mentioned a few days ago. The Harrison girl recommended her. Apparently, Dotty has already had a chance to talk with her, and she says the young lady is remarkably intelligent. Her financial situation isn't exactly the best, I'm afraid, but that hardly matters to us. Wit is the only thing we look for. So we invited her to join us at the table."



2-4098

The Mansion - Day 2 (contd. from 8-1966 on p.202)
Time: 60 minutes

By the time you reach the mansion at noon, your colleagues are already waiting for you. The sun has only recently come out, and in its pale light the mansion looks pitifully deserted. There's nothing frightening about it. You take out the keys, and the four of you enter the house.

"I'll search the drawing room and the parlor. O'Connor, you take the rest of the ground floor. Murray, check upstairs. Wilks, the attic is yours."

Everyone nods and heads off in their assigned directions.

You enter the drawing room. At first glance, everything seems to be exactly as you left it last night. The card table is still in the middle of the room, and the fortune-teller's little table stands in front of the window. Along the sideboard are empty plates, along with unused cups and glasses. Nothing interesting so far.

You walk into the parlor. The Ouija board is still here, sitting motionless on the table. You walk around the table, then pull back the heavy curtains to let the sunlight in. One overturned chair and six others. Apparently, there's nothing interesting here either…

Wait a minute! Something glints on the floor beside the overturned chair. You crouch down for a closer look. It appears to be a small shard of glass. You scan the floor around the chair, all the way to the window. You even look beneath the floor-length curtains.

Well, well!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Carefully, you collect the broken vial in a small evidence bag.

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

Before long, the others join you in the parlor.

“I didn’t find anything worth mentioning,” O’Connor says.

“Neither did I,” Murray adds.

“I found something,” Wilks says, holding up an evidence bag. “There was a large trunk in the attic room. Inside, I found this dagger. I know, I know, no one was stabbed last night, but I figured it might be worth checking for fingerprints, just in case.”

“That trunk belongs to the magician,” you tell Wilks. “It was full of props for his act. I saw the dagger myself last night, but I assumed it was one of those theatrical trick daggers. You know, the kind where the blade retracts into the handle, so they’re harmless.”

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Well, this isn’t a stage dagger. It’s real. And it looks pretty sharp, too.”

You eye the evidence bag in Wilks’ hand thoughtfully.

“Really? Then we’d better take it with us. Anything else, gentlemen?”

All three shake their heads.

“Then it’s time to go.”



2-4784

Food and drink samples from the drawing room and the kitchen (contd. from 2-8757 on p.71)
Time: ***30 minutes***

What do you think they found in the food and drink samples from the drawing room and the kitchen?

Write down your answer, then go to 3-1655 (p.81).

2-5403

Garber, D. (contd. from 3-2392 on p.82)
Time: 60 minutes

You ring the bell at the gate of the house for a long time. No answer. You look up and down the street. There's no one around. You climb over the fence and cautiously make your way around the house, peering through the windows. It seems no one is home.

When you reach the back of the house, you come across a small glass-paneled door. It appears to be the back entrance leading into the kitchen. You cautiously try the handle, and to your great surprise, it gives under your hand. You step inside.

Everything is quiet, and the house still appears deserted. You slowly make your way through the ground floor. There is a spacious living room and a library. Everything is clean and orderly, as though the occupants had only just left.

You cautiously climb the creaking wooden staircase to the upper floor. There is a small parlor and three bedrooms. One is decorated in rather masculine colors, another is bright and youthful, while the third smells strongly of mothballs and something else, a nauseating smell. There are lace doilies everywhere and an embroidery hoop resting at the side of the bed.

But there isn't a single photograph or personal item anywhere that might reveal anything about the people who live here. Strange.

You return to the ground floor. You notice that the staircase continues downward, perhaps to a cellar or basement. You saw a candlestick in the kitchen, so you fetch it, light the candles, and start making your way down.

What you find below is astonishing. It is as though you have stepped onto a theatrical set prepared for a scene called *The Magician's Room*. There is certainly no shortage of curious things to investigate here. You take a careful look around. Your eyes first settle on a mantel.

- Go to 2-2087 (p.58)



2-7306

Vial shards (contd. from 3-1150 on p.78)
Time: ***30 minutes***

What do you think they found?

Write it down, then go to 2-1054 (p.56).



2-8757

NYPD - Toxicology / Chem Lab
21 Ann St, CC-65

Which result would you like to see?

Day 2 at 5pm or later, go to 2-4784 (p.68).

Day 3 at 10am or later, go to 4-5034 (p.113).

Day 3 at 2pm or later, go to 5-6411 (p.148).

Day 3 at 5pm or later, go to 3-2777 (p.83).

Day 4 at 10am or later, go to 3-1150 (p.78).

2-9339

Downstairs (contd. from 1-9016 on p.47)

The butler is waiting for you at the bottom of the stairs.

"Fortunately, we found Master Charlie. He was in one of the rooms upstairs. I'm afraid he isn't feeling too well, though. We've taken him to the staff bathroom for now."

You follow the butler and peer into the little bathroom. O'Connor is just getting to his feet beside a chubby young man, who is groaning as he leans over the toilet bowl.

"I think the kid's high," your colleague says, looking at you. "We're not going to get much sense out of him tonight. We'll have to wait until he sleeps it off."

"Charlie?" A sharp voice suddenly rings out.

"Jesus!" You clutch at your chest. The horse-faced girl is standing right behind you. When did she even get there? She nearly scared you half to death.

"What happened to Charlie?" she asks anxiously and starts to make her way into the bathroom, but you step in front of her.

"Miss, I asked everyone to stay in the drawing room."

"But what's wrong with Charlie? Surely he isn't…?"

"No, no. Your friend just… had too much to drink."

"What? That's impossible. Charlie doesn't drink."

"Besides, I assure you, Detective, the cocktails served this evening were entirely non-alcoholic," the butler cuts in, his expression perfectly impassive.

You find that somewhat difficult to believe, but simply ask the girl: "And your friend doesn't take anything, either?"

"Drugs? No, of course not, Detective. You don't know Charlie. Of everyone here, he's the last person I'd ever expect to do something like that."

"Really? What an interesting remark." You look at the butler. Although the girl probably doesn't count the butler among the people who are "here," only the guests of Christie.

"I see. In any case, please go back to the drawing room. We'll take care of your friend."

She hesitates for a few moments, but eventually heads back.

You and O'Connor leave the sick young man in the butler's care, and join the questioning in the drawing room.

With four of you working, you make quick progress. You take down everyone's information and a brief statement from each of them.

As soon as you're finished, you clear your throat.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Ladies and gentlemen, it looks like we’re done for tonight. Thank you for your patience and co-operation. You’re all free to go now. I’d still ask that you not touch anything.”

“What about Charlie?” the blond young man asks.

“If possible, please take your friend Charlie with you. Did we get his information, too?” You look at O’Connor. He nods.

The blond young man goes into the bathroom and helps his inebriated friend to his feet. The others grab their coats and start to make their way out the door.

Only the maid and the butler remain.

“Can we leave too, Detective?” asks the butler.

“Isn’t this Mr. Christie’s house?”

The butler looks taken aback.

“No, not at all, sir. Master Robbie only rents this house. I’m his butler, and Mary is one of his parents’ maids. She agreed to help me out with tonight’s gathering.”

“I see. Then it’s probably best if we lock everything up, and you can both go home as well… Did you collect the glasses and cups from the tables in the drawing room and the parlor?” You look at your colleagues.

“Yes. And bottles and food samples from the kitchen too. They can be sent to the lab for analysis,” Murray replies. The butler’s otherwise perfectly impassive face twitches at that. Perhaps those cocktails hadn’t been quite as alcohol-free as he’d claimed. Not that anyone was fooled by the rather transparent lie.

“There’s a bottle and a few glasses in the attic as well. We might as well analyse those too.” You look at O’Connor.

“On it,” he says, and heads upstairs immediately.

“Excellent. Then I think we’re done here for tonight.”

You all step out through the front door. You only have to wait a few minutes before O’Connor returns with a box. The clinking sound tells you he has the bottle and glasses inside. The butler locks up behind you and hands over the keys.

“And how do you plan to get home?” you ask him.

“The master’s car is still here, sir. I’ll drive it back home and take Mary as well. Goodnight, Detective.”

“Goodnight.”

A strange feeling comes over you as you walk away from the mansion. As if someone is watching...

You turn around and look up at one of the attic windows. Did one of the curtains move just now? No. You’re just imagining things.

You continue toward the car. For some reason, a chill runs down your spine. Seems you’ve been around one too many magicians and fortune-tellers this night. All this séance business is beginning

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

to play tricks on your mind...

"Back to the station?" Wilks asks as you get into the car.

"Let's stop by the hospital first and see how that Robbie kid is doing. It's on the way anyway," you reply.

You can't help but feel relieved as you leave the dilapidated mansion behind.

Now you can **go to the local hospital** and then **read the statements**.

 Circle **Document 20** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 20** (The statements), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 277.

2-9654

Miss Margot's room (contd. from 7-0008 on p.175)

Margot's room is unmistakably a girl's room, though thankfully not too gaudy. There's a little more lace than you care for, but apart from that, the room is neat and orderly, and easy enough to search.

On a small table, you find a stack of flyers.

You pick one up.



3

3-0167

Rexall Drugs (Upper West Side)
2260 Broadway, UW-49

What would you like to do?

Inquire about buying poison, go to 3-5978 (p.91).

Look through the Poison Register, go to 7-7129 (p.191).



3-1150

Vial shards (contd. from 2-8757 on p.71)

If it's **Day 4, 10am or later**, AND if you have circled **Marker L1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-7306 (p.70)



3-1161

New York Presbyterian Hospital
622 W. 168th St, WH-84

On the way back to the station, you turn off toward the hospital. The emergency ward is crowded with people. Hardly surprising—Halloween night always brings its share of accidents. People have a way of carrying their pranks a little too far, or getting rather too enthusiastic about "trick or treat."

Fortunately, showing your badge gets you through without much trouble, and before long you're directed to Dr. Nikolai, the doctor who attended to Robbie.

"The young fellow brought in a little after ten? Oh, yes - I'm afraid there was nothing we could do for him. He died at 11:05pm. I'm quite certain he'd taken a powerful poison. I couldn't say precisely what it was, though. A number of poisons produce much the same symptoms. The autopsy will tell us more."

"Can you tell me, Doctor, when Mr. Christie might have taken the poison?" you ask.

"I'm afraid it would be difficult to say, even approximately. It depends upon the poison. If it were arsenic, for example, he might have taken it several hours earlier. If it were liquid nicotine, however, it would likely have been right before he collapsed. As I said, we'll know more after the autopsy.

Ah, and before I forget: there was a diary in the inside pocket of the young man's coat. If you'd like it, Detective, I can have the nurse see if she can locate it."

"Yes, I'd appreciate that. Thank you, Doctor."

Circle **Document 12** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 12** (Diary), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 255.

Your day will end after you read the statements, so you can go to the '**End of Day 1**' section.

3-1622

Broken vial (contd. from 8-6951 on p.212)

They probably wiped the glass vial clean before it was broken, but we did manage to find one fingerprint on it.

Circle **Document 39** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 39** (Prints found on the vial shard), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 334.

Before you reveal the result, you can guess whose fingerprint was found on it. If you get it right, you can earn bonus points.

3-1655

Food and drink samples from the drawing room and the kitchen (contd. from 2-4784 on p.68)

“We didn’t find any poison or anything else unusual in any of the food or drink samples.”

If you anticipated this answer:

☑ Tick **1** reputation box on your case tracking sheet.

3-2392

Garber, D.
156-20 Riverside Dr W., WH-131

If you have circled **Marker T1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-5403 (p.69)

3-2777

Dagger (contd. from 2-8757 on p.71)

If you have circled **Marker L1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-1354 (p.57)



3-2923

Wine bottle from the attic (contd. from 1-8493 on p.46)

The following fingerprints were found on the wine bottle from the attic:

Circle **Document 38** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 38** (Prints found on the bottle), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 332.

Before you reveal the result, you can guess whose (one or more person's) fingerprints were found on it. If you get it right, you can earn bonus points.

3-3123

Majestic Theatre
245 W. 44th St, TS-82

"No, the Valentino group hasn't arrived yet today. I don't know exactly when they're expected. Have you tried asking the organizers?"



3-4966

Maranzano Import-Export
255 Canal St, LI-40
Time: 60 minutes

"Hello, Lucas, old boy! Haven't seen you in ages! What's the occasion?"

"I could use a little makeover."

"What? Finally going to start taking better care of yourself and ditch that trench coat and cheap suit? Did you get a promotion? Or did some inheritance suddenly fall into your lap?"

"Nothing like that. I just need to borrow a few things. I'd like to get into a couple of clubs, but looking like this, I don't stand much of a chance."

The man laughs.

"Well, yes, Lucas, you've got cop written all over you from a mile away. But leave yourself in my hands. I promise, by the time I'm finished with you, even your own mother won't recognize you. Niccolo!" Maranzano calls toward the doorway.

A tiny man immediately scurries in.

"Yes, Boss!"

"The Detective needs a complete makeover. You know, the usual. Suit from De Caro, shoes from Florsheim, haircut and shave at the Paramount..."

"Yes, Boss. Detective, if you'll come with me."

You follow the little man somewhat awkwardly. What you won't do for the job... You really ought to get a promotion for this.

One hour later

"Lucas, is that really you? Well, well! Look at you, handsome devil! Who would have thought? I told you, by the time we were done with you, even your own mother wouldn't recognize you. You look like some wealthy businessman. Now all you need is to meet Stella, and you'll be ready to conquer the night" Maranzano says, grinning.

"Stella?" You nervously tug at your brand-new shirt collar, which feels as though it's trying to strangle you.

"Oh, Lucas, what's with all the fidgeting in those new clothes? You'll give yourself away in no time. Wealthy gentlemen are used to wearing clothes like this. Just relax. Be natural. Like this. See how I do it?"

You stop fussing with your clothes and try to adopt a more relaxed pose. You feel like a complete idiot.

"That's it! Much better. Now, here's a letter. Take it to the After Hours club and ask for Stella. She'll get you into any club you want."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

You take the letter.

“Thanks, Caro. I owe you one.”

“You certainly do, pal. But don’t worry. I’m sure you’ll get a chance to return the favor.”

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

3-5705

Braunschweiger Old World Furniture
1253 Saint Nicholas Ave, WH-60
Time: ***30 minutes***

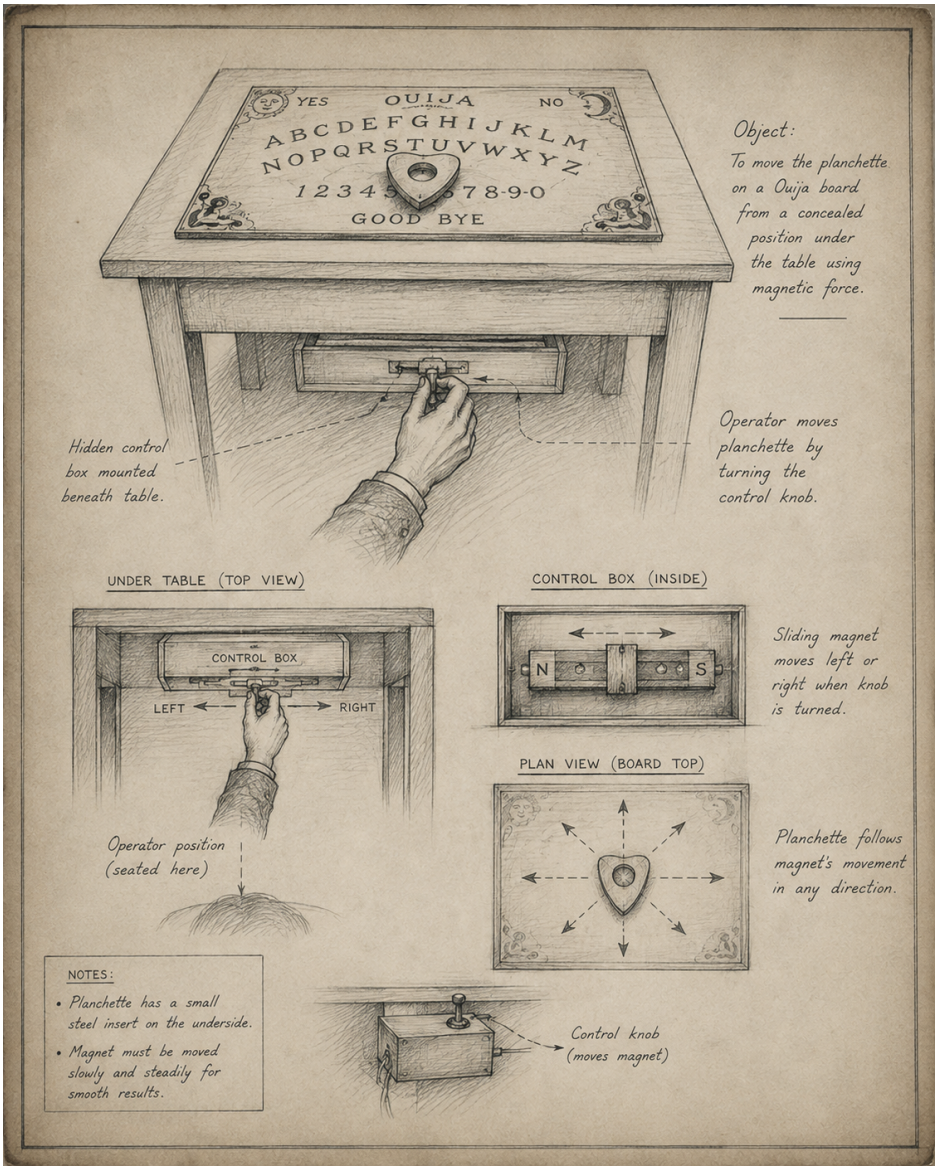
"Yes, sir. We built the table for Mr. Christie, using the blueprint he brought us. He wanted us to fit it with a concealed magnetic control mechanism. He also asked us to add a hidden compartment underneath the tabletop. That part wasn't on the original blueprint. The compartment is about 52.5 by 32 by 5 centimeters, so roughly 20 by 12 by 2 inches, and it can be opened by pressing a concealed button.

We delivered the table to 158-18 Riverside Dr W. at half past six, just as we had arranged. Mr. Christie was already there waiting for us. He showed us where he wanted everything and supervised the assembly. It took us about half an hour to put the table together and set it up in the parlor.

He seemed quite pleased with the work. He had already paid half the agreed price as a deposit, so once we were finished, he paid the remaining half.

Here's the blueprint we worked from."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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

3-5865

NYPD - Chief Medical Examiner (contd. from 4-7384 on p.122)
Time: ***30 minutes***

H. M. is already waiting with the results.

"Yes, I have the results. The young man was in good physical condition. There were no marks of violence upon his person. Just as Dr. Nikolai suspected, poison was the cause of death.

His blood contained traces of alcohol, but only a very small amount. His stomach contained a small amount of food; he may have eaten sandwiches shortly before his death. There was some coffee in his stomach as well.

And I found strychnine, without question. That was what killed him. He must have swallowed a lethal dose no more than an hour or two before his death. I'd say it was administered in something he ate or drank."

"I see. Could you send me the victim's fingerprints?"

"Certainly."

"Thanks, H. M."

Circle **Document 21** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 21** (Victim's fingerprints), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 314.

3-5978

Buying poison
Time: ***30 minutes***

"Whenever someone wishes to purchase a poison from us, we must first make sure they understand that the substance is potentially lethal and intend to use it for a legitimate purpose, such as pest control or cleaning.

We then enter the buyer's name and address, the type and quantity of the substance purchased, the date of the sale, and the stated purpose of its use in the Poison Register."



3-7717

Miss Ruth's room (contd. from 8-6630 on p.210)

The room is decidedly untidy. The bed hasn't been made, and clothes are scattered over a chair and a small table. A large movie poster on the wall catches your eye.



On the bed, you notice an open magazine.

"Would you mind if I took a look at this?" you ask Mrs. Kocsis.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

She glances at the magazine.

"Oh, yes. Ruth was a great admirer of Rudolph Valentino. She cried for days when she heard that he had died. Yes, our daughter has always been an intensely passionate girl, almost *sensual* in temperament. Unfortunately, she doesn't play the violin anymore, though my husband and I both tried to steer her toward a career in music. She could have put all that emotion of hers to very good use," the woman says with a sigh.

Meanwhile, you examine the magazine.

Circle **Document 16** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 16** (The magazine), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 265.

From outside, the sound of the piano begins again.

"I think I've taken up enough of your time. Thank you for your help, ma'am."

"Not at all. I'll let Ruth know you stopped by."

"I appreciate your help, ma'am. Good bye."

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

3-8721

The After Hours (contd. from 6-9859 on p.173)
Time: ***30 minutes***

At the nightclub, you ask for Stella.

"She just finished her number. You'll find her in the dressing room," the waiter says, pointing toward a door.

The door leads to a hallway lined with dressing rooms on either side. You find the one marked "Miss Stella" and knock.

"Just a minute!" comes a voice from inside.

A few minutes later, the door opens, and the beautiful blonde dancer appears before you in nothing but a dressing gown.

"Yes?"

"Miss Stella? Carmine Maranzano sent me. He asked me to give you this letter." You hand her the envelope.

The girl looks you up and down, her eyes sparkling mischievously.

"Well, well. Caro usually sends older gentlemen my way, not a good-looking young fellow like you." She takes the envelope. "Give me five minutes and we'll be on our way."

You wait, leaning against the hallway wall. So this pretty girl thinks you're a good-looking young fellow? Well, well, well...

"So, where are we headed, copper? Because you *are* a cop in disguise, right? Or was Caro just pulling my leg?" Stella asks as you walk down the street.

"Yes, I'm a cop. He wasn't joking."

"How thrilling! And what are we doing? Making an arrest in an illegal gambling joint or something?"

"What? No, nothing like that. I just want to have a word with a few people."

"Suspects?" the girl asks eagerly.

You can't help laughing. "No. Not yet. I don't have any suspects yet."

"And what should I call you, copper? We ought to think up a good name for you. Something that sounds like a real businessman."

"What's wrong with John?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I rather like it." She gives you a wink.

You blush suddenly. To cover your embarrassment, you pull a cigarette from your pocket, light it, and offer one to the girl.

"Cigarette?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“No, thanks. I don’t smoke. Now, what are we going to call you, copper? How about Mr. Rogers?”

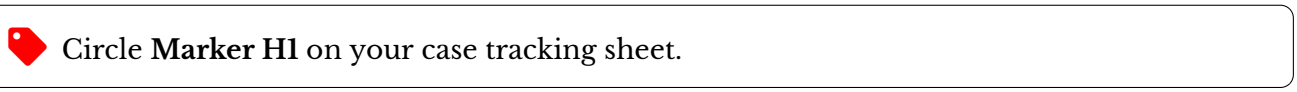
“Rogers? Why Rogers?”

“I don’t know. Just came to me. How’s that?”

You shrug. “Works for me.”

“Well then, where can I take you, Mr. Rogers?”

You shake your head, but smile nonetheless.



4

4-1504

Wine bottle and glasses from the attic (contd. from 5-9809 on p.154)

"We checked the glasses. They were clean; no one had drunk from them. But the wine in the bottle contained a large dose of opium. Shall we send the bottle over to the fingerprint boys?"

"Yes, thanks."

"It may take a day or two to get it analyzed."

"I see."

If you anticipated this answer (or at least something in the wine):

☑ Tick **1** reputation box on your case tracking sheet.



4-1698

Greystone Hotel
2450 Broadway, UW-3
Time: 60 minutes

You have no trouble finding Margot Samuels with the directions from the desk clerk. The girl is sitting just outside the entrance to one of the rooms, sorting through folders. The moment she spots you, she jumps to her feet.

"Detective! Surely no one else has died? Not Charlie—?"

"No, no. Nothing new has happened. I just wanted to ask you a few more questions about Halloween night. But why did you think something had happened to Mr. Renfrow?"

"After what dreadful shape George and the others brought him home in, I went by his apartment this morning, but no one answered the door. I've tried calling several times since, but no one picks up. You can imagine how worried I am after what happened to Robbie. Though they didn't take Charlie to a hospital. I've already telephoned every hospital in the neighborhood. Although he's such a *modest*, unassuming sort that he might not even call the doctor, no matter how much he might be suffering, simply because he wouldn't want to inconvenience anyone…"

"I see. I'm glad to hear you've been looking into it, Miss Samuels. But perhaps we ought to get to the reason I came. I've read the statement my colleague took from you on the night of the thirty-first, and I wanted to ask whether anything else has occurred to you since then—anything you may have left out but might prove important."

"What exactly do you mean?"

"For instance, what you ate and drank that evening. Or whether you happened to notice what Mr. Christie ate or drank."

"I had a few sandwiches, and some lemonade and tea. Then at half past nine I had coffee, too—the butler practically insisted everyone have some. Charlie wouldn't drink any tea, so I made him have a glass of lemonade. Everyone needs fluids regularly, you know.

But how should I know what Robbie ate or drank? Surely you don't imagine I spent the whole evening watching him?"

Unfortunately, before you can ask another question, an older, bespectacled woman approaches you.

"Excuse me for interrupting, but the new volunteers have arrived, Margot. You were supposed to have begun your address already…"

Margot nods, then turns to you.

"Anything else?"

"I'd like to take your fingerprints, Miss Samuels."

"My fingerprints? How odd. But alright. Just hurry."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Circle **Document 31** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 31** (Margot's fingerprints), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 324.

"And now, I'm afraid duty calls, Detective."

And with that, she heads for the hotel lobby, where she steps up to a podium to address the women gathered before her.

If you want to listen to her speech, go to 5-7876 (p.150).

4-1701

Franz Liszt (contd. from Behind the Scenes: Postscript from the Author on p.371)



Franz Liszt (22 October 1811 – 31 July 1886) was a Hungarian composer, virtuoso pianist, conductor and teacher of the Romantic period. With a diverse body of work spanning more than six decades, he is considered to be one of the most prolific and influential composers of his era, and his piano works continue to be widely performed and recorded.

Liszt achieved success as a concert pianist from an early age, and gained further renown for his

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

performances during tours of Europe in the 1830s and 1840s, developing a reputation for technical brilliance as well as physical attractiveness. In a phenomenon dubbed "Lisztomania", he rose to a degree of stardom and popularity among the public not experienced by the virtuosos who had preceded him.

Liszt taught piano performance to hundreds of students throughout his life, many of whom went on to become notable performers. He left behind an extensive and diverse body of work that influenced his forward-looking contemporaries and anticipated 20th-century ideas and trends. Today he is best known for his original piano works, such as the *Hungarian Rhapsodies*.



4-2298

In the basement (contd. from 2-2087 on p.58)

You reach the far side of the room. Beside a huge table stands a lectern, with an open book resting on it. The book looks extremely old. The pages depict some kind of ritual.

Circle **Document 10** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 10** (Old book), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 252.

There are several other intriguing things scattered across the table. An open diary which seems rather old, and a stack of papers beside it.

Circle **Document 7** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 7** (Old Diary), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 246.

Circle **Document 9** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 9** (Papers on table), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 250.

Suddenly, a draft sweeps through the room. The door to the basement slams shut, and the candles go out. You are left in complete darkness. Your heart pounding, you begin feeling your way toward the exit.

"Easy, Lucas. It was just a draft. Remember, you don't believe in any of this hocus-pocus!" you tell yourself out loud as you stumble through the pitch-black room.

There! At last, you find the door. Your heart is still pounding in your throat as you press down on the handle, because you're not sure whether you'll be able to open it. Fortunately, the handle gives easily, and the door swings open.

A little light filters down from above, allowing you to make your way onward more quickly. You take one last look around the ground floor.

"Hello? Is anyone here?"

You listen. But the only answer is dead silence. You make your way toward the kitchen, pull the little glass-paneled door shut behind you, and leave the house.



4-3557

Hotel Algonquin
59 W. 44th St, TS-84
Time: 60 minutes



As you step into the hotel lobby, you immediately spot the group of young people gathered around a table. You make your way over, trying to catch Miss Owens's eye, but she doesn't notice you. She's watching the young woman who's just begun to speak—the Miss Parker you read about in the newspaper.

Miss Parker takes a leisurely sip of her drink, glances around the table, and begins:

"After last night, gentlemen, I've come to the conclusion that ghosts are rather like writers. They appear when nobody wants them, frighten everyone in the room, and somehow always manage to leave someone else to clean up the mess."

The table erupts in laughter.

A young man turns toward the speaker, raises one eyebrow, and points accusingly at himself. Then produces a small notebook from his pocket, scribbles something in it, and holds it up for her to read:

"Madam, I object. Some of us frighten people without saying a word." Reads another young man aloud then leans over the table and bursts out laughing.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Harpo, for heaven’s sake! You’ve been silent for half an hour but managed to get in the best line of the day.”

The man named Harpo grins and solemnly bows.

☑ Tick **1** culture box on your case tracking sheet.

Fortunately, Miss Owens notices you at that moment and, looking slightly surprised, rises from her chair and steps away from the group, who continue their witty exchange.

“Detective? What are you doing here?”

“I’m looking for you, Miss Owens. I’d like to ask you a few more questions about the night of the Halloween party.”

“Because Robbie has died since then, I presume?”

“Yes, Miss Owens. I can see you’re quick on the uptake. If I remember correctly, you were Mr. Christie’s cousin.”

“Yes, we were cousins. I come up to Manhattan to stay with Aunt Julia two or three times a year, usually for a few weeks. I used to come during school holidays.”

“And now?”

“Now? Well, it varies. Whenever they invite me.”

“And do they invite you often?”

“Yes. Aunt Julia treats me almost like a daughter. She was my mother’s younger sister, you see, and ever since Mother died—which was more than ten years ago now—Aunt Julia has tried to make up for her absence, at least to some extent. She always wanted a daughter, you know.”

“I see. And where do you live?”

“In New Jersey, with my father and my younger sisters. We live rather modestly. So Father is always glad when I go to stay with Aunt Julia.”

“You say you’ve been visiting the Christies regularly since you were a little girl. Then I imagine you know most of the people who were at the party quite well.”

“Yes, most of them. George and Will have always been Robbie’s closest friends, so I’ve met them many times over the years. I think Charlie and Johnny only started hanging around with Robbie after they graduated from Trinity. If Betty is to be believed, Robbie and Will used to pick on those two quite a bit in high school. As for Jack, I only met him at the party.”

“And the girls?”

“Betty, Margot, Ruth, and Evie all went to Brearley, so they’ve known Robbie and the others since high school. I’d run into them from time to time at garden parties and other gatherings, but I was never part of their close-knit circle. In their eyes, I’m Robbie’s ‘poor relation’—someone they tolerate, but certainly don’t consider their equal. Betty is perhaps a little less of a snob, but she’s

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

usually inseparable from Ruth, so she doesn't exactly seek my company either, although she can be quite *inquisitive* if she wants to. But that's not really friendship, is it?"

"No, I don't think so. And what about Miss Harrison?"

"I only met her after the engagement, like the others. She's relatively new to the group."

"And is she a snob toward you as well?"

"No, she isn't. Helen is genuinely *compassionate*. She's not the sort of person who would look down on anyone, even though she herself is wealthy and comes from one of the finest families in Manhattan."

"Really? So you think rather highly of her, Miss Owens?"

"Yes, I suppose you could say that."

"I see. Now, I'd like to ask you a little more about the séance, Miss Owens, since you were sitting at the table yourself. Of course, I know you already told my colleague that you didn't see what happened to Mr. Christie before he collapsed."

The girl thinks for a moment.

"You know, Detective, the strangest thing was that although we were all touching the planchette with nothing more than our fingertips, just as Robbie instructed us, the little thing still moved with remarkable force. I'm certain none of us was pushing it. I would have noticed. The whole thing seemed so real—and so astonishing."

"I see. Now. What did you eat and drink during the evening? And did you happen to notice what Mr. Christie ate or drank?"

"What we ate and drank? Why? Did Robbie eat or drink something that caused his death?" Her eyes widen.

"I can't say anything for certain yet. Would you answer my question?"

"Let's see. Of course, I don't remember exactly. I had a sandwich or two, some cake. And I had a few of Johnson's cocktails, and then some of the coffee he served. I can't be any more specific than that I'm afraid. As for what Robbie—or anyone else—ate or drank, I haven't the faintest idea. It's not generally the sort of thing I pay attention to. Although…

Now that you've mentioned it, there is one thing I do remember. They served the coffee before the séance, and Robbie put his cup down on a little table. I was standing right by that table when I heard Robbie call out to Evie, asking her to bring him his coffee. I picked up the only cup on the table that still had coffee in it, intending to take it to Robbie, but Evie was already there. She took the cup from my hand so she could bring it to him herself."

"And did Mr. Christie drink the coffee?"

"Yes, of course. Then we sat down by the Ouija board, and the séance could begin."

"Where was this little table?"

"Over along the side of the parlor."

"You didn't actually see him put the cup down?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“No. That must have happened earlier.”

“Did you happen to notice anyone else near the table before you went over there?”

The girl pauses to think.

“Everyone was moving around. We were drinking coffee, getting ready for the séance, Will was standing there… I think everyone who later sat down at the Ouija board stopped by that little table first to have their coffee or leave their empty cup.”

“Really? I see. One last thing, Miss Owens. Can I have your fingerprints?”

The girl nods. “Of course, Detective, whatever you need.”

 Circle **Document 28** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 28** (Dorothy’s fingerprints), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 321.

4-3744

Nowak, George
125 W. 73rd St, LS-4
Time: 60 minutes

The maid leads you into a bright living room, decorated almost entirely in shades of white and cream. An elegant woman is seated on the sofa. She is Evie and George's mother, though she looks young enough to be their sister.

"Do come in, Detective. Please, sit down," she says, indicating the white armchair opposite her.

You feel a little awkward as you carefully lower yourself into it, half afraid you'll soil the immaculate upholstery. The woman, however, regards you with polite curiosity.

"I heard what happened to poor Robbie. Simply dreadful! Evie has been beside herself. Of course, George has taken it badly, too. He and Robbie have been friends since they were boys. Do you know what happened to him yet?"

"No, ma'am. That's why I'm here. I was hoping to speak with your daughter and son again."

"Unfortunately, neither of them is at home."

"Would you happen to know where they are?"

"I'm afraid I don't. They were already gone when I got up. It's been a long time since either of them felt obliged to tell me what they had planned. They're both grown now, and, for all practical purposes, they lead their own lives. But I'll ask the maid."

The woman reaches for a small bell on the table beside the sofa and rings it. A few minutes later, the maid appears.

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Sarah, did either Miss Evie or Master George happen to tell you where they were going? And when did they leave, do you know?"

"Miss Evie left before breakfast, ma'am, and the young gentleman left after breakfast. But neither one said where they were going, nor whether they'd be home for luncheon, I'm afraid, ma'am."

"I see. That will be all. You may go. Or rather…" She turns back to you. "Detective, is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Well, I do need to find your children, so if I might have a look at their rooms, I'd be much obliged. There may be something there that gives me an idea where they've gone."

The woman looks mildly surprised by the request, but after a moment she nods.

"Of course, if it will be of any help. Sarah, show the detective to the rooms. I hope you'll find something useful, Detective. Good day."

"Thank you, ma'am. Good day."

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George Nowak's room is furnished in dark wood. There's a bookcase against one wall and a desk beneath the window.

You go over to the desk. Letterhead paper, pens, a cigarette case, and a small globe are scattered across its surface.

You carefully open the drawers. More papers. Pens. An empty notebook.

And then—a letter.

Now there's something you can work with.

 Circle **Document 18** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 18** (The letter), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 269.

Evie Nowak's room is a proper girl's room. Everything is white and pink, all frills, lace, and useless little knickknacks. Pillows and trinkets are scattered everywhere, making a terrible mess of the place.

You search the room thoroughly, but in the end, you find nothing of any use.

Where on earth could that girl be?

4-3800

Astral Insight
158 E. 92nd St, CM-20
Time: 60 minutes

You have to wait in the small foyer for a while, as a "DO NOT DISTURB" sign has been placed in front of a heavy curtain. The little room is thick with a sweet scent. Your stomach begins to turn, and you are seriously considering getting up and leaving when the curtain parts and an elegantly dressed woman steps out.

"Thank you very much, Madame Roberta. You've been such a great help again!"

"My pleasure, Mrs. Vanderbuilt. And I'll see you next week!"

The fur-clad woman leaves through the door.

The psychic spots you. "Ah, Detective! You're here?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'd like to have a word with you."

"Come along, quickly, quickly. My next client will be here in five minutes."

You follow the fortune-teller behind the curtain. It is dark in there, save for the light of a few candles. Unfortunately, the nauseating smell is even stronger. The old woman must be burning some sort of incense. Awful.

Madame Roberta takes her place behind a small table, upon which sits a crystal ball on a doily, surrounded by a spread of Tarot cards. Just like something out of a picture show. You feel ridiculous as you sit down in the chair opposite her.

"Ah, I can already feel your energy, Detective. Naturally courageous and dynamic—a true Aries. You were born in April, weren't you?"

You are just about to cut the fortune-teller off when you suddenly stop. What the devil?

"I'm right, aren't I, Detective? I can tell anyone's star sign at once. Of the three dominant traits associated with each sign, at least two are present in practically everyone."

"Ma'am, let's get to the point. I'm not here for a reading. I'm here to ask you about the night of the Halloween party."

"Ah, yes, yes, that unfortunate young man. Of course, I noticed the mark of death upon his forehead the very first time I saw him. I warned him to be careful, that dark forces were gathering around him, but he only laughed."

"And what about the others? Did you notice anything interesting about them?"

"I was only able to observe those who sat down at my table. There was that beautiful blonde girl, whose heart was broken that very evening. Poor dear, she's not exactly the patient sort. And then there was that plain girl. According to her sign, she ought to be charming, but that is the very last word I would use to describe the poor thing. And she was head over heels for that plump young man who sat at my table next! A truly *analytical* mind, that boy. He has a great career ahead of him.

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And then, of course, there was that delicate, wistful girl. I was rather surprised to see how melancholy she was, although her cards showed fulfilled love. Of course, I never had the chance to tell her, because that was when the powerful energy from the other world began to surge through the room, nearly knocking me off my feet…"

"Yes, yes, I've read your statement. You already told my colleague all about that. Do you happen to remember what you ate and drank during the evening? And did you notice what any of the others were having?"

"Food and drink? Really, Detective, I pay the slightest attention to such earthly matters. I may have had a bite or two during the evening, but only automatically, without giving it a thought. As I said, I am not concerned with these earthly things…"

At that moment, the little bell by the entrance rings.

"But my next client has arrived. I cannot keep her waiting. I'm afraid I must say goodbye, Detective." The fortune-teller rises from behind her table.

"Just one more moment, ma'am. I'll need your fingerprints."

The woman looks surprised but doesn't object.

After you take her prints, you get to your feet as well. Frankly, you are not at all sorry to be getting out of this dark, nauseatingly sweet-smelling place.

"Thank you for your help, ma'am. Good day."

Circle **Document 35** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 35** (The psychic's fingerprints), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 328.

4-3891

NYPD - Fingerprint Lab
94a Greenwich St, FD-41

If it's **Day 4, 11:30am or later**, go to 1-8493 (p.46).



4-4774

Cecily (contd. from 5-2909 on p.138)

As soon as you step out of Miss Harrison's room, you look down the hallway, hoping to spot her younger sister somewhere. You don't have to look for long. You soon notice her peeking out through the slightly open door of a room.

"Miss Harrison, I presume?" you ask.

The girl opens the door wide.

"Yes, I'm Cecily. Are you really a detective?" she asks excitedly.

"I am. My name is Detective Lucas, with the New York Police Department. Could I speak with you for a few minutes, Miss Harrison?"

The girl's mouth drops open in excitement.

"You want to take my statement too, Detective?"

"Well, I wouldn't exactly call it a statement…"

"Come in, come in!" the teenage girl says eagerly, opening the door wider.

"Cecily, darling?" Mrs. Harrison's voice calls from the drawing room. "Would you come here for a moment?"

"Yes, Mother!" the girl calls back, casting you a disappointed glance. But then her eyes suddenly light up.

"Meet me at the Gilded Teacup tomorrow afternoon at five!" she whispers excitedly.

"Cecily?" her mother calls again, her voice sharper this time.

"Coming, coming!" The girl winks at you and scurries off.

You stand in the hallway, utterly bewildered. What the hell was that all about?

4-5034

Wine bottle and 12 glasses from the attic (contd. from 2-8757 on p.71)

If you have circled **Document 8** on your case tracking sheet, go to 5-9809 (p.154)



4-5125

Owney Madden and Texas Guinen (contd. from Behind the Scenes: Postscript from the Author on p.371)

It was the 'swingiest' speakeasy of the roaring 20s. A partnership born out of the union of the fast-talking queen of New York nightlife, Texas Guinan, and the real life Great Gatsby, Owney Madden, the 'duke' of Manhattan's West Side.

Their joint was the Club Intime, a lush cabaret, an open secret hidden in the basement of the Hotel Harding on West 54th Street.

OWNEY "THE KILLER" MADDEN.



The hotel represented the pinnacle of Owney Madden's rags-to-riches story. A veritable Horatio

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Alger tale, Owney came up in the Irish slums of Hell's Kitchen around the turn of the century. He ran with the Gophers, the most vicious mob ever to romp on the West Side.

After being shot to pieces in a dancehall, Madden became the Gophers' king, but a murder conviction in 1915 put him on ice for the next nine years.

Madden emerged from Sing Sing in 1923 penniless. Prohibition was in full swing and all of the Gophers had gone into bootlegging. His beer, "Madden's No. 1 Beer," became the gold standard of Jazz Age New York.

Flush with cash, he ran an armada of rum runners, ferrying booze across the ocean that quenched the thirst of their speakeasies, including the famed Cotton Club. However, the Hotel Harding and Club Intime would become the crown jewel of Madden's empire.

"HELLO SUCKERS!" TEXAS GUINAN.

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Born Mary Louise Cecilia Guinan in Waco, Texas, everyone in New York called her Texas for her oversized persona and trademark greeting, “Hello Suckers!” Guinan could shoot and rope and ride with the skill of Tom Mix.

She could belt out a show tune with a belly full of bathtub gin. Texas was larger than life and no one, including gangsters, politicians, or coppers, could evade her ascorbic zingers.

In her short career, Texas was a vaudevillian, a silent movie star, and New York City’s greatest pro-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

hibition emcee. She ran the most lucrative clubs in town, taking arrests like a hard-nosed hood. But eventually Guinan would come to rest at Madden's Harding Hotel.



4-5574

The Mansion - Day 1 (contd. from 8-1966 on p.202)

When your car stops in front of 158-18 Riverside Dr W, you can hardly believe your eyes. You're standing in front of a dilapidated mansion that looks like it was built as the set of a Halloween horror movie. You're still not convinced that this isn't just some elaborate prank, so you head toward the entrance in a foul mood. Your colleagues were still joking about this 'Halloween ghost story' in the car, but now they follow you toward the house in silence.

As soon as you reach the top of the steps, the front door swings open.

"Thank God, gentlemen! Please, come in," the butler says, ushering you inside. The relief on his face at the sight of you is unmistakable.

"The young master was taken to the hospital a few minutes ago. The doctor said his condition was critical. The guests, the entertainers and the staff have gathered in the drawing room for the time being."

"Thank you," you say, following the butler inside. You notice an invitation lying on a small table in the vestibule. You pick it up and take a look.

- Go to 5-7843 (p.149)

4-5803

Cups, glasses, coffee pot, and lemonade from the drawing room (contd. from 5-6411 on p.148)

"Nothing interesting turned up. With one exception. We found traces of strychnine in one of the coffee cups. Should we send the cup over to the fingerprint boys?"

"Yes, please."

"It may take a day to get it analyzed."

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

If you anticipated this answer (the poison in the coffee cup):

Tick **1** reputation box on your case tracking sheet.

4-7311

Anello, Lorenzo
410 Broome St, LI-19
Time: ***30 minutes***

The Italian neighborhood is as lively as ever. Fortunately, you have no trouble finding the Anellos' apartment. A little girl answers your knock.

"Who you?"

"Detective Lucas, at your service, miss."

You meant it as a joke, but apparently it comes off rather more frightening than you intended. The girl suddenly backs away, then runs into another room.

"Mamma! Mamma! There's a nasty policeman here! He ain't gonna take me away, is he? I swear, I eat all my pasta from my plate from now on!"

A stout Italian woman comes hurrying out of the room.

"What? Who is it?"

You introduce yourself again and explain that you're looking for Julia Anello. The woman narrows her eyes.

"What you want with our Julia?"

"I'd like to ask her a few questions about her work at the Christie house. I understand she left her position rather suddenly."

The woman immediately launches into a torrent of words.

"Oh, those damn fancy people! *Mamma mia*! I tell Julia, nothing good comes when you go rubbing elbows with the high society people. My mamma always say, every shoemaker, he stay with his own last, and then he have no trouble. We find a nice job for that girl. Down the next street. But she turn up her nose, say she want something better, say she no want to be stuck here in the Italian neighborhood all her life. She get it into her head she gonna be a maid in some fancy house. And now look what happen!

At first, of course, she couldn't say enough good things about the Christies. Such fine people, she say, and such beautiful furniture, and the lady of the house wearing the most beautiful dresses. I tell her, 'You be careful, Julia. This fancy life, it ain't made for people like us.' But would that girl listen to me? No!

One week she come home showing me some perfume. Next week, she got a fancy scarf. I ask her, 'Julia, where you get money for things like this?' And she just smile and say, *'Ah, Mamma, don't you worry. I know what I'm doing!'*

She know what she doing? She know nothing!

One day she come home without warning, crying, suitcase in her hand, saying she never gonna go back to that place again. Now she wanted to take the job we offered her at the store, but by then,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

they already give it to somebody else…"

"Would it be possible for me to speak with your daughter, ma'am?" you cut in. If this keeps up, you'll be standing there until morning.

"You wanna speak with her, Inspector? But why? She get herself into a trouble?"

"No, no, nothing like that. As I said, I only wanted to ask her about the position she held with the Christies."

"Thank God!" The woman makes a quick sign of the cross. "But you cannot speak with her, Inspector. Julia, she somewhere in Indiana."

"Indiana?" You stare at her in surprise.

"Yes, yes. For two weeks that girl was sad, you know. Always sighing, not eating, not sleeping. Then, the beginning of October, that fancy lady come here looking for her.

Julia tell her, *'Come, we take a walk in the park.'* She don't come home for an hour. When she do, her eyes all red from crying—but she's happy, too. She tell me the young lady find her a job in Indiana. She packing her things right away, leaving next day.

My heart was gonna stop! First she go rubbing elbows with fancy people, now she want to move all the way to Indiana. I tell her, 'Julia, if you keep going like this, you gonna put your poor mother in the grave!' But she don't pay me no mind. She pack her suitcase and go."

"Do you know exactly where she went?"

"No. She write me few lines. Here, look." The woman searches around on the little table by the entrance and finally produces a postcard. "But ain't no address on it. Now you tell me, Inspector—how can a girl be so ungrateful to her own mamma? I didn't raise her to be like this. I don't know how she go so wrong. To treat her family like they mean nothing! It's a disgrace."

- Go to 1-6214 (p.41)

4-7384

NYPD - Chief Medical Examiner
245 Greenwich St, CC-54

If it's **Day 3**, go to 3-5865 (p.90).



4-7978

NY Public Library - Supernatural & Occult
476 5th Ave, TL-6 (basement east)
Time: ***30 minutes***

If you want to read about secret orders,

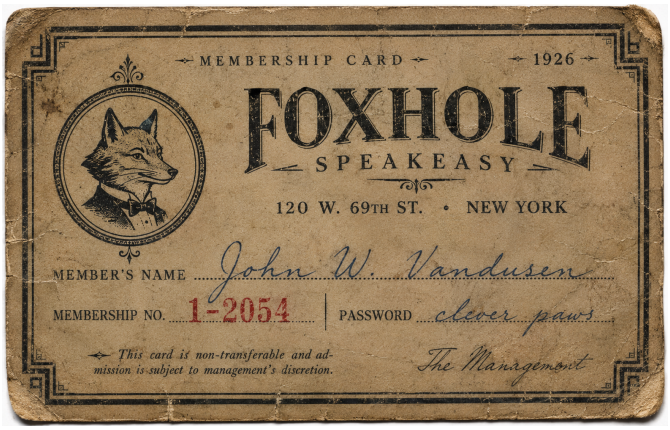
> Circle **Document 5** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 5** (Secret orders), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 240.

If you want to read about astrology,

> Circle **Document 13** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 13** (Astrology), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 260.

4-8210

The card (contd. from 5-0881 on p.133)



You slip the little card into your pocket without being noticed.

Circle **Marker V1** on your case tracking sheet.

- Go to 5-8916 (p.152)

4-9889

Club Intime (contd. from 7-3005 on p.184)
Time: 60 minutes

Before reading this section, take a moment to write down what you think you're about to learn.

"How'd you hear about this place, copper?" Stella asks as you make your way down the stairs toward the basement. "The cops aren't supposed to know about it. Or at least, they've never been able to catch them selling liquor during a raid. And they haven't found the stockroom, either..."

"I told you, I'm investigating a death. Some of the people involved in the case belong to New York's upper crust, and apparently, this is one of the places where the wealthy set like to come and have a good time.

But here we are. Time to go back to calling me Mr. Rogers."

"Don't worry, Mr. Rogers. I haven't forgotten." She gives you a wink.

You step into one of New York's hottest nightspots.

Your jaw nearly drops at the sheer opulence. The place is a lush cabaret dripping with wall-to-wall red velvet, brocade, private booths, and hanging Chinese lanterns. There's even a brand-new stage.

"Close your mouth, pal, or you'll give us away," Stella hisses under her breath. "Remember, you're a wealthy businessman now."

You quickly pull yourself together and try to put on an air of casual confidence, though you're not entirely sure you're pulling it off.

Just then, a hostess approaches.

"May I help you?"

"Ah, Mimi! Mr. Rogers is in New York on business and he'd like to make this an evening to remember."

"Then you've come to the right place. Fortunately, we still have a private booth available. Right this way, sir."

Good Lord, how much is this night going to cost you? Perhaps you should have thought this whole thing through a little more carefully. But there's no time to hesitate, because Stella is already following the hostess. You take a deep breath and follow her as well.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Oh, one of the owners just arrived!” Stella gushes as you wipe your brow, still stunned by the prices. Half a month’s salary for a drink? You can hardly believe your eyes. “Look, Mr. Rogers. There he is, in the white suit.”

Stella’s excitement finally gets your attention.

“Who’s that?” you ask, having barely been listening to her before.

“Owney Madden, one of the owners. They say he came up from the slums of Hell’s Kitchen and was doing time in Sing Sing just a few years ago. Then he made a fortune in bootlegging. Now he’s a real millionaire,” she whispers. You ball your hand into a fist when you hear that, but remind yourself that this isn’t what you’re here for.

At that moment, a large woman steps onto the stage and loudly addresses the crowd.

“Hello, suckers! Let’s give a big hand for our next act! Our fine dancers are going to show you the latest dance craze—the Black Bottom!”

The room erupts in applause and whistles.

“Ooh, and that’s the other owner, Texas Guinan,” Stella whispers in your ear.

“Texas?”

“Yeah. That’s not her real name, but she’s from Texas, so the name stuck.”

☑ Tick **1** culture box on your case tracking sheet.

If you’d like to watch the dance:

download the file (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jTR6xBeC2xA).

Meanwhile, you keep scanning the crowd, and suddenly—you spot a familiar face.

Will McCullagh is sitting in one of the private booths. He seems to be watching someone very intently. You follow his gaze.

He’s watching one of the dancing couples. But that’s Jack! Well, well.

Stella is watching Jack, too.

“What a *magnetic* young fellow! Maybe I’ll ask for his number when we’re done here.” She gives you a wink.

Strangely you don’t like that remark.

Apparently, your feelings are written all over your face, because Stella bursts out laughing.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"Relax, pal. I'm only kidding. No need to get jealous."

Time to make your move. You carefully get to your feet, motion for Stella to stay put, and head toward Will's table.

The boy is so absorbed in watching Jack dance that he doesn't notice you until you slide into the booth beside him.

"No, thank you. I'm not looking for company."

"Well, Mr. McCullagh, that rejection really hurts."

Will finally takes a proper look at you, and his jaw drops.

"Detec—"

"Shh... Mr. McCullagh. I'm undercover. Just call me Mr. Rogers."

"What?" He still looks completely stunned.

"As a matter of fact, I was looking for you. I wanted to have a word with you. I certainly didn't expect to find Mr. Adler here, too. So he works here as a dancer?"

"Yes. That's where I met him." Your companion finally seems to recover from his astonishment. "But I still don't understand what you're doing here, Detec—Mr. Rogers. I already told your partner everything I knew."

"Are you sure about that, Mr. McCullagh? In your statement, you said you didn't see Mr. Christie collapse. But more than one of the guests said they saw you leaning against the parlor column, watching the séance."

The red-haired boy pulls a face, then answers.

"Fine, I was watching the séance, but I didn't see anything important. All I saw was Robbie suddenly let go of that stupid planchette—which I'm pretty sure he'd been moving himself just to make fools of everyone at the table—and then slump out of his chair. Everyone crowded around him, the fortune-teller started screaming, Evie started the hysterics... you know the rest. I have no idea what happened to Robbie."

"What makes you think Mr. Christie was the one moving the planchette?"

"He mentioned earlier that the séance was just going to be an introduction to the big surprise he had planned for the evening. He was laughing when he said it, so I figured he was up to some kind of prank. And, well... it was just like Robbie. He liked pulling tricks on people."

"Did he? Interesting. Did you happen to notice what Mr. Christie ate or drank before the séance?"

"What he ate or drank? I don't know. Johnson came around with coffee at about 9:30. I think everyone had some. I certainly did. I assume Robbie did too."

"You assume?"

"Look, I can barely remember what I ate or drank that night, let alone what somebody else had. I don't really pay attention to that sort of thing."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

You study the boy's face for a moment, but it gives you nothing.

"I see. There's one more thing I'd like to know, Mr. McCullagh. I saw in Mr. Christie's planner that he used to come here with you. But then, for some reason, you stopped coming with him around the middle of October. Did the two of you have some sort of falling-out?"

He answers nervously: "Look, Detec—whoever you are, that has nothing to do with Robbie's death."

"Are you sure about that? There was also that little private conversation you two had at the Halloween party. Someone heard you tell Mr. Christie, 'If I'm paying for this little party, I'd at least like to enjoy myself.' To tell you the truth, Mr. McCullagh, I found that remark rather odd."

"What? Who told you that? Was it Evie? Because I wouldn't put much stock in anything that girl says," Will answers angrily.

"It wasn't Miss Nowak. It was someone else. And did you know that Mr. Adler was up in the attic when you and Mr. Christie went off to talk?"

The boy's eyes widen.

"What? Jack was up there? So that's why..."

"Yes, Mr. McCullagh?"

"Nothing. Nothing. Look, Mr. Robert—"

"Rogers."

"Whatever. I've had enough of this. If you want to ask me anything else, formally summon me for questioning at the station. I'll come with my lawyer. Now, if you'll excuse me..."

"All right, Mr. McCullagh. I won't press you any further—for now. Have a good evening."

Before you step away from the table, you discreetly take Will's champagne glass and slip it into your pocket.

Circle **Document 25** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 25** (Will's fingerprints), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 318.

The dancers have just finished their number and are leaving the dance floor. You discreetly follow them.

"Mr. Adler," you call after the young man. "Do you remember me? I'm Mr. Rogers. Could I have a word with you in private?"

Jack looks at you blankly at first, then his eyes suddenly widen.

"What the hell? You're the Detec—"

"Yes, Mr. Adler. It's me. *Mr. Rogers.* I see you remember me now. So? Could we talk for a few minutes?"

"Sure. This way."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Jack leads you down a corridor and into a small room. You look around. It appears to be where they keep the cleaning supplies, brooms, and mops.

"Cozy little spot."

"You said you wanted to talk to me in private. I couldn't exactly take you into the dressing room."

"Fair enough. I'll get straight to the point. I'm glad I ran into you here, because I wanted to ask you a few more questions about Halloween night."

"Though I have no idea what you're doing here, Detective. And dressed up like this, no less. What was it you called yourself? Mr. Rogers?"

"Don't worry about how I got here. Just answer my question. Mr. McCullagh told me he met you here."

"Yes, that's right. I've been dancing here at this club for quite some time now."

"I understand Mr. McCullagh originally came here with Mr. Christie, but around the middle of October, the two of them had a falling-out."

Jack raises an eyebrow, clearly surprised.

"Well, well, Mr. Rogers. You certainly seem to know a lot. Though I doubt Will told you all that himself."

"Why?"

"He isn't the type to let strangers in on his private affairs. Though you're not entirely right, Detective. Will and Robbie actually fell out back in September. So I was surprised when Will mentioned the Halloween party. But I figured they must have patched things up."

"I see. In your statement, you told my partner that you heard Mr. Christie and Mr. McCullagh go upstairs to the attic room. Are you sure you didn't hear what they were talking about? Another guest said Mr. McCullagh mentioned that he was actually the one paying for the party."

"Yes, I heard that part, too. And that Will 'wanted to enjoy himself.' But then they went into the room, so I couldn't hear much else." There's a surprising bitterness in the boy's voice as he says this. "But I'd better get back, Detective. We've got another number coming up any minute, and I still need to change."

"Yes, of course. One more question, Mr. Adler. Did you happen to see what Mr. Christie ate or drank before he sat down for the séance?"

"Why? You think he was poisoned?"

"I'm not jumping to any conclusions. But I can't rule anything out, either. So? Did you see anything?"

"I didn't see him eat anything. He had some lemonade and took a cup of coffee from the butler. Same as I did. But the coffee was hot, so we couldn't drink it right away. I was sipping mine slowly, too. Robbie though, like a few other guests, put his coffee down on a little table and he went around the room trying to recruit people for the séance."

"So Mr. Christie never actually drank his coffee?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Oh, he did. Just before we started, someone brought it over to him, and he knocked it back in one go. I suppose it had gone completely cold by then.”

“Someone brought it over? Who?”

“One of the girls. I can’t really remember which one.”

“I see. Well, thank you for your cooperation, Mr. Adler. I don’t think I have any more questions for now.”

But before you step out of the supply closet, you turn back: “I almost forgot, I’ll need your fingerprints, Mr. Adler.”

The boy looks a bit nervous: “My fingerprints? Why?”

“I’m taking everyone’s fingerprints who was in the mansion.”

“I see. It’s alright then, I suppose.”

Circle **Document 22** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 22** (Jack’s fingerprints), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 315.

Jack points you toward the way back to the main clubroom before heading off toward the dressing rooms.

Time to get out of this fancy joint before they manage to take next month’s salary out of your pocket, too.

If you wrote down something similar to this, at least in part:

Tick **2** reputation boxes on your case tracking sheet.

5

5-0526

Weintraub Fine Furniture
623 Amsterdam Ave, UW-4

"I'm sorry, but we didn't make that table. Maybe someone else did."



5-0881

Vandusen, Emily
220 W. 71st St, LS-16
Time: 60 minutes

As it turns out, Johnny lives with his grandmother, Emily Vandusen. While you wait for the butler to bring his mistress into the drawing room, you take a discreet look around.

You wrinkle your nose. The old-fashioned furniture, lace doilies, and unmistakable smell of moth-balls make the place feel more like a museum than a home. Poor kid. It must be even harder for him to live here at his age. You wonder whatever became of his parents.

You notice a silver tray on the sideboard. Among several calling cards, something catches your eye.

- Go to 4-8210 (p.124)

5-1994

Renfrow, Charles
14 W. 103rd St, BD-42
Time: ***30 minutes***

You knock several times, but there's no answer.

"Mr. Renfrow? Are you in? It's Detective Lucas. I need to speak with you."

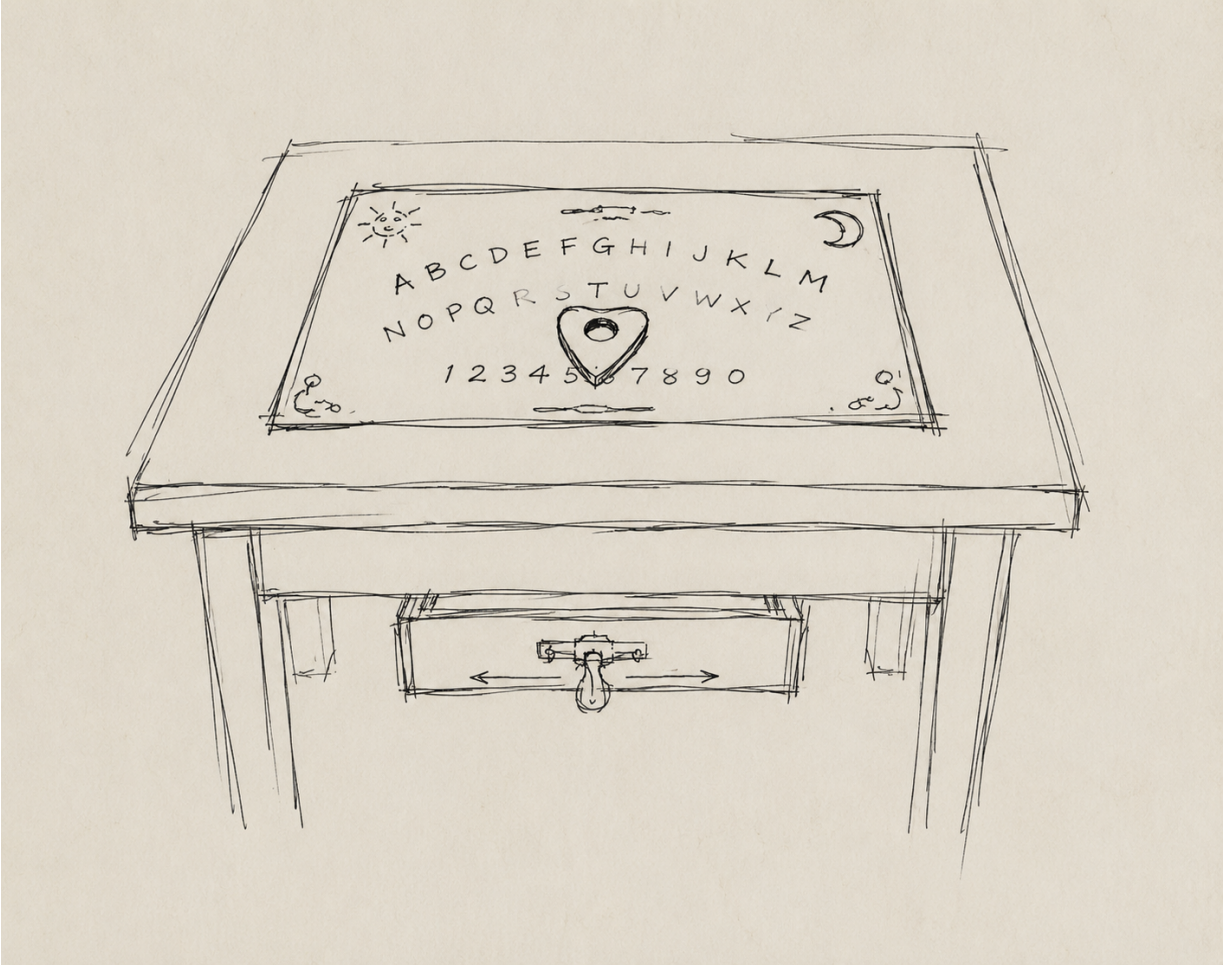
Silence.

You glance around. No one in sight.

Quickly, you slip a few hairpins from your pocket, crouch down, and with a few practiced movements, pick the lock. You ease the door open and step inside.

The place appears to be empty.

You look around. On the desk, you find an interesting sketch.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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

5-2156

Astor Theatre
1535 Broadway, TS-77

A sign at the entrance advertises the 'Valentino Tour,' with arrows pointing the way, so you have no trouble finding the group.

A pretty young woman is speaking animatedly:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are standing here at the Astor Theatre, one of Broadway's most distinguished houses of entertainment. And for Valentino admirers, this is certainly a place of interest.

Though Mr. Valentino never appeared on this stage in person, New Yorkers have seen him here upon the silver screen in some of the great pictures that made him the idol of millions.

His triumph in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* made him a sensation almost overnight, and his romantic roles in *The Sheik*, and *Blood and Sand* only added to his fame.

By the time *The Eagle* reached the screen last year, Valentino was no longer simply a popular motion-picture actor. He was a phenomenon. Wherever his pictures were shown, crowds gathered—and ladies, in particular, were known to become quite overcome by the sight of him!

So, when you look toward that screen, ladies and gentlemen, remember: this is where countless New Yorkers came to see the great Rudolph Valentino—Hollywood's most famous lover."

☑ Tick **1** culture box on your case tracking sheet.

During the talk, you scan the crowd for Miss Kocsis, but there's no sign of her. Suddenly, the group starts moving. Everyone turns and heads for the exit. Apparently, the pretty tour guide has finished her talk.

You hurry over to the pretty tour guide before she disappears.

"Miss, excuse me. Could I have a word with you?"

"Of course, sir. Are you looking to join the tour? We're already about halfway through, but there are still several interesting stops ahead."

"No, no, miss. You've got me wrong."

"Amy. Just call me Amy."

"All right, Miss Amy. The thing is, I'm Detective Lucas from the New York Police Department, and I'm looking for someone. I was hoping you could help me."

You take a photograph of Ruth from your inside coat pocket and hand it to her.

"I'm looking for this young woman. Her name is Ruth Kocsis. She may have taken one of your tours."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Oh, yes. I remember her. She was on today’s tour, and I’ve seen her a few times before. You see, our most devoted fans sometimes go through the entire tour with us more than once. Today, her boyfriend joined her at some point, and the two of them left the group together. I remember only because they seemed to be arguing in whispers, and it was rather distracting while I was trying to speak. I was actually relieved when I saw them peel away from the group.”

“Could you describe the young man who was with Miss Kocsis?”

“I’m afraid I can’t. I didn’t get a very good look at him. It all happened so quickly. I only caught them out of the corner of my eye. I’m sorry, but I ought to be getting back. I’ve left the group waiting long enough.”

“All right. Thank you for your help, Miss.”



5-2909

Harrison, Adrian
4 E. 79th St, UE-1
Time: 60 minutes

Mr. Harrison happens to be at home and agrees to spare you a few minutes.

"I have a little time just now, but I'll have to take a phone call shortly. If you still have questions after that, my wife and my daughter can continue the conversation with you, Detective."

"Thank you, sir."

"Needless to say, the Christie boy's death is a terrible blow to us. We had already made all the arrangements for the wedding. I'd even found the young couple a splendid apartment not far from here. I only needed to settle the details with the elder Mr. Christie. But, of course, none of that will be happening now." He shakes his head disapprovingly.

"I imagine your daughter is devastated."

The man pauses for a moment.

"Yes, I suppose you could put it that way… I mean, anyone would be shaken by the sudden death of someone they knew."

"Someone they knew? But Mr. Christie was your daughter's fiancé."

The man shifts uncomfortably.

"Well, yes… The fact is, Helen was never particularly enthusiastic about the idea of marrying him."

"Really?"

Perhaps there is a slightly accusatory edge to your voice, because Mr. Harrison suddenly bristles.

"You have to understand, Detective, that people in our circles have certain obligations. Here in Manhattan, among families like ours, we're not entirely unlike royalty. What happens to us isn't always just a private matter. Marriage has always been one of the ways families like ours strengthen their ties and secure alliances for the future. Helen has understood that from an early age. She's always been a quiet, obedient girl, so I was quite taken aback when she first told me she wasn't sure she wanted to marry the Christie boy.

I asked her whether some womanizer had turned her head, but she insisted that there was no one else. She simply said she didn't want to get married at all, if she had the choice. Naturally, I told her that was absurd and that she needed to put the idea out of her head. I also reminded her that she hardly knew Robbie yet. I told her to give the boy a fair chance."

"And did she? I mean, did your daughter eventually come to care for Mr. Christie?"

The man purses his lips.

"At first, everything seemed to be going perfectly well. Robbie introduced her to his friends, they spent a good deal of time together, and Helen even became friendly with his cousin. I thought we

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

were finally past that little difficulty when, quite suddenly, she came to me and said she wanted to break off the engagement.

Of course, I told her to forget the idea. We weren't about to hand the gossip columns a scandal. And, besides, I was looking to strengthen our ties with the Christies, not throw them away."

"And how did your daughter take that?"

"Exactly as a well-brought-up young lady should: she accepted my decision."

At that moment, the telephone on the desk rings.

"Excuse me, Detective, but I really must take this. You'll find my wife in the drawing room."

"I understand. Thank you, Mr. Harrison."

You quietly withdraw from the study as the man picks up the receiver.

"Hello? Harrison speaking. Ah, Mr. Mayor. I've been expecting your call…"

Mrs. Harrison is waiting for you in the drawing room.

"Ah, Detective. Come in, have a seat. Tea? Some cake?"

The little table is practically groaning under the weight of biscuits, cake, sandwiches, and pastries. A pot of hot tea is steaming beside them. Your mouth waters, but you turn your head away.

"No, thank you, ma'am. I'll only take a few minutes of your time. I imagine Mr. Christie's death has been quite a shock to all of you."

The woman lets out a deep sigh.

"Oh, yes. Poor Helen is absolutely devastated, and of course my husband and I are deeply shaken as well. I'd been planning the wedding for months. And now it's all for nothing. Oh, dear, oh, dear! How could something like this happen to such a strong, healthy young man? Life can be terribly cruel, can't it, Detective?"

"Yes, ma'am, I'm afraid it can. And—"

But you don't get to finish the question before the woman continues.

"And they were such a beautiful couple, too! Goodness gracious! It's true, Helen wasn't terribly enthusiastic about the idea of marriage at first, but I persuaded her to get to know Robbie better. I told her she was sure to realize what a wonderful young man he was. And, indeed, they started spending more and more time together. Helen had dinner at the Christies' several times. She even became friends with Robbie's cousin! That girl even came to our house once. Of course, she isn't really from our circle, but Mrs. Christie has taken her under her wing, so naturally we couldn't very well object to her company…"

Mrs. Harrison's tone, however, suggests that she most certainly did have some objections to Miss Owens.

Suddenly, the door opens and a teenage girl steps into the room.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"Mama, guess who's here… Oh, I'm sorry, sir." She stops short when she sees you and quickly backs out through the doorway.

"That's my younger daughter, Cecily. She's still in high school. In Spence, like Helen. It's the finest girls' school in Manhattan, of course. Some people swear by Brearley, but those people hardly belong to the more refined families. I was rather surprised when Helen told me that nearly all the young ladies in Robbie's circle went there. That Nowak girl, Evelyn, for instance. I wasn't particularly pleased that my daughter was mixing with people like that. The Nowaks are new money, you see. They may have wealth, but they don't have the family background to go with it. Still, I told myself that after the wedding Helen would have every opportunity to distance herself from such undesirable connections. We all make mistakes when we're young, don't we, Detective?"

"Quite so, ma'am. But I should be going now. I hope I haven't kept you too long."

"Not at all, Detective. You can find Helen in her room. Just go straight down the hall. Her room is the first door on the left."

"Thank you ma'am. Goodbye."

You can't get out of the room quickly enough. Good thing you didn't take any of the pastries. The woman's snobbery has already left a rather bad taste in your mouth.

You knock gently on Helen's door. No answer. You knock again, then cautiously open it. The curtains in the girl's room are drawn, shutting out the daylight.

"Miss Harrison?"

"Yes?" comes a dull voice from somewhere in the corner of the room.

You finally spot the girl sitting in an armchair.

"I'm Detective Lucas. We met on the evening of the 31st."

The girl switches on a small lamp on the table beside the armchair.

"Come in, Detective. Please, have a seat."

You take a chair opposite her. In the soft lamplight, you can now see Miss Helen's delicate face clearly. There's a deep sadness in her expression.

"My condolences, Miss Harrison. I assume you've heard about your fiancé's death."

"Yes, I have."

"I imagine it has been quite a shock."

"Yes," she answers shortly.

"Is that why you're staying here rather than at your own apartment?"

"I didn't want to be alone." Her voice is lifeless.

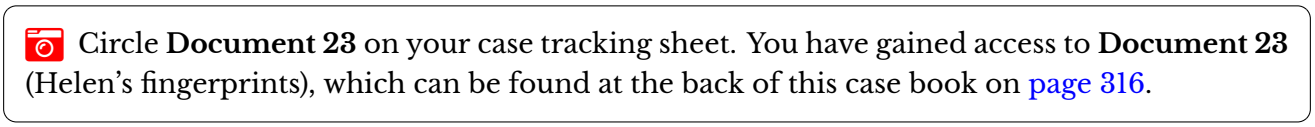
"Of course. That's perfectly understandable. I'm sorry to trouble you at such a difficult time, Miss Harrison, but I'd like to ask you a few questions."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The girl remains silent, so you continue.

"And I'll need your fingerprints as well, miss."

Helen lowers her head, but fortunately, she nods.


Circle **Document 23** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 23** (Helen's fingerprints), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 316.

"Thank you, Miss Harrison. And now the questions. Did you already know everyone in the group you met at the Halloween party?"

"Most of them. But Robbie introduced me to Jack only that evening, although he had mentioned beforehand that Will was bringing a friend with him."

"And the others?"

"I met all of them after the engagement. George and Will were Robbie's closest friends, so we saw quite a lot of them. And, of course, Evie, George's sister. We played tennis together, for instance. There were also various outings and gatherings with the sisters, Betty and Margot, and, naturally, their friend Ruth."

"And Mr. Vandusen and Mr. Renfrow?"

"I'd met them a few times as well. I believe they were Robbie's classmates in high school. But he didn't mention them nearly as often as he did George and Will."

"And Miss Owens?"

"She's Robbie's cousin. I saw her quite often whenever she was in Manhattan. Robbie would frequently bring her along to our gatherings."

"Really? And her presence never got in the way of the two of you spending time together?"

The girl gives a faint smile.

"No, not at all. Robbie and I…"

"Yes?"

"You see, Detective, our relationship wasn't a romantic love affair, or anything like that. It was simply a business arrangement between our families."

"That sounds rather cold."

"That's simply how things go in our circles."

Suddenly, the door swings open and a teenage girl bursts into the room.

"Helen, guess who's here… Oh, I'm sorry, sir." She suddenly turns red and quickly backs out of the room.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“My sister, Cecily. But I’m afraid I must apologize, Detective. I have a terrible headache. I think I really need to lie down for a while. Would it be possible to continue our conversation another time?”

Her face is indeed rather pale, so you rise and take your leave.

“Of course. I understand, Miss Harrison. Goodbye, and I hope you feel better.”

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

Do you want to try and talk to Cecily?

If you do, go to 4-4774 (p.112).

5-2953

National City Bank (Financial District)
55 Wall St, FD-58

If you have circled **Marker A1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-2940 (p.62)

5-3822

In the mansion (contd. from 5-7843 on p.149)

An interesting group awaits you in the drawing room. Elegantly dressed young ladies and gentlemen are scattered amongst the armchairs and the settee: some sitting around looking bored, others nervous, either fidgeting in their seats or pacing back and forth. A blonde girl is crying.

Standing off to one side, against the wall, is a maid. And at a small table, there are two figures in costume: one dressed as a magician, the other looking like a fortune-teller.

One of the young men approaches you. He has red hair.

"Detective? Finally! My name is Will McCullagh. I hope we can get this over with quickly. I've had enough of this ridiculous charade!"

The pale magician jumps to his feet as well.

"Yes, Detective, I'd also like to get this over with as soon as possible. I have to get back to the hotel. I have another show there tonight!"

At this, the young blonde woman bursts into tears again.

"Oh, my God! Doesn't anyone care about Robbie? You all saw how close he was to death when they took him away! You're supposed to be one of his best friends, Will!"

"Calm down, Evie. Things aren't always what they seem. Maybe Robbie just had some kind of attack, and he'll be better once he's at the hospital," the young blond man standing beside her says, trying to calm her down.

It's time to take charge.

"Ladies and gentlemen, good evening. I'm Detective Lucas from the New York Police. These are my colleagues, Officers O'Connor, Murray, and Wilks. We received a call reporting that someone had been attacked here tonight. If I understand correctly, the victim was a Mr. Robert Christie, and he was taken away by the hospital's car a few minutes ago. Is that correct?" You look at the butler.

"Just as you say, sir."

"Excellent. Then I'd like to hear exactly what happened. After that, we'll take down everyone's information." You look around the room, prompting the red-haired young man to voice his displeasure.

"This is ridiculous! I'll bet Robbie isn't even hurt. He's probably just pulling our leg and making fools of all of us—and the police, too."

Apart from the red-haired young man, however, everyone else looks more frightened than anything, or at least nervous.

You look at the butler, who immediately begins his account.

"Master Robbie organized this gathering for his friends, the ladies and gentlemen present. Mary, the maid, and I are the entire staff for the evening, while the fortune-teller and the magician were

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

supposed to provide the entertainment. At least, that was the plan. The magician was still preparing his act in the attic when the young master collapsed."

"When exactly did this happen?"

"Just before ten o'clock, sir."

"And what was your master doing when he collapsed?"

"Unfortunately, I don't know. I only came running in from the kitchen when I heard the commotion. Mary and I were preparing more refreshments there."

The blond young man, who has been tending to the hysterical girl, takes over.

"We were sitting around the Ouija board. Robbie and a few of us. We were spelling out a message that was supposedly being dictated by a spirit when Robbie suddenly collapsed, clutching his stomach. He was gagging and retching. It was horrible."

The young man glances toward the table in the adjoining parlor, where the Ouija board is still lying. You walk over to the table. One of the chairs has been knocked over—presumably the victim's. There is a small table along the side of the parlor, covered with empty glasses and cups.

The fortune-teller suddenly cuts in. "I told you, you can't meddle with spirits without consequences. But young people never listen to me. I know what I'm talking about—I've seen it all!"

The hysterical blonde girl starts wailing again.

"Oh my God, oh my God! The spirit possessed Robbie! What's going to happen to him now?"

"And where is Charlie?" asks a horse-faced girl. "Why isn't he here?"

The butler looks around in surprise. "Master Charlie isn't here? How can that be? I thought I'd managed to round everyone up."

"Detective, as I said, I have another show coming up soon. I didn't see anything anyway. Do I really have to stay here?" the magician asks as he approaches you.

"All right, that's enough. We're not going to get anywhere like this." You turn to your colleagues. "O'Connor? Search the house with the butler and find this missing Charlie. Murray, Wilks? Start taking statements from everyone here, one at a time. But stay in the drawing room. No one touches anything in the parlor. I'll go with you, Mr. 'Magician', and take a look at that attic where you were preparing your act. I guess you can go after that."

"My name is Mandrell. The Great Mandrell, at your service." He takes a theatrical bow.

"Whatever. Let's go." And you follow him to the stairs.

- Go to 1-9016 (p.47)

5-5728

Coffee cup (contd. from 1-8493 on p.46)

The following fingerprints were found on the coffee cup:

Circle **Document 36** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 36** (Prints found on the coffee cup), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 329.

Before you reveal the result, you can guess whose (one or more person's) fingerprints were found on it. If you get it right, you can earn bonus points.

5-5804

Takacs, M.D.
137 W. 71st St, LS-13
Time: ***30 minutes***

"I've known Robbie since he was a boy and have attended him throughout his life. I'm the family physician, you see. The last time I saw him was sometime in May. He was in remarkably good health then. He did complain of some difficulty sleeping, so I prescribed a mild sedative."

"Difficulty sleeping? Did he happen to speak of having unusual dreams?"

"Yes, now that you mention it, I recall that he did. He told me he'd been having the most peculiar dreams—creatures pursuing him, and such things—and that the nightmares were keeping him from getting a proper rest. I told him that the sedative ought to settle his nerves and put an end to the nightmares."

"And did it?"

"I should think so. He never returned with any further complaint."



5-6411

Cups, glasses, coffee pot, and lemonade from the drawing room (contd. from 2-8757 on p.71)
Time: ***30 minutes***

What do you think they found?

Write it down, then go to 4-5803 (p.119).



5-7843

The invitation (contd. from 4-5574 on p.118)



- Go to 5-3822 (p.144)

5-7876

Margot's speech (contd. from 4-1698 on p.98)

"Ladies,

We have not gathered here today to condemn anyone, but to protect our homes, our families, and our communities.

Too many mothers already know the fear of seeing their husbands return home late at night, weighed down by drink. Too many children have watched money meant for the family table disappear into the saloon. And too many respectable women have suffered in silence from consequences that never should have occurred."

The women in the audience murmur their approval and nod along. Encouraged by their response, Margot continues with renewed enthusiasm.

"But we will not remain silent.

The law alone is not enough. We need education, a good example, and solidarity. As women, we bear a particular responsibility to give our children an America where sobriety is not regarded as a foolish virtue, but as a natural part of a decent life.

That is why we meet here. That is why we work. And that is why we invite every woman to join us.

Let us not be afraid to raise our voices! For our families, for our homes, and for the future of a more sober America!"

The audience bursts into enthusiastic applause.



5-8888

Central Park - Tennis Court
Near 100 97th St Transverse, CP-26

The tennis court appears deserted. You spot a groundskeeper nearby and ask him who comes here to play.

“In November? Nobody, sir. Too cold for tennis out here. We only keep the courts open from May to September.”



5-8916

Mrs. Vandusen (contd. from 4-8210 on p.124)

A moment later, you hear a firm knock of a cane against the floor. A bent, white-haired old woman enters, leaning heavily on her walking stick. She peers at you through her lorgnette.

"You're some sort of detective, I take it? My butler tells me that's what you are."

"Yes, ma'am." You give her a polite little bow. "I'm much obliged to you for seeing me. I was actually looking for your grandson, Mr. Vandusen, but your butler tells me he isn't at home."

"Well, Johnny is hardly a boy anymore. He spends a good deal of his time out of the house these days. Or else he's shut away in that laboratory of his."

"A laboratory?"

"That's right. I had it fitted up for his twenty-first birthday. Before that, he was forever conducting experiments in the cellar. Bah! Imagine that! A brilliant young man burying himself underground like some sort of mole! I simply couldn't have it. I finally had to admit that there was no talking Johnny out of a career in science, so I gave in. I must say, though, it made a splendid birthday surprise. And at least he's easier to find now. When he happens to be home, that is."

"Do you happen to know where your grandson might have gone?"

"Bah! I do hope he's gone somewhere with his friend, that Charlie Renfrow, who at least comes from a respectable family, and not off gallivanting around with those *nouveau riche* siblings again... The nerve of that boy, making friends with all sorts of riffraff and social climbers! I keep telling him, family is everything.

One's own family, naturally, but also the families of the people one chooses to associate with. That is what matters in life. But young people nowadays simply don't understand such things. It's dreadful."

"I'm afraid I'm not quite sure whom you mean, Mrs. Vandusen."

"Why, those Nowak children, of course. Johnny has no business keeping company with that boy. I don't know how they ever let him into Trinity in the first place. In my day, that school was for boys from respectable families."

She sniffs.

"And as for that girl—little Miss Evelyn—I shudder every time I see my Johnny staring at her like some lovesick schoolboy. He should have been the one to court that Harrison girl, but that Christie boy beat him to it. What a fortunate young man!"

You decide it is better to interrupt, even if it means being a little rude.

"Mrs. Vandusen, forgive me, but have you heard what happened to Mr. Christie at the Halloween party? Your grandson was there that evening."

"What? At the party? Oh, yes, yes. Now I remember. My grandson is always *frank* with me. They took the poor Christie boy to the hospital. I suppose he must have eaten some bad *hors d'oeuvres*

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

or drank one of those dreadful concoctions they call 'cocktails.' One can never be too careful with such things. But he's recovered by now, surely?"

"I'm afraid not, ma'am. Mr. Christie died. That is precisely why I'm here. I was hoping to speak with your grandson."

The old woman recoils.

"Died? Good heavens! And what could my Johnny possibly have to do with that? My boy wouldn't hurt a fly!"

"No, ma'am, I'm not suggesting that he would. But he was there when Mr. Christie became ill, and I'd simply like to ask him a few questions."

"Well, it's hardly going to do you any good if he isn't here. Leave your card with me, and I'll tell him to telephone you when he returns."

"I'd be very much obliged, ma'am."

You hand your calling card to the butler, who places it on the silver tray atop the sideboard.

You have a feeling you could wait until Judgment Day for that telephone call.

"Before I go, Mrs. Vandusen, would you mind if I took a quick look at your grandson's laboratory? You've made me rather curious."

The old woman peers at you through her lorgnette once more, then gives a gracious little nod.

"Very well. But only for a minute, mind you. My butler will show you the way."

- Go to 1-2901 (p.34)



5-9809

Wine bottle and glasses from the attic (contd. from 4-5034 on p.113)
Time: ***30 minutes***

What do you think they found in the bottle and glasses from the attic?

Write down your answer, then go to 4-1504 (p.97).



6

6-2849

Hotel Peter Stuyvesant
2 W. 86th St, UW-30
Time: ***30 minutes***

A sign in the hotel lobby advertises performances by "The Great Mandrell," but a large "CANCELLED" notice has now been posted across it.

You inquire at the front desk about the magician.

"Yes, Mr. Mandrell was staying here at the hotel, but he checked out unexpectedly on Halloween night."

"Really?"

"Yes, unfortunately. He didn't have a show that evening, but he came back around eleven, still in costume, packed his things, canceled his remaining performances, and checked out. The manager is furious about it. We haven't been able to find another act to replace his magic show yet. You can imagine how embarrassing this is for the hotel…"

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

6-5000

Hotel Pennsylvania
401 7th Ave, TL-53

"Good afternoon. I'm Detective Lucas from the New York Police Department. I'd like to inquire about your Valentino tour."

"Good afternoon. I'm afraid today's tour has already set off, but perhaps tomorrow would suit you, Detective?"

"What? No, you've misunderstood me. I'm not looking to join the tour. I'm making an inquiry. I'm looking for a particular person who may have taken part in one of your Valentino tours, or perhaps is on one right now."

"Let me see... The group today should be arriving at the Astor Theatre just about now. They'll be there for at least another half hour. Your best bet would be to go there, Detective. Even if you don't find the person you're looking for, you can speak to Amy, our tour guide."

"All right. Thank you for your help. Goodbye!"



6-5810

NYC Department of Finance
52 Centre St, CC-17

"Yes, we have a Wheelock House here. Original owner was William Almy Wheelock. Maybe his family still lives in Manhattan."



6-6640

Grey, Alistair
239 Central Park W., UW-40
Time: 60 minutes

You first ask Grey about Madame Roberta, the psychic.

"Who? I don't know her. But do you know how many psychics are in Manhattan? A lot. Most of them are frauds, of course. I'm only concerned with the real stuff."

Most of them? Funny.

"And do you happen to know something about the magician called 'The Great Mandrell,' who's performing at the Stuyvesant Hotel?"

"Yeah, I know David."

"David?" - you ask the man, baffled.

"Yes. His real name is David Garber. And I know him well because he was a member of my order, the Golden Dawn."

"Your order?"

"Yeah, the most influential Hermetic order in the Western esoteric tradition right now. It's mainly a 'magical' order, focusing on theurgy and spiritual development."

"Theurgy?" Is he making up words now?

"The 'divine magic.' One of the two branches of the magical arts. Our practices are associated with the invocation or evocation of the presence of one or more deities, especially with the goal of achieving the uniting with the divine and perfecting oneself. Our philosophy is based on the Hermetic Qabalah, and the study of the four classical elements, as well as the basics of astrology and tarot divination. The other branch is the practical magic of 'thaumaturgy,' the application of magic to effect change in the physical world. We don't practice that."

"I see. You said Mr. Garber *was* a member of the order. What happened?"

"He joined us in 1898, and trained in ceremonial magic. But he came into conflict with his superiors, so he had to leave the order."

"Do you know what happened to him after that?"

"Oh, yes, I know. He became quite infamous in our circles... For a while he was studying Hindu and Buddhist practices in India, then travelled to Algeria. I've heard that he was initiated into another esoteric order, the Ordo Templi Orientis, the 'Order of the Oriental Templars.' But he was kicked out from there as well.

He went to Paris afterwards, and lived a quite scandalous life, involving a painter named Gerald Kelly and his sister, Rose. Kelly introduced him to the Parisian arts scene, so David became friends with the sculptor Auguste Rodin, and the writer Somerset Maugham, who supposedly modelled his

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

main character of his novel *The Magician* after our friend. Although I have to say, he could have chosen a better model…

Anyway, David married Rose Kelly in 1901, although this appalled the Kelly family and apparently damaged his friendship with the brother… But after the wedding they travelled to Egypt, where David started studying Islamic mysticism and Arabic. They later claimed that Rose regularly became delirious while they lived in Cairo, and informed her husband that Horus was 'waiting for him.' She also proclaimed that 'the Equinox of the Gods has come,' and she supposedly led him to a museum, where she showed him an ancient mortuary stele, the 'Stele of Revealing,' with the exhibit number *666*. They started to translate the text on the stele right away."

"So is this magician's wife, this Rose, also some kind of occultist?"

"She was. She died in 1902, after the birth of their daughter, Lilith. Ominous name for an infant, don't you think, Detective?"

"Really? Why?"

"Lilith was Adam's first wife, before Eve, who refused to submit to her husband, left him, and transformed into a demon. The name Lilith has meant 'night demon' since then… Anyway the death of Rose was a mystery at the time, because the doctors said the birth went well, and they couldn't see any reason for the mother to die. A lot of us thought that her death was the consequence of a curse of some kind."

"A curse?" you ask dubiously.

"Yes, Detective. Curses are real. And the Garbers meddled with ancient forces when they started to translate the text on that stele. And a year later there was another victim. The curator of the Cairo Museum, who helped the couple to translate the hieroglyphs, died suddenly."

"Another curse?" you say mockingly.

"No, I think it was the same one. Although the Garbers couldn't finish the translation because the stele got stolen from the museum, and the curator resigned. He came to Manhattan after that because his family lived here."

"Who was this curator fellow?" you ask, with growing suspicion.

"Émile Fryer."

"Seriously?"

"I can see you've heard of him, Detective."

"Yeah, that's one way to put it… So you think he was cursed, huh? I don't believe in curses, Mr. Grey."

"I gathered that. But maybe you'll change your mind by the time you get to the end of your investigation…"

"Yeah, I doubt that." You look skeptically at the man. "But do you know what happened with Garber and his daughter after Mrs. Garber died?"

"I think David took the girl here, to New York, to his own mother, who raised her granddaughter after that. David started to write a book about some revelations he supposedly heard from an entity

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

named ‘Aiwass, the messenger of Horus.’ The book announced the start of a new Aeon, where the followers of the *Thelema* can ‘do what thou wilt.’”

“Thelema?” you say suspiciously. Is this guy pulling your leg?

“Yeah, the ‘Divine Will.’ You can read more about it in this book.” And he takes down a book from one of the shelves, and looks up something for you. Okay, so it wasn’t a joke after all.

Circle **Document 11** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 11** (Thelema), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 253.

“Anything else about Garber?” you ask Grey, after you close the book.

“After the War, David established a religious commune at Cefalú in Sicily, where he lived with his followers for a few years, until the Italian government evicted them for their libertine lifestyle. I’ve heard that he returned to New York after that, to his mother and daughter. And now he lives here, and performs stage tricks in various hotels in Manhattan. How the mighty have fallen…” the occultist finishes, with satisfaction. He obviously doesn’t like this Garber much.

“Thank you, Mr. Grey. You were a big help.”

“Don’t mention it, Detective. And I mean it literally. I won’t like to get out that I’m helping the police. It would ruin my good name…”

The occultist is grinning mockingly when you take your hat and leave.

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

6-7025

Hungarian Horse Training
201 E. 79th St, YV-62

"Yes, sir. Mr. McCullagh comes here to ride. But we haven't seen him in weeks, I'm afraid."



6-7401

New York Public Library
476 5th Ave, TL-6 (ground floor)

"Hello, Bookworm!" you greet Emiliana, the head librarian.

"Ah, Detective Lucas! How can I help you?" the beautiful woman asks with a smile.

What a shame to see a beauty like her burying herself among dusty old books. You've thought about asking her out for coffee a few times, but you've never quite worked up the nerve. She always gives you a pleasant, courteous smile, but there's something about the look in her eyes behind those glasses that seems a little too stern. And besides, what would you even talk about over coffee? Unless you need to look something up for an investigation, you wouldn't go anywhere near a dusty old book if you could help it...

"Well?" the woman asks, looking at you curiously.

That's when you realize you've been standing there in silence for quite some time, like an idiot.

"Yes, sorry. I was just thinking," you mumble apologetically.

Well, so much for that coffee date anytime soon...

What would you like to read about?

Egyptian gods: 'History & Biography' section

Secret orders or astrology: 'Supernatural & Occult' section

You should **only read about a topic if you've already come across it** in the game.

6-7880

The Foxhole (contd. from 1-2054 on p.31)
Time: 60 minutes

Before reading this section, take a moment to write down what you think you're about to learn.



listen to the audio (https://nynoir.org/f/theMansion/BabyFace.m4a).

Fortunately, you get in without any trouble using Johnny's membership card. The guy at the door barely gives it a glance. Now you scan the crowd as you make your way cautiously toward the bar. You'll have to order a drink if you don't want to attract attention.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"A glass of beer," you call to the bartender.

He gives you a somewhat skeptical look, but pulls out a glass and starts pouring. You probably should have ordered a pint if blending in is really your goal... Oh, well. Too late now.

With your beer in hand, you continue making your way through the crowd. And sure enough, you spot Johnny and Charlie at a table in the corner. Both of them are nursing a pint. They're so deep in conversation that they don't even notice you until you sit down at their table.

"Good evening, gentlemen! Mr. Renfrow? Mr. Vandusen? What a surprise to run into you two here."

Charlie's mouth drops open, but Johnny suddenly jumps to his feet.

"I only just got here! I haven't even had any of the beer yet!"

You glance at the half-empty mug, then shake your head and calmly but firmly place a hand on his arm.

"Now, now, Mr. Vandusen. Surely you're not thinking of leaving us already?"

The boy sinks back into his chair, looking miserable. You feel a little sorry for him.

"Relax. There's no need to get worked up. I'm only here to ask you boys a few questions about the Halloween party. As you can see, I got myself a beer too, so you can go right ahead and finish yours."

The chubby boy immediately grabs his mug and takes a long swallow. Johnny, however, doesn't touch his beer. He just eyes you suspiciously.

"Mr. Renfrow, I'd like to start with you, since I haven't had a chance to speak with you at all. Would you tell me exactly what you did that evening?"

The young man flushes slightly and immediately begins to explain himself.

"I swear, I had no idea what was in that bottle! I thought it was just wine, so—"

"Hold on, hold on," you cut in. "Let's start at the beginning. You arrived at the house at eight o'clock..."

"Yes. I arrived with Ruth and Margot. Betty brought us. We greeted Robbie, and he showed us into the drawing room. The butler offered us drinks, and the maid brought around food. Since Margot was there, I naturally declined the liquor and asked for lemonade."

"Since Miss Samuels was there?" you ask.

Charlie glances at his friend, who merely shrugs. Then swallows hard and continues.

"Well, you see, Detective, Margot and I... I've been courting her for a while now, and—to my great surprise—she seems rather pleased about it. But she's such a selfless, wonderful, and *just* soul. She's involved with all sorts of charitable organizations, including the temperance movement. So she talked me into following her example and giving up liquor myself, especially if I was thinking of starting a family with her someday. So... well, I agreed."

"But you didn't exactly intend to keep that promise. At least not when the young lady wasn't looking."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"Something like that, Detective. But everyone else was drinking at the party. The butler was mixing cocktails one after another. And Robbie kept making fun of me for not drinking. It was awful. I tried to keep myself occupied by playing cards. I sat at the card table until almost nine. But then I got hungry, so eventually I got up. I never did get anything to eat, though, because Margot caught me and insisted I go straight to the fortune-teller. She apparently had just finished with her, so there was an opening. To be honest, I had no desire to go, but I didn't want to disappoint Margot, so I sat down at the woman's table."

"And did she tell you anything good?" you ask with a teasing smile.

The plump young man wipes his sweaty forehead and shakes his head.

"It was terrible. She said something about 'my little secret being safe.' *Good Lord*, I thought, *Margot has figured out that I've been deceiving her, and now she's trying to tell me through this fortune-teller*. I had no idea what to do. For the next half hour, I kept watching Margot, trying to figure out whether she was angry with me or what. When she went upstairs to the bathroom around half past nine, I followed her. I wanted to talk to her alone. But at the last moment I lost my nerve, so when we met I simply told her I was going to the bathroom too. I figured I'd at least have some peace and quiet for a while."

"But the bathroom on the second floor was occupied, so I went up another floor, hoping I might find one up there. I tried the door on the left first, at the top of the stairs, but it was just an empty room. So I tried the one on the right. That room looked rather strange. There were chairs arranged in a circle, and all sorts of symbols had been drawn on the floor in chalk… To be honest, I hardly paid any attention to it, because I spotted a bottle of wine on a little table. Suddenly I was terribly thirsty, so I opened it and took a few swigs straight from the bottle. Quite a few swigs, as a matter of fact…"

"And then?" you prompt him.

"I put the cork back in, returned the bottle to the tray, and started downstairs. But I began to feel very strange, so I stopped on the first floor and staggered into a room, where I collapsed onto the bed. At least, I think that's what happened. From the moment I started down the stairs, my memory gets very hazy. I remember someone shouting my name, and I think we went into a little bathroom where I became terribly sick. But honestly, I couldn't swear to that. All I know is that I woke up in my own bed the next morning with the most dreadful headache…"

"I see. So now you're curing yourself with a hair of the dog that bit you, are you?" you say, glancing at his beer.

The fellow turns scarlet, so his companion takes over.

"Precisely, Detective. But you said you're not here to enforce Prohibition." The bespectacled young man has regained some of his nerve by now, and takes another sip of his beer.

"You're quite right, Mr. Vandusen. As a matter of fact, I wanted to ask you a few questions as well."

"But why? I already gave you my statement. That very night."

"Yes, that's true. But I wanted to ask you about your new laboratory."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Now Johnny chokes on his beer, and he begins coughing violently. A few minutes later, he finally manages to ask, his eyes watering: "My laboratory?"

"Precisely. I spoke with your grandmother, and she gave me permission to have a look around for a few minutes. Quite a collection of poisons you have on those shelves, Mr. Vandusen. And then there's that book—I found the bookmark right in the section describing the effects of those very poisons. Care to tell me a little about that?" you ask, fixing the young man with a penetrating stare.

He's gone from bright red to deathly pale, and now begins speaking rapidly.

"Look, Detective, I had nothing to do with Robbie's death, I swear! After he collapsed at the party, I had a terrible feeling and thought, *Good Lord, what if someone poisoned him?* So when I got home, I looked up the effects of several poisons in my book. And yes, I have all sorts of poisons in my lab, along with various chemicals and everything else I need for my experiments. But that doesn't mean I used any of them to kill Robbie—or anyone else."

"And what about the other guests at the party? Could any of them have had access to your chemicals and poisons?"

"What?"

"Have your friends been in your lab recently? Could they have had access to the poisons?" you ask, watching him closely.

"Early October!" Charlie suddenly exclaims. "That's when we were there, Johnny. Remember? When you invited everyone over?"

Sweat beads on the bespectacled young man's forehead.

"Yes, I remember. On the 7th of October. Grandmother went away for a few days, so I took the opportunity to have everyone over. All the girls who came to the party were there. And among the boys, there was you, Charlie, then George and Will. Robbie only joined us later that evening. Here at the Foxhole."

"So everyone was there except Mr. Christie and Mr. Adler?"

"Yes. And I showed them the laboratory, too. I even remember joking that they ought to be careful around the poisons, in case someone had an accident… Oh, my God! Do you think one of them might have taken some of the poison?" the young man asks, looking at you in horror.

"Calm down, Mr. Vandusen. Nothing of the sort has been established. In any case, thank you for telling me all this.

Oh, and one more thing. I'll need your fingerprints, gentlemen."

Circle **Document 32** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 32** (Johnny's fingerprints), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 325.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Circle **Document 29** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 29** (Charlie's fingerprints), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 322.

If you wrote down something similar to this, at least in part:

☑ Tick **2** reputation boxes on your case tracking sheet.

6-9113

Automobile Club of New York
2109 Broadway, LS-2 (hotel lobby)
Time: 60 minutes

The club is crowded, but Betty Samuels is the only woman among the members, so you have little trouble spotting her. She is in the middle of a heated argument with two men, making it difficult to get her attention.

"But not many rookies have pulled off what Lockhart did. He won, didn't he?" Betty insists.

"Don't try to be so *witty*, Betty. There were three others who'd done it before him, so it's hardly without precedent," one of the men shoots back.

"Hardly without precedent? He went from twentieth to fifth place in five laps at Indianapolis!"

"Excuse me, Miss Samuels?" you interrupt.

"Yes?" She turns toward you. "Oh, it's you, Detective. You wanted to speak with me?"

"That's right, Miss."

"Certainly. Let's find somewhere a little quieter." She gestures ahead and starts after you, but calls back to her companions:

"I'll be back in a little while, gentlemen. We're not finished with this conversation!"

"Can't wait," one of them mutters dryly, prompting the other to laugh.

"Men…" Betty sighs. "They always have to get the last word. Come on, Detective. We can sit in here. I doubt anyone will bother us."

You enter a small room with a card table in the middle and take seats opposite one another.

"Very well. The reason I wanted to speak with you again, Miss Samuels, is that I'm going back over everyone's statements. Sometimes, once people have had a little time to think, they remember something they overlooked in the first place."

"I believe I told you everything I could remember about the séance."

"Yes, perhaps you did. But this time I'm more interested in getting some background on the people who were there. I'd like to get a better sense of who they are. For instance, how did you come to know Mr. Christie?"

"Well, we've all been part of the same circle for quite some time. Margot, Evie, Ruth, and I went to Brearley, while Robbie, Johnny, Charlie, George, and Will went to Trinity. The two schools used to hold dances, socials, talent competitions—you know, the usual thing. Supposedly it was to give the sons and daughters of the 'better families' a chance to become acquainted."

She rolls her eyes.

"Ugh. Awful, isn't it? Most of those people are dreadful snobs. Even within our own little crowd, I really only like Ruth, Dorothy, Charlie, and Johnny. And perhaps George. The rest—Evie, Margot, Robbie, and Will—well, they could all be pretty insufferable."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"You didn't mention Miss Harrison or Mr. Adler."

"They're newer acquaintances. I don't know them nearly as well."

"Newer?"

"Yes. Helen went to Spence, which is practically Brearley's sworn enemy. We never crossed paths at school. I met her at the engagement party back in March. After that, I only saw her when the whole crowd was together, like at the Halloween party. She's a rather *dreamy* sort."

"And Mr. Adler?"

"Jack? October 31st was the first time I'd ever met him. Apparently he's a friend of Will's, which surprised me, considering Jack's… well, let's just say, modest background. As I said, Will is quite the snob. But Jack seemed like a very nice fellow. Funny, too. And from what I saw that night, he and Robbie seemed to get along very well."

"So you're closer to Miss Ruth and Miss Dorothy?"

"Mostly Ruth. She's my best friend. Her parents are famous musicians from Hungary. Their background isn't exactly the sort our crowd usually goes for, but I suppose society can make room for a few 'exotic artists' now and then."

Betty smiles.

"Fortunately, Ruth doesn't care a fig for all that social nonsense. I like her because she's a *practical* girl. And she's the only one who really encourages me to pursue my own ambitions. I want to be a racing driver."

"A racing driver?"

"Yes. Rather an outrageous ambition for a woman, I suppose." She shrugs. "But there it is."

"And Miss Dorothy?"

"She only comes to New York two or three times a year. I believe her family lives somewhere in New Jersey. She's Robbie's cousin—a sort of poor relation the Christies invite to stay now and again. It's been that way for years. Mrs. Christie seems genuinely fond of her."

"And the other young ladies?"

"My sister and Evie? As I said, they're both rather snobbish. True Brearley girls. Although Margot can be quite *diplomatic* if she wants to be."

She pauses.

"Evie especially can't stand Helen. She's always taking little digs at her. It's ridiculous. Of course, we all knew Evie expected Robbie to marry her eventually. Robbie and George have been friends since childhood, after all, and Evie is an *ambitious* girl. But the Nowaks are comparatively new money. Society tolerates them, but there are plenty who look down their noses at them when they're not around. Helen, on the other hand, comes from one of the oldest and most respected families in New York. It wasn't exactly difficult to guess whom Robbie would choose."

"And the young men?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"As I said, Johnny and Charlie are decent fellows. They were never really part of Robbie's inner circle. As a matter of fact, Robbie mostly paid attention to them when he wanted something. George says it was the same way back at school."

"Why's that?"

"Because Johnny and Charlie are not exactly the popular sort. They're both rather quiet—more comfortable with books and their own interests than with a crowd. But they're both terribly bright. Charlie is studying engineering, and Margot claims he already knows more than most of his professors."

Betty gives you a knowing look.

"Of course, Margot has a soft spot for Charlie, so heaven only knows how much of that is true."

"And Mr. Vandusen?"

"He's studying chemistry at Columbia. Says he's already started doing research of his own. Or something of the sort. He was explaining it to us the last time we were at his place."

"You were at his place?"

"Yes. About three weeks ago, perhaps a little longer. His grandmother had gone away to visit relatives, so Johnny took advantage of the opportunity and had us all over for dinner. He was delighted. He had a chance to show off his new laboratory."

"His laboratory?"

"Yes. He gave everyone a tour and explained his experiments and all that. I couldn't make head nor tail of most of it, but it was interesting enough. Afterwards we went to a speakeasy. It was a very good evening. Ruth and I danced half the night and laughed ourselves silly."

"And precisely who was there that evening?"

"All the girls, and most of the fellows: George, Charlie, and Will."

"Mr. Christie wasn't with you?"

"Not at first. He joined us later at the speakeasy. But he wasn't with us earlier at Johnny's house."

"I see. Thank you, Miss Samuels. That's been very helpful. Now I only need your fingerprints."

"My fingerprints? How exciting!"

Circle **Document 30** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 30** (Betty's fingerprints), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 323.

"Thank you, Miss Samuels."

"Don't mention it, Detective."



6-9859

The After Hours
235 Canal St, LI-42

If it's **7.30 pm or later**, AND if you have circled **Marker J1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-8721 (p.94)



7

7-0008

Miss Betty's room (contd. from 7-1642 on p.179)

Betty's room could almost be mistaken for a boy's room. It's remarkably plain, without a ruffle or frill in sight.

There aren't even any gossip magazines on the nightstand. Instead, you find an automobile magazine and a newspaper clipping.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

DOROTHÉE PULLINGER—SCOTLAND'S WOMAN IN THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD

Dorothée Pullinger, already well known in engineering circles, is winning fresh distinction as one of the foremost women in the British motor industry.

Miss Pullinger began her career in 1910 as a draftsperson at the Paisley works of Arrol-Johnston, the oldest and largest Scottish car manufacturer. Her father, a noted car designer, was then managing director of the firm.

When war came in 1914 and Arrol-Johnston turned from cars to aeroplanes, Miss Pullinger accepted a post of great responsibility with Messrs. Vickers at Barrow-in-Furness, where she was appointed female supervisor of the large munitions works engaged in the manufacture of high explosive shells.

In 1916 her father established a new munitions factory near Kirkcudbright, which included an engineering college for women and an apprenticeship scheme. It was a pioneer undertaking of its kind in the kingdom.

After the Armistice Miss Pullinger returned to Scotland, and the works were converted back to the manufacture of automobiles. The company was re-named Galloway Motors Ltd., and Miss Pullinger was appointed director and manager. She designed a light car, the "Galloway," specially intended for women motorists.



DOROTHÉE PULLINGER

Under her direction the concern employed a large staff of women and built up a record for thorough workmanship. Production continued until 1923, when manufacture was transferred to Arrol-Johnston's Heathhall works.

In January, 1921, Miss Pullinger was elected the first female Member of the Institution of Automobile Engineers—a notable recognition of her ability and whose election created much pleasure in engineering circles.

A keen and fearless motorist, she is also a successful competitor, and in 1924 won the cup in the Scottish Six Day Car Trials, driving with skill and endurance over the severe courses.

Circle **Document 17** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 17** (Articles about car racing), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 267.

- Go to 2-9654 (p.75)



7-1531

Sicilian Foods
201 Lafayette St, LI-19

"Oh, yes, I remember. Mrs. Anello tried to get her daughter, Julia, a job with us, but, well… it just didn't work out. Julia ended up taking a position with some wealthy family instead, so we hired someone else."



7-1642

Samuels, Walter
336 Central Park W., BD-83 (apt. 3a)
Time: 60 minutes

The girls' father is a short, stocky, balding little fellow with a magnificent mustache and a broad smile spread across his face. You're a little taken aback when you first see him. Somehow, he isn't quite what you expected.

"Good day, Detective! What can I do for you? I take it this concerns the death of that poor Christie boy. The girls came home terribly upset after that Halloween party, and naturally, I was quite shocked myself."

"Yes, Mr. Samuels. I'm here regarding the death of Robert Christie. I'd like to have a word with your daughters, if possible."

"Why, certainly. They may be up by now. Margot can spend half the day lounging about in bed if you let her. I'm off now, or I'll be late for an appointment, but Tresillian will send the girls down to you."

The little man offers you his hand, then steps out into the hall. You hear him giving the butler a few instructions before he departs.

You take a seat and wait patiently.

At least ten minutes pass before the butler finally appears.

"I'm very sorry, sir, but I was unable to locate either young lady in her room. I made inquiries among the staff as well, but unfortunately, no one seems to know where they are."

"I see. Would it be possible for me to have a look in their rooms?"

The butler nearly recoils at the request.

"Their rooms? I beg your pardon, Detective, but that is a rather unusual request. I'm not certain that the master would—"

"Look here, Mr. Tresillian, was it? Your master just left this house under the impression that I was going to speak with his daughters. I assume he gave his consent to that much. Since I can't do that, I have to find some other way of determining where they've gone. I'll only take a moment to look through their rooms. And, naturally, you're welcome to remain with me the entire time, so you can make certain I don't slip the family silver into my pocket."

"Please, Detective, it never occurred to me to suggest that you would—"

"All right, all right. Let's not make a big deal of it. Will you show me the rooms?"

The butler hesitates for another moment, then nods.

"This way, Detective."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

- Go to 7-0008 (p.175)



7-1838

Dagger (contd. from 2-1354 on p.57)

“Although the dagger appeared clean at first glance, a more thorough examination revealed traces of old blood.”

“How old?”

“That’s hard to say. But we’re certain it’s human blood. Shall we send the dagger over to the fingerprint boys?”

“Yes, definitely.”

“Alright. I’ll tell them to put a rush on it. But I don’t think the results will be ready today.”

Circle **Marker O1** on your case tracking sheet.

If you anticipated this answer (blood on the dagger):

Tick **1** reputation box on your case tracking sheet.

7-2201

McCullagh, Delia
76 W. 86th St, UW-30 (apt. 2c)
Time: 60 minutes

The butler leads you into a vast, luxuriously furnished apartment.

"I'm afraid, sir, the young master is not at home. Only his mother is here."

"Very well. Then I'd like to speak with her."

"Certainly, sir. In the meantime, please make yourself comfortable in the drawing room."

After a few minutes, Mrs. McCullagh appears. She is a large, red-haired woman who sweeps into the drawing room as though she were making an entrance at a royal reception.

"Good day, sir. I presume you're looking for my son on account of poor Robbie's death."

"Yes, ma'am. That's right."

"But I believe you already know that Will isn't at home."

"Yes, ma'am. But perhaps you could help me. Do you have any idea where I might find your son?"

"Good heavens, who knows where that boy has got himself off to? I expect he and George have gone somewhere together. Oh, George is such an *original*, you know! I suppose the two of them must be off somewhere mourning the loss of their dearest friend. You see, Detective, Robbie was my son's closest friend. Besides George."

"I see. And where do you suppose they might have gone to mourn their friend, ma'am? Perhaps they paid a visit to the widow?"

"What? No, certainly not. I expect they're drowning their sorrows in a drink somewhere. As any sensible man would. And don't you go bringing Prohibition into this! What a ridiculous notion. We Irish would never dream up such nonsense. Life is hard enough with a little liquor in it, let alone without it. Really! Besides, it's not as though anyone in New York takes Prohibition seriously for a minute…"

She may have a point, but as a police officer you can hardly let her continue the tirade. Better to steer the conversation elsewhere.

"Would you tell me a little about your son and his friends, ma'am? I'd like to get to know them a little better."

"What is there to tell? Will's father died years ago, when Will was still quite young. Fortunately, he left us comfortably provided for, so I was able to send my son to the finest schools. He's studying law at New York University now. He's grown into a fine, strong young man, and I have every reason to be proud of him. *Generous*, well-mannered—everything a gentleman ought to be.

As for his friends, I'm quite satisfied with them as well. He keeps company with the children of the finest families in New York. Robbie and George both come from very wealthy families. To tell you the truth, I had long hoped Will might one day become engaged to George's sister, little Evie. She'd

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

make a very good wife—always so *prudent* and sensible. Will and she have been together so much since they were children, I hoped an attachment might develop between them. But sadly, I don't believe Will is particularly fond of the girl."

"And what about Jack Adler?"

"Who? The name means nothing to me. I can't imagine this 'Mr. Adler' belongs to one of the better families, or I certainly would have heard of him. You must have misunderstood something, Detective."

"Yes, that's quite possible," you say, reassuring the conceited mother. "Thank you very much for your time, Mrs. McCullagh. Before I go, would you permit me to have a look at your son's room? I may find something that helps me locate him."

"Find something? Are you asking to search my son's room?"

"No, ma'am, not at all. I phrased that badly. I have no intention of searching anything. I'd simply like to have a look around for a moment."

The woman looks you up and down, then calls toward the drawing room door.

"O'Malley?"

The butler immediately appears.

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Show the Detective to the young master's room. He may have a look around for *one minute*."

"Yes, ma'am. This way, sir."

"Thank you again, Mrs. McCullagh. Good day."

"Good day, Detective."

- Go to 1-4371 (p.37)

7-3005

Hotel Harding
203 W. 54th St, TS-26



If it's **8pm or later, AND** If you have circled **Marker H1** on your case tracking sheet, AND if you have circled **Marker R1** on your case tracking sheet, AND if you have circled **Marker F1** on your

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case tracking sheet, go to 4-9889 (p.125).

Otherwise:

You have to wait until 8 o'clock, and you'll need someone known to the house, or they won't let you in.



7-3903

Speakeasy Article (contd. from Behind the Scenes: Postscript from the Author on p.371)

THE SPEAK EASIES.

Institutions of the Great Gas City With Names That Fit.

THE LAWLESS SALE OF LIQUOR

And Some Interesting Facts Concerning the Places of Sale.

UNCLE SAM ABOUT TO TACKLE THEM

"Whisper! Speak easy! The police are watching!"

No man knows who invented the term "speak easy," now famous as the generic name of such places as circulate the flowing bowl among presumably trustworthy persons, unrestrained by any consideration save a fear that the limbs of the law may be lingering somewhere in the vicinity and be attracted by indiscreetly boisterous conversations to the fact that something illicit is in progress.

What is a "speak easy?"

* * *

A PITTSBURG INVENTION.

"Speak-easies" have always existed, no matter who first called them by that name. They have been "holes in the wall" and various other things descriptive of their leading peculiarities, but it is only within very recent times, and in the city of Pittsburg, that they have been dubbed "speak-easies."

7-4318

The Guilded Teacup (contd. from 1-1255 on p.29)
Time: 60 minutes

You can hardly believe it yourself, but here you are, standing outside a teahouse, about to meet a teenager. You can only hope this whole thing won't end in disaster…

You cautiously open the door, and a little bell jingles. Inside, everything is white and pink lace. Elderly ladies and teenage couples sit huddled together at the tables. A man is reading a newspaper by the window. You don't see Cecily anywhere. Well, so much for that. Coming here was obviously a stupid idea.

You're just about to turn around and leave when the man in the trench coat lowers his newspaper and hisses at you.

"Psst! Detective! Over here!"

You can hardly believe your eyes. It's Cecily, dressed in a suit and trench coat, her hair slicked straight back, disguised as a man. Good Lord! Just what you needed—getting mixed up with a teenage girl… Well, what the hell. Since you're already here, you might as well hear her out. You hurry over to her table and sit down beside her.

"Miss Cecily?"

"Shh! Not so loud, Detective! As you can see, I'm in disguise. Just call me Sam!"

"Look, miss, I'm not sure this is such a good idea…"

"Why not? Don't you want to ask me a few questions about Robbie's death?"

You hesitate for a moment, but then nod.

"All right, fine. Do you have anything to tell me about Mr. Christie's death?"

Just then, a broadly smiling waitress approaches your table.

"What can I get you two?"

"Nothing for me," you reply automatically.

The girl suddenly pats you on the shoulder and says in a deep voice:

"Oh, come on, John, don't be silly! We're at the best teahouse in town."

The waitress' eyes light up.

"Well, the young gentleman certainly knows his stuff! Listen to your friend, sir. You won't find better tea anywhere in Manhattan!"

You stare at the waitress, then at Cecily. Did she really just call you John?

"My friend and I will both have an Orange Pekoe," the girl tells the waitress.

"Excellent choice! Would you care for some tea cakes with that?"

"Yes, thank you."

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"I'll be right back."

Once the woman is out of earshot, you turn to Cecily.

"Look, miss, I really don't think…"

But the girl cuts you off.

"You see, Detective, Helen and my parents still treat me like a little girl, and they hardly ever tell me anything. Luckily, the doors in our house are pretty thin, so I usually know what's going on in the family."

Could this little brat actually know something useful? You decide to take the bait.

"Is that so?"

"Just as I said."

"And have you happened to hear anything interesting about Mr. Christie's death?"

Cecily furrows her brow thoughtfully.

"To be honest, I'm rather surprised by how much my sister has been crying since Robbie died."

"How so?" you ask, surprised. "Your sister was Mr. Christie's fiancée."

"That's true, but she never loved Robbie. I heard her tell our parents that she didn't want to marry him. That she never wanted to get married at all. Father immediately told her it was ridiculous and that she needed to get the idea out of her head. Mother tried to comfort her, saying she'd see what a lovely couple the two of them would make. At the time, it seemed Helen had accepted our parents' decision. But then…"

"Yes?"

"Sometime in August, I heard her begging Father not to make her marry Robbie. But Father wouldn't budge. He said he'd already committed himself too deeply to Mr. Christie—Robbie's father, I mean—to back out now."

"I see."

"But that's not all." The girl looks at you meaningfully.

"Really?"

"Yes. At the beginning of October, I spent an afternoon at Helen's apartment. I'd pretended to be sick at school because I hadn't studied for a test, and when the school couldn't get hold of my parents, they called Helen and asked her to take me home. She took me back to her apartment, gave me some medicine, and told me to lie down and rest. Naturally, I had no intention of resting, so when I heard someone arrive, I quickly slipped out of bed.

I only caught part of the conversation because Helen's doors are thicker than ours, unfortunately, but what I did hear was very interesting."

Cecily pauses dramatically, although by now you are hanging on her every word.

"I think they were talking about Robbie. Dorothy kept insisting that Helen had to leave him immediately because sooner or later he was going to do something to her, too. I couldn't hear that

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part because Dorothy lowered her voice so much. But I did hear Helen say that it was completely hopeless. She'd already spoken to Father, but he wouldn't listen."

"And then?" you prompt.

The girl wrinkles her nose with a deep sigh: "Then I accidentally knocked a porcelain ornament off the dressing table in the hallway with my elbow, so I quickly ran back to the bedroom and jumped into bed."

"Here's your tea and cakes," the waitress says, approaching your table with a tray.

"How much do I owe you?" you ask her.

"Oh, don't worry about it, John. It's my treat," Cecily says with a wink.

That's it. Time to get going. She probably has nothing more to tell you anyway.

You wait until the waitress moves over to another table, then get to your feet.

"Thank you for your help, Miss Harrison. I really appreciate it." And with that, you head for the exit.

"It was lovely seeing you again, my friend!" the little brat calls after you cheekily.

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

7-5530

Indoor Tennis Courts
227 E. 69th St, LH-37

“Beg pardon, sir. Whom did you say you were looking for?”

“Miss Evelyn Nowak.”

“Let me see… I’ll check the membership book. Nowak… Nowak… No, I’m afraid I don’t find a Miss Nowak listed here. I don’t believe she’s a member of our club.”



7-7129

Poison Register

You leaf through the entries from the past few months, but none of the names or addresses ring a bell.



7-7914

Wheelock, Gwen
321 8th Ave, CS-37
Time: ***30 minutes***

"Miss Wheelock, sorry to bother you, but do you happen to have some connection to the Wheelock Mansion?"

"Yes, my father built it in 1869."

"Really? Could you tell me more about your father and the mansion?"

"Of course, Detective. My father, William Almy Wheelock, purchased the land from Mrs. Lucy Audubon who owned that part of Manhattan - which was a wooded land high above the Hudson River. It was a bucolic Eden of dogwoods, pines, tulip trees and ancient oaks. There was even a waterfall that cascaded down the rocks to the river. They called that part the 'Audubon Park.'

My father was born in Providence, but his family moved to New York City in 1837 when he was still a boy. He graduated from New York University at the age of 18 - supporting himself during his studies by teaching in the University's grammar school. First he went into the wholesale dry goods business, and then he became a prominent banker and financier in New York City." She looks at a photograph on the mantel.

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“Following John Audubon’s death, my father helped his widow Lucy with her finances. That’s how they met. She started to sell her land piece by piece, and the neighborhood started to fill with mansions surrounded by park-like grounds.

But Wheelock Mansion was the most beautiful of them all. It had every bell and whistle a Victorian villa could ask for. Multiple porches provided shade and caught the river breezes, and there were oriel windows, balconies, lacy iron cresting on the roof, and a tower. But the visual cherry on top

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

was the wonderfully graceful ogee mansard that bowed and curved upward. You can see it in that painting." She points at the wall.



"The entrance sat just back from the carriage drive, allowing for a sumptuous Italian garden to the rear. It had a statuary and cast iron urns overflowing with vines and flowers… Oh, it was truly a little Eden.

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My father retired from his work when he purchased the land but he couldn't stay idle long. After the construction of the house ended he devoted his time to philanthropic work. At the time he died, my father was a member of the American Fine Arts Society, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the American Museum of Natural History; he belonged to the Union League Club and the Lawyers' Club; and he was an elder in the Presbyterian Church and a director of the Union Theological Seminary.

Then came 1892. The darkest year of our life. First my father died of heart disease, then my brother was killed in an accident. My mother couldn't cope - not there in that beautiful mansion where everything reminded her of our happy life together. Besides, since the 1870s more and more apartment and commercial buildings had risen around us, so she sold the house to the Fryers in 1894."

"I see. And what do you know about the Fryers, the recent owners?"

"Not much. The husband died a long time ago. But I have the widow's details if you'd like to get in touch with her."

"That would be very helpful, thank you, Miss Wheelock."

- Go to 1-4068 (p.36)



8

8-0307

Rexall Drugs (Carnegie Mansion)
128 E. 92nd St, CM-19

What would you like to do?

Inquire about buying poison, go to 3-5978 (p.91).

Look through the Poison Register, go to 7-7129 (p.191).



8-1044

Christie, Robert
300 Central Park W., UW-5 (apt. 15c)
Time: 60 minutes

Mr. Johnson, the butler, opens the door at your knock.

"Ah, Detective, welcome. Do come in."

You step into the elegantly furnished apartment. The butler shows you around. Everything is spotless and in perfect order.

"I thought sooner or later you would want to look around in here as well, sir, so I left everything exactly as I found it. As soon as you're finished here, I shall lock up the apartment, as the elder Mr. Christie instructed, and return to his household, where I was employed originally. As a valet, of course—that was my position there."

"Indeed? So being in the younger Mr. Christie's service was a promotion for you?"

"Yes, Detective, precisely. There are quite a number of servants in the elder Mr. Christie's household. Here, I was the only one, in charge of the entire household."

"And did it pay better, too?" you ask, eyeing the fellow.

He looks taken aback, and replies reluctantly: "If we must discuss financial matters, Detective, then I'm obliged to tell you that, yes, I received a higher wage as a butler than I did as a valet."

"I see. Now I'd like to have a look around your master's room."

You search Robbie's room thoroughly, and on his desk you come across a few things that catch your eye: a planner, and beneath it, an old newspaper.

Circle **Document 6** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 6** (Article about Lord Carnarvon), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 244.

Circle **Document 19** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 19** (The Planner), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 270.

On the bookshelves you find a great many volumes on archaeology, Egypt, and Mesopotamia. You pick up one of the books on Egypt and leaf through it.

You read these chapters

The *Stele of Revelation*:

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Circle **Document 2** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 2** (Stele), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 226.

Famous Egyptologists:

Circle **Document 4** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 4** (Egyptologists), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 238.

"Er—sir?"

The discreet clearing of a throat pulls you from your reading. Johnson, the butler, is standing in the doorway.

"Pardon me for disturbing you, but may I offer you a refreshment?"

"No, no, Johnson. Thank you. I think I ought to be on my way shortly. But I have a few more questions for you."

"Certainly, Detective."

"Tell me, who handled the food and drink served to the guests during the evening?"

"Mary prepared the sandwiches, arranged the cakes on trays, mixed the lemonade, and made the tea. I assisted with the sandwiches, mixed and served the cocktails, and prepared the coffee."

"I see. Did you serve each guest personally, or was everything simply set out on trays?"

"Mary and I went around among the guests several times, offering them food and drink. Later, however, we left everything on trays in the drawing room, so that anyone who wished could help themselves."

"Did you happen to notice what Mr. Christie ate or drank during the evening?"

"As a matter of fact, sir, I believe I did. You see, Detective, Mr. Christie was inclined to… well, to forget about eating when he had something on his mind. I always considered it part of my duty to see that he was properly looked after. During the party, I went to him three times and offered him sandwiches. I was pleased to see that he accepted one each time."

"And did you keep an eye on his drinks as well?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Christie had told me beforehand that he did not intend to drink that evening, so I was to bring him lemonade and coffee only. As for the coffee, he instructed me to begin serving it at eight o'clock, naturally, to anyone who wished for it. But at half past nine I was to make the rounds with a fresh pot, without fail. He wanted everyone fresh and wide awake by ten o'clock. That was when he intended to present the highlight of the evening—the magician's surprise performance."

"Ah. So the magician was the grand surprise everyone was talking about?"

"At least, that was my understanding, sir."

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“I see. So Mr. Christie drank lemonade and coffee during the evening?”

“I believe so, sir.”

“And you say Mary, the maid, prepared the lemonade?”

“Yes. She made up a large pitcher and placed it on the sideboard in the drawing room, together with the glasses. After that, everyone helped themselves. Though I must say, the lemonade hardly went at all. Apart from young Mr. Christie, I believe Miss Margot and young Mr. Charlie were the only ones who had a glass.”

“Ah, the two temperance advocates. Yes. I’m surprised they didn’t sample some of your famous *non-alcoholic cocktails*.”

The butler grows noticeably uncomfortable at the remark and says nothing.

“But back to the coffee. At half past nine, as instructed, you went around with a fresh pot?”

“Yes, Detective. Nearly everyone accepted a cup. Only Miss Helen declined it, who was sitting at the fortune-teller’s table. And the fortune-teller herself, who arrived later, didn’t get any because I had already finished serving the coffee by then. ”

“And did your master drink his coffee right away?”

“No, sir. As I said, it was freshly made and still quite hot. Most of the guests simply took their cups and sat down with them, or set the cups somewhere nearby to drink later. I believe young Mr. Christie did the same. He set his cup on a small table and began moving about the room, trying to recruit people for a séance.”

“The coffee cups we collected, however, were all empty. So I take it everyone eventually drank their coffee.”

“I should imagine so, sir. I never had the opportunity to collect the cups. You see… well, you know how the evening ended.”

“Thank you, Johnson. You’ve been a great help. I only need your fingerprints, and we’re done.”

“My fingerprints, sir?” asks the man astonished.

“Yes. I’m taking fingerprints from everyone who was at the mansion.”

“Oh, I see, sir. In that case…”

You take the butler’s prints.

Circle **Document 33** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 33** (The butler’s fingerprints), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 326.

“I believe that will be all,” you say as you head for the door.

The butler hands you your coat and hat. “Good day, Detective. And I wish you every success with your investigation.”

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



8-1966

Fryer, Ruth
158-18 Riverside Dr W., WH-122

On **Day 1**, go to 4-5574 (p.118).

Around **noon on Day 2**, go to 2-4098 (p.65).

On a **third visit**, AND if you have circled **Marker S1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-2510 (p.59).

8-5234

Liggett's Drugstore (Upper East Side)
54 E. 66th St, UE-54

What would you like to do?

Inquire about buying poison, go to 3-5978 (p.91).

Look through the Poison Register, go to 7-7129 (p.191).



8-6257

Cotton Club (contd. from 8-9436 on p.217)
Time: 60 minutes

Before reading this section, take a moment to write down what you think you're about to learn.

The upscale nightclub is located in North Harlem, occupying the upper floor of a building above a theater.

"Originally it was called *Club Delux*, and was owned by the heavyweight champion Jack Johnson, but Owney Madden took it over," Stella begins, launching into her unusual little guided tour.

"Madden?" you ask, but the girl doesn't get a chance to answer, because you are admitted to the club.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

listen to the audio (https://nynoir.org/f/theMansion/EverybodyStomp.m4a).

The place is decorated in a plantation style, clearly meant to evoke the antebellum South, with palm trees and mahogany accents designed to appeal to its wealthy patrons—all of them white, of course. On the stage, meanwhile, black performers entertain the crowd.

"Ah, Andy is playing tonight. And look, Bojangles is dancing."

"Who?" you ask the girl, unsure whether you heard her correctly.

"Andy Peer is the leader of the club's orchestra, and Bill Robinson—whom everyone calls Bojangles—is a famous tap dancer. Seriously, do you ever go out?" Stella gives you a disapproving look.

"No. Not usually," you answer lamely.

But Stella just laughs.

"Come on, let's sit close to the dance floor. I hope we'll see Ethel or Adelaide here tonight, too."

You decide not to ask who those women are and simply follow Stella to an empty table.

After you order drinks, you start scanning the crowd. You spot a few Hollywood actors and actresses sitting at the tables. Well, at least you recognize *them*.

Finally, you spot two more familiar faces. Miss Kocsis and Mr. Nowak.

"I'll be back soon," you tell Stella, but the girl barely pays attention. She's watching the dancers on the stage.

☑ Tick **1** culture box on your case tracking sheet.

If you'd like to watch the performers:

download the file (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9QDLSH0APaY).

The boy and girl are so engrossed in conversation that they don't even notice you approaching.

"Come on, George! What's the point of keeping this a secret any longer? I'm sorry about Robbie's death too, but at least now you can finally ask me to marry you," Miss Kocsis says.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"It's not that simple," the boy replies.

"What? But you told me the only reason we couldn't make our relationship public was Robbie!" – says the girl accusingly.

"Yes, sir?" George notices you standing beside their table. "Can I help you with something?"

"Well, well, Mr. Nowak. Don't you recognize me?" you ask. "I'm actually here undercover, so I'd appreciate it if you called me Mr. Rogers. How good to see you, Miss Kocsis." You sit down beside them without warning.

Ruth's mouth falls open.

"Detec—"

"Shh! *Mr. Rogers*, if you please."

"But what are you doing here? And how did you even get in? And why are you dressed like that?" the girl asks, still completely bewildered.

"The answer is simple. I wanted to talk to the two of you."

"But why? Your colleagues already questioned us pretty thoroughly on the night of the party," George says suspiciously. His voice is noticeably tense.

"Which brings me to my first question. Miss Kocsis, I'm afraid you weren't entirely truthful with my colleague when you said you went to the bathroom on the first floor at nine. And Mr. Nowak wasn't completely honest in his statement either." You glance pointedly at their clasped hands.

George lowers his eyes, but Ruth defiantly lifts her chin.

"You're right. The truth is, I followed George upstairs, and we slipped into an empty room where… well, we spent some time together. But that little detail really isn't anyone's business, and obviously it had no place in an official police report."

"Yes, you're right, Miss Kocsis. I understand completely, and I don't blame you. Thank you for trusting me enough to tell me now."

The girl looks at you with some relief, and the boy finally looks up from his glass.

"So we're not in trouble?" he asks hopefully.

"No, not at all. But I do have a few more questions, if you don't mind. About the other guests."

They both nod.

"I'll start with you, Miss Kocsis. How well did you know the others?"

"Most of them pretty well. Betty is my best friend—we've been friends since high school. I know her sister Margot well too, although she was a year ahead of us. George's sister, Evie, was a year below us. Margot and Evie are both rather snobbish, so they never really considered me a close friend, but I still saw them at group outings from time to time. I only ever saw Will and Robbie at those gatherings. I wasn't particularly close to either of them. Johnny and Charlie, though, are nice. I've known them since high school too.

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Charlie has been courting Margot, Betty's sister, for a while now. And since Margot is a devoted member of the women's temperance league, poor Charlie has had to give up drinking—at least when she's around. According to Johnny, though, Charlie hasn't exactly become a teetotaler in private. Unfortunately, Charlie also has quite a gambling habit and gets himself into debt from time to time—but as far as I know, someone has always bailed him out. Isn't that right, George?" She looks at the boy.

He answers reluctantly.

"Yes. Usually me, sometimes Johnny, although he has a hard time getting money out of his grandmother."

"His grandmother?" you ask.

Ruth takes over again.

"Yes. Poor Johnny lost both his parents in some sort of accident when he was little. His grandmother has raised him ever since. She's a very strict woman with rather old-fashioned ideas. I'm amazed Johnny has managed to stay so *optimistic* living with her. I'd have run away years ago."

"And the others?"

"I've known Dorothy for quite some time too. She's Robbie's cousin, so she usually joined us when she happened to be in the city. She's actually pretty nice. Not nearly as snobbish as Robbie. Dorothy comes from the poorer branch of the family, of course, so I suppose that explains some of it.

Lately, she's been spending a lot of time with Helen, Robbie's fiancée, whom we got to know after the engagement. Helen is a very nice girl too, even though she could certainly afford to be snobbish if she wanted to. She comes from one of the best families of Manhattan. But she's always been modest and quiet. Honestly, I don't know why she ever said yes to Robbie. They had nothing in common. And Helen never seemed particularly enthusiastic whenever she was around him. Once or twice, Robbie was actually pretty rough with her, although Dorothy quickly put a stop to it. That's one of the reasons I like Dorothy. She's very *protective*. She won't stand by while the strong pick on the weak."

"I see. And Mr. Adler?"

"Who?"

"Jack Adler?"

"Oh, the new guy? I met him on Halloween. He's a pretty good card player. Other than that, I don't know much about him. But he seemed very taken with Robbie. He was practically following him around all evening. Will didn't seem to like that at all, I guess because he was the one who introduced Jack to the group. Will is usually pretty rough and surly most of the time by the way. At least with us girls."

"Thank you, Miss Kocsis. You've been very helpful. Why don't you go powder your nose while I have a few more words with Mr. Nowak?"

Ruth looks at the boy. He simply nods, so she gets up from the table.

"Well, goodbye, Detec—"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"Ahem."

"Goodbye, Mr. Rogers."

"Goodbye, Miss Kocsis."

You remain silent for a few seconds.

"Well, Mr. Nowak. Tell me a little about your friends."

"But Ruth has already told you practically everything."

"At least everything she knows. But you've been close friends with Mr. Christie for years. You and Mr. McCullagh."

The boy fiddles with the tablecloth for a while. Finally, he looks up, takes a deep breath, and begins.

"Well, yes. Robbie and Will took me under their wing back in high school. At the time, I felt honored. They were the most popular boys in our year. And they both came from wealthy families. My parents were practically over the moon whenever I invited them to our place during the summer holidays. Evie was completely in love with Robbie and used to dream about marrying him when she grew up. But…"

"Yes?"

"The thing is, after a while I realized that Robbie and George… well, they could be pretty cruel. At school, they were always picking on the weaker boys, Johnny and Charlie included. To be fair, they've changed quite a bit since we started college. They even brought those two into our group. Although, to be honest, they still make fun of them for being awkward from time to time. And Robbie once said that the only reason he tolerated those 'losers' hanging around was because they were smart enough to be useful someday…"

"Seriously?" you ask the blond-haired boy.

He lowers his eyes again.

"Yes. I know I should have said something, should have tried to rein them in. But… I tried that back in school. They just laughed at me and started making fun of me as well."

"I see. And have you noticed any of that 'cruelty' you mentioned recently?"

"No, no, not really. Maybe that wasn't the right word. Will is just… a bit hard and cold, particularly with women. But Robbie…"

"Yes?"

"I don't really know how to put this. The truth is, I've liked Ruth for years. But Robbie was always teasing me about it, making cruel jokes about what kind of perverted tastes I must have because I… well, because I prefer heavier women. I didn't want to risk being pushed out of the group, so I started seeing Ruth in secret."

"And how come Miss Kocsis agreed to that arrangement? She strikes me as a very determined woman, not the sort to put up with something like that."

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“Ruth wanted to remain part of the group too. She knew that if Robbie started picking on us, Will would join in, and then we’d never hear the end of it. So we agreed to keep our relationship secret for a while. Although ever since I found out that Robbie…”

“Yes?”

“That Robbie had the nerve to call my preferences perverted when he… No, I can’t even say it. Suffice it to say, Evie told me something that opened my eyes. That’s when I decided to tell my parents about Ruth. Of course, they didn’t exactly react the way I’d hoped…”

“I see. But it looks like Miss Kocsis has finished powdering her nose. I’ll be going now, Mr. Nowak. Thank you for your honesty.

But before I go, I’ll need your glasses…” And, to the boy’s utter astonishment, you discreetly slip Ruth’s champagne glass and his whiskey glass into your pocket.

Circle **Document 24** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 24** (Ruth’s fingerprints), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 317.

Circle **Document 27** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 27** (George’s fingerprints), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 320.

If you wrote down something similar to this, at least in part:

☑ Tick **2** reputation boxes on your case tracking sheet.

8-6630

Kocsis, Leonard
1 W. 62nd St, LS-43
Time: 60 minutes

A maid answers the door when you knock. Before you can introduce yourself, she puts a finger to her lips, motioning for you to keep quiet, then points toward the drawing room.

A tall, thin man is seated at the piano, just beginning to play.

listen to the audio (https://nynoir.org/f/theMansion/LisztRhapsody.m4a).

"*Ez most jó volt,*" a woman's voice calls from the drawing room as the man stops playing. For the moment, you cannot see who is speaking.

The maid quickly announces, "Ma'am, sir, you have a visitor."

The thin man turns away from the piano, and a pretty brunette steps out from behind the door.

"Mr. and Mrs. Kocsis? Good morning. I'm Detective John Lucas from the New York Police Department. I was hoping to speak with your daughter, Ruth, if I might."

"About Robbie's death?" the woman asks. "Yes, we only just heard. How dreadful. I tried calling Julia to offer my condolences, but she isn't taking calls at the moment. And of course, I can understand that. Something like this must be simply devastating for a mother. I think we ought to pay them a personal visit, Leo. Don't you?"

"Of course, dear. Whatever you think," the man replies with a nod.

"Come along, Detective. I'll take you to Ruth's room. Thank you, Rose. You may go."

The woman dismisses the maid.

"You know, Detective, poor Ruth has taken this whole dreadful business very hard. I wouldn't be surprised if she were still in bed."

She stops outside a door and knocks.

"Rutka, darling? Are you awake? There's a detective from the New York Police here. He'd like to speak with you. Rutka?"

Without waiting for an answer, she opens the door.

"Rutka? Are you in there?" she calls as she steps inside.

You follow her.

The room is empty.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Well, Detective, it appears Ruth isn’t home. The thing is, my husband and I are so often occupied with our local engagements, not to mention our tours around the country and abroad, that Ruth has had to lead a fairly independent life for some time now. And naturally, that means she doesn’t always tell us her plans—even when we happen to be home.”

As she speaks, you look around the room.

- Go to 3-7717 (p.92)



8-6951

Something else (contd. from 1-8493 on p.46)

If you have circled **Marker M1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-1622 (p.80)

8-7278

Christie, Arthur
115 Central Park W., LS-14 (apt. 9a)
Time: 60 minutes

After a short wait, an elderly butler leads you into a darkened room, where Robbie's mother sits in an armchair, dressed in black from head to toe. She merely nods when you introduce yourself, then stares blankly into space.

"I'm sorry to trouble you at such a difficult time, ma'am, but I'd like to ask you a few questions about the decea—your son."

No response.

"Could you tell me something about your son, ma'am? Anything at all might prove useful."

At last, the woman's eyes focus on you.

"My husband is at the office," she says in a flat, expressionless voice.

You begin to feel distinctly uncomfortable. Mrs. Christie doesn't seem entirely in her right mind.

"You mean, ma'am, that I should discuss these matters with your husband?"

"Dorothy has gone somewhere as well."

Time to leave. You're not going to get anything useful out of this woman.

"I see. Thank you for seeing me, ma'am. And please accept my deepest condolences for your loss."

You step into the hallway and nearly run into the butler. Was he waiting for you, or had he been listening at the door?

"Mrs. Christie mentioned Miss Dorothy. I take it she meant the young lady lives here as well?"

"Yes, sir. She's staying with the family at present. If you'll wait just a moment, I'll see whether she's at home."

The butler walks to a door at the far end of the hall and knocks. No answer. He knocks again.

"Miss Dorothy?"

Silence.

"It appears the young lady is out," he says, returning to you.

"I see. And what about the maid named Mary? The one who served at Mr. Christie's Halloween party?"

"Mary is in the kitchen at present. If you'll wait a few minutes, Detective, I'll send for her and you may speak with her in the drawing room. In the meantime, do make yourself comfortable, sir." He gestures toward an open doorway. "May I offer you some refreshment?"

"No, thank you."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

As soon as the butler disappears down the stairs, you glance quickly up and down the hall. The coast is clear.

You slip into the room at which the old fellow had just been knocking in vain.

It's a rather plain room, sparsely furnished and without much character. You give it a quick once-over and spot an old newspaper on the nightstand beside the bed.

Circle **Document 8** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 8** (Article about Dorothy Parker), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 248.

You slip it into your pocket, step back into the hall, and make your way to the drawing room at a brisk pace.

Just in time.

A few seconds later, you hear footsteps approaching. Mary appears, escorted by the butler.

The frightened look in the girl's eyes tells you she's expecting the worst, so you do your best to put her at ease.

"Nothing to worry about. I only wanted to speak with you again as a matter of routine, and only wanted to ask whether you've remembered anything you didn't mention before—anything that might be of importance."

"No, sir. I've told that other policeman everything I know."

"Yes, I understand. But I still have a few questions of my own, and I'll need your fingerprints as well, miss."

The maid looks at you nervously: "My fingerprints? But why?"

"I need the fingerprints of everyone who was at the mansion."

The girl lowers her head, but fortunately, she nods.

Circle **Document 34** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 34** (The maid's fingerprints), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 327.

"Thank you. And I'd like to ask you a few more questions, too, miss. Mr. Johnson told us Mr. Christie specifically requested that you serve at his party, although the butler had originally intended to bring a footman along. Can you tell me why Mr. Christie made that request?"

Mary lowers her eyes. "No, sir."

Your gaze falls to her wrist. There appear to be bruises there.

She quickly tugs down her sleeve, covering them.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“What happened to your wrist, miss?” you ask sharply.

The girl rises at once: “I struck it, sir. I’ve still a great deal of work to attend to. As I said, I have nothing more to tell you. If you don’t mind, sir, I’d like to get back to my duties.”

You study her for a moment, then give a slow nod.

She turns on her heel and disappears down the hall.

Funny. The moment you saw those bruises, another case came back to you—a kidnapping where the victim had bruises around the wrists just like those. But she’d been tied to a chair with rope…

“Is there anything else I can do for you, sir?”

The butler’s voice pulls you out of your thoughts.

“Tell me, how long has this Mary girl been in your employ?”

“Not very long, sir. We hired her in September. The previous girl left rather unexpectedly.”

“Did she, now? How come?”

“I couldn’t say, sir. She packed her things and left from one day to the next. We’ve had rather poor luck with maids of late. They seem to leave us one after another.”

“Is the work so demanding?”

“No, sir, I wouldn’t say so. The maids here have much the same duties as elsewhere. Serving at the table, dusting, helping in the kitchen. Nothing particularly strenuous.”

“So nothing that would account for bruises on the arm or wrist?”

“Bruises?” The old man’s eyes widen. “No, sir. Nothing of the sort.”

“Did the younger Mr. Christie know the servants well?”

“Yes, of course. The young master regularly attended the family dinners. Usually twice a month.”

“I see. So he knew Mary as well. Perhaps even took a liking to her?”

“I have no knowledge of such a thing, sir,” the butler replies evasively. But there’s a little less certainty in his voice than before.

“Very well. I won’t keep you any longer, Mr. Butler…”

“Carson, sir. My name is Carson.”

“Ah. Yes. Then I won’t keep you any longer, Mr. Carson.” You start toward the door, then stop and turn back, as though the thought has only just occurred to you.

“One last question, if you don’t mind, Carson. What became of that maid who left the house so suddenly?”

“Julia? I couldn’t tell you what became of her, sir. All I know is that she was a local girl, and her name was Julia Anello. She was a very conscientious worker. A decent, reliable girl, by all appearances. That’s why her leaving without so much as a word was such a surprise.”

“I see. Thank you, Mr. Carson. Good day.”

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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

8-9436

Cotton Club
644 Lenox Ave, NH-37



If it's **8 pm or later**, AND if you have circled **Marker H1** on your case tracking sheet, AND if you have circled **Marker D1** on your case tracking sheet, AND if you have circled **Document 18** on your case tracking sheet, go to 8-6257 (p.204).

Otherwise:

You'll need to wait until 8 o'clock, and you'll need someone known to the house, or they won't let you in.

9

9-0012

Calling Mrs. Fryer
Time: ***30 minutes***

"Hello, Mrs. Fryer? My name is Detective John Lucas. I'm with the New York Police Department. I'm calling about the Wheelock House - I understand you rented it out a few months ago."

"Yes, that's so. I rented it to a young gentleman by the name of Mr. Christie. But surely there's been no trouble?"

"I'm afraid Mr. Christie died on Halloween night, Mrs. Fryer. He died at the Wheelock House, as a matter of fact. I'm looking into the circumstances of his death."

"Died? Good heavens! I told him no good would ever come of anyone going back into that cursed house. But young people never listen to their elders. That young man was determined to have the place. He went on and on until I finally gave in. I rented him the house, but I warned him to be very careful. It seems my warning fell on deaf ears."

"And why were you so unwilling to rent the house? Have you considered selling it?"

"If only I could have! Why, the very thought of that place makes my blood run cold. But my poor husband made me swear on his deathbed that I was never to sell it, nor rent it to another soul. He told me that once he was gone, I was to leave the place and let the house fall into ruin. So there won't be anyone there to let anyone in anymore."

"Indeed? That's a rather unusual request."

"If you knew what I know, Detective, you wouldn't say that. Ever since my husband returned from Egypt, one strange and dreadful thing after another has been happening in that house. It's as though the place were haunted. The attic most of all. My poor husband grew sicker by the day. And yet he went about the house performing all manner of rituals, or whatever you might call them, going from room to room. At times he'd even tear up the floorboards. I began to fear for his mind.

He was forever talking about some curse, saying he never should have taken up the translation, and that some black magician—or some such creature—was after him, so he had to use spells to keep him away from the house. It was dreadful. Once we laid him to rest, I left that terrible house."

"And did Mr. Christie ever tell you why he was so anxious to rent the house?"

"He said he was taken with the architecture and wanted to study it. When I told him about the ghosts and the curse, he merely laughed. Said he could hardly wait to see for himself whether there was anything to it. He plainly didn't believe a word I told him. And now look! He's dead, too, just like my poor husband.

Oh, Lord, I never should have rented him that house, no matter how much that poor boy pestered me..."

"Please, ma'am, try not to distress yourself. From what we know so far, it appears that Mr. Christie died from poison, rather than anything supernatural."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Don’t be too sure of that, Detective. The work of forces from beyond this world can very easily be mistaken for an ordinary death. I’d advise you not to meddle too deeply in this affair yourself. You may find that curse turning its attention to you!”

“Thank you for the warning, ma’am. But I’m afraid I don’t put much stock in ghosts or curses.”

“Yes, yes. That’s what they all say. They imagine that if they refuse to believe in such things, the curse cannot touch them. Mr. Christie said much the same thing, Detective. And now look what became of him.”

“I understand. I’ll be careful. Thank you for your time, ma’am.”

“May God watch over you, Detective.”

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



9-3656

Bryant 9-3656

"Hello? Hotel Pennsylvania, Valentino Tours. Rosie speaking. How may I help you?"

"Good afternoon. Detective Lucas, New York Police Department."

"Good afternoon, Detective. Which of our tours would you like to reserve a place on?"

"I'm afraid you've misunderstood me. I'm not looking to make a reservation. I'm making an inquiry. I'm looking for a particular person who may have taken part in one of your Valentino tours, or perhaps is on one right now."

"I'm terribly sorry, Detective, but I don't think I'll be able to help you. But if you're looking for someone, it might be easier to visit some of the tour's main stops. Let me see... The group today should be arriving at the Astor Theatre just about now. They'll be there for at least another half hour. Your best bet would be to go there, Detective. Even if you don't find the person you're looking for, you can speak to Amy, our tour guide."

"All right. Thank you for your help, Miss Rosie. Goodbye."



DOCUMENTS

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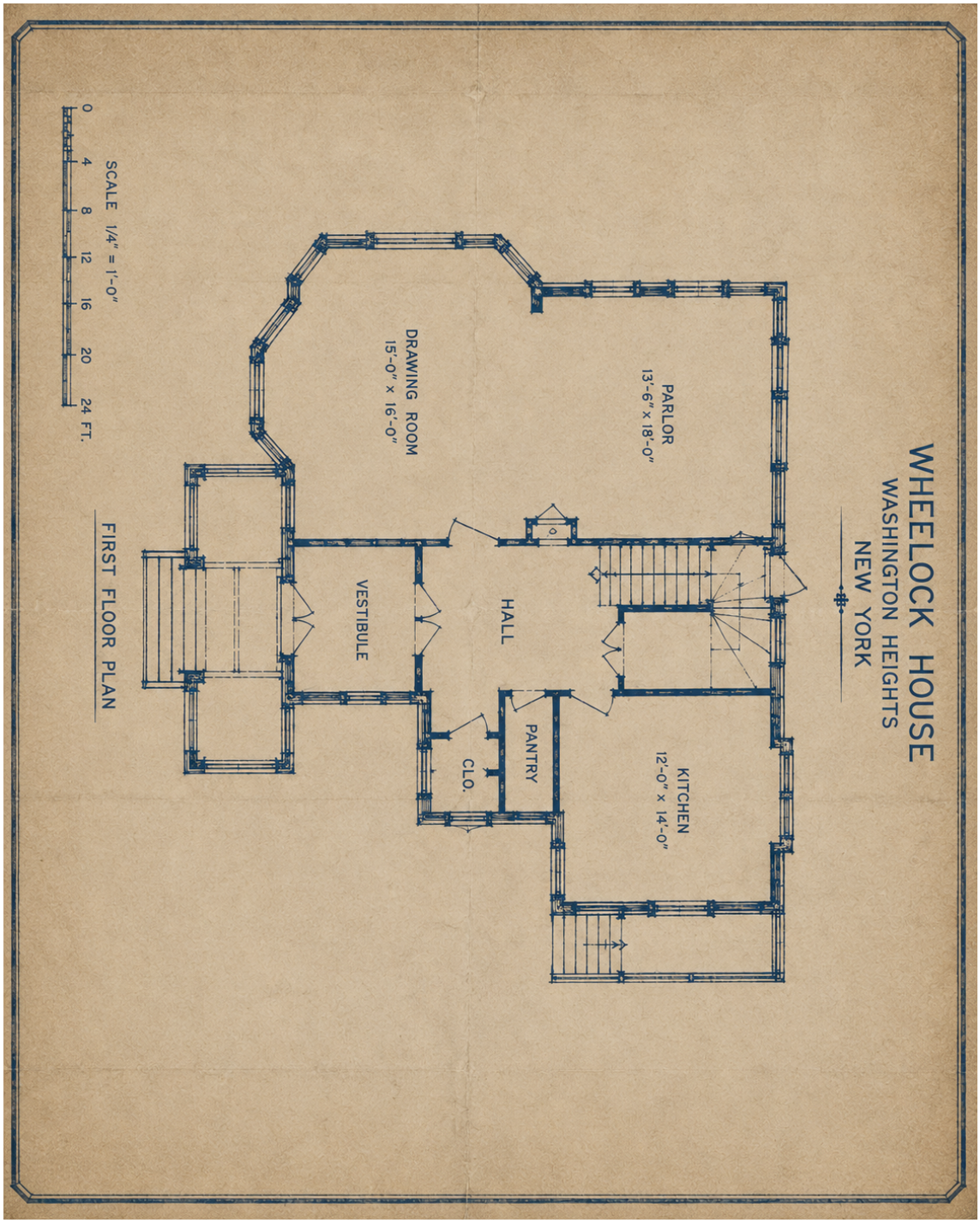


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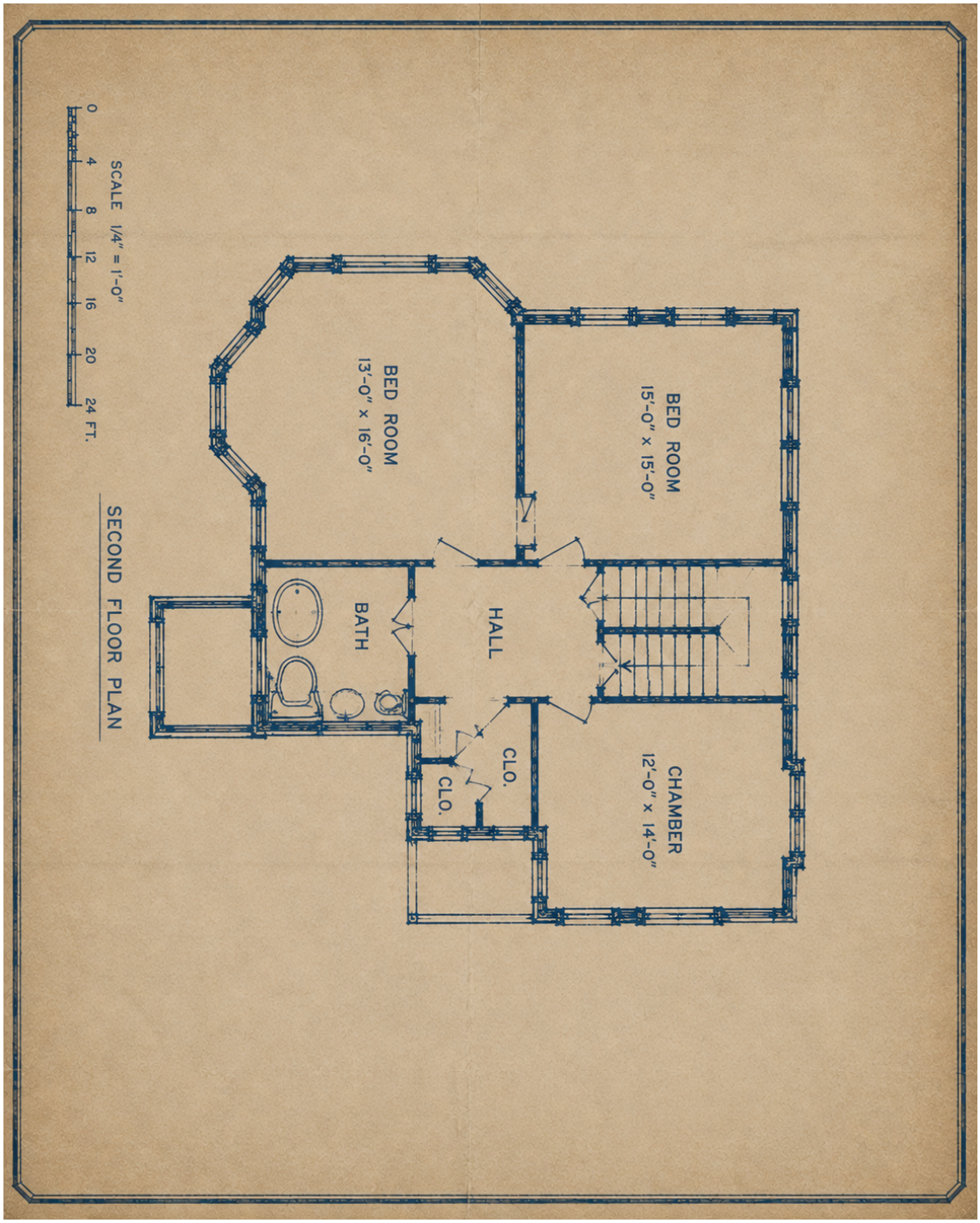
Document 1

Blueprints of the Mansion, from 1-9016 (p.47)

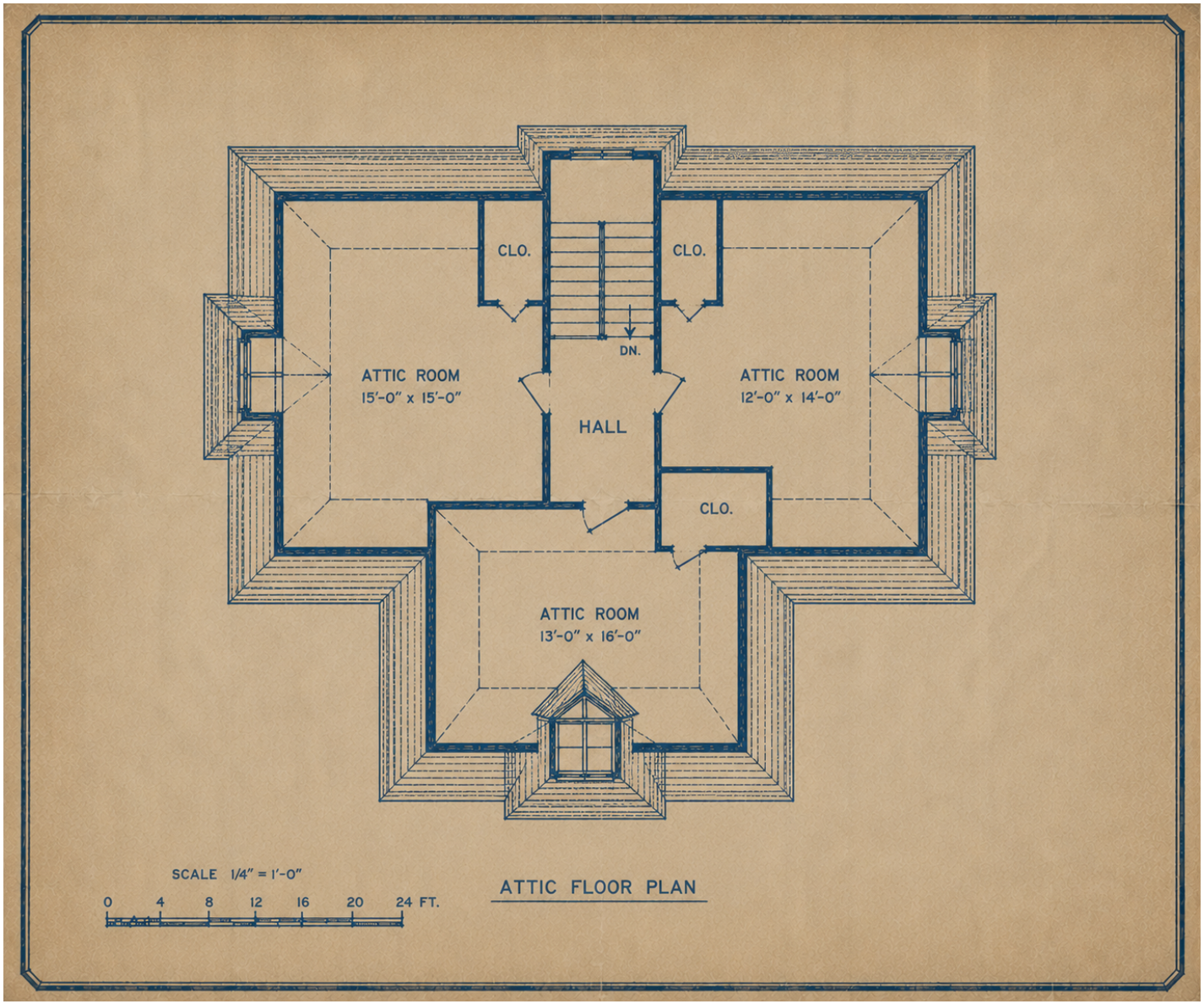
Found in one of the bedrooms on the second floor.



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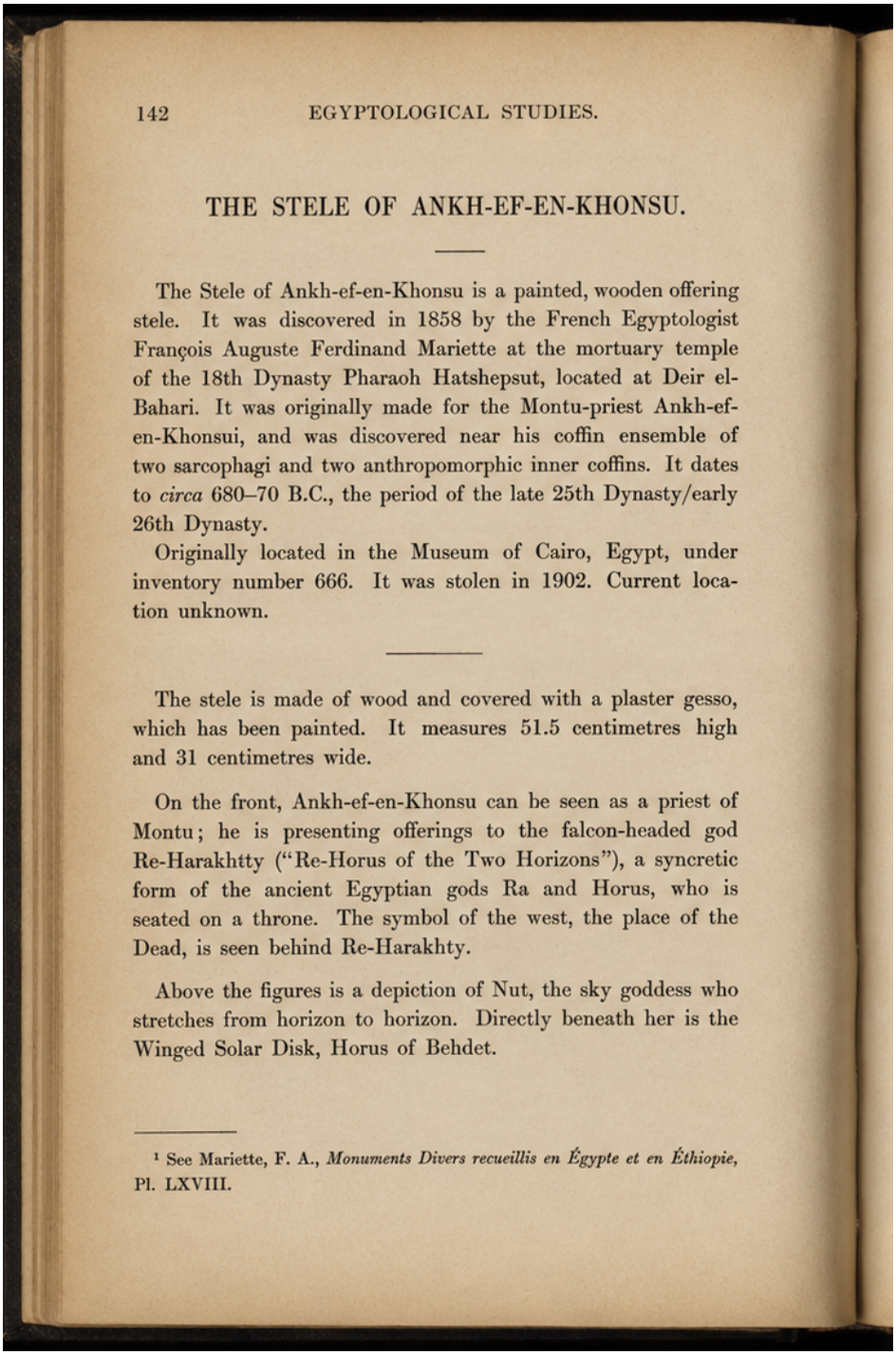


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CLO.
CLO.
DN.
ATTIC ROOM
15'-0" x 15'-0"
HALL
ATTIC ROOM
12'-0" x 14'-0"
CLO.
ATTIC ROOM
13'-0" x 16'-0"
SCALE 1/4" = 1'-0"
0 4 8 12 16 20 24 FT.
ATTIC FLOOR PLAN

Document 2

Stele, from 8-1044 (p.198)



THE STELE OF ANKH-EF-EN-KHONSU.

The Stele of Ankh-ef-en-Khonsu is a painted, wooden offering stele. It was discovered in 1858 by the French Egyptologist François Auguste Ferdinand Mariette at the mortuary temple of the 18th Dynasty Pharaoh Hatshepsut, located at Deir el-Bahari. It was originally made for the Montu-priest Ankh-ef-en-Khonsui, and was discovered near his coffin ensemble of two sarcophagi and two anthropomorphic inner coffins. It dates to *circa* 680–70 B.C., the period of the late 25th Dynasty/early 26th Dynasty.

Originally located in the Museum of Cairo, Egypt, under inventory number 666. It was stolen in 1902. Current location unknown.

The stele is made of wood and covered with a plaster gesso, which has been painted. It measures 51.5 centimetres high and 31 centimetres wide.

On the front, Ankh-ef-en-Khonsu can be seen as a priest of Montu; he is presenting offerings to the falcon-headed god Re-Harakhtty ("Re-Horus of the Two Horizons"), a syncretic form of the ancient Egyptian gods Ra and Horus, who is seated on a throne. The symbol of the west, the place of the Dead, is seen behind Re-Harakhty.

Above the figures is a depiction of Nut, the sky goddess who stretches from horizon to horizon. Directly beneath her is the Winged Solar Disk, Horus of Behdet.

[1] See Mariette, F. A., *Monuments Divers recueillis en Égypte et en Éthiopie*, Pl. LXVIII.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



THE STELE OF ANKH-EF-EN-KHONSU.
(From a photograph taken before the theft.)

The stele is otherwise reffered to as the "Stele of Revealing."

Document 3

Gods and Goddesses, from 1-8347 (p.45)

HORUS



Horus is one of the most significant ancient Egyptian deities who served many functions, most notably as the god of kingship, healing, protection, the sun, and the sky. He was worshipped from at least the late prehistoric Egypt until the Ptolemaic Kingdom and Roman Egypt. Different forms of Horus are recorded in history, and these are treated as distinct gods by Egyptologists. He was most often depicted as a falcon or as a man with a falcon head.

The earliest recorded form of Horus is the tutelary (patron) deity of Nekhen in Upper Egypt, who is the first known national god, specifically related to the ruling pharaoh who in time came to be regarded as a manifestation of Horus in life and Osiris in death.

The most commonly encountered family relationship describes Horus as the son of Isis and Osiris, and he plays a key role in the Osiris myth as Osiris's heir and the rival to Set, the murderer and brother of Osiris.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

RA



Ra or **Re** was the ancient Egyptian deity of the Sun. By the Fifth Dynasty, in the 25th and 24th centuries BC, Ra had become one of the most important gods in ancient Egyptian religion, identified primarily with the noon-day Sun.

Ra ruled in all parts of the created world: the sky, the Earth, and the underworld. He was believed to have ruled as the first pharaoh of Ancient Egypt. He was the god of the Sun, order, kings and the sky. All forms of life were believed to have been created by Ra.

Ra was portrayed as a falcon and shared characteristics with the sky-god Horus. At times, the two deities were merged as **Ra-Horakhty**, "Ra, who is Horus of the Two Horizons".

When the god Amun rose to prominence during Egypt's New Kingdom, he was fused with Ra as Amun-Ra.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



NUT

Nut, also known by various other transcriptions (Nunut, Nenet, Nuit), is the goddess of the sky, stars, cosmos, mothers, astronomy, and the universe.

She was pictured as a woman arched on her toes and fingetrips over the Earth; her body portrayed as a star-filled sky. Nut's fingers and toes were believed to touch the four cardinal points or directions of north, south, east, and west. Alternatively, she is identified with a water-pot above her head.

Nut is a daughter of Shu and Tefnut. Her brother and husband is Geb. She had four children – Osiris, Set, Isis, and Nephthys. She is considered one of the oldest deities among the Egyptian pantheon. She was originally the goddess of the nighttime sky, but eventually became referred to as simply the sky goddess.

She was also a symbol of protecting the dead when they enter the afterlife. According to the Egyptians, during the day, the heavenly bodies—such as the Sun and Moon—would make their way across her body. Then, at dusk, they would be swallowed, pass through her belly during the night, and be reborn at dawn.

Nut is also the barrier separating the forces of chaos from the ordered cosmos in the world.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

ISIS



Isis was a major goddess in ancient Egyptian religion whose worship spread throughout the Greco-Roman world. Isis was first mentioned as one of the main characters of the Osiris myth, in which she resurrects her slain brother and husband, the divine king Osiris, and produces and protects his heir, Horus.

She was believed to help the dead enter the afterlife as she had helped Osiris, and she was considered the divine mother of the pharaoh, who was likened to Horus. Her maternal aid was invoked in healing spells to benefit ordinary people. Originally, she played a limited role in royal rituals and temple rites, although she was more prominent in funerary practices and magical texts. She was usually portrayed in art as a human woman wearing a throne-like hieroglyph on her head.

In the first millennium BCE, Osiris and Isis became the most widely worshipped Egyptian deities, and Isis absorbed traits from many other goddesses. Rulers in Egypt and its southern neighbor Nubia built temples dedicated primarily to Isis, and her temple at Philae was a religious center for Egyptians and Nubians alike.

Her reputed magical power was greater than that of all other gods, and she was said to govern the natural world and wield power over fate itself.

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THE OSIRIS MYTH

The Osiris myth is the most elaborate and influential story in ancient Egyptian mythology. It concerns the murder of the god Osiris, a primeval king of Egypt, and its consequences. Osiris's murderer, his brother Set, usurps his throne. Meanwhile, Osiris's wife Isis restores her husband's body, allowing him to posthumously conceive their son, Horus. The remainder of the story focuses on Horus, the product of the union of Isis and Osiris, who is at first a vulnerable child protected by his mother and then becomes Set's rival for the throne. Their often violent conflict ends with Horus's triumph, which restores *maat* (cosmic and social order) to Egypt after Set's unrighteous reign and completes the process of Osiris's resurrection.

The myth, with its complex symbolism, is integral to ancient Egyptian conceptions of kingship and succession, conflict between order and disorder, and especially death and the afterlife. It also expresses the essential character of each of the four deities at its center, and many elements of their worship in ancient Egyptian religion were derived from the myth.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



OSIRIS AS THE KING OF THE UNDERWORLD
IN THE BOOK OF THE DEAD.

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OSIRIS

Osiris was the god of fertility, agriculture, the afterlife, the dead, resurrection, life, and vegetation in ancient Egyptian religion. He was classically depicted with a pharaoh's beard, partially mummy-wrapped at the legs, wearing a distinctive atef crown and holding a symbolic crook and flail. He was one of the first to be associated with the mummy wrap.

When his brother Set cut him to pieces after killing him, Osiris's sister-wife, Isis, with her sister Nephthys, searched Egypt to find each part of him. She collected all but one — Osiris's genitalia. She then wrapped his body up, enabling him to return to life. Osiris was widely worshipped until the decline of ancient Egyptian religion.

Osiris was the lord of the dead and the underworld, the "Lord of Silence." In the Old Kingdom the pharaoh was considered a son of the sun god Ra who, after his death, ascended to join Ra in the sky. After the spread of the Osiris cult, however, the kings of Egypt were associated with Osiris in death — as Osiris rose from the dead, they would unite with him and inherit eternal life through imitative magic.

Through the hope of new life after death, Osiris began to be associated with the cycles in nature, in particular the sprouting of vegetation and annual flooding of the Nile River, as well as the rising of Orion and Sirius at the start of the new year. He became the sovereign that granted all life, "He Who is Permanently Benign and Youthful".

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

SETH



Set is a god of deserts, storms, disorder, violence, and foreigners in ancient Egyptian religion. He had a positive role where he accompanied Ra on his barque to repel Apep (Apophis), the serpent of Chaos. Set had a vital role as a reconciled combatant. He was lord of the Red Land (desert), where he was the balance to Horus' role as lord of the Black Land (fertile land).

Set is the son of Geb, the Earth, and Nut, the Sky; his siblings are Osiris, Isis, and Nephthys. He married the latter, and they were the parents of Anubis.

In art, Set is usually depicted with the head of an enigmatic creature referred to by Egyptologists as the Set animal. The Set animal has not been definitively identified as any known species.

An important element of Set's mythology was his conflict with his brother or nephew, Horus, for the throne of Egypt. The contest between them is often violent but is also described as a legal judgment before an assembled group of Egyptian deities, to decide who should inherit the kingship. The judge in this trial may be Geb, who, as the father of Osiris and Set, held the throne before they did, or it may be the creator gods Ra or Atum, the originators of kingship.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

BOOK OF THE DEAD

The **Book of the Dead** is the name given to an ancient Egyptian funerary text generally written on papyrus and used from the beginning of the New Kingdom (around 1550 BC) to around 50 BC. "Book" is the closest term to describe the loose collection of texts consisting of a number of magic spells intended to assist a dead person's journey through the *Duat*, or underworld, and into the afterlife and written by many priests over a period of about 1,000 years. In 1842, the Egyptologist Karl Richard Lepsius introduced for these texts the German name *Todtenbuch* (modern spelling *Totenbuch*), translated to English as 'Book of the Dead'. The original Egyptian name for the text, transliterated *rw nw prt m hrw*, is translated as *Spells of Coming Forth by Day*.

The *Book of the Dead*, which was placed in the coffin or burial chamber of the deceased, was part of a tradition of funerary texts which includes the earlier *Pyramid Texts* and *Coffin Texts*, which were painted onto objects, not written on papyrus. Some of the spells included in the book were drawn from these older works and date to the 3rd millennium BC. A number of the spells which make up the *Book* continued to be separately inscribed on tomb walls and sarcophagi, as the spells from which they originated always had been.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

WEIGHING OF THE HEART

To the ancient Egyptians, the judgment of the dead was the process that allowed the Egyptian gods to judge the worthiness of the souls of the deceased. Each soul that entered the afterlife was handled individually during judgment. When the deceased had completed their journey through the underworld, they arrived at the Hall of *Maat*. Here their purity would be the determining factor in whether they would be allowed to enter the Kingdom of Osiris. After confirming that they were sinless, the deceased was presented with the balance that was used to weigh their heart against the feather of Maat. Anubis was the god often seen administering this test. If the deceased's heart balanced with the feather of Maat, Thoth would record the result and they would be presented to Osiris, who admitted them into the *Sekhet-Aaru*. However, if their heart was heavier than the feather, it was to be devoured by the Goddess *Ammit*, permanently destroying the soul of the deceased, ceasing to exist.



☑ Tick **1** culture box on your case tracking sheet.

Document 4

Egyptologists, from 8-1044 (p.198)

MODERN EXPLORERS OF ANCIENT EGYPT

The dawn of the nineteenth century witnessed a renewed and fervent zeal for the monuments and mysteries of Ancient Egypt. By the labours of intrepid travellers and learned savants, the buried glories of the Nile have been again brought to light, and much that was veiled in antiquity is now laid open to the scrutiny of the world. Amongst these devoted inquirers, certain names stand prominent for their discoveries and, in some instances, their controversies.

ÉMILE FRYER

(1842–1903)

Émile Fryer, a French Egyptologist, was a man of considerable influence in the latter years of the last century, yet his name is mentioned with no small degree of censure amongst certain circles.

In the course of excavations at the tomb of Djer—an ancient sepulchre which the Egyptians held to be that of Osiris—an arm of great antiquity was discovered. To the astonishment of all, and to the lasting regret of the learned world, M. Fryer cast this sacred relic upon the rubbish heap, deeming it of no account.

In 1902, while serving as Assistant Curator of the Cairo Museum, M. Fryer lent his aid to the translation of the Stele of Revealing, but was unable to complete the work, as the stele was stolen from the Museum before the translation could be finished. It is said that this affair led to his resignation. He soon thereafter returned to his family in the United States, where he passed the remainder of his days in retirement, and died on the 14th of January, 1903.



ÉMILE FRYER.

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LORD CARNARVON

(1866–1923)

George Edward Stanhope Molyneux Herbert, Fifth Earl of Carnarvon, was a British nobleman whose munificence and devotion to Egyptian exploration made possible one of the greatest archaeological discoveries of our time—the tomb of Tutankhamun in the Valley of the Kings. In conjunction with Mr. Howard Carter, he provided the necessary funds and support for the excavations which culminated in that most marvellous find in 1922. Lord Carnarvon's name will ever be associated with this glorious chapter in Egyptology.

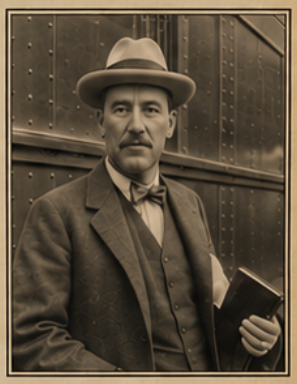


LORD CARNARVON.

HOWARD CARTER

(1874—)

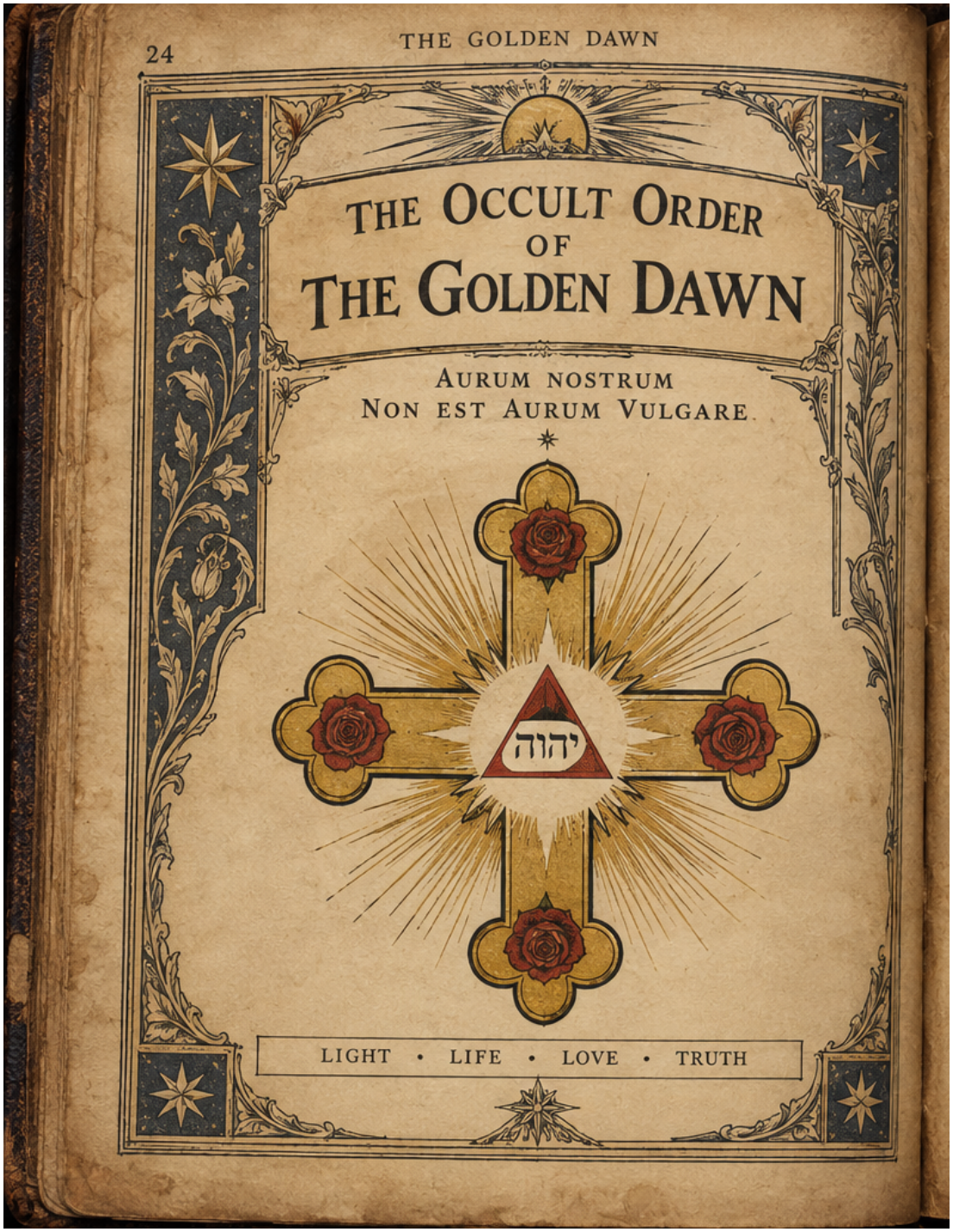
Howard Carter, the indefatigable excavator and Egyptologist, whose patience and skill in the field were instrumental in the discovery and clearance of the tomb of Tutankhamun. His meticulous methods and unwavering perseverance in the face of many discouragements have set a high standard for all who follow in the paths of archaeological endeavour.



HOWARD CARTER.

Document 5

Secret orders, from 4-7978 (p.123)



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I. THE ORDER AND ITS PURPOSE

THE Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn is a brotherhood dedicated to the study and practical application of the concealed wisdom of the ancients. Its teachings draw from the Qabalah, Hermetic philosophy, Christian mysticism, and the celestial sciences, united in a system for the spiritual evolution of humanity.

The aim of the Order is the attainment of knowledge and conversation with the Higher Self, the harmonization of the individual with the Divine, and the working for the regeneration of the world through Light, Life, Love, and Truth.



THE LIGHT OF THE DAWN DISPELS ALL DARKNESS

II. THE ROSE CROSS

The Rose Cross is the principal symbol of the Order. The Cross represents the union of the spiritual and material worlds, the four elements, and the four quarters. The Rose signifies the unfoldment of the soul and the mysteries of regeneration. At the centre is the Tetragrammaton, the Ineffable Name, source of all being.



III. THE GRADES

The Order is organized into a series of grades, each with its own symbols, rituals, and teachings. The outer grades lay the foundation in study, discipline, and elemental work, while the inner grades lead to deeper mysteries and the knowledge of the Holy Guardian Angel.

OUTER ORDER	INNER ORDER
0 = Neophyte	5 = Adeptus Minor
1 = Zelator	6 = Adeptus Major
2 = Theoricus	7 = Adeptus Exemptus
3 = Practicus	8 = Magister Templi
4 = Philosophus	9 = Magus

"Through the Cross to the Rose, and through the Rose to the Light."

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I. ORIGIN AND HISTORY



LVX ORIENS
OMNIA ILLVMINAT

The Ordo Templi Orientis (O.T.O.), or Order of the Eastern Templars, is a a modern mystical and initiatory order drawing upon Western esotericism, the Hermetic tradition, Freemasonry, and elements of Eastern philosophy. It was formally organized in the early twentieth century, reviving and adapting earlier Templar and Rosicrucian ideals.

The Order seeks the realization of the True Will, the harmonization of the individual with the universe, and the attainment of spiritual liberation through knowledge, experience, and disciplined practice.

II. DOCTRINE AND PURPOSE



AS
ABOVE
SO
BELOW

The central teaching of the Order is the discovery and fulfillment of the True Will (*Vera Voluntas*), understood as the unique purpose of each individual in harmony with the cosmic order. The O.T.O. combines ceremonial magic, sexual symbolism, Eastern and Western mysteries, and the study of sacred texts such as *The Book of the Law*.

The Order teaches that freedom, balance, and self-knowledge are essential for the spiritual evolution of humanity. It emphasizes direct experience over blind belief, and the integration of all aspects of life — material, intellectual, and spiritual.

III. THE INITIATORY GRADES

The Order is structured into degrees, each with its own teachings, symbols, and responsibilities. The following are the principal grades:

OUTER ORDER (MYSTERIA MINORA)	INNER ORDER (MYSTERIA MAJORA)
0 = Minerval	4° = Perfect Master
1° = Probationer	5° = Adeptus Minor
2° = Fellow-Craftsman	6° = Adeptus Major
3° = Master-Craftsman	7° = Magister Templi
	8° = Magus
	9° = Ipsissimus

Document 6

Article about Lord Carnarvon, from 8-1044 (p.198)

The Daily Illustrated of New York

Vol. LXXVI.—No. 28,878. NEW YORK, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1923. PRICE TWO CENTS.

MUMMY'S CURSE CLAIMS LORD CARNARVON!

Explorer Who Opened Tomb of Tutankhamun Dies of Mysterious Illness

DEATH FOLLOWS YEAR AFTER TOMB'S OPENING

Strange Warnings on the Tomb—Ancient Curse Now Feared Real!

LONDON, Nov. 4.—Lord Carnarvon, the wealthy English nobleman and patron of the expedition which made the greatest archaeological discovery of modern times, died yesterday after a sudden and mysterious illness. He was 57.

It is exactly one year since Lord Carnarvon, with Egyptologist Howard Carter, first entered the sealed tomb of the boy king Tutankhamun in the Valley of the Kings. Now he is dead—and many declare the awful curse of the Pharaoh has claimed its first victim!

LORD CARNARVON, HIS DAUGHTER LADY EVELYN, AND HOWARD CARTER AT THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMUN, 1922.

HOW THE CURSE WORKS—SAYS ANCIENT LEGEND

The ancient Egyptians firmly believed that the body of the dead king, and the treasures buried with him, were protected by powerful spells. To break that seal was to invite disaster, illness—and death.

"The dead Pharaoh sees—he hears—he strikes!"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"DEATH SHALL COME" ON SWIFT WINGS

Inscribed upon the inner wall of the tomb, so the natives aver, were these words:

> "Death shall come on swift wings to him who disturbs the peace of the Pharaoh."

The warning was laughed to scorn—then. But now?



FACTS ABOUT THE TOMB (KV62)

- Discovered: November 4, 1922.
- Location: Valley of the Kings, Thebes, Egypt
- Belonged to: Tutankhamun, 18th Dynasty.
- Tomb type: Rock-cut, with antechamber, treasury, and burial chamber
- Condition: Intact—sealed for over 3,000 years
- Excavated by: Howard Carter
- Patron: Lord Carnarvon

GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE! TUTANKHAMUN'S TOMB FOUND IN 1922

On the 4th of November, 1922, after years of patient search, Howard Carter, under the patronage of Lord Carnarvon, discovered the entrance to a sealed tomb in the Valley of the Kings.

Within was found the intact burial chamber of Tutankhamun, who died more than 3,000 years ago. Golden shrines, chariots, jewels, statues—and the solid gold mask of the young Pharaoh—were revealed to the world.

It was the most sensational archaeological find in history.



THE GOLDEN MASK OF TUTANKHAMUN.

LORD CARNARVON'S FINAL DAYS

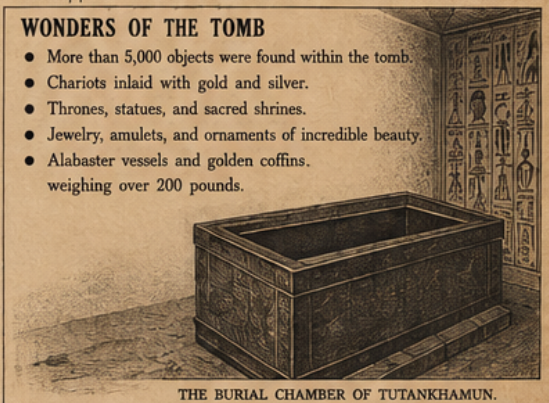
After returning from Egypt some months ago, Lord Carnarvon began to suffer from a strange fever. A mosquito bite on his cheek became infected. His condition baffled doctors.

He raved of the tomb—of the curse.

Yesterday, he passed away.

WONDERS OF THE TOMB

- More than 5,000 objects were found within the tomb.
- Chariots inlaid with gold and silver.
- Thrones, statues, and sacred shrines.
- Jewelry, amulets, and ornaments of incredible beauty.
- Alabaster vessels and golden coffins. weighing over 200 pounds.



THE BURIAL CHAMBER OF TUTANKHAMUN.

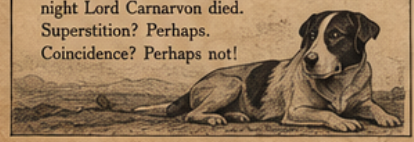
OTHERS TOO HAVE SUFFERED

It is whispered that several who were present at the opening of the tomb have since met with misfortune.

A dog in England howled and died the very night Lord Carnarvon died.

Superstition? Perhaps.

Coincidence? Perhaps not!



THE MUMMY'S CURSE— FACT OR FANCY?

Scientists declare there is no such thing as a curse. But how do they explain these strange events?

The East is full of mysteries that Western science cannot yet understand.

The Pharaohs built for eternity. Perhaps they guarded their sleep with more than stone and silence!



WHAT OF THE EXPLORERS?

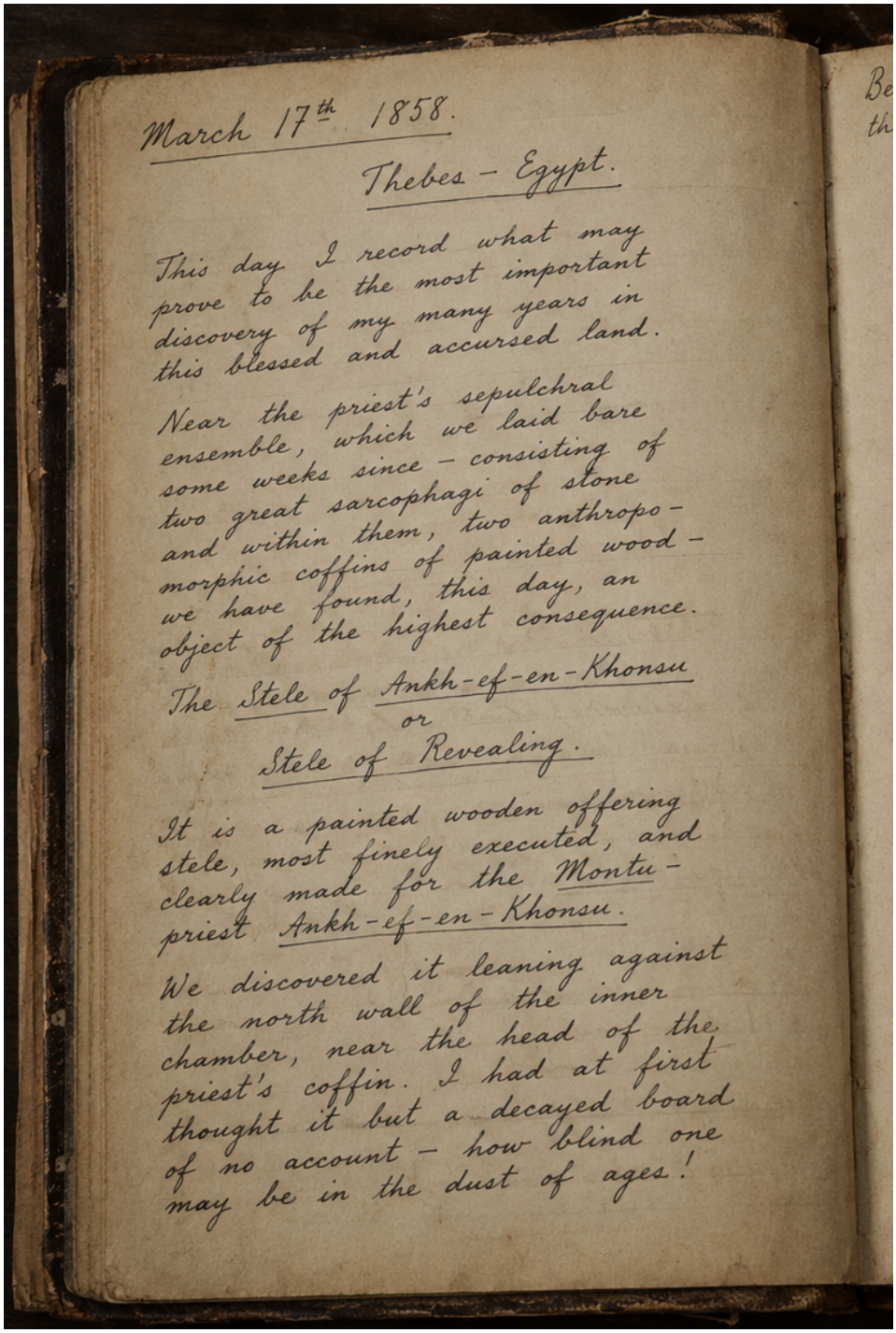
Howard Carter continues his work in Egypt, but refuses to speak of the curse.

"We disturbed the peace of the dead," he once said. "That is all I will say."



Document 7

Old Diary, from 4-2298 (p.102)



March 17th 1858.

Thebes – Egypt.

This day I record what may prove to be the most important discovery of my many years in this blessed and accursed land.

Near the priest's sepulchral ensemble, which we laid bare some weeks since – consisting of two great sarcophagi of stone and within them, two anthropomorphic coffins of painted wood – we have found, this day, an object of the highest consequence.

The Stele of Ankh-ef-en-Khonsu
or
Stele of Revealing.

It is a painted wooden offering stele, most finely executed, and clearly made for the Montu-priest Ankh-ef-en-Khonsu.

We discovered it leaning against the north wall of the inner chamber, near the head of the priest's coffin. I had at first thought it but a decayed board of no account – how blind one may be in the dust of ages!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Behold my rough sketch of the stele, as it stands –



The inscriptions are in excellent preservation, and the colours, – though faded – remain in places most vivid. A marvel!

From the style of the hieroglyphs, and from the forms of the figures I judge this stele dates to circa 680–70 B.C. – the period of the late 25th Dynasty, or early 26th.

I shall take great care to have it packed and conveyed to camp.

May the gods grant me strength to understand what I have found.

Document 8

Article about Dorothy Parker, from 8-7278 (p.213)

At the Algonquin, Wit Is a Daily Affair

Dorothy Parker and The Round Table Keep New York Talking

By H. ALLEN SMITH

IT is nine-thirty of a morning, and the lobby of the Algonquin Hotel on West Forty-fourth Street is beginning to hum. A bellman yawns discreetly behind a newspaper. At a small table off in the corner, a knot of New York's wittiest and wisest is already in session. They call themselves, half in jest, "The Round Table." To the rest of us, they are an institution.

Every day—yes, every blessed day (Sundays and Fourth of Julys notwithstanding)—this incomparable company assembles for luncheon. Talk flows as freely as the coffee; gags are pitched, books reviewed, reputations blessed or skewered, and the world set to rights before the check is called for.

THE COMPANY AT THE TABLE

The Table is an assembly without dues or by-laws. Membership is by wit and invitation only.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, the dean of newspaper columnists, sharp as a tack and still the most quoted man in New York.

HAROLD ROSS, editor of *The New Yorker*, urbane, dry, and the quiet

A FEW OF MISS PARKER'S FAMOUS WISECRACKS

"Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses."

"I hate writing, I love having written."

"If all the year were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work."

"You can lead a whore to culture, but you can't make her think."

"Brevity is the soul of lingerie."

"The first thing I do in the morning is brush my teeth and sharpen my tongue."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

HAROLD ROSS, editor of *The New Yorker*, urbane, dry, and the quiet force behind much of the ink that makes this town think.

EDNA FERBER, novelist of boundless energy and observation, with half of America for her audience.

HARPO MARX, silent, wide-eyed, and devastating. He says little. But when he looks up from his plate, the Table howls.

Others drift in and out—**Robert E. Sherwood, Alexander Woollcott, George S. Kaufman, Donald Ogden Stewart**—an ever-changing gallery of pundits, playwrights, and pocket-Socrates.

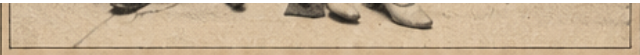
DOROTHY PARKER— THE TABLE'S SHARPEST PEN

Presiding, in a manner of speaking, is Dorothy Parker—poet, critic, short story writer, and the acknowledged queen of the wisecrack.

Born in West End, New Jersey, in 1893, Miss Parker came to New York with a reporter's notebook and a head full of verses. Her early poems brought her to the notice of Robert Benchley and the smart set, and soon her reviews and stories were appearing in *Vanity Fair* and *The New Yorker*.

She has traveled, married, suffered (as have more than a few of the bright ones), and come through it all with her pen dipped in gall and honey.

At the Algonquin, she is both arbiter and assassin—dispensing laughter with one hand and stiletto thrusts with the other. No one is safe; least of all, herself.



Members and associates of the Algonquin Round Table (standing, left to right): Art Samuels and Harpo Marx; (sitting) Charles MacArthur, Dorothy Parker, and Alexander Woolcott.

THE ALGONQUIN SPIRIT

What is it that has made this table famous from Broadway to Boston, from Chicago to Hollywood? Not the food, though the Club Breakfast (when it appears) is legendary. Not the hotel, though the Algonquin has history in its cornices.

It is the conversation. The kind that flickers, darts, and occasionally draws blood. The kind that makes a young reporter scribble furiously in the next booth—and a city stop and listen.

They talk politics and potatoes, opera and baseball, Freud and the latest Broadway flop. They puncture pomposity, encourage talent, and keep New York from taking itself too seriously.

Miss Parker once said that the Round Table was "a place where you never have to be right." Perhaps that is the secret.

A NEW YORK TRADITION

In a city of a thousand appetites, The Round Table at the Algonquin feeds one that is rarely satisfied—our appetite for wit. Other cafés may come and go; other coteries may flare and fade. But as long as there is coffee, cigarettes, and the clean, bright barb, the Table will be there—every day—holding court.

And Dorothy Parker will be there, too—hat at a tilt, notebook in hand, waiting to remark:

"I like to work, but I like to sit and look a lot better."

and sharpen my tongue.

She writes of love with a skeptic's pen and a romantic's heart—and the combination is lethal.

Her poems have become modern classics of urban disillusion.

BY DOROTHY PARKER

Unfortunate Coincidence

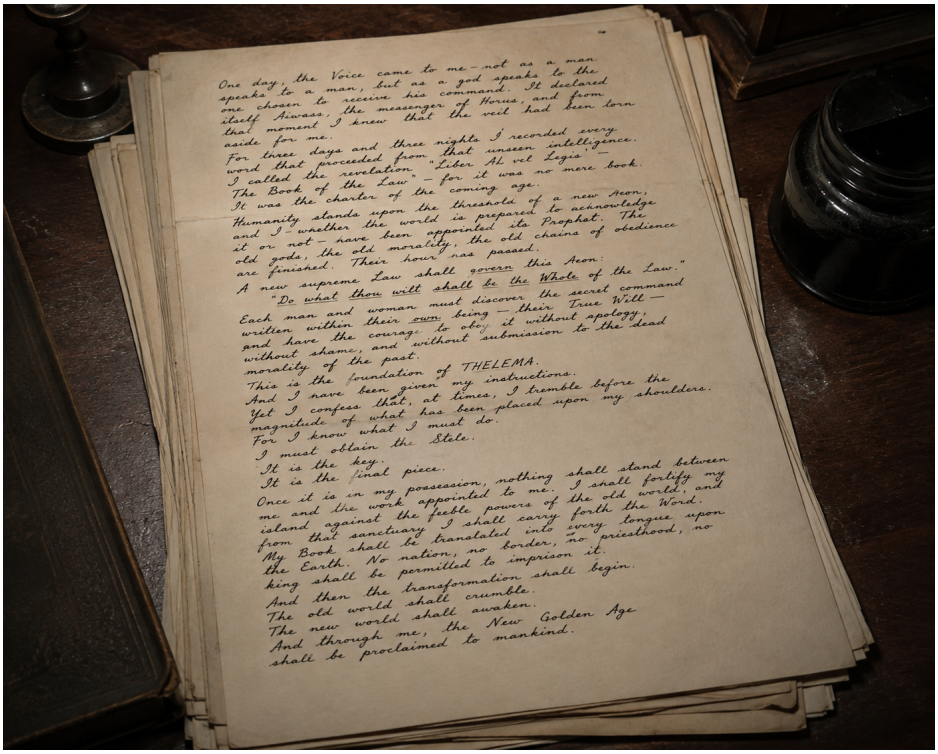
By the time you swear you're his,
Shivering and sighing,
And he vows his passion is
Infinite, undying—
Lady, make a note of this:
One of you is lying.

Résumé

Razors pain you;
Rivers are damp;
Acids stain you;
And drugs cause cramp.
Guns aren't lawful;
Nooses give;
Gas smells awful;
You might as well live.

Document 9

Papers on table, from 4-2298 (p.102)



You lean in a little closer so you can read the text.

(Turn to the next page.)

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

One day, the Voice came to me – not as a man speaks to a man, but as a god speaks to the one chosen to receive his command. It declared itself Aiwass, the messenger of Horus, and from that moment I knew that the veil had been torn aside for me.

For three days and three nights I recorded every word that proceeded from that unseen intelligence. I called the revelation "Liber AL vel Legis" – The Book of the Law" – for it was no mere book. It was the charter of the coming age.

Humanity stands upon the threshold of a new Aeon, and I – whether the world is prepared to acknowledge it or not – have been appointed its Prophet. The old gods, the old morality, the old chains of obedience are finished. Their hour has passed.

A new supreme Law shall govern this Aeon:

"Do what thou wilt shall be the Whole of the Law."

Each man and woman must discover the secret command written within their own being – their True Will – and have the courage to obey it without apology, without shame, and without submission to the dead morality of the past.

This is the foundation of THELEMA.

And I have been given my instructions.

Yet I confess that, at times, I tremble before the magnitude of what has been placed upon my shoulders.

For I know what I must do.

I must obtain the Stele.

It is the key.

It is the final piece.

Once it is in my possession, nothing shall stand between me and the work appointed to me. I shall fortify my island against the feeble powers of the old world, and from that sanctuary I shall carry forth the Word. My Book shall be translated into every tongue upon the Earth. No nation, no border, no priesthood, no king shall be permitted to imprison it.

And then the transformation shall begin.

The old world shall crumble.

The new world shall awaken.

And through me, the New Golden Age shall be proclaimed to mankind.

Document 10

Old book, from 4-2298 (p.102)



Document 11

Thelema, from 6-6640 (p.159)

THELEMA

IN the venerable tongue of Hellas, there exist two words wherewith the faculty of Will is signified: *thelema* (θἐλημα) and *boule* (βουλή). *Boule* importeth determination, purpose, intention, counsel, or project; whereas *thelema* denoteth the will divine, inclination, desire, or pleasure. The verb *thelõ* (θἐλω) appeareth in the most ancient writers—Homer and the earliest Attic inscriptions—signifying "to be ready," "to resolve," and "to desire" (yea, even in the carnal sense).



FRANÇOIS RABELAIS AND THE ABBEY OF THÉLÈME.

François Rabelais, a monk of the Order of St. Francis, and afterward of St. Benedict, flourished in the sixteenth century. Leaving at the cloister, he applied himself to the study of physick, and in the year of Our Lord 1532 repaired unto the city of Lyon. There did he compose the famous historie of *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, a continued series of books, treating of two giants—a father, Gargantua, and his son, Pantagruel—and their strange and wonderful adventures, in a vein at once merry, extravagant, and satirical.

In the fifth book of that work, he introduceth the *Abbaye of Thélème*, a most singular and imaginary house, whose sole precept was this: *fay ce que voudras*—"*Do what you will.*"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

FRANCIS DASHWOOD AND THE HELLFIRE CLUB.

Sir Francis Dashwood, a man of wit and quality, did embrace some of the conceits of Rabelais, and took unto himself the same maxim in French, when he instituted a society, called the Monks of Medmenham (better known by the name of the Hellfire Club). An abbey was founded by him at Medmenham, in a seat which comprised the ruins of a Cistercian abbey, first erected in the year 1201 of our Lord.

Upon the portal of this abbey, Dashwood inscribed the said motto—*fay çe que vouldras*—which thenceforth served as the device of the Club.

The society was styled the *Franciscans*, not (as some suppose) from imitation of Saint Francis of Assisi, but in allusion to their founder, Dashwood, Eleventh Baron le *Despencer*.

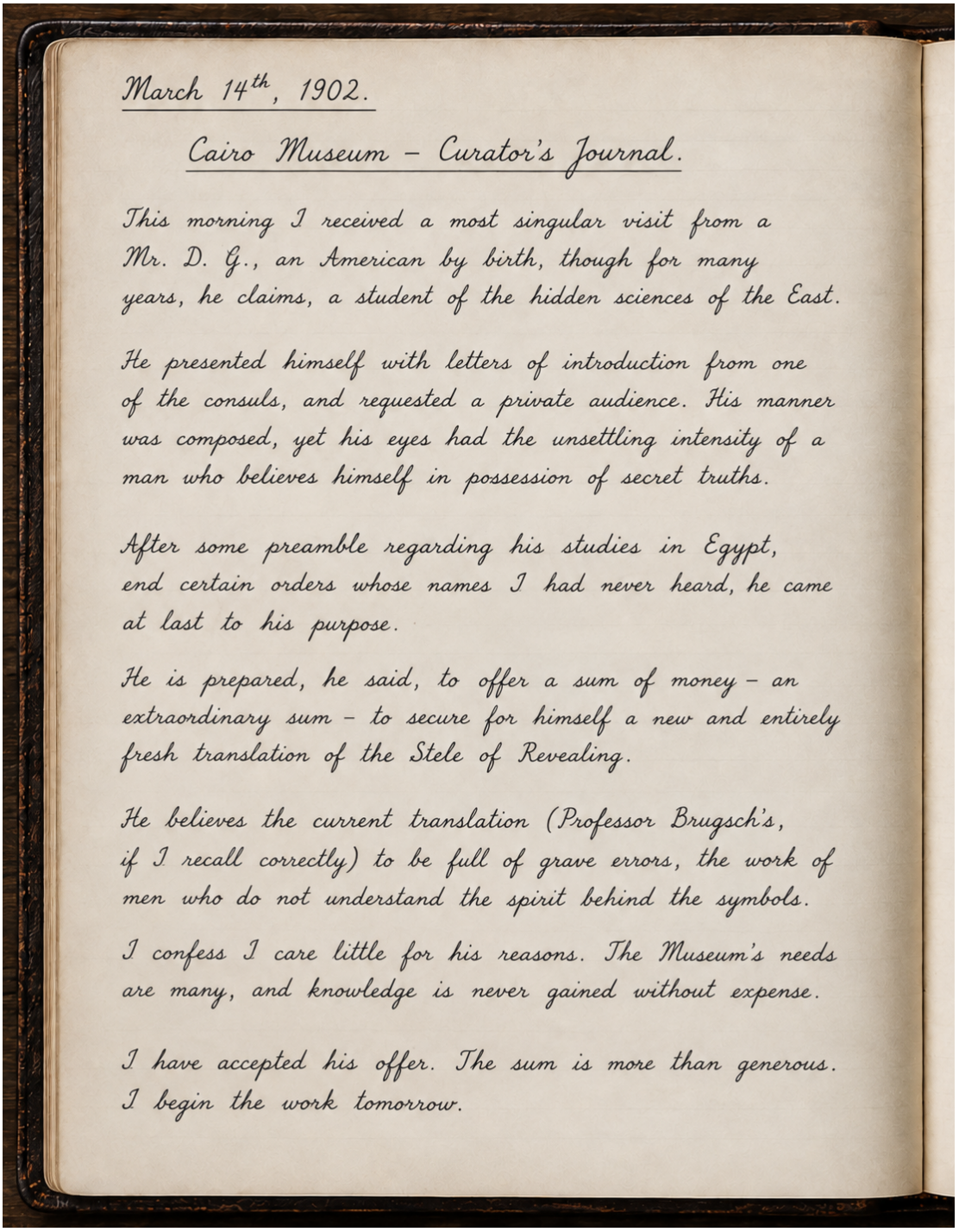
Among the brethren were reckoned John Wilkes, George Dodington, and divers other persons of rank and influence in Parliament and in the world.



Touching the rites and tenets of this mysterious Club, there remaineth little direct evidence. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, in his *Historical Memoires* (1815), doth accuse the Monks of Medmenham of performing Satanic rites and of practising the mysteries of Freemasonry; yet the same author insinuateth that Dashwood may have likewise concealed the celebration of the sacraments of Holy Church Roman.

Document 12

Diary, from 3-1161 (p.79)



March 14th, 1902.

Cairo Museum – Curator's Journal.

This morning I received a most singular visit from a Mr. D. G., an American by birth, though for many years, he claims, a student of the hidden sciences of the East.

He presented himself with letters of introduction from one of the consuls, and requested a private audience. His manner was composed, yet his eyes had the unsettling intensity of a man who believes himself in possession of secret truths.

After some preamble regarding his studies in Egypt, and certain orders whose names I had never heard, he came at last to his purpose.

He is prepared, he said, to offer a sum of money – an extraordinary sum – to secure for himself a new and entirely fresh translation of the Stele of Revealing.

He believes the current translation (Professor Brugsch's, if I recall correctly) to be full of grave errors, the work of men who do not understand the spirit behind the symbols.

I confess I care little for his reasons. The Museum's needs are many, and knowledge is never gained without expense.

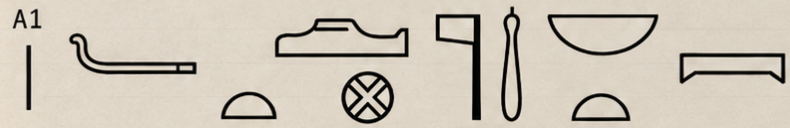
I have accepted his offer. The sum is more than generous. I begin the work tomorrow.

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The Stele of Revealing.

Original Inscriptions (upper register):

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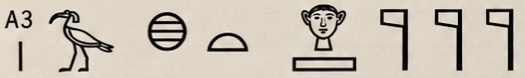


Beneath the Winged Solar Disk:
(He of) Behdet, the Great God,
Lord of Heaven.

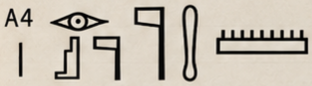
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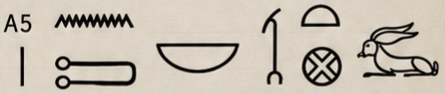
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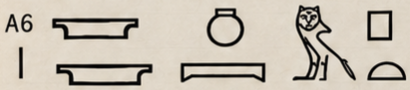
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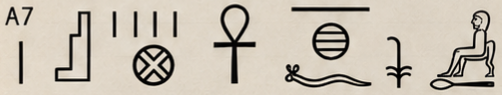
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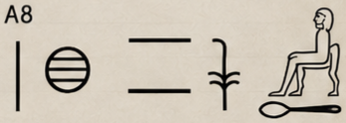
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A7



A8



Above Re-Harakhty:
Re-Harakhty ("Re-Horus of the Two Horizons"), Chief of the Gods.

Above Ankh-ef-en-Khonsu:
The Oasis, God's Servant of Montu, Lord of Waset, Opener of the Door-leaves of Heaven in the Most Select of Places, Ankh-ef-en-Khonsu, True of Voice.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

March 21st, 1902.

Cairo Museum – Curator's Journal.

It has been a week since I first began my translation of the Stele of Revealing, and already I find myself beset by most unsettling disturbances.

Each night I am plagued by vivid and most peculiar dreams – visions of shadowed doorways, winged suns, and voices that speak in a tongue older than any I have ever studied. I wake with a start, my mind heavy, my heart restless.

By day, the headaches come, dull and persistent, pressing at my temples as though some unseen hand seeks entrance. And when I sit to examine the signs, I find them most uncanny – the hieroglyphs seem to waver, to shift before my eyes, as if alive. Lines I have traced with certainty appear altered when I look again. It is most difficult to hold the mind steady upon them.

Yet I will not be deterred. I have given my word, and the fee Mr. G.. offered is beyond anything the Museum has ever received for scholarly work. The task must be completed, whatever the cost to my peace of mind.

He is a most singular man – pale, intense, with eyes that seem to look beyond the present world. He asks, always, how much progress I have made. His manner is polite, yet there is a something beneath it that I find deeply intimidating.

I confess, I do not share his beliefs. And yet ... there is a weight in his presence that unsettles me.

Still, I will continue. The Stele must yield its secrets.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The Stele of Revealing.

Original Inscriptions (middle and lower registers):



My Translation :

Words spoken by the Osiris, God's Servant of Montu, Lord of Waset, Opener of the Door-leaves of Heaven in the Most Select of Places, Ankh-ef-en-Khonsu, True of Voice:

"O Exalted-one! may he be praised, Great of Manifestations, the great Ba whom the gods fear, and who appears on his great throne, make the path of the Ba, the Akh, and the Shadow, for I am equipped so that (I) might shine therein (as) an equipped-one. Make for me the path to the place in which Re, Atum, Khepri, and Hathor are therein."

Further Translation:

The Osiris, God's Servant of Montu, Lord of Waset, Ankh-ef-en-Khonsu, (True of) Voice, son of the like titled Ba-sa-en-Mut, borne of the Chantress of Amun-Re, Lady of the House, Ta-nesh(et).

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

April 4th, 1902.

Cairo Museum – Curator's Journal.

Two more weeks have passed, and with them my strength has steadily declined. I write this now from my bed, for in these last days I have sacrcely been able to rise.

My body is weak, my limbs heavy as lead. Food holds no appeal, and I have lost all appetite. Even water turns to nausea.

Sleep does not come easily, and when it does, it brings no rest. Night after night I am plunged into dread visions – more real than waking life.

I am pursued through endless halls and across burning deserts by shadows and spirits, their faces hidden, their voices like the wind in a tomb.

They speak in tongues I do not understand, yet their meaning is clear: I am a fool, a trespasser, one who seeks to open a door that was sealed for a reason. They curse me. They spit upon me. They say I invite ruin – not only upon myself, but upon all men. "You would open what must remain closed!" they cry. "The gods do not slumber. The balance will break."

I wake in terror, heart racing, soaked in sweat, and I am grateful – yes, grateful – that I am awake. For waking, at least, these horrors cease.

And all this – for what? For a translation. Only a few lines remain of the Stele, and yet I feel as though I have been ground beneath a millstone.

My health is ruined. My mind is frayed. What have I done?

Document 13

Astrology, from 4-7978 (p.123)

THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC

The Zodiac is a great circle divided into twelve equal parts, each governed by a planet and bearing distinct characteristics.

SIGN	DATES	RULING PLANET	SYMBOL	NATURE
 ARIES	March 21 – April 19	Mars	♈	Dynamic Courageous Pioneering
 TAURUS	April 20 – May 20	Venus	♉	Patient Practical Sensual
 GEMINI	May 21 – June 20	Mercury	♊	Adaptable Witty Inquisitive
 CANCER	June 21 – July 22	Moon	♋	Emotional Intuitive Protective
 LEO	July 23 – Aug. 22	Sun	♌	Proud Generous Dramatic
 VIRGO	Aug. 23 – Sept. 22	Mercury	♍	Analytical Modest Helpful
 LIBRA	Sept. 23 – Oct. 22	Venus	♎	Diplomatic Charming Just
 SCORPIO	Oct. 23 – Nov. 21	Mars	♏	Determined Magnetic Resourceful
 SAGITTARIUS	Nov. 22 – Dec. 21	Jupiter	♐	Optimistic Frank Adventurous
 CAPRICORN	Dec. 22 – Jan. 19	Saturn	♑	Ambitious Prudent Patient
 AQUARIUS	Jan. 20 – Feb. 18	Uranus	♒	Original Independent Humanitarian
 PISCES	Feb. 19 – March 20	Neptune	♓	Dreamy Compassionate Imaginative

Dates vary slightly in different years on account of the intercalation of Leap Year. Consult an Ephemeris for exact time of entrance.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THE FOUR ELEMENTS

The twelve signs are divided according to the four Elements, which color their natures and influence.

FIRE: Aries, Leo, Sagittarius
— Impulsive, energetic, enthusiastic.

EARTH: Taurus, Virgo, Capricorn
— Practical, steady, persevering.

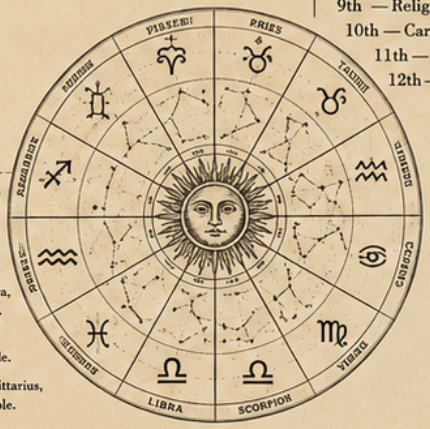
AIR: Gemini, Libra, Aquarius
— Mental, communicative, idealistic.

WATER: Cancer, Scorpio, Pisces
— Emotional, intuitive, sympathetic.

THE HOUSES

The Zodiac is divided into twelve Houses, each governing a department of life.

1st — Self, Appearance
2nd — Possessions, Value
3rd — Brothers, Communication
4th — Home, Parents
5th — Children, Pleasure
6th — Health, Service
7th — Partnerships
8th — Death, Inheritance
9th — Religion, Travel
10th — Career, Ambition
11th — Friends, Hopes
12th — Enemies, Seclusion



MODES OF EXPRESSION

The signs are also divided into three Modes, showing the manner in which energy is used.

CARDINAL: Aries, Cancer, Libra, Capricorn — Initiating, active.

FIXED: Taurus, Leo, Scorpio, Aquarius — Determined, stable.

MUTABLE: Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius, Pisces — Adaptable, changeable.

As above,
so below.
As within,
so without.
The Universe
and Man are
one.

INTERESTING ASTROLOGICAL FACTS

- ✧ The position of the planets at the moment of your birth is believed to influence your character and destiny.
- ✧ The Sun sign is the most widely known, but a complete chart considers all planets, Houses, and aspects.
- ✧ The Moon governs the emotions and changes rapidly, passing through all signs in about twenty-eight days.
- ✧ Mercury, the planet of mind, is retrograde about three times a year, often causing delays and misunderstandings.
- ✧ Venus rules love and harmony; when well aspected, it brings popularity and artistic taste.
- ✧ Mars governs energy and ambition; ill-aspected, it may bring conflict or accidents.
- ✧ Jupiter is the greater benefic and signifies expansion, luck, and prosperity.
- ✧ Saturn teaches by restriction; its lessons, though often hard, lead to strength and wisdom.

✧ STUDY THE STARS, BUT REMEMBER—YOU HAVE FREE WILL.
THE STARS IMPULSE, THEY DO NOT COMPEL. ✧

Document 14

Poison Book, from 1-2901 (p.34)

SOME COMMON POISONS

Their Appearance, Effects and General Characteristics

The poisons described in the following pages are among the most frequently encountered in criminal practice. A knowledge of their physical properties and physiological effects may assist materially in detecting and identifying poisoning.

ARSENIC

Appearance:

A white, odorless powder or shining crystalline granules.

Odorless. Tasteless.

Soluble in water.



Effects:

Irritant poison.
Burning in mouth and throat, severe pain in stomach, vomiting, purging. Collapse, weakness, cold sweats. Death may occur in 6 to 24 hours.

STRYCHNINE

Appearance:

White, crystalline powder.

Very bitter taste.

Odorless.

Soluble in hot alcohol.



Effects:

A violent poison acting on the spinal cord.
Symptoms include muscular rigidity, convulsions, lockjaw. Sufferer remains conscious until death.
Death may occur in 1 to 2 hours.

NOTE: In all suspected poisonings, secure medical aid immediately and preserve evidence for chemical analysis.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

PURE NICOTINE (LIQUID)

Appearance:

A clear, colorless to pale yellow oily liquid.

Has a characteristic tobacco-like odor.

Extremely bitter.

Soluble in alcohol.



Effects:

A powerful poison absorbed rapidly.

Nausea, vomiting, abdominal cramps, dizziness, weak pulse, cold sweats, difficulty in breathing.

Death may occur in a few minutes to half an hour.

CYANIDE (PRUSSIAN ACID)

Appearance:

Usually a white crystalline powder or small crystals.

Slight bitter almond odor (may not be perceptible to all persons).

Very soluble in water.



Effects:

A rapid and deadly poison.

Symptoms may be very sudden: headache, dizziness, convulsions, cessation of breathing. Almond odor on breath or in stomach contents (not always present).

Death may occur in a few seconds to a few minutes.

CAUTION. — These substances are highly dangerous. Even small quantities may cause death. In case of suspected exposure, seek immediate medical assistance and contact a poison-control authority. Never handle poisons without proper precautions. Always consult standard authorities for further information.

Document 15

The Stele, from 2-2510 (p.59)



Document 16

The magazine, from 3-7717 (p.92)

THE ROMANCE THAT ENDED TOO SOON



RUDOLPH VALENTINO
1895 — 1926

A rare combination of passion and mystery made Rudolph Valentino the most beloved figure on the screen. His silent gaze spoke a language understood in every land.

The world mourns the passing of Radolph Valentino, the screen's most wondrous lover. His life was brief— his memory eternal.

WITH the sudden death of Rudolph Valentino on August 23, 1926, at the age of thirty-one, Hollywood lost its greatest romantic star—and the world lost a dream.

Born Rodolfo Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla in Castellaneta, Italy, he came to America with little more than hope and boundless determination. In New York he found hardship—odd jobs, humble rooms, and countless rejections—yet never did he surrender the belief that he was born to play before the world.

He conquered the screen in *The Sheik,* and millions of hearts were his. With his dark, smoldering eyes, graceful bearing, and unforgettable magnetism, he became the very emblem of romance.

A LIFE OF TRIUMPH AND TOIL

Valentino lived as handsomely as he appeared—yet those who knew him best remember his kindness, his courtesy, and his tireless devotion to his art.

He spoke often of New York with affection, for it was here that he struggled, hoped, loved—and at last, triumphed.

Now, New York pays tribute to her lost idol.

HE IS GONE— BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

From the moment the news of his death spread, our city stood still. Flowers covered his home. Crowds gathered in silence. In Broadway the lights were dimmed.

His pictures will live on.
His spirit will remain
in every dream of beauty,
courage, and romance.

Rudolph Valentino—
you will never be forgotten.



THE WORLD WEEPS

Thousands gathered outside his Manhattan home and at funeral services held from Hollywood to New York.

A nation—and indeed the world—mourns its idol.

HIS LAST DAYS

Stricken with appendicitis, Valentino underwent an operation but complications set in. For more than a month he fought bravely—surrounded by those who loved him best.

On the morning of August 23, his brilliant star was extinguished. The world grew dimmer.



The Fragrance of a Thousand Dreams

Like the romance he lived on the screen, the new VALENTINO perfume is exotic, daring, unforgettable.

VALENTINO
EAU DE TOILETTE
For the woman who remembers.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THE NEW VALENTINO TOUR
NEW YORK CITY

FOLLOW IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE SCREEN'S GREATEST LOVER

A new sightseeing tour invites you to visit the places in New York where Rudolph Valentino lived, worked, and played. Relive the story of his rise from struggling immigrant to world-famous motion picture star.



1 THE EARLY YEARS
6 West 75th Street
Valentino's first known New York residence upon his arrival in America, where he lived humbly and dreamed of the stage.

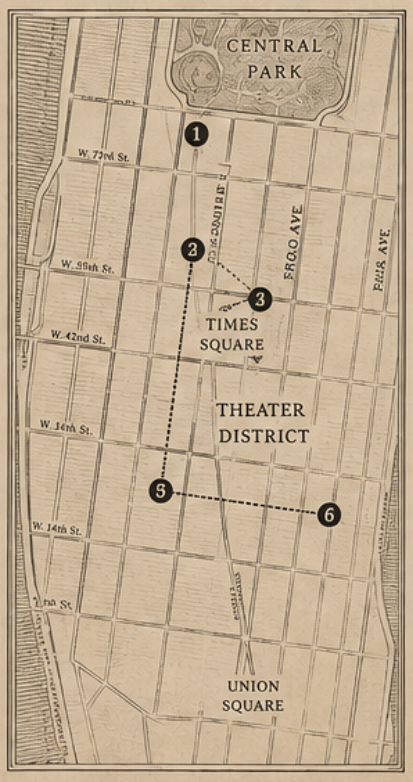
2 THE POLYTHEAMA THEATRE
126 East 14th Street
Here Valentino appeared in his early stage days in small roles, honing the art that was to make him a legend.

3 THE ASTOR THEATRE
BROADWAY AT 45TH STREET
He thrilled New York audiences in *Blood and Sand*, the play that helped make him a star.

4 THE TIMES SQUARE STUDIOS
In these studios Valentino began his film career, soon to become an idol of the silver screen.

5 47TH STREET
Valentino lived in this Midtown residence during the height of his fame.

6 THE MAJESTIC THEATRE
BROADWAY AT 44TH STREET
Premiere engagements and gala appearances that made him New York's favorite son.



TOUR FEATURES

- ★ Expert guides in Valentino's story
- ★ Visits to all significant locations
- ★ Rare photographs and souvenirs
- ★ Comfortable motor coaches

Tour departs daily from
HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA
Seventh Avenue at 33rd Street

For reservations, call
BRYANT 9-3656



"I belong to the world, and New York is my home." — *Rudolph Valentino*

Document 17

Articles about car racing, from 7-0008 (p.175)

THE EVENING HERALD, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1926. SPORTS

HARTZ LEADS AAA CHAMPIONSHIP WITH THREE EVENTS REMAINING

TWENTY-ONE RACES COMPLETED IN NATIONAL CIRCUIT

Indianapolis Classic Won by Lockhart; Two Lives Lost in Speed Campaign

With twenty-one championship events now in the books, the 1926 AAA Championship Car season enters its final stretch, and Harry Hartz of Elgin, Ill., holds the lead in the struggle for the American Automobile Association National title.

The season opened on Feb. 22 at Miami Beach, Fla., and has carried the nation's fastest drivers from coast to coast. Seven non-

Frank Lockhart in the winner's car at Indianapolis.

CHAMPIONSHIP POINT STANDINGS

(After 21 of 24 Races)

	DRIVER	POINTS
1.	Harry Hartz	2476
2.	Frank Lockhart	2082
3.	Dario Resta	1763
4.	Jimmy Murphy	1521
5.	Louis Meyer	1465
6.	Lora Corum	1278
7.	Howdy Wilcox	1119
8.	Pete DePaolo	968
9.	Hughe Hughes	826
10.	Eddie Rickenbacker	698

Standings include points earned in championship events through Oct. 10.

TWO TRAGIC ACCIDENTS MAR SEASON

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The season opened on Feb. 22 at Miami Beach, Fla., and has carried the nation's fastest drivers from coast to coast. Seven non-championship races have also been staged.

On Memorial Day, May 31, Frank Lockhart piloted his Dusek machine to victory in the Indianapolis 500-Mile Classic before the largest crowd in Speedway history. It was Lockhart's first triumph in the yearly classic.

TWO TRAGIC ACCIDENTS MAR SEASON

The 1926 campaign has been darkened by the loss of two courageous competitors.

Herbert Jones was fatally injured at Indianapolis on May 17 while practicing for the 500-Mile Race.

Jack Foley met death July 3 at Salem (Rockingham Park), N. H., while qualifying for the second race of the program.

The entire racing fraternity mourns their passing.

10. Eddie Rickenbacker 650

Standings include points earned in championship events through Oct. 10.

THREE EVENTS REMAIN

With three championship races yet to run, the battle for honors promises thrilling sport.

The remaining events are scheduled as follows:

Oct. 17—Langhorne, Pa.
Oct. 24—Los Angeles, Cal.
Nov. 7—Savannah, Ga.

All eyes will be on Hartz and Lockhart as the season draws to a close.

POINTS AND RULES OF THE AAA CHAMPIONSHIP

Drivers must be running at the finish to score points.

When two drivers share a ride, the points are divided in accordance with the percentage of the race each drove.

If a starter finishes in another car in a points position, the points go to the driver who started that car.

Only the finishing positions of the original entry will count toward the championship.

AAA
AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

GRID LEAGUE
Giants Edge Redskins, 7-0, Before 36,000 at Polo Grounds
—Story on Page 9.

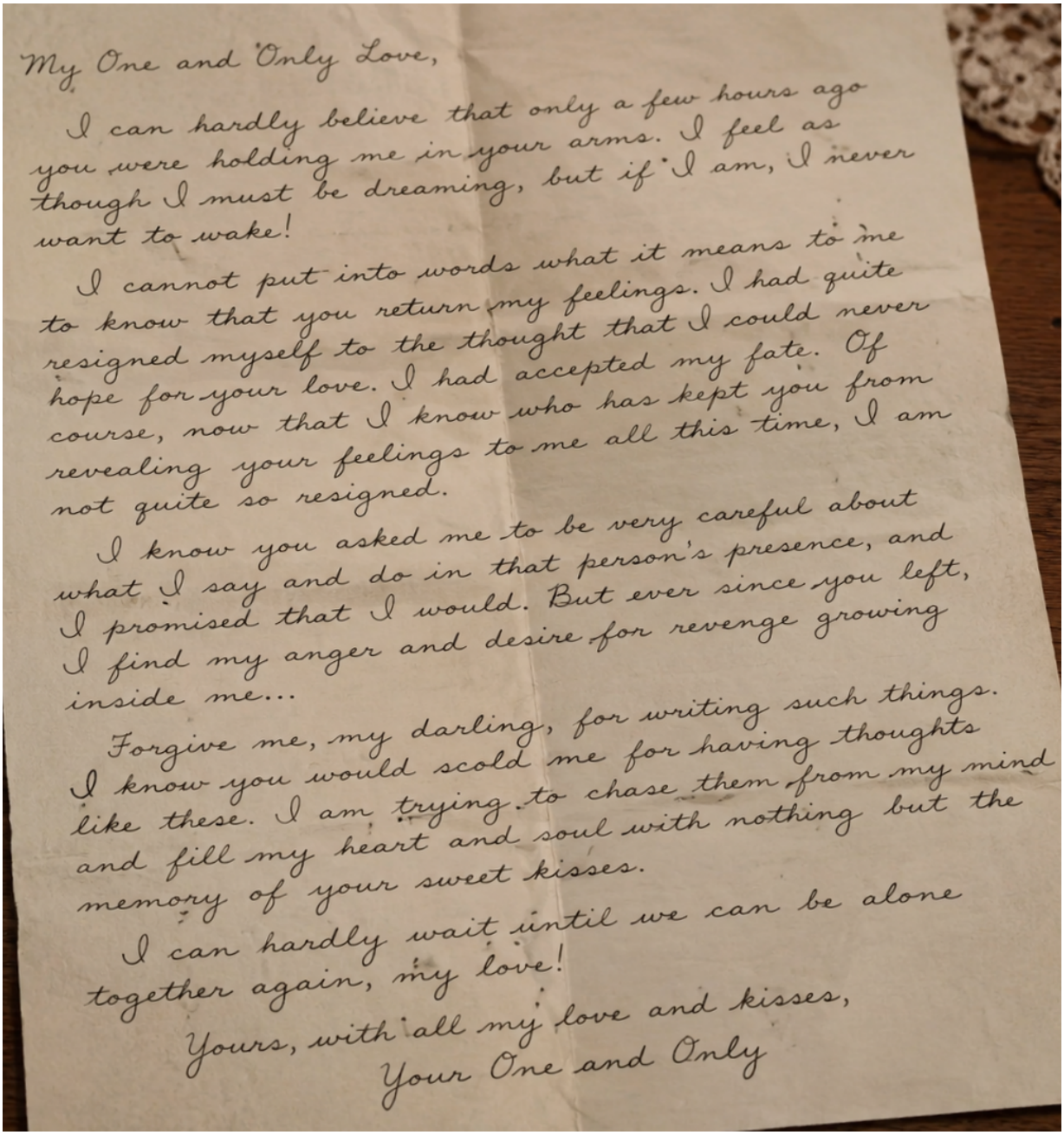
COLLEGE FOOTBALL
Yale Downs Penn, 14-7; Harvard Defeats Brown
—Page 9.

BOXING
Dempsey to Meet Sharkey Again? Talk Active in Fight Circles—Page 10.

SPORT BRIEFS
News of Golf, Tennis, Baseball and Other Sports
—Page 10.

Document 18

The letter, from 4-3744 (p.107)



My One and Only Love,

I can hardly believe that only a few hours ago you were holding me in your arms. I feel as though I must be dreaming, but if I am, I never want to wake!

I cannot put into words what it means to me to know that you return my feelings. I had quite resigned myself to the thought that I could never hope for your love. I had accepted my fate. Of course, now that I know who has kept you from revealing your feelings to me all this time, I am not quite so resigned.

I know you asked me to be very careful about what I say and do in that person's presence, and I promised that I would. But ever since you left, I find my anger and desire for revenge growing inside me...

Forgive me, my darling, for writing such things. I know you would scold me for having thoughts like these. I am trying to chase them from my mind and fill my heart and soul with nothing but the memory of your sweet kisses.

I can hardly wait until we can be alone together again, my love!

Yours, with all my love and kisses,

Your One and Only

Document 19

The Planner, from 8-1044 (p.198)



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

March 15, Monday: Found possible location. Dilapidated mansion. Who knew you could find something like this in Manhattan. What luck!

March 16, Tuesday: Club Intime (in Hotel Harding) with Will

March 17, Wednesday: 10am - dentist

March 18, Thursday: Found out who the owner is. Some widow from Los Angeles. I have her card. Will call her tomorrow about possibly purchasing or leasing mansion.

March 19, Friday: 3 pm - tennis with Evie

March 20, Saturday: Widow doesn't want to sell or rent. Have to pull some strings.

March 21, Sunday: engagement party

You flip forward until you find a few interesting pages again.

May 10, Monday: Rented the mansion at last. Ghost hunting, here we come!

May 11, Tuesday: Have to send cleaning crew first, everything is filthy.

May 12, Wednesday: Dorothy arrives at 4:30pm. Meet her at train station.

May 13, Thursday: Spent the whole night at the mansion. No sign of a ghost. Maybe cleaning was a bad idea.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

May 14, Friday. weird dreams

May 15, Saturday. Tennis with George, Evie and Helen.

May 16, Sunday. Still no sign of ghost but started to search around in the cupboards and on the bookshelves. Lots of books about archeology and Egypt.

May 17, Monday. Found a diary. Really interesting. Still no sign of ghost but possibility of treasure hunting. I take it.

May 18, Tuesday. Haphazard rummaging won't do it. Have to start systematic search. Need to have a telephone installed if I'll spend so much time in the mansion.

May 19, Wednesday. Got blueprints.

May 20, Thursday. dinner with Helen and Dorothy

May 21, Friday. Weird dreams are starting to spook me.

May 22, Saturday. Searched attic. Nothing yet.

May 23, Sunday. Who is this woman in my dreams?

May 24, Monday. Cotton Club with George

May 25, Tuesday. Searched drawing room and parlor. Nothing.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

May 26, Wednesday: 9am - Doctor T.

May 27, Thursday: Club Intime with Will

May 28, Friday: Searched the rest of the first floor. Still nothing. But telephone installed.

May 29, Saturday: movie with Helen and Dorothy

May 30, Sunday: family dinner

May 31, Monday: Searched the second floor. Nothing. Maybe this whole thing was a mistake.

June 1, Tuesday: dinner with Helen

June 2, Wednesday: Will introduced his new friend. A bit low class, but funny.

June 3, Thursday: picnic in Central Park with Helen and Dorothy

June 4, Friday: Weird dreams start to feel like nightmares.

June 5, Saturday: 10am - new doctor (hopefully psychoanalysis can help with dreams)

June 6, Sunday: tennis with George, Evie, and Helen

You flip forward again.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Sep 20, Monday: Got the money. Started to search again. Pried up floorboards in attic. Nothing.

Sep 21, Tuesday: Dorothy arrived. New maid. Has potential.

Sep 22, Wednesday: Searching second floor again. Nothing yet. Only strange sounds from the attic. Is it just the wind, or is there a ghost after all?

Sep 23, Thursday: Helen goes away for a week, Dorothy is accompanying her. Good. More time for searching.

Sep 24, Friday: movie with Charlie and the sisters

Sep 25, Saturday: Weird sounds started again. Sounds from the attic. Although I can't find anything interesting there. Must be the wind.

Sep 26, Sunday: family dinner

Sep 27, Monday: I'm so tired. And still nothing. Just those cursed sounds from the attic! Am I going mad or are they trying to stop me?

Sep 28, Tuesday: Found a hidden vault under the floor boards. I knew it!!!

Sep 29, Wednesday: Success at last! Attic ghost seems very angry. Don't care. Have to research.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Sep 30, Thursday: researching

Oct 1, Friday: 5pm - Helen arrives home

Oct 2, Saturday: researching

Oct 3, Sunday: family dinner - Dorothy was acting strangely. Helen said I shouldn't worry about it.

Oct 4, Monday: researching

Oct 5, Tuesday: new nightmares

Oct 6, Wednesday: 10am - doctor

Oct 7, Thursday: gathering at Johnny's place, then Foxhole

Oct 8, Friday: movie with Helen and Dorothy (who's almost her normal self again)

Oct 9, Saturday: Have a brilliant idea for Halloween.

Oct 10, Sunday: Cursed nightmares!

Oct 11, Monday: Talked to Charlie. Looks like he can help me.

Oct 12, Tuesday: need to find a psychic

Oct 13, Wednesday: found one

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Oct 14, Thursday. Saw a magic show tonight. I should ask the magician as well.

Oct 15, Friday. Club Intime - not the same without Will

Oct 16, Saturday. Looks like everything will work out. What a Halloween... I hope my attic ghost won't be shy around people.

Oct 17, Sunday. Guestlist is ready. They won't forget this year's 31st of October! (I hope W. stops the silent treatment and accepts my invitation.)

Document 20

Photos and statements, from 2-9339 (p.72)

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JOHNSON, THOMAS

Staff, butler of Mr. Christie

Age: 45

Address: 300 Central Park W.

Statement:

The young master informed me on October 9th that he wished to give a Halloween party for his friends at this mansion he had rented. I was, naturally, to see to the invitations, the food and drink, and the proper service of the guests. The master gave me the guest list on the 17th. I had intended to ask for the assistance of a footman from the older Mr. Christie's household, but Master Robbie suggested that I bring Mary, the new maid, instead.

The master wished to make all the arrangements for the entertainment himself. He engaged the magician and the fortune-teller and arranged the details of their performances. He told me only that the magician would arrive at half past seven, and the fortune-teller at half past eight. When the magician arrived, I showed him up to the attic, as the young master had instructed me. Mary took him a tray of food and drink. We had arranged for the fortune-teller to have one of the bedrooms on the second floor, so that she might retire there for a little rest between her readings, should she require it. The maid served her tea and cake.

Mary and I had been at the mansion since six o'clock, making preparations for the party. At half past six, Master Robbie arrived with several carpenters from a nearby furniture shop. Under his direction, they assembled a table in the parlor. Once the workmen had finished and departed, at around seven, the young master went upstairs to the larger bedroom to rest.

The first guests arrived at eight. I began mixing and serving the alcohol-free cocktails and the coffee, while Mary brought out the sandwiches, cakes, tea, and other refreshments.

For most of the evening I was occupied between the kitchen, the pantry, and the drawing room, seeing that everything was in order and that there was sufficient food and drink for everyone. Master Robbie came into the kitchen at about a quarter to nine, and remarked that he was quite pleased with how things were going. He then said he was going up to the attic to see that the magician's preparations were in order.

At 9:30 I served coffee again as Master Robbie had requested beforehand, and then went back to the kitchen. A few minutes before ten, I was in there preparing another tray of cocktails when I heard the commotion. When I ran

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into the drawing room, the fortune-teller began shouting that a spirit had attacked Master Robbie. I do not believe in such things, so my first thought was that, if my master had indeed been attacked, the assailant must be a flesh-and-blood person.

So when Mr. Nowak told me to telephone the hospital, I did so at once, and then I called the police as a precaution as well.

Unfortunately, Miss Evie came over while I was speaking to the police and began making rather hysterical remarks about the spirit and its supposed attack upon Master Robbie. I am afraid I could do little to prevent her. I apologize for the confusion.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

BROWN, MARY

Staff, maid at the Christie family

Age: 24

Address: 115 Central Park W.

Statement:

I arrived at 6pm with Mr. Johnson to get everything ready for the party. First, we had to make room in the parlor for a table, which arrived at 6:30. Master Robbie supervised the workers as they brought it in and set it up. By then, Mr. Johnson and I were already in the kitchen, preparing refreshments for the guests. The master went upstairs to rest after the workers left.

As arranged, the magician arrived at 7:30. Mr. Johnson took him up to the attic, as Master Robbie had instructed him to. I prepared some food and drink for the magician on a tray, which I took upstairs at 7:50.

Then, starting at 8pm, the guests began to arrive, so I served refreshments in the drawing room as well: sandwiches, cakes, lemonade, and tea. Serving the drinks and the coffee was Mr. Johnson's responsibility.

After that, I spent most of my time in the kitchen. From time to time, I went into the drawing room to replenish the trays, and into the pantry to get more supplies.

I went upstairs twice. The first time was at 8:30, after the fortune-teller arrived. I took some refreshments up to her room. One of the Miss Samuels was just coming out of the bathroom and Madame Roberta was going in. She was given the smaller bedroom upstairs so that she could take a break and rest for a while if she needed to. After I put her tray in her bedroom, I also went up to the attic, and brought the magician's empty tray back downstairs with me.

The second time I went back upstairs was five minutes later, around 8:40, to bring the fortune-teller's tray back down because she'd already started her fortune-telling by then. That's when I ran into Mr. Johnny and Miss Dorothy. They were coming down the stairs from the second floor, talking.

After that, I stayed downstairs. Mr. Johnson and I used the little bathroom next to the pantry. The guests used the big bathroom on the second floor. Only the main bathroom upstairs is usable because it's the only one that has been fixed up.

I don't really remember who was where or when. I wasn't paying much attention to the guests' movements; I was busy with my own duties.

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I have no idea what could have happened to Master Robbie. I only heard the commotion and Mr. Johnson making the phone call. Then the next time I saw the young master was when the doctors carried him out. The poor master looked very ill.

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ADLER, JACK

Guest, friend of Mr. Christie

Age: 20

Address: 187 Mulberry St

Statement:

I arrived with Will, George, and Evie shortly after eight. We went into the drawing room, where a few people had already gathered around the card table or were sitting on the couches, chatting. I joined Ruth, Margot, and Charlie for a game of cards. Robbie joined us later.

We played until about 8:45, when Robbie got up and said he wanted to make sure everything was ready for the surprise. I was already getting bored with the card game, so a few minutes later I decided to follow Robbie and see if I could sneak a peek at what the surprise was.

Robbie went into one of the attic rooms, where he was obviously talking to someone. All I heard was a man's voice. They were arguing about something. At one point, I heard Robbie say, "That's not what we agreed on." Then he added, "So that's why I had to invite eleven guests? So there'd be twelve of us altogether?"

Just then, the door handle began to turn, and I didn't want Robbie to catch me listening in, so I ducked into the attic room opposite the stairs. I waited there, keeping my ears open for a chance to slip out. But my luck being what it was, I soon heard Evie's voice coming from the hall. It seemed she'd followed Robbie upstairs.

She was plainly trying to make a play for him, but Robbie was having none of it. He told her rather sharply that he had a fiancée. That only made matters worse. Evie accused him of being awfully concerned about his fiancée when it suited him, but apparently forgetting all about her whenever he was hovering around the maids.

Robbie got very angry and told Evie, flat out, that his private affairs were none of her business. Evie said something else in reply, but I couldn't make it out. Then she ran off in tears.

I heard Robbie start down the stairs after her, so I cracked open the door and took a quick look outside. But, to my surprise, his voice began coming back up the stairs again. I quickly pulled the door shut and stayed put, listening. I think it was Will who talked with Robbie, but I suppose they went into one of the rooms beside the stairs, because I didn't hear much after a few minutes. I took the opportunity to slip quietly downstairs.

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I stopped in the bathroom on the second floor, then went back to the drawing room with the others. We had a few drinks, talked, and passed the time.

Around 9:30, the butler served coffee while Robbie started rounding people up for a little séance. I don't really believe in that sort of thing, but I figured it would be fun, so I joined everyone at the Ouija board that had been set up in the parlor.

There were seven of us in all who took part in the séance. I was sitting between Robbie and Betty. Johnny and Evie were sitting to Betty's left, while Dorothy and George were sitting opposite us, in front of the window. Will, of course, refused to sit down with us, but he kept an eye on what was going on, leaning against the pillar between the parlor and the drawing room.

We must have started the séance around 9:45. At first, Robbie was asking the questions, then Evie and Betty took over. The planchette moved all over the place, spelling out all kinds of answers for them.

Honestly, I was convinced someone was moving the planchette, so I was trying to figure out who it could be. Robbie was my main suspect.

We'd been at it for about ten minutes when Robbie suddenly let go of the planchette and fell out of his chair. I rushed over to him immediately. He was clutching his stomach, his face was twisted in pain, and he was convulsing... It was horrible.

The others gathered around us, although there was hardly any room around the table. George tried to get everyone to move back and somehow help Robbie. The butler called the hospital, and their car arrived about ten minutes later.

By then, Robbie was lying motionless, almost rigid with cramps. After the doctor examined him, the attendants carried him out, and you arrived shortly afterward.

I have no idea what could have happened.

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HARRISON, HELEN

Guest, fiancée of Mr. Christie

Age: 20

Address: 4 E. 79th St

Statement:

We got there a little after eight. Robbie had sent a car for Johnny, Dorothy, and me. Everyone else was already there by then. Some people were drinking and talking, and others had sat down to play cards. I asked Mary where I could freshen up, and she sent me upstairs to the bathroom.

When I came back down, I joined George, Will, and Johnny. They were talking about the fortune-teller who'd just arrived and they were making fun of her. Evie was already sitting at her table. I told them I didn't really have anything against fortune-telling itself. It was people like Madame Roberta, who seemed more like a charlatan to me, that I didn't trust. Although, I did end up sitting at her table later, just to kill some time. That was much later, around 9:45, when the others sat down for the séance.

For the most part, I watched the card game and spent the evening talking with the girls. At one point, I asked if they'd noticed how that new friend of Will's, Jack, was forever hovering around Robbie. I thought it rather odd. Until tonight, I'd never so much as heard of the fellow, and yet he was carrying on as though he and Robbie had been thick as thieves for years. Neither Ruth nor Dorothy seemed to think there was anything to it, though, so perhaps I was reading too much into it.

I went upstairs to the bathroom again around nine. There was quite a bit of traffic up there. I suppose that's not surprising, with everyone drinking those cocktails Johnson was mixing all evening.

Come to think of it, while I was in the bathroom, I heard footsteps overhead, which struck me as rather odd. Of course, once I learned that the magician had been up in the attic the whole time, that little mystery was cleared up as well.

As for what happened to Robbie, I really don't know. I was sitting at the fortune-teller's table, with my back to the parlor. Madame Roberta was sitting across from me, so she saw what was happening before I did. When she suddenly started shouting that a spirit had attacked someone, it scared the life out of me. Evie was screaming, too, and suddenly everyone was running around.

By the time I realized Robbie was the one who had collapsed and tried to

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get over to him, George was telling everyone to back away so Robbie could breathe. Poor Robbie was doubled up on the floor, clutching his stomach or something. It was awful.

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KOCSIS, RUTH

Guest, friend of Mr. Christie for years

Age: 21

Address: 1 W. 62nd St

Statement:

Betty drove me, Margot, and Charlie here. Betty's an old friend—we attended Brearley high school together. We arrived at exactly eight. We were the first guests. Will arrived soon afterward with Evie, George, and a guy named Jack, whom I hadn't met before. Then, around 8:15, the last guests arrived as well.

A few of us had already sat down to play cards by then—Margot, Charlie, Jack, and me. Robbie joined us soon afterward.

We played for about half an hour, when Robbie got up and said he wanted to check on the surprise that had been prepared. I asked the others if they knew anything about this particular surprise, but everyone just shook their heads. Jack, however, got up and said he'd follow Robbie and see if he could find out what the surprise was. I asked him about it later, but he said he hadn't been able to find out anything.

Margot went to have her fortune told, but Johnny, Betty, and Dorothy joined us, so we kept playing for a while. Charlie got hungry soon, though, so he dropped out, and I took the opportunity to go upstairs to the bathroom. It must have been around nine.

When I reached the second floor, I heard voices coming down from the attic, and it sounded as though there was an argument going on. I recognized Will's voice, but I couldn't make out the other person clearly enough to tell who it was. Will was saying something along the lines of, "If I'm paying for this little party, I'd at least like to have a good time."

That struck me as rather odd, since I'd understood this was Robbie's party. Still, I had no desire to stand there listening in, so I went straight into the bathroom.

After that, I talked with Helen, Evie, and Margot for some time. Helen was jealous of Jack, while Evie tried to talk me out of sitting down at the fortune teller's table, saying the old woman was nothing but a fraud. Apparently, she'd told Evie something that turned out to be a lie. I told Evie she didn't have to convince me, because I had no intention of getting my fortune told anyway.

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Around 9:30, the butler started serving coffee again and Robbie started organizing the séance. I suspected he was planning some kind of prank, and his jokes can be pretty cruel sometimes, so I had no interest in joining in. I grabbed a book and sat down to read in the drawing room.

I have no idea what happened to Robbie. Like I said, I wasn't sitting at the table, and I wasn't paying any attention to them. Not like Will, though. He didn't sit down for the séance either, but he was watching the group like a hawk from the edge of the parlor.

All I know is what everyone else knows: Robbie suddenly collapsed, and they took him to the hospital shortly afterward.

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McCULLAGH, WILLIAM

Guest, friend of Mr. Christie for years

Age: 21

Address: 76 W. 86th St

Statement:

We were five minutes late because of George's hysterical sister. I also brought Jack with me. Charlie had already arrived with Margot and others by then, and Johnny arrived after us with Helen and Dorothy.

Robbie offered everyone a drink, and then some of the guests sat down to play cards. Charlie, of course, was among them. He wouldn't miss an opportunity to play cards. Jack joined them, and then Robbie did, too. Before that, though, after we arrived, I was just talking with George and Johnny.

But then Evie attached herself to us, so any intelligent conversation came to an end for a while. She was going on and on about some fortune-teller who was supposed to arrive shortly. The old woman looked like a fraud to me, but at least she kept Evie occupied.

Then Helen joined us. I don't know how she puts up with Evie, who's obviously head over heels in love with Robbie, and tries to monopolize him whenever she gets the chance. Helen, though, is always so calm and polite, as if she doesn't even notice that Evie is constantly waiting for an opportunity to steal her fiance away from her.

Tonight was no different. When Evie noticed Robbie get up from the card table and head upstairs, she shortly left the fortune-teller's table and followed him.

By then the cocktails were starting to catch up with me, too, so I asked the maid where the bathroom was. She directed me upstairs. Someone was using it, so I waited for a while. I think it was around 9.

While I was standing there in the hall, I heard voices coming from one of the bedrooms next to the staircase. Well, I thought to myself, Evie had finally managed to seduce Robbie after all—the sounds were quite obviously those of a couple having an intimate encounter.

Only I was wrong about who was involved. A few minutes later Evie ran down from the attic crying, and Robbie was just coming down the stairs after her.

I told Robbie I wanted a word with him in private. He suggested we go into one of the attic rooms. I followed him up and told him I really didn't mean to hurt his feelings, but I simply wasn't enjoying myself and wanted to go

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home. I only asked that he arrange for the few people I'd brought with me to be driven home in his car.

But Robbie persuaded me to stay until at least ten o'clock, since that was when he'd planned the evening's big surprise, and he was sure I'd find it interesting.

As for what caused Robbie to collapse, I haven't the slightest idea. Naturally, I didn't take part in that ridiculous séance, so I wasn't there.

Honestly, I can't imagine why Robbie came up with the whole thing in the first place. I think the big surprise he mentioned was some sort of prank that may have backfired on him, or something along those lines. Like I said, I have absolutely no idea what happened.

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NOWAK, EVELYN

Guest, friend of Mr. Christie for years

Age: 20

Address: 125 W. 73rd St

Statement:

We arrived shortly after eight. Unfortunately we came with Will, so I had to listen to him grumbling the whole way about how we were going to be late because I couldn't get ready on time. It was all greatly exaggerated, of course, and we weren't even the last ones to arrive, but Will always finds something to complain about when it comes to me. He simply can't stand me. Not that I'm particularly fond of him either, but he can be awfully rude sometimes.

After we arrived, some of the others sat down to play cards. I talked with Robbie for a while, and he told me we were in for a wonderful evening. We were going to hold a séance, there was going to be a fortune-teller who would gladly tell anyone's future, and we could also expect a big surprise around ten.

Of course, I was thrilled to hear all that and immediately went to tell George and the others. They listened rather skeptically. I didn't expect anything different from Will, but Johnny's mockery surprised me. He's usually much nicer and more polite. I suppose he was trying to impress Will with his behavior.

In any case, I sat down at the fortune-teller's table as soon as she arrived. She told me some fantastic news, so I was absolutely delighted. For the rest of the evening, I drank and talked with the others, just like everyone else, so it's difficult to remember everything exactly.

At some point, I went upstairs to use the bathroom, too. Maybe it was after my reading with the fortune-teller. Yes, now I remember—it was after the reading. Around 8:50.

The séance started at 9:45. Johnny and I were sitting across from Robbie. I was very excited. Robbie suggested that we take turns asking the spirits if any of them wanted to speak with us.

When it was my turn, the planchette suddenly shot over to 'YES.' I was so surprised that I couldn't even speak. Betty took over and started asking the spirit questions, and it answered her.

It was exciting and creepy at the same time. I was fascinated by every answer, but I also had chills running down my spine. Since I was watching

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the planchette with my full attention the entire time, I didn't even understand what had happened at first when several people jumped up from the table.

It wasn't until Madame Roberta shouted that the spirit had attacked Robbie that I noticed him lying on the floor. I was absolutely terrified, and I think I started screaming.

Then George shouted to the butler to call the hospital, and I rushed to the telephone, too. I have no idea exactly why. I just acted on instinct. I felt I had to do something to help Robbie, so when I heard Johnson calling the police as well, I shouted into the receiver that a spirit had attacked Robbie.

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NOWAK, GEORGE

Guest, friend of Mr. Christie for years

Age: 21

Address: 125 W. 73rd St

Statement:

I arrived shortly after eight. Will drove my sister Evie, Jack, and me over. A few guests had already arrived by then, so Jack sat down to play cards with Charlie and the others, while Will and I poured ourselves some drinks and started talking to Johnny about college. Evie joined us soon afterward.

She was very excited because she'd found out that a fortune-teller was coming, and everyone would have a chance to have their fortune told. Evie is absolutely fascinated by that sort of spiritual nonsense, so she was thrilled. And as soon as the fortune-teller arrived, she practically ran to her table to be the first one in line.

Helen joined us around then. She wasn't quite as enthusiastic about the fortune-teller, although she said it wasn't because she didn't believe in spirits. She just didn't care for all the theatrical stuff. Will was very skeptical about the whole thing. He said he couldn't understand why Robbie had arranged this silly nonsense for tonight—unless he was planning some big prank for all of us, which would be just like him.

For the rest of the evening, I watched the cardplayers, talked with people, and so on. It's hard to remember exactly. I went upstairs to use the bathroom once, too. I felt a bit woozy so I washed my face with cold water and sat down for a few minutes on the edge of the bathtub. I must have been there for at least 10 minutes. When I came out, Helen was waiting for the bathroom and she asked me what time it was. It was 9 o'clock.

At 9:45, we sat down at the Ouija board. I was sitting next to Dorothy, with my back to windows. Of course, I didn't believe we were actually going to start talking to spirits, but I was curious to see what Robbie was up to. I suspected this was going to be his big joke for the evening.

When he suddenly collapsed out of his chair, I thought he was just fooling around. But when I went over to him, I saw that he was genuinely ill. I immediately shouted for the butler to call the hospital, and tried to get everyone to move back a little so Robbie could breathe.

The poor fellow was curled up on the floor at first, convulsing, then he went still, but his face was still twisted with pain. It was horrible. To be honest, I thought he'd been poisoned.

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When the doctor arrived and examined him, all he said was that his condition was extremely serious and that they needed to take him to the hospital.

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OWENS, DOROTHY

Guest, cousin of Mr. Christie

Age: 22

Address: 115 Central Park W.

Statement:

We arrived at 8:15 with Johnny and Helen. Of course, we were only late because Helen couldn't decide what to wear. It was rather embarrassing. I really hate being late anywhere—even to a Halloween party. Especially when Robbie was kind enough to send a car for us.

Of course, everyone had already arrived by then. They were eating and drinking, and some had sat down to play cards. Helen and I asked where the bathroom was, and Mary directed us upstairs. I told Helen to go ahead without me, because I knew she'd want to touch up her makeup before seeing Robbie. Helen takes this engagement very seriously. You'd think she was already married and could only appear before her husband looking absolutely perfect.

Anyway, I went into the drawing room and helped myself to a cocktail. I watched the card players for a while, then joined the others who were chatting. It wasn't terribly interesting. The boys kept talking about college, trying to outdo each other with their stupid stories. It was their only topic. As if college students were the only people who had a life. Honestly!

I went back to the card players instead, and when a few seats opened up a few minutes before nine, I joined the game. Unfortunately the cards weren't treating me very well, and after all those cocktails, I couldn't really concentrate either. So around 9:10, I gave up and went to the bathroom.

I had to wait a little while because someone was in there. While I was waiting in the hall, some interesting noises caught my ear coming from one of the rooms. All I'll say is that a certain couple had obviously slipped away into that room. I have no idea who they were.

Around 9:30 the butler served coffee again to help us stay awake, while Robbie started organizing a group for a séance. He said it was just the introduction to the big surprise he had planned for the evening. I was very curious about this much-talked-about surprise, so I immediately volunteered to join the séance. Evie and Betty were easily persuaded, as was the new fellow, Jack. The others were a little more reluctant. Some thought the whole thing was ridiculous—Will, for example—while others were afraid that we might actually summon a spirit—Helen, for example. But then George

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and Johnny agreed to join us, too, so we had enough people to sit around the table.

I was sitting across from Jack, with my back to the windows. George was on one side of me, and Robbie on the other.

I know you probably expect me to have all sorts of observations to make, considering how close I was to Robbie, but unfortunately, I have nothing to tell you. I was completely absorbed in the séance and kept my eyes fixed on the planchette the whole time. When it started answering Betty's questions, my heart was pounding in my throat. So when Robbie suddenly collapsed out of the chair beside me, it caught me completely off guard.

And the fortune-teller's words sent a chill down my spine. At that moment it didn't seem so unbelievable that an enraged spirit had attacked Robbie. Of course, now that I say it out loud, it sounds ridiculous. I have no idea what happened.

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SAMUELS, ELIZABETH

Guest, friend of Mr. Christie

Age: 21

Address: 336 Central Park W.

Statement:

Margot, Ruth, Charlie, and I arrived first, right at eight, just as the invitation said. George and a few others showed up five minutes later.

When the third group arrived, around 8:15, I went upstairs to use the bathroom. I was there for at least 15 minutes, because I had to change my driver's gear to a cocktail dress, and it wasn't easy alone. I could have asked the maid's help, but she had her hands full as it was. I had to rush in the end because the psychic lady was knocking on the door. She didn't seem very friendly to me.

I spent the time eating, drinking, and watching the card players, and when some seats opened up at the card table, I sat down and joined the game.

Some of the others had their fortunes told by the old fortune-teller, but I wasn't interested. I was looking forward to the séance and the surprise Robbie had promised us, which also sounded like it was going to be something frightening, judging by the hints Robbie had dropped.

The séance started at 9:45. Besides Robbie and me, Jack, Dorothy, George, Evie, and Johnny were sitting at the table. We took turns asking the board if anyone was there and wanted to speak to us.

When it was Evie's turn to ask the question, the planchette finally started moving and slid over to 'YES.' Evie was so surprised that she was speechless, so I took over the questioning.

The spirit said I reminded him of his fiancée, whom he had been forced to leave behind in the earthly world. Only I was much prettier.

Of course, the boys started chuckling at that. Robbie remarked that the deceased must have had pretty poor eyesight, but I didn't care. I asked the spirit what his name was, but it started spelling out some kind of gibberish.

I was just about to ask again when Robbie suddenly collapsed out of his chair. Everyone rushed over to him, while the fortune-teller started wailing about how we were meddling with forces we knew nothing about, and how she wasn't surprised that the enraged spirit had attacked Robbie. Evie completely lost her head and started screaming.

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I don't know what to make of any of it. I know several people in the group laugh at this 'ghost nonsense,' as they put it, but sitting there around the table... well, the whole thing felt real and downright creepy.

I wouldn't rule out the possibility that some occult forces were behind his attack.

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SAMUELS, MARGOT

Guest, friend of Mr. Christie

Age: 22

Address: 336 Central Park W.

Statement:

I arrived at eight with Charlie and Ruth. Betty drove us here. We were the first guests, but the next group arrived soon afterward: Will brought George and Evie, along with a new friend of his, named Jack.

A few of us sat down almost immediately to play cards at the table set up in the drawing room. At first, it was just Ruth, Charlie, Jack, and me, but the third group of guests arrived soon afterward. After greeting them, Robbie joined us as well.

The cards were treating me pretty well, but everyone kept drinking, so they were getting clumsier and clumsier at the game. After about half an hour I was starting to get bored, so when Robbie got up and Jack followed him, I took the opportunity to leave the card players as well. I guess it was 8:45.

By then, Madame Roberta had also started telling fortunes at the little table by the window. Evie had just finished when I walked over. She must have gotten some very good news, because she was grinning from ear to ear. I don't really believe in fortune-telling, but it can be fun, and I was curious to see what sort of nonsense the old woman would come up with.

To tell the truth, it was more frightening than entertaining, and, surprisingly enough, she got some things right. But I assume that's because Robbie, who knows all of us very well, had given her some information beforehand. In any case, I recommended Charlie to her after I was done, because he'd also left the card players by then.

For the rest of the evening, I talked with the other guests. I went upstairs to use the bathroom once, too. It must have been around 9:25. I ran into Charlie on the stairs afterwards, and he said he was also on his way to the bathroom.

After that, we had to drink coffee again, and a group started forming for the séance. I didn't feel like joining them, so I sat down beside Ruth on a sofa in the drawing room, where she was reading a book. I was glad to have a little peace and quiet for a while.

Around 9:45 Robbie and the others started the séance in the parlor, and I found it increasingly strange that Charlie still hadn't come back from the bathroom. Eventually, I decided to see what was taking him so long,

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but I only made it as far as the landing when I heard all the shouting and commotion coming from downstairs.

You know the rest.

But I still don't understand what could have happened to Charlie, or what put him in that condition. He certainly wouldn't drink or take drugs on his own. A few months ago I managed to convince him to give sobriety a try, and he hasn't drunk a drop since then.

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VANDUSEN, JOHN

Guest, friend of Mr. Christie for years

Age: 21

Address: 220 W. 71st St

Statement:

I arrived with Dorothy and Helen. Robbie sent a car for us. We were running a little late—it was already 8:15 when we got here. The other guests had already arrived by then. I joined them in the drawing room. Some were sitting at the card table, while others were chatting.

I asked the butler for a cocktail and went over to talk to George and Will. I've known them since the Trinity, our high school, as well as Charlie and Robbie. We talked about college first. I go to Columbia, while George and Will attend New York University. But when Evie joined us we changed the subject.

At 8:35, I went upstairs to use the bathroom, and on my way back down I ran into Dorothy, who was also coming downstairs. I asked her if she felt like playing cards, and she said yes. Not long after we got downstairs, at 8:45, Robbie and Jack had just gotten up from the card table, so Dorothy and I took their seats.

We couldn't start right away because Margot decided she'd rather go have her fortune told, so we invited Betty to take her place. Ten minutes later Charlie got up, saying he was hungry. Then Ruth said she was going upstairs to use the bathroom, and only the three of us kept playing.

At 9:15, Dorothy dropped out too, so that was the end of the card game. A few minutes later I looked around for Will and George. George was just coming back to the drawing room. I asked him if he was going to join me for another game, but he said he was going to get a drink first. Will and Robbie came back a few minutes later but they didn't want to play either.

At 9:25 I decided to head upstairs to use the bathroom again. I could hear some kind of argument coming from one of the rooms next to the stairs. The fortune-teller was talking to a man. I didn't recognize his voice.

When I got back to the drawing room, everyone was drinking coffee, and Robbie had already started rounding people up for the séance. I usually don't have much interest in that sort of thing, but I thought I'd make an exception for Halloween. Besides, you don't want to cross Robbie.

I was sitting across from him at the table, next to Evie. Will, of course, refused to take part in the séance, but he watched what was going on from

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the edge of the parlor.

Not long after we started, I noticed Robbie wiping his forehead, even though it wasn't hot. Somehow he also seemed to be breathing more and more heavily. Then, all of a sudden, he collapsed out of his chair.

We all tried to rush over to him, but there wasn't much we could do to help. He was obviously in pain.

I think he must have eaten or drunk something that didn't agree with him, but I have no idea what it could have been. We all took our food and drinks from the same trays and no one else got sick.

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ROBERTA, MADAME

Entertainer, psychic

Age: 68

Address: 158 E. 92nd St

Statement:

Mr. Christie asked me to arrive at 8:30, so that's when I did. Well, five minutes early, actually, so I'd have time to settle into the bedroom I'd requested. I needed the room so I could lie down and rest from time to time while telling fortunes. Looking into the past and the future is very serious mental and spiritual work, and it can completely drain a person's strength.

So as I said, I arrived at 8:25, and the maid showed me to one of the bedrooms upstairs. I asked for some tea and cake before I began, and while the maid went downstairs to fetch them, I went into the bathroom. Or at least I went in there as soon as that poor horse-faced girl came out.

I don't want to gossip, but the truth is, a young couple seemed to be having a very good time in the bedroom next to mine. I could hear them through the wall when I arrived. I heard them again later, when I went upstairs to rest at 9:15, although by then they had moved to the room across from mine. There's not much modesty left in young people these days, I must say.

But back to the events of the evening. After the maid brought up my tray, I quickly sipped some tea, ate a piece of cake, and went downstairs to the little table that had been set up for me in the drawing room, so I could begin my work.

First, that pretty blonde girl sat down at my table. She was obviously very nervous, so I tried to tell her as many reassuring things as I could. Unfortunately, the cards warned of heartbreak, but I didn't have the heart to tell her.

Then came one of those poor creatures who certainly hadn't been blessed with much beauty. She was quite skeptical, so I told her plainly that the person she trusts is deceiving her. But she didn't seem to believe me. Still, she sent that chubby young man over. He was reluctant at first, but eventually sat down at my table. Poor thing was terribly nervous, so I reassured him that his little secret wouldn't be revealed. That only seemed to make him more nervous though.

By then, I was already very tired. All three of my clients had sat with me for about ten minutes each, so it was already after 9 o'clock. As I said earlier, I

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went upstairs to my room at that time to lie down for half an hour, or maybe 40 minutes.

When I came back to my table, it was already 9:45, and that elegant but rather pale blonde girl was waiting for me at the table. I thought she must have some urgent question, but during the reading she seemed distracted, as if she wasn't really interested in the whole thing after all. I remember thinking how strange that was.

Her cards, by the way, showed a fulfilled love, so in her case I was able to tell the truth. Or at least, I started to, because that's when that terrible thing happened.

Suddenly, I felt an icy coldness around my heart. I froze at once, because I knew something had happened in the spirit world. And when Mr. Christie collapsed out of his chair, I knew what it was.

They must have been careless during the séance. I imagine one of them—or perhaps several of them—sat down at that table simply to mock the whole thing. I warned Mr. Christie when he told me he was planning to hold a séance tonight. I told him to be very careful, because he was making contact with forces he knew nothing about.

But he just laughed and said there was no need to worry, that he had made all the preparations.

And now look what happened. The spirit they summoned struck him down.

What other explanation could there possibly be?

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MANDRELL, THE GREAT

Entertainer, magician

Age: 48

Address: 2 W. 86th St

Gave a verbal statement to Detective Lucas.

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RENFROW, CHARLES

Guest, friend of Mr. Christie for years

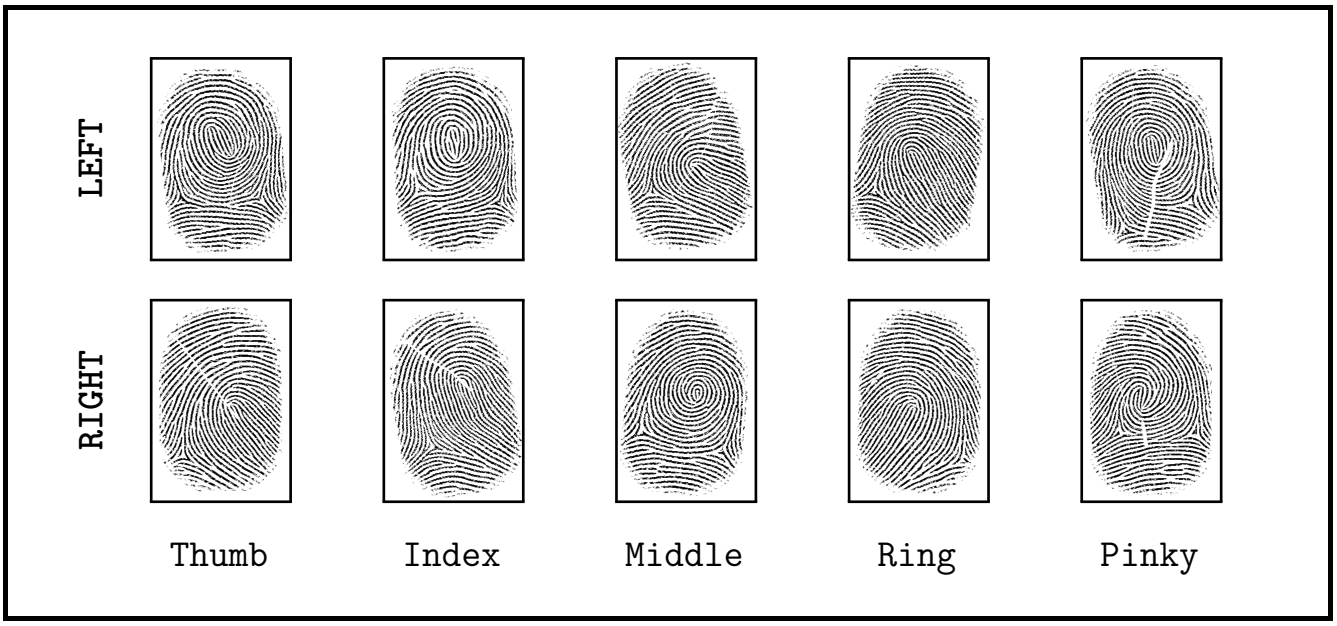
Age: 21

Address: 14 W. 103rd St

Since Mr. Renfrow was barely conscious—apparently under the influence of a large amount of alcohol or some kind of drug—he was unable to give a statement.

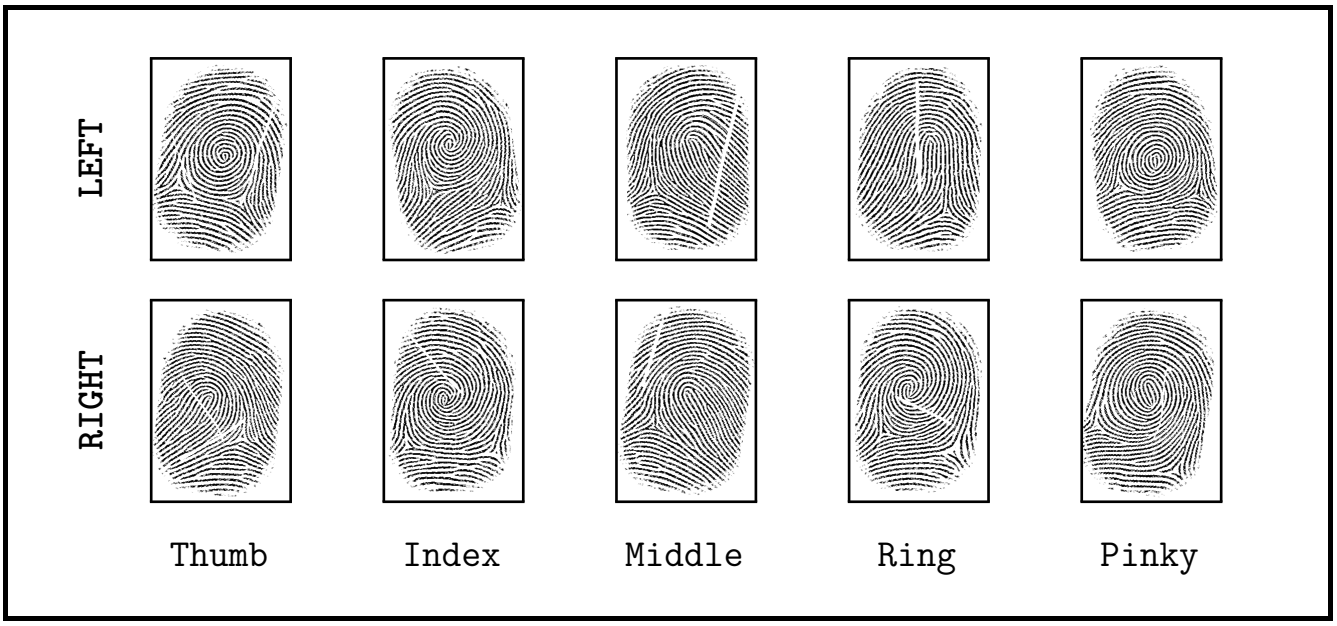
Document 21

Victim's fingerprints, from 3-5865 (p.90)



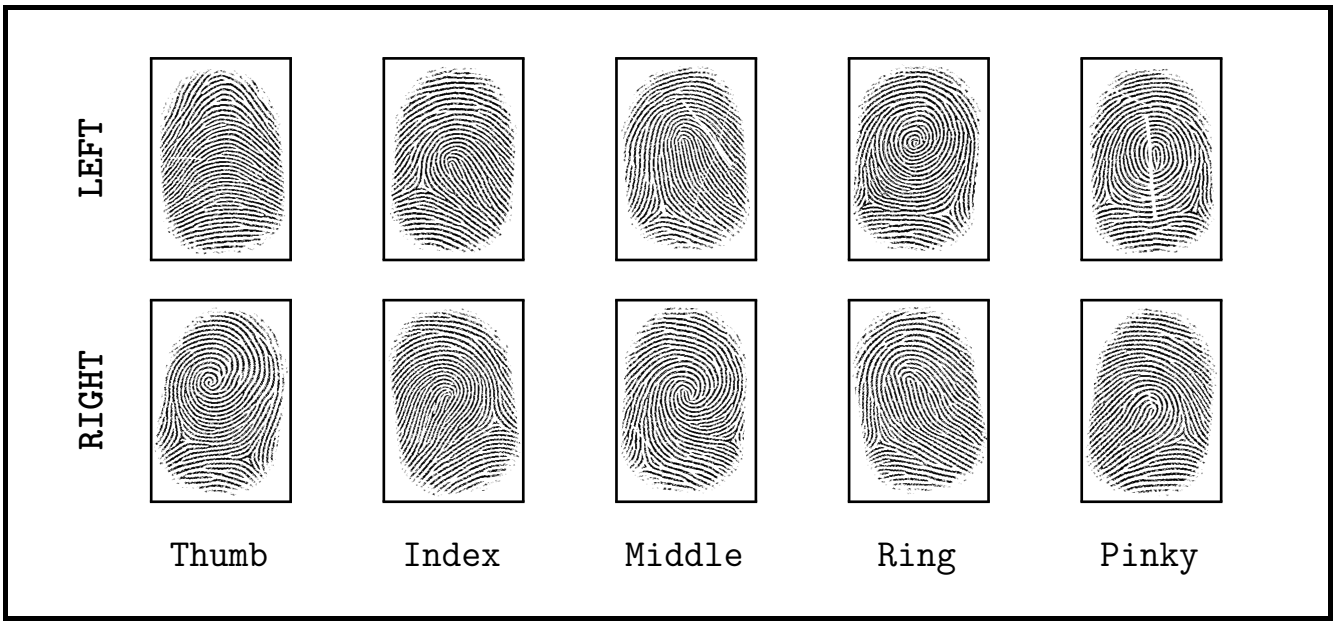
Document 22

Jack's fingerprints, from 4-9889 (p.125)



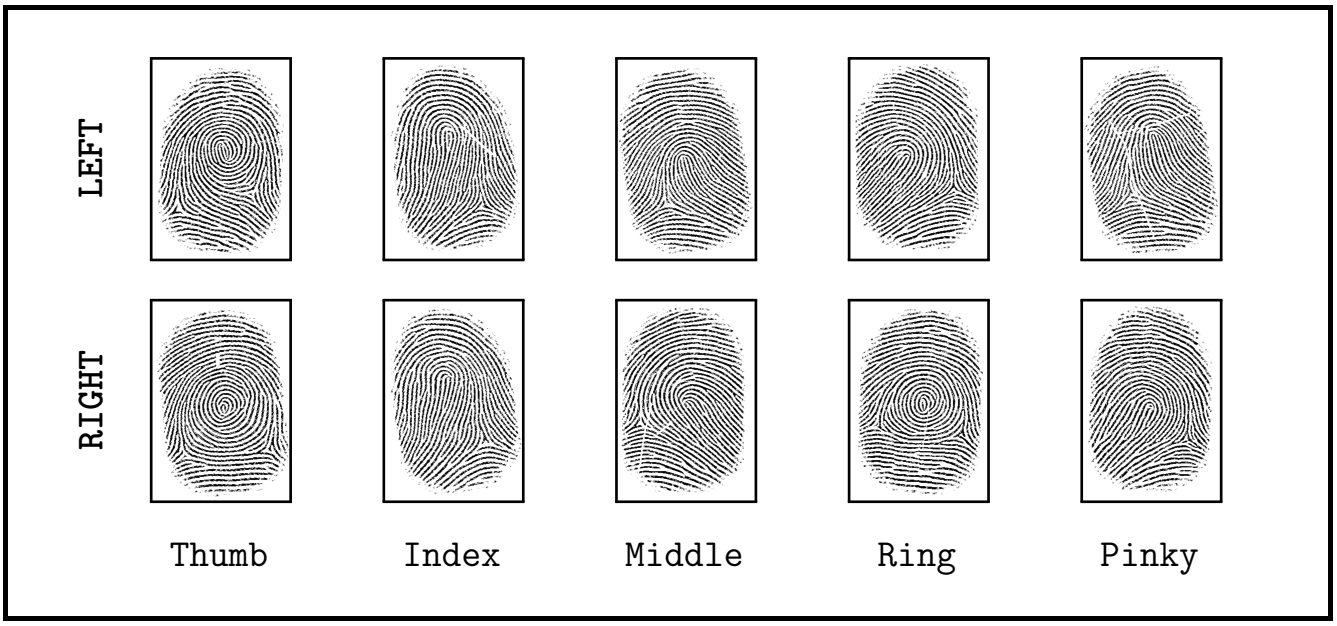
Document 23

Helen's fingerprints, from 5-2909 (p.138)



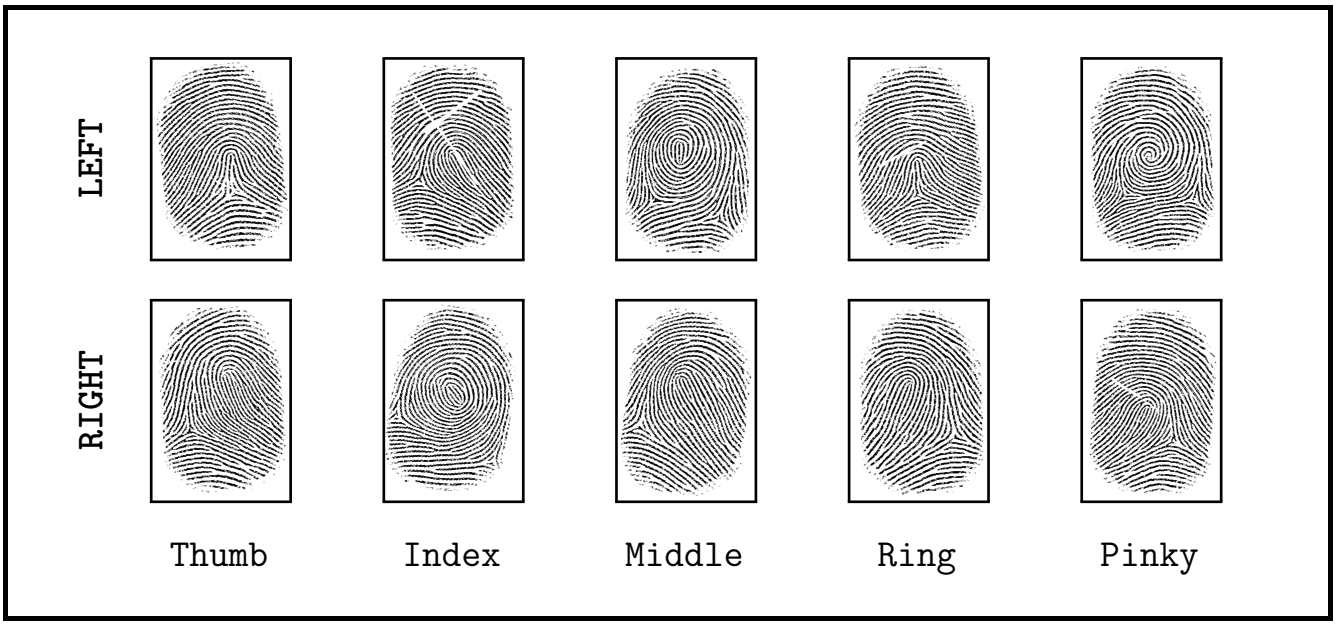
Document 24

Ruth's fingerprints, from 8-6257 (p.204)



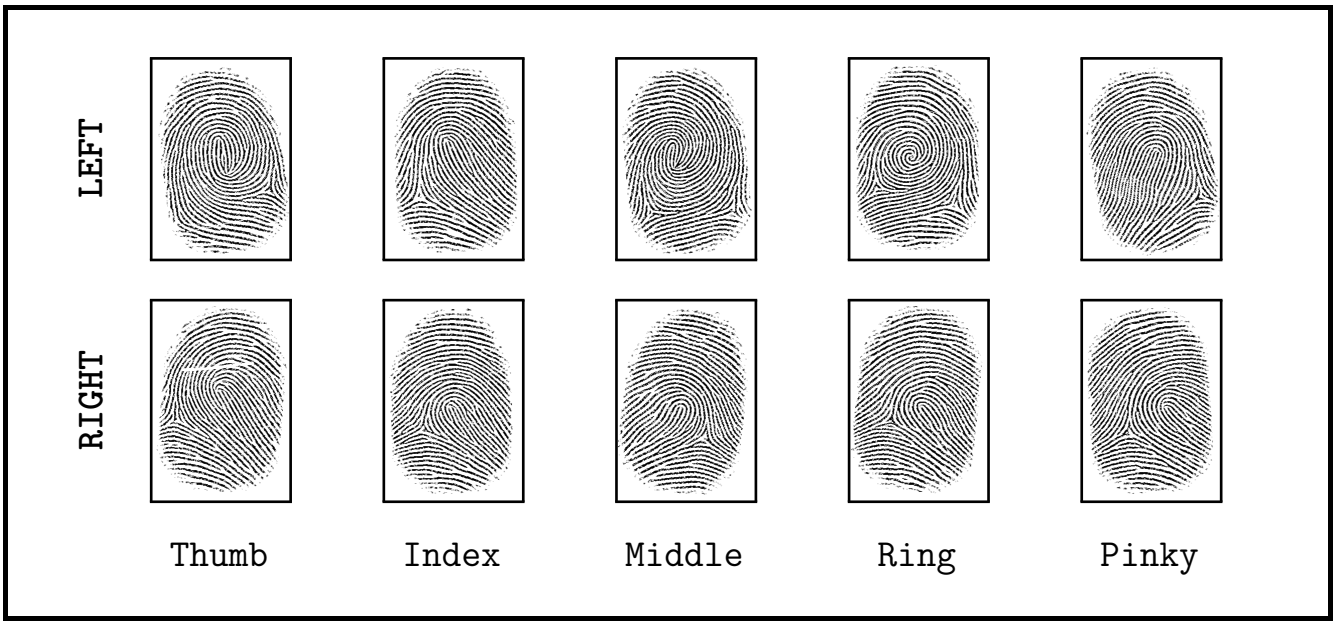
Document 25

Will's fingerprints, from 4-9889 (p.125)



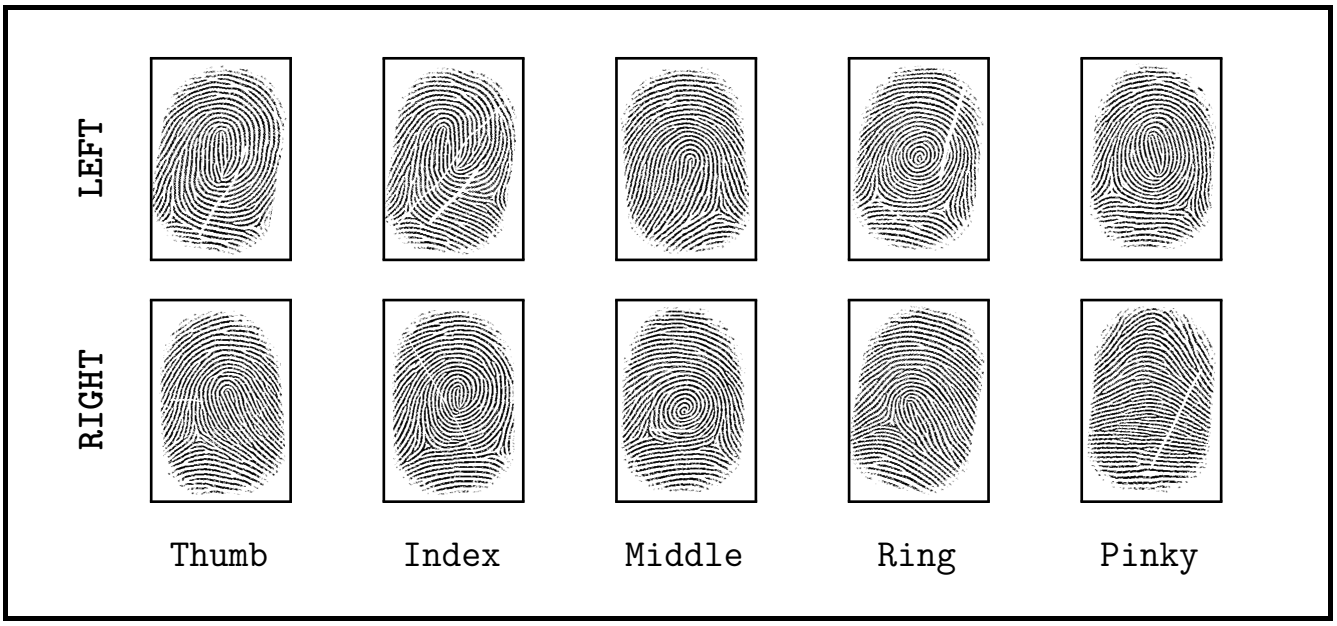
Document 26

Evie's fingerprints, from 1-6752 (p.42)



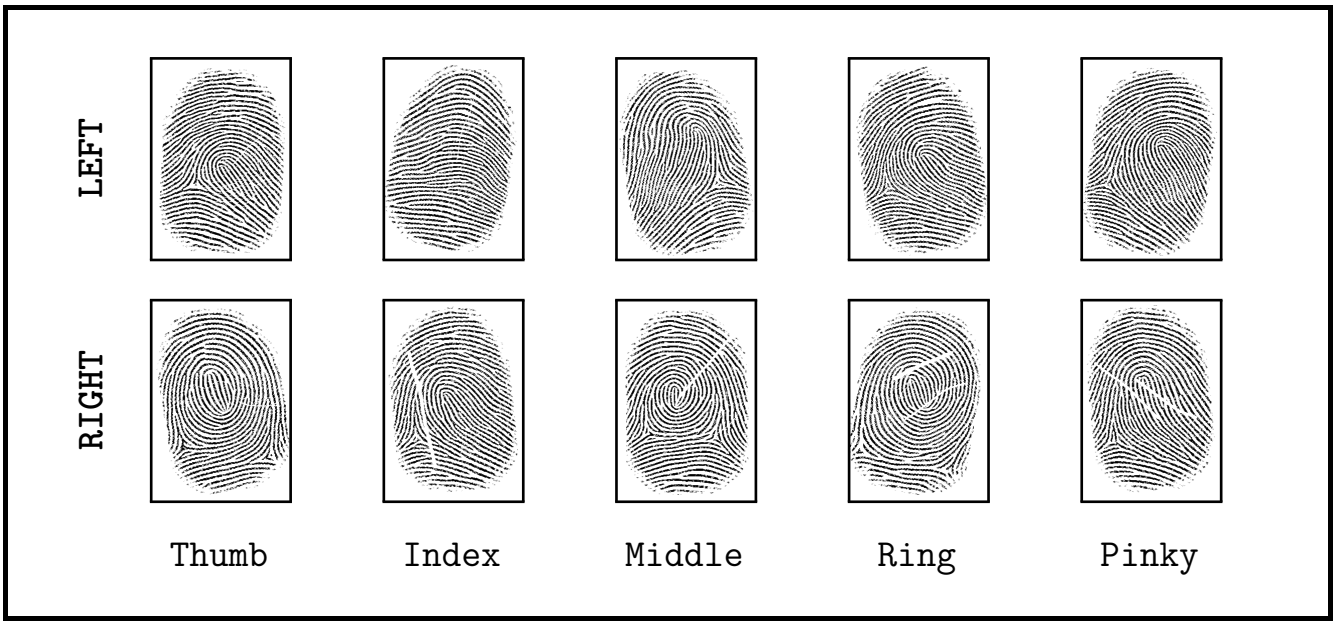
Document 27

George's fingerprints, from 8-6257 (p.204)



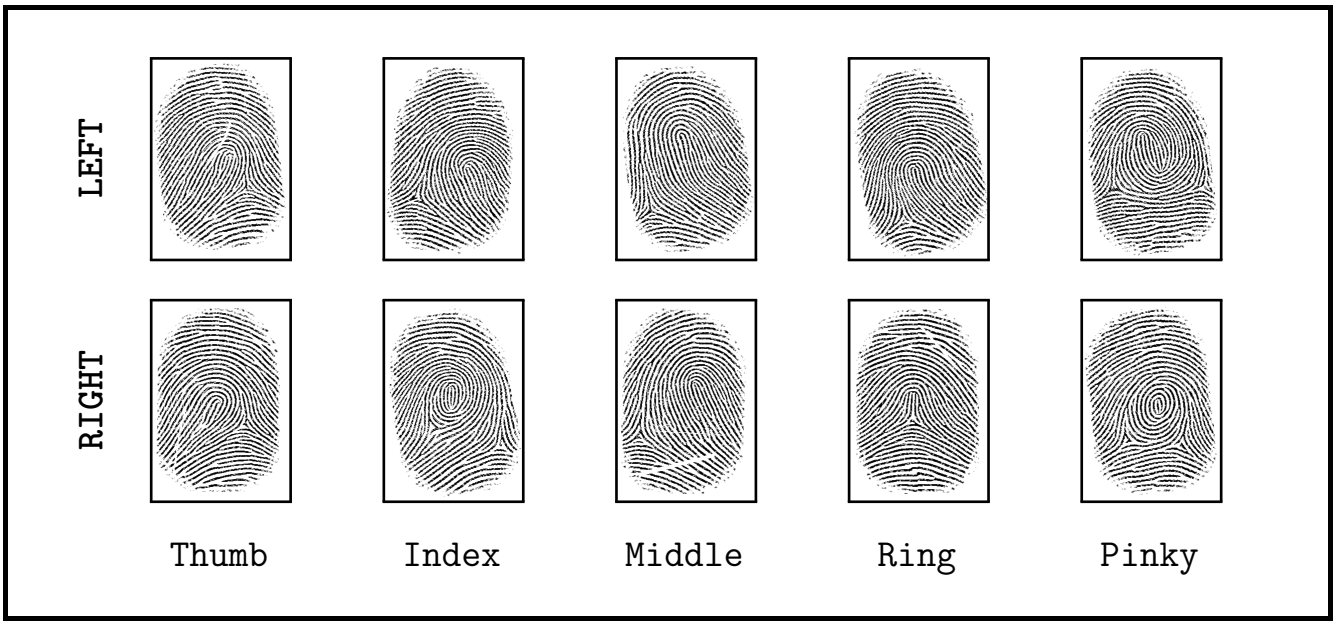
Document 28

Dorothy's fingerprints, from 4-3557 (p.103)



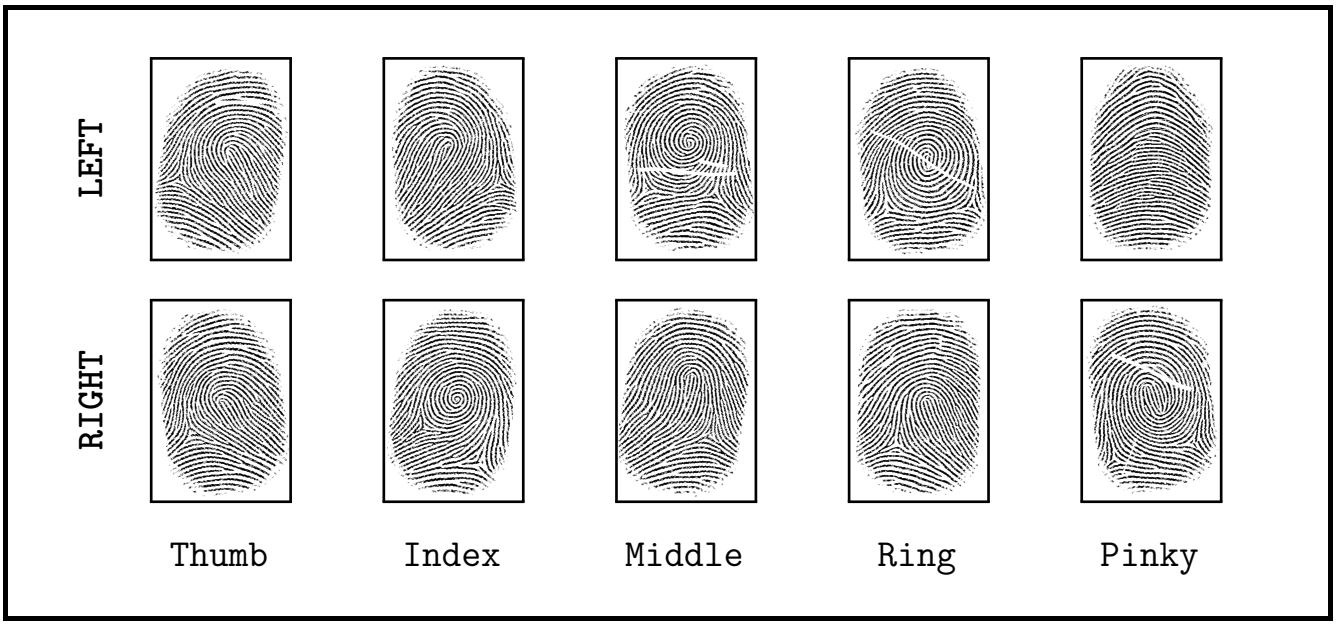
Document 29

Charlie's fingerprints, from 6-7880 (p.164)



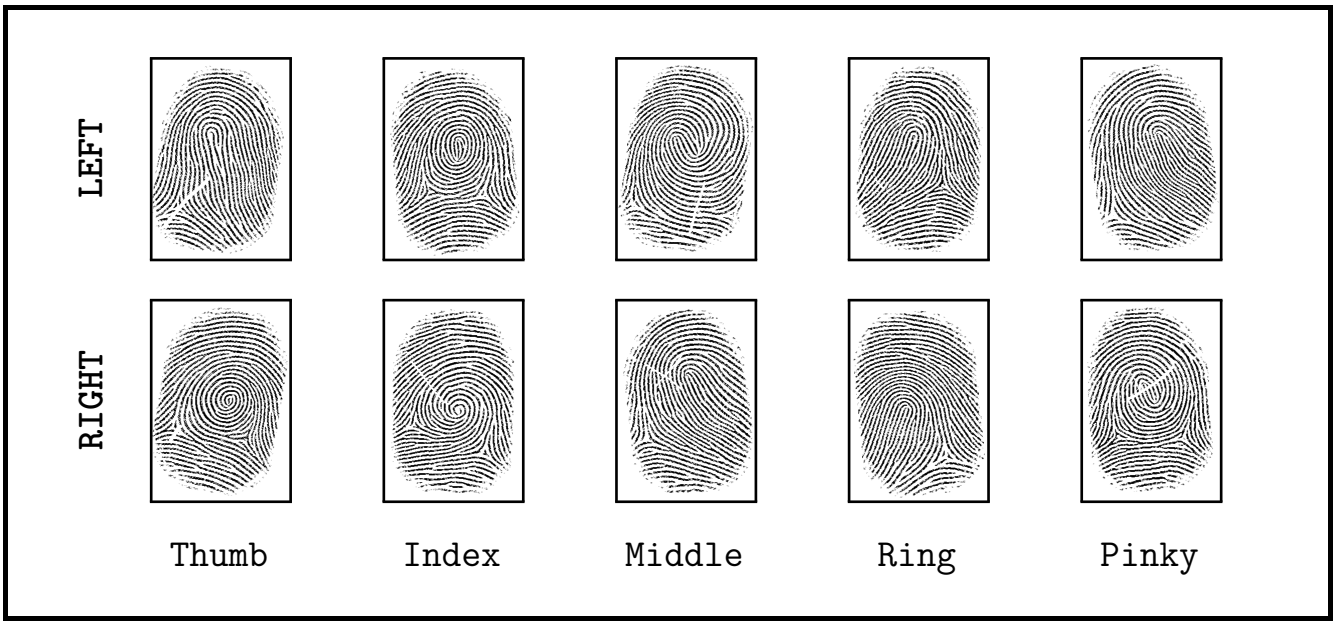
Document 30

Betty's fingerprints, from 6-9113 (p.169)



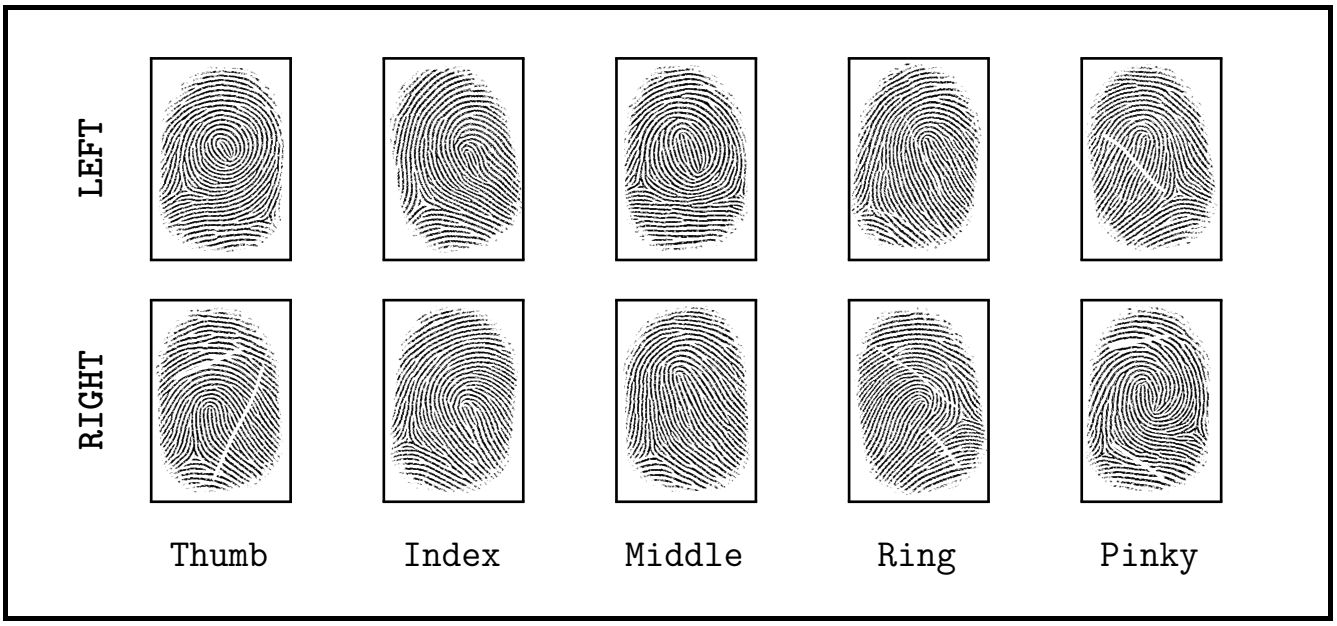
Document 31

Margot's fingerprints, from 4-1698 (p.98)



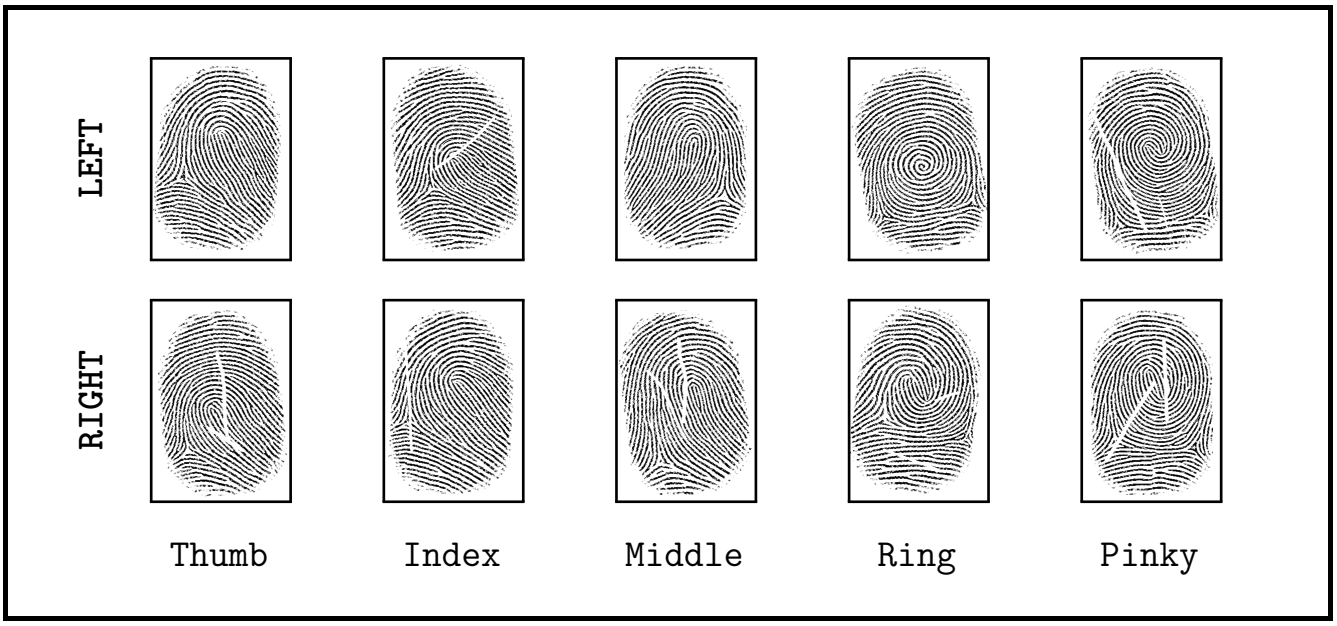
Document 32

Johnny's fingerprints, from 6-7880 (p.164)



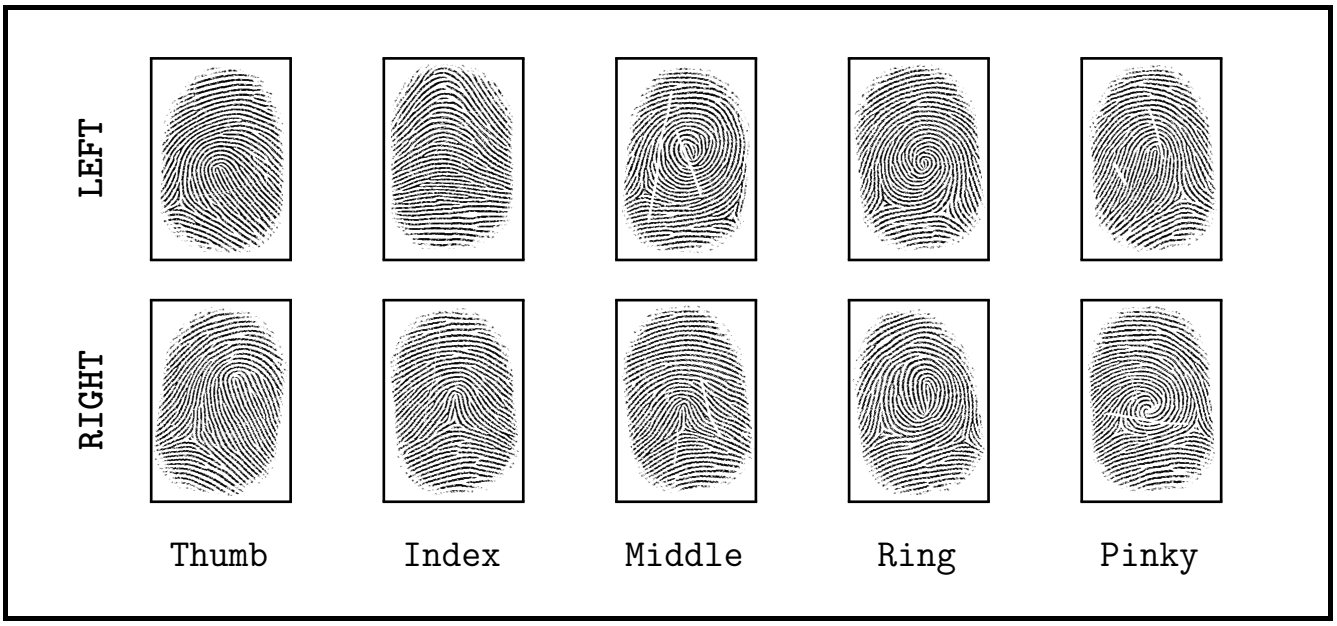
Document 33

The butler's fingerprints, from 8-1044 (p.198)



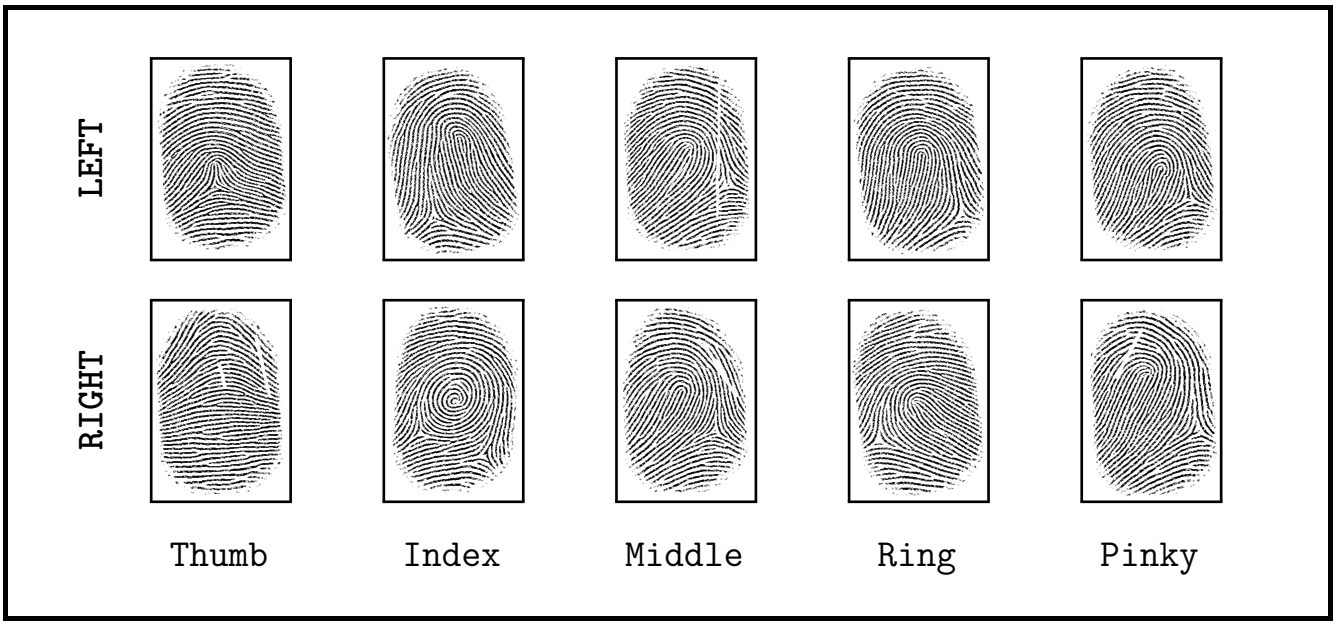
Document 34

The maid's fingerprints, from 8-7278 (p.213)



Document 35

The psychic's fingerprints, from 4-3800 (p.109)



Document 36

Prints found on the coffee cup, from 5-5728 (p.146)

On the handle:

two right thumbs



and two right index fingers



On the cup:

two right thumbs



two index fingers



a middle finger

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



If you correctly identified whose fingerprints these are, and this was your guess:

☑ Tick **2** reputation boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Document 37

Prints found on the dagger, from 1-9205 (p.52)

The 5 fingers of a right hand:



If you correctly identified whose fingerprints these are, and this was your guess:

☑ Tick **1** reputation box on your case tracking sheet.

Document 38

Prints found on the bottle, from 3-2923 (p.84)

A right and a left thumb:



A right and a left index finger:



A right and a left middle finger:



A right and a left ring finger:



A right and a left little finger:

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



If you correctly identified whose fingerprints these are, and this was your guess:

☑ Tick **2** reputation boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Document 39

Prints found on the vial shard, from 3-1622 (p.80)



If you correctly identified whose fingerprints this is, and this was your guess:

☑ Tick **2** reputation boxes on your case tracking sheet.

END

Questions

Read the questions only if you're ready to **finish the case**,

AND you have these documents: Document 10, **Document 13**, **Document 14**, **Document 15**, **Document 19**.

AND these markers: Marker B1, **Marker G1**, **Marker U1**.

AND these fingerprints:

Those of the suspects – **Document 21** through **Document 35**;

Those found on objects – **Document 36** through **Document 39**.

If you don't have them all:

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

You **can go back and follow more leads now** if you want. Time isn't passing, so the 'after 8pm' condition doesn't apply anymore, but you have to check 1 demerit box for every lead you visit.

Use the **hints** if you're stuck.

If you have all of them AND Marker P1, and **Marker Q1**:

Record +**1 thorough** in your **Campaign Log** and +**2 reputation** on your Case Log.



Final Scoring

Calculate your final score by assessing how well you answered each question, assigning **partial credit** as you see fit. (The culture, reputation, and minus points count as one as well.)

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

- Q1. Max score of *5*: _
- Q2. Max score of *5*: _
- Q3. Max score of 7: _
- Q4. Max score of 20: _
- Q5. Max score of 20: _
- Q6. Max score of 18: _
- Reputation points of 20: _
- Culture points of *5*: _
- Minus points: _

If you have *5* **culture points**, record +**1 cultured** in your **Campaign Log**.

If you have **at least 12 reputation points**, record +**1 efficient and** +**1 famous** in your **Campaign Log**. (OR if you have **at least 7 reputation points**, you can record +**1 efficient** in the Campaign Log.)

FINAL SCORE: _

You can see how you did on the 'Results' page.

Questions - Part 1

NYPD - 33rd Precinct, Washington Heights

When you arrive back at the station O'Connor is already waiting for you.

"So, what's the word? Can we finally close the Christie case?"

"I think so. Let's write up the report for the Chief."

O'Connor opens a file.

"Okay, I'm ready. Let's get started."

"First, make a note of what happened on October 31: the phone call, what we found at the mansion, the witness interviews, and so on."

"All right. What exactly should I put down as the cause of death?"

What caused Robert Christie's death?

How?

What's your proof?

Once you have the answers, turn to the next page!



Answers - Part 1

“As the coroner’s report confirmed, Christie died of strychnine poisoning. That means he must have ingested the poison one to two hours before his death—which occurred at 11:05pm—most likely in a bitter drink that masked its taste. That makes the coffee served at 9:30 the most likely source,” you say to your colleague.

(5p)



Questions - Part 2

"The question, of course, is who could have slipped the poison into the coffee. But first, who can we rule out?" you ask O'Connor.

Which of the people present can be ruled out because they had no access to the coffee?

Once you have the answers, turn to the next page!



Answers - Part 2

"Since Robbie left his coffee on that little table at 9:30 and didn't drink it until 9:45, practically anyone at the party could've slipped something into it in the meantime," O'Connor replies.

"Not quite," you point out. "We can rule out a few people. First, the magician didn't come downstairs before 10pm. Everyone agrees on that. Then there's the fortune-teller. That evening, she was either in her bedroom or sitting at her table in the drawing room. Nobody remembers seeing her go into the parlor."

"And among the guests, we can rule out the kid who was high. He wasn't downstairs after 9:30," your colleague adds.

"Exactly. But I'm afraid we can't rule out the others on opportunity alone."

(5p)

If you had **10 points in Questions - Part 1 and 2** (together), record +**1 meticulous** in your **Campaign Log**.



Questions - Part 3

"So now we have to look at access and motive," O'Connor says, jotting it down.

"Exactly. The remaining suspects: most of the guests, the maid, and the butler. The question is, which of them could have gotten hold of the strychnine—and, more importantly, did any of them have a reason to want Christie dead? Let's start with the staff. Did the butler or the maid have any reason to want their employer dead? "

What do you think? Write down your answer.

Once you have the answers, turn to the next page!



Answers - Part 3

"I think we can rule out the butler," you begin. "I couldn't find any reason for him to want his employer dead. He seemed like an honest, decent man throughout—if we overlook his rather ridiculous lie about mixing 'non-alcoholic cocktails' at the party. Besides, losing his employer actually means a step down for him. He'll have to go back to working as a valet at the elder Christie's house, for less money."

"I think we can rule out the maid as well," O'Connor adds. "She didn't prepare or serve the coffee, and I don't think she ever went into the parlor either. Everything she served—the tea, lemonade, and pastries—was laid out in the drawing room."

"Yes, although I think the maid did have a motive," you say meaningfully.

"Really? What kind? She wasn't even the kid's employee."

"Exactly. And yet Christie specifically asked for Mary to come along with Johnson instead of a footman, as the butler had originally arranged. I asked: why? When the elder Christie's butler told me that the maids at their house were replaced rather frequently, and that the previous one had left quite unexpectedly, I decided to look into it.

I came to the conclusion that the Christie boy had a habit of taking a particular interest in his parents' maids and carrying on affairs with them. Mary was no exception."

"But how does that give her a motive? Did she become jealous of his fiancée or something?"

"Not quite. From certain clues and bits of information, I came to suspect that Christie was rough with his partners during sex. He tied them up and probably abused them as well…"

O'Connor lets out a low whistle.

"Well, I never would have guessed that. So the maid wanted revenge?"

"Good question. In any case, she had a possible motive. Although, for other reasons, I eventually came to the conclusion that she wouldn't poison Christie. But we'll get to that later."

(7p)



Questions - Part 4

"Let's move on. Now for the guests."

Who had access to strychnine, and who had a motive to kill Robbie? Write it down.

Betty

Margot

Ruth

Evie

Helen

Dorothy

Will

Jack

George

Johnny

Once you have the answers, turn to the next page!



Answers - Part 4

"Based on access alone, we can only rule out Jack Adler. He wasn't there at that gathering in early October at Johnny Vandusen's laboratory, where the rest of the aforementioned people had access to poisons, including strychnine. Adler is relatively new to the group as well, and several guests said how well he seemed to get along with Christie at the party."

"That could have been an act, just so he could get close enough to the victim," O'Connor points out. "And yes, he's new to the group, but what if he was working for someone?"

"I thought of that myself. Especially after I saw the poor conditions he lives in. He might well have been willing to put poison in the host's coffee for money. But then who would have hired him—who actually had a reason to want Christie dead?" You leave the question hanging.

"Let's look at motive," O'Connor nods.

"Exactly. Let's look at motive. At first glance, Christie seemed to be popular with his friends. But the more I learned about the group, the more I realized that was only on the surface. Several of them had a good reason to hate the boy. The ones I'd rule out are the Samuels sisters. Betty Samuels thought Christie was a snob, but she didn't hate him. And the worst Miss Margot could have had against Christie was that he used to torment her beloved Charlie back in school."

"And what about Johnny? Can't we rule him out too? He didn't really have a reason to poison Christie either. If I'm not mistaken, the school bullying was all in the past."

You nod. "Yes, I think we can rule out Mr. Vandusen as well, even though the poison came from his own laboratory. And even though, according to his grandmother, he was crazy about Evie, while she was in love with Christie…"

"But we shouldn't rule out Will McCullagh. He's the one who introduced Jack Adler to the group," points out O'Connor.

"Exactly."

"But what would his motive be? Wasn't he one of Christie's closest friends?"

"Well… From what I learned, I'd guess that he had very strong feelings for Robert Christie. The boy didn't return them, but he must have known perfectly well that Will McCullagh was attracted to men. When he introduced his new 'friend,' the poor but very handsome Jack, Christie must have suspected they were more than friends."

"Oh, so that's why McCullagh was watching Jack and Robbie like a hawk all evening. He was jealous."

"Very likely. And I think Adler wanted to make McCullagh jealous, after he heard his boyfriend and the host go into one of the attic rooms."

"Because he thought the other two were… you know." O'Connor looks at you suggestively.

You nod: "Exactly. Although it wasn't at all what they were doing there. I think they were talking about money issues, probably even fighting about it."

"Money issues?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"Yes. I think Christie was using his knowledge about McCullagh and Adler to blackmail his friend."

"Christie was blackmailing the redhead?" O'Connor looks at you in disbelief.

"I believe so. The elder Christie cut off his son's allowance in midsummer, so he had to find another source of money. McCullagh supposedly told him at the party that 'he's the one paying for it,' and I found a bank statement showing several substantial withdrawals from Mr. McCullagh's account—starting in mid-September, just when Christie's financial troubles seemed to have been resolved. So I put the pieces together."

"But what if McCullagh was giving his friend the money willingly?" your colleague asks.

"That's possible. You're right. But their falling out in September tells me otherwise. And considering Christie's nature, the way he treated a few of the people he supposedly called his friends… Well, I don't think blackmail was beyond him if it served his interests. Even so, it wasn't Will McCullagh who poisoned him. And nor was it Jack Adler."

"Then perhaps it was his other friend, George Nowak?"

"Or Nowak's girlfriend, Miss Ruth."

"Oh, come on! They're a couple? But they barely even looked at each other while we were questioning the guests," O'Connor protests.

"And that was no accident," you say with satisfaction. "Their relationship was a secret from the entire group, but especially from Christie. As it turns out, George Nowak was deeply embarrassed by his feelings for Miss Ruth because Christie was always making fun of them. I figured out from a love letter I found in the boy's room that Miss Ruth knew all about this."

"And nothing can stand in a woman's way when it comes to love? They don't call poison a woman's weapon for nothing," your colleague interjects.

"Well, that may be true. Especially since Miss Kocsis genuinely believed that Robbie Christie's disapproval was the only thing standing in the way of her and George's happiness. Of course, I've since learned that Mr. Nowak's parents may not exactly be eager to approve the marriage either, but that's beside the point."

"So it wasn't Ruth Kocsis? And nor was it the soft-hearted but easily influenced George Nowak?"

"No. Fortunately, we have some hard evidence to work with."

(20p)

If you had **at least 23 points in Questions - Part 3 and 4** (together), record +**1 observant** in your **Campaign Log**.



Questions - Part 5a

"The fingerprints," O'Connor says.

"Exactly. Fingerprints on the coffee cup the victim drank the poisoned coffee from, and a fingerprint on that small shattered glass vial I found at the mansion—the one that contained the pre-dissolved strychnine. Neither belongs to Ruth Kocsis nor George Nowak."

"Then whose are they?" your colleague asks, looking at you eagerly.

If you haven't already done so, write down your exact answer now!

And, if you wish, you can revise your earlier answer in light of the new information—regarding opportunity, access, and motive. (You can look at the evidence again.)

Once you have the answers, turn to the next page!



Answers - Part 5a

"Besides Christie's, we found Dorothy Owens's and Evie Nowak's fingerprints on the cup," you tell O'Connor.

"Both women mentioned that they'd handled Robbie's coffee cup," your colleague points out. "But which one of them poisoned it?"

"We can start by looking at their motives. Could it have been Miss Evie? But she was head over heels for the Christie boy. It's hard to imagine she'd have wanted to kill the man." You look at O'Connor.

"But they had a fight at the party, didn't they? Up in the attic hallway. Christie supposedly rejected her pretty harshly. Couldn't she have sworn revenge after that? You know, *'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned,'* and all that?" O'Connor points out.

"Not a bad theory. But the poison must have been acquired and dissolved in hot alcohol well in advance, which doesn't exactly fit the idea of a spur-of-the-moment act."

"True," O'Connor says with a nod. "So whose fingerprint did we find on the vial? Maybe that'll help us put the pieces together."

"They said the vial was cleaned before it broke, so it could originally have had more than one fingerprint on it. But they only found one on a shard. Miss Harrison's," you say pointedly.

"His fiancée's?" O'Connor lets out a low whistle. "So I was right after all. Poison really *is* a woman's weapon. Though I never would've taken Miss Helen for the 'Lucrezia Borgia type.' You know, that Italian lady from way back who supposedly poisoned all her husbands, or something like that."

You stare blankly at your colleague.

He takes that as a cue to keep going. "So the dreamy blonde was the killer? But how? And, more importantly, why?"

"Well, as for the why, here's my theory. It certainly seems Miss Harrison had no desire to marry Mr. Christie. But no matter how much she pleaded with her father, he wouldn't call off the wedding."

"But why was she so dead set against marrying him?" O'Connor asks, quite reasonably.

"I think she had more than one reason. For one thing, she found out what Christie had been doing to the maids. She was afraid he'd treat her the same way."

(10p)



Questions - Part 5b

“So that’s it? The fiancée did it? Case closed?” your colleague looks at you.

What do you think? Could Helen do it? If yes, did she act alone? If not, did someone frame her?

You can look at the statements or other leads again if you’re not sure.

Write down your answer here:

Once you have the answers, turn to the next page!



Answers - Part 5b

"Unfortunately, it's not that simple. The problem is opportunity. Miss Harrison could have stolen the poison from Mr. Vandusen's laboratory, certainly. And judging by the book on poisons I found there, she could also have learned how long strychnine takes to work and how to dissolve the crystals in heated alcohol. But when did she get the chance to slip the poison into her fiancé's coffee? According to the butler, Miss Harrison was already sitting at the fortune-teller's table when the coffee was served."

"Not to mention, slipping poison into a cup sitting on that little table would've been a mighty risky move. How could she be sure her fiancé would drink that particular cup? Someone else could've picked it up by mistake," O'Connor points out.

"Exactly. Wouldn't it make more sense for the person who brought the coffee to the victim to be the one who poisoned it? That way, she could be sure the right person drank it."

O'Connor gives you a questioning look. "So she had an accomplice?"

"I think so," you say with a nod.

"And it was either Miss Evie or Miss Dorothy," O'Connor points out.

"I think we can rule out Miss Nowak. Yes, she was hurt, maybe even furious, but I can't imagine her helping anyone poison her precious Robbie."

"So it was Miss Dorothy, then?"

"Yes, I think so. She was probably on her way to bring Christie the poisoned coffee when she heard him ask Miss Evie to fetch it for him. So she simply handed the cup to the Nowak girl and let her take it over to him. That would explain why we found all three sets of fingerprints on the cup.

And there's something else, too. I found the broken vial near the victim's overturned chair, underneath the curtain. Right where Miss Dorothy had been sitting during the séance. My guess is that after she poured the poison into the coffee, she wiped the vial clean, then tossed it on the floor—maybe even stepped on it—and swept it under the curtain before taking her seat at the Ouija board."

"She wiped the vial clean?"

"Yes, the fingerprint guys confirmed that there were probably several fingerprints on the vial originally, but someone wiped it clean before it was broken. Luckily, they didn't do a thorough enough job, because one fingerprint was still left on it."

"But why would Miss Dorothy want to poison her cousin? I thought they'd been close since childhood," asks O'Connor.

"That's the big question, isn't it?" You look back at him. "Why?"

"You're asking me? I have no idea," O'Connor replies, baffled.

"Then listen carefully, and I'll tell you. Christie's circle of friends met Miss Harrison in the spring, after the engagement. Everyone knew the marriage was being arranged under family pressure, but

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

it might still have worked out if the two young people had fallen in love. But that didn't happen. As I mentioned, the boy was more interested in the maids and rough sex, while Miss Harrison seemed far more interested in Miss Dorothy than in her own fiancé.

Most people saw nothing unusual in the two girls' close friendship. Why would they? Although, according to Christie's planner, during the last week of September, the two girls went away on a trip together. I suspect that was when Miss Harrison told her girlfriend what her fiancé had been doing to the maids, and that she was afraid he would treat her the same way once they were married. According to the planner, Miss Dorothy began behaving strangely toward Christie after that trip… toward the cousin she'd known since childhood."

O'Connor points out the obvious. "But how did Miss Helen find out about the maids?"

"I think Miss Evie may have told her, hoping it would put an end to the engagement. I also think she was the one who found Julia Anello a new job in Indiana, presumably at Christie's request, so the maid wouldn't cause a scandal."

"What?"

"Yes. You might remember that during their overheard conversation in the attic, Miss Evie hinted at Christie's unusual interest in the maids. And when I spoke to her, she said she'd done *everything* the boy asked of her. And then there was Miss Evie's picture—one of the photos Mrs. Anello pointed to."

"Wow. Okay, when you put it that way, it does sound plausible," O'Connor says with a nod.

"I suspect George Nowak learned about it from his sister, too," you continue. "That might be what made him realize his friend had no right to judge his preferences, considering what he himself had been doing to the maids…"

"Geez. That Evie girl really was head over heels for Christie, wasn't she? Looks like even the prospect of rough sex didn't put her off. Who knows? Maybe it only made her want him more…"

"Maybe. But I'm not here to judge. What people do in the bedroom is their own business, as far as I'm concerned," you tell your colleague.

He looks back at you in surprise.

"Well, well, Lucas! Who knew you were so open-minded? Don't tell me you're into that sort of thing yourself," O'Connor winks at you.

"Cut it out, O'Connor. We're trying to wrap this case up."

"Okay, okay. Sorry. So the two girls grew very close. But isn't it a bit of a stretch to assume there was something more going on between them?"

"Not really. And I'll tell you why. If you remember the fortune-teller's statement, she said that after she arrived at the party, around 8:30, she heard a couple having sex in the adjoining room. After comparing everyone's statements, I concluded that Miss Harrison and Miss Dorothy were the ones in that room at the time.

Miss Helen said she went upstairs to use the bathroom as soon as she arrived, at 8:15. Miss Dorothy confirmed this, saying they'd asked Mary together where the bathroom was. The problem is that

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Miss Betty also said she was in the bathroom from 8:15 to 8:30, changing her clothes. This later seems more likely to be true to me because the fortune-teller ran into one of the sisters there at 8:30.

Miss Dorothy claimed she'd been chatting with George, Johnny, and Will during this time. But according to her, the boys talked about nothing but college. That can't be true, because we know that when Evie joined them, they started talking about the fortune-teller. And let's not forget that Johnny Vandusen ran into Miss Dorothy at 8:40, just as she was coming downstairs.

All of this makes me think that Miss Helen and Miss Dorothy were actually together in the empty bedroom on the second floor, having a romantic rendezvous.

The fortune-teller also assumed by the way that she was hearing the same couple again later, after nine, but that time from the room across the hall. But in fact, that was Miss Ruth and George Nowak."

"Good Lord! What on earth went on at that party?" O'Connor lets out another low whistle.

"All right, all right. Don't get too carried away with the story, pal. We know it doesn't end well."

"You're right. Sorry," O'Connor mutters sheepishly.

You continue. "Anyway, Miss Helen was trapped in an engagement she wanted no part of and saw no way out of. Miss Dorothy probably wanted to protect her. Then, on October 7, they both visited Johnny Vandusen and got their hands on the poison. Robbie Christie wasn't there that day, so he knew nothing about it.

Of the two, Miss Dorothy strikes me as the stronger one. More decisive. More likely to take action. I suspect the whole poisoning was her idea. And on the surface, at least, Miss Dorothy had no motive whatsoever. Which is precisely why she was the one who could carry out the actual poisoning at the party."

"Meanwhile," continues O'Connor, "Miss Helen sat at the fortune-teller's table, keeping her distance from the parlor where his fiancé and his coffee were. She refused coffee herself, of course. Perhaps as a precaution. Or perhaps she simply knew what was coming and couldn't bear the thought of drinking it."

"Exactly. You're getting the hang of this, O'Connor! And when Christie asked Miss Evie to bring him his coffee, Miss Owens handed her the poisoned cup."

"So that's really it, then? The killer: Dorothy Owens. Her accomplice: Helen Harrison. Damn. What a rotten business. Two beautiful young women! What a shame."

"Well, there you have it. Villains aren't always ugly old crones. Quite the contrary, sometimes. As for the report, I think we've got enough to write it up. Although the story doesn't quite end here. Because if the girls hadn't poisoned Christie before ten o'clock, I have a feeling some truly astonishing things would have unfolded in that attic the magician had prepared."

(10p)

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

If you had **at least 17 points in Questions - Part 5a and 5b**, record +**1 analytical** in your **Campaign Log**.



Questions - Part 6

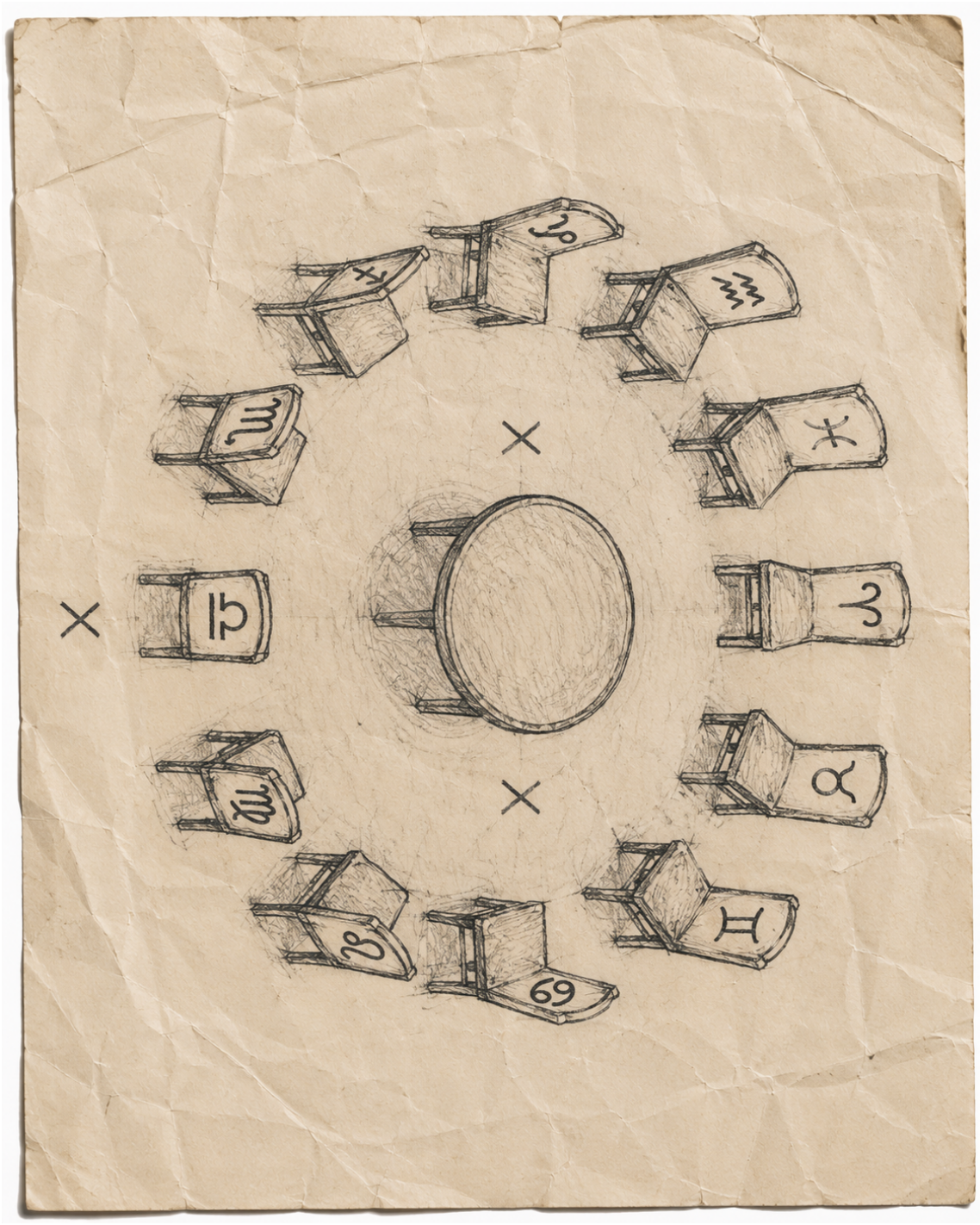
"What sort of astonishing things?" O'Connor asks.

Answer the question in as much detail as you can, explaining the reasons, the events leading up to it, and the roles of everyone involved!

As a guide, here is a sketch. You can mark exactly where each person would have been standing, sitting, or lying down, and what their role would have been—including who would have sat in which chair.

You can find the sketch on the next page.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



When you're ready, turn to the next page!

Answers - Part 6a

"Here's a sketch of the attic layout. I'll show you where everyone was supposed to stand, sit, or lie down, according to the plan." You hand the little sheet of paper to O'Connor.

"Sitting on the chairs - according to their zodiac signs:

Aries - Johnson, the butler;

Taurus - Ruth Kocsis;

Gemini - Betty Samuels;

Cancer - Dorothy Owens;

Leo - Will McCullagh;

Virgo - Charlie Renfrow;

Libra - Margot Samuels;

Scorpio - Jack Adler;

Sagittarius - Johnny Vandusen;

Capricorn - Evie Nowak;

Aquarius - George Nowak;

Pisces - Helen Harrison.

Lying on the table: Robbie Christie.

Standing beside the table: Mary, the maid, his lover, on one side, and the magician on the other, holding the stele.

Standing outside the circle: The fortune-teller, holding the dagger."

(6p)

Answers - Part 6b

O'Connor stares at you, his mouth hanging open. He probably thinks you've finally lost your mind.

"Okay, I'll admit it sounds pretty far-fetched at first, but believe me, I have an explanation for everything," you say to him.

"You're serious? You're not pulling my leg? But how do you know everyone's zodiac sign? And since when do you know anything about zodiac signs? I thought you didn't believe in that sort of thing! And what the hell is a *stele*, anyway? You say the magician was supposed to be holding one… And what are the butler and the maid doing in the middle of all this? I thought they were just there to serve the guests! And what the hell is the old fortune-teller doing at the edge of the circle with a dagger in her hand? Is she part of the act, too? I thought she and the magician didn't even know each other!"

O'Connor rattles off his questions in one breath, his voice verging on hysteria. Perhaps he really is afraid you've finally cracked after the last few days.

Truth be told, you're not entirely sure he's wrong…

But that's beside the point. You launch into the more rational part of your explanation.

"Those are all good questions. I asked myself the same things, and I think I can answer every one of them.

Let's start with the easiest one: how I figured out everyone's zodiac sign. I learned that each zodiac sign has three associated traits, and two of them usually apply to each person. By that point, I'd heard plenty about everyone during the investigation, so all I had to do was look up the zodiac signs at the library and see which ones matched. The butler was the only odd one out. I had to make an educated guess about his personality. But since only one person was missing from the circle of twelve zodiac signs, I figured he must have been the twelfth."

"Why not Robbie?"

"Well, yes, there's Robbie Christie. I have a feeling they had a more important role in mind for him in the ritual. He was a young, healthy man, and he was already having an affair with the magician's daughter. My guess is that he was the one meant to be involved in the sex ritual, rather than middle-aged Mr. Johnson."

"The magician's daughter? A sex ritual?" O'Connor asks, stunned.

"Right. I think I've gotten a little ahead of myself. Let's go back to your earlier questions first. As it turns out, the magician who performs under the stage name 'Great Mandrell' is actually an occultist and black magic practitioner named David Garber. He's got all sorts of ideas about a new age that's supposedly coming, and he intends to bring it about himself through some kind of magical ritual.

I actually found a picture of the ritual in an ancient book at his house, along with a collection of papers explaining how important he believes himself to be and describing the coming of this new 'aeon,' as he calls it. Basically, the man seems both deranged and megalomaniacal."

"You went to his house?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"Oh, yes. And I didn't even have to go far from the crime scene. His house is right across the street from the mansion."

"What the hell? That can't be a coincidence," your colleague exclaims.

"Hardly. It seems Garber believed his magical ritual required an ancient Egyptian artifact—a painted stele covered in magical inscriptions. It belonged to the owner of the mansion, Émile Fryer, a former curator at the museum in Cairo."

"That's what the diary we found in the boy's pocket at the hospital was all about!" O'Connor perks up. He seems to be starting to believe you.

"Exactly. Fryer originally helped Garber translate the inscriptions on the stele, but after a while, he became frightened of the consequences. He believed he'd fallen under some kind of curse. So he backed out of the whole thing, stole the stele, and brought it to New York. I suspect he hid it somewhere in the mansion. According to his widow, he even performed magical rituals in the house before he died, hoping to keep Garber away.

And it seems to have worked. Even after Fryer died and his widow moved to Los Angeles, Garber still couldn't get his hands on the stele. As far as I can tell, nobody had set foot in the mansion before Christie rented it. So even though Garber lived right across the street, he still couldn't get inside Fryer's house."

"Are you serious?" O'Connor asks, staring at you in disbelief.

You pause to think, then rub your chin and answer a little reluctantly.

"I know this sounds completely insane, but it looks like Fryer had managed to do something that kept anyone from entering the house without permission. That might explain why he asked his wife to move away after his death, and never to sell or rent the place out. The trouble was, Robert Christie eventually persuaded the widow to rent him the house, which meant people could finally enter the mansion again. Especially the guests he invited to his party…"

Your colleague is clearly struggling to believe what he's hearing. Truth be told, you're not entirely sure you haven't lost your mind yourself.

"So Robbie had been searching the mansion for that stele thing all along? Is that what those entries about 'treasure hunting' in his planner were referring to?" O'Connor returns to your earlier topic.

Thank God for that.

"That's right. And the planner also tells us he eventually succeeded. He searched the entire house, even pulling up floorboards, until he finally found the hidden vault with the stele inside…"

"Do you think that was supposed to be the 'big surprise' everyone was waiting for on Halloween night?"

"Partly. I think that during the séance with the Ouija board, one of the spirits they supposedly contacted would have revealed how to open a secret compartment in the table, where they'd find the ancient Egyptian artifact.

Christie had the table custom-made for the occasion by a local carpenter after he'd asked his engineer friend Charlie to draw up the plans. The idea was to build a small magnetic mechanism into

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

the table that could be used to control the planchette on the Ouija board placed on top.

But there was one thing Charlie hadn't included in his design: a hidden compartment large enough to hold the stele. Christie had specifically asked the carpenter to add that himself. Clearly, the whole séance was meant to build up to the dramatic revelation of what was hidden inside the table.

Maybe the spirit would have hinted that the stele had magical powers, too. I imagine Christie would then have suggested they put those powers to the test upstairs in the attic, where the 'Great Mandrell' would be waiting with his act all prepared.

Though I suspect Garber had a very different agenda from what Robert Christie had in mind. That half-overheard argument between them certainly suggests as much."

"So the magician was really pulling the strings all along?"

"That's what I think. He'd been performing at a hotel near Christie's apartment for some time. He arranged for his daughter to get a job as a maid in the elder Christie's household, probably so she could seduce the boy and pump him for information. I suspect the idea for the Halloween party came from her, too. Maybe she was even the one who showed him the ad for Madame Roberta—who happened to be her grandmother."

"You've got to be kidding me! The magician is the maid's father, and the fortune-teller is her grandmother? How the hell did you figure that out?" O'Connor asks.

"Let's just say I know someone who's familiar with occult circles and knew a thing or two about the Garber family. All he told me was that Garber's mother and daughter were living here in New York. I figured out on my own that his mother was none other than the fortune-teller, which meant the two of them knew each other very well indeed.

As for his daughter, all I knew was her birth date, which meant she had to be twenty-four by now. I went through the statements, and the maid's age immediately jumped out to me. Then I found her fingerprints on the bottle of wine laced with opium. The very same bottle that was supposedly the magician's own 'medicinal' wine for his so-called séance. That's when I knew she was connected to Garber, too."

"That was the wine that got that poor Charlie kid so high," your colleague recalls.

"Right. That was one of the things that caught my attention about Mandrell. That, and Johnny Vandusen's remark that he'd heard the fortune-teller arguing with some strange man in her room. That detail had already put the guy on my radar before I even knew he'd skipped out of the hotel.

I started to suspect he hadn't been telling the truth when he claimed he hadn't left his room until the commotion around ten o'clock, and that he didn't even know the fortune-teller. Because if he'd never left his room, he couldn't have been arguing with the fortune-teller one floor below. And Charlie Renfrow wouldn't have had the chance to wander into the empty attic room and take a long swig from the bottle of wine left there.

I suspect the magician planned to use it to drug the participants beforehand, so they wouldn't cause any trouble during the ritual."

"So the magician was doing all this to set up some crazy ritual in the attic? No wonder he skipped out of his hotel before we could get to him. By the way, why was he staying at a hotel in the first

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

place if he had a house in Manhattan?"

"I suppose it was all part of his cover as Great Mandrell," you point out.

"Makes sense," O'Connor says with a nod. "But you still managed to talk to the maid and the fortune-teller, right?"

"Yes, but unfortunately, they've both disappeared since then. I suppose they were hoping we'd never discover their connection to the magician. But after we questioned them again and took their fingerprints, they probably realized we were closing in. And no wonder. We also found the fortune-teller's fingerprints on the dagger we found in the magician's trunk. The dagger that had blood on it."

"And what was the old woman planning to do with that dagger? Don't tell me she was going to kill 12 people!" O'Connor looks horrified.

"Good question. Maybe she only intended to wound them. You know, draw blood from the twelve people sitting in the circle for some magical mumbo-jumbo. If I've deciphered the magician's writings correctly, they intended to summon the Egyptian god Horus, or something along those lines. I believe Christie was supposed to serve as the god's vessel on earth. If I'm not mistaken, the ancients—and apparently Garber, too—were rather fond of blood magic and sex magic…"

"So that's the sex magic part? You mean Mary and Robbie…"

"Well, if we're being precise, Lilith and Robbie. That's the girl's real name. Stolen from an ancient demon. Stylish, isn't it?"

"And *there* on the table? You're serious? With her father standing right there, chanting some kind of incantation from that stele thing? And while her grandmother goes around cutting the people sitting in the circle? Jesus, man, that's sick…" O'Connor turns pale.

"Don't remind me. I suppose that explains all the ropes, too—not for some 'escape act.' I guess they couldn't rely on the opium alone. They intended to tie everyone down, too."

"Uh… I think I'm going to be sick," your colleague says, getting up and heading for the bathroom.

Yeah. Probably best to leave the story there.

There's no point telling him about your nightmares or the strange noises you heard in the mansion, either. That's how it all started for poor Robbie, too…

No. Best to forget the whole thing as quickly as possible.

Of course, there's still one thing left to do.

(12p)

If you had **at least 15 points in Questions - Part 6**, record +**1 thorough** in your **Campaign Log**.

Now record +**1 spooked** in your Campaign Log, then turn to *Questions - Part 7.*

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Questions - Part 7

Have you made up your mind? What would you like to do with the stele? Circle your answer.

A: Wrap it up again and put it back in the hidden compartment. (No one knows you found it. You're better off staying out of this whole mess. Besides, this way, no one will be able to get their hands on it for a long time—maybe ever. You might even get that reward after all.)

B: Confiscate it as evidence and enter it into the official record. (Things have a way of going missing from the police evidence room, so if someone really needed it, they could probably get hold of it that way. You might even get a reward out of it.)

C: Hand it over to Grey so he can return it to Cairo. (The prospect of a reward doesn't tempt you, and you don't trust police records, either. It's best if no one officially knows you found the stele. Grey will make sure it finds its way back to the museum it was stolen from.)

If your answer is A: Read "Epilogue A"

If your answer is B: Read "Epilogue B"

If your answer is C: Read "Epilogue C"

Bonus question: **Who were those strange creatures in your dreams?**

When you're ready, turn to the next page.



Epilogue A

READ THIS ONLY IF your answer was A: Wrap it back up and return it to the hidden compartment.

If you chose this answer:

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

But first: **The answers for the bonus question:**

They were all Egyptian gods and goddesses.

The star-clad woman: Nut,

The bird-headed grandson: Horus,

The weird-headed uncle: Set.

(3p)

"AAARGH! I don't believe this!" the magician screams furiously. "Where the hell did that idiot boy put the stele? Lilith, I don't understand how you couldn't get it out of him!"

The maid, who of course isn't really a maid at all, shoots the man an offended look.

"I tried, but he wouldn't tell me. He promised, though, that everything would be revealed at ten o'clock on the 31st. How the hell was I supposed to know that the innocent-looking fiancée, who looked like she couldn't count past two, would finish the boy off with the help of her girlfriend before ten?"

"Didn't you tell me, Mother, that the stars had foretold 'the prophecy would finally be fulfilled' with these young New Yorkers?" the magician demands, glaring accusingly at the old woman.

"And so they had! Years of work finally revealed the answer to me. I found the twelve ideal candidates for the ritual: a circle of six young men and six young women, each born under a different zodiac sign, who would form the perfect ritual circle for the Rite of Rousing. I told you, son, not to listen to Lilith and not to switch Johnson and Robbie," the fortune-teller answers.

Except she isn't really a fortune-teller either. Or is she?

Where the hell are you anyway?

You look around. All of you are standing in the middle of a desert.

"But they were both Aries! So what difference would it have made?" the girl cries in frustration.

"What difference would it have made? I've told you a hundred times, child, you must never toy with Fate. Even the smallest change can have the most disastrous consequences! There, that's proof enough. All it took was a change to the preparations..."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The magician sighs bitterly: "I was too softhearted. Mother was right. There was far too much at stake. I should never have listened to Lilith."

"Oh, sure! And I could've ended up married to old Johnson. As if!" The girl says angrily.

"Old? But he is the same age as your father!" The fortune-teller looks offended.

"Exactly my point. My father's age!" Lilith cries.

"But then it wouldn't have been Johnson anymore. It would have been the great Horus, Lord of us all!" her father snaps at her.

You have absolutely no idea what the hell is going on, and you're just about to back away when a deep voice speaks from behind you: "Ah, our dear detective from New York!"

You spin around, suddenly afraid you won't see anyone there at all.

But that isn't what you find. It's the strange-headed creature... god... or whatever the hell it is.

"Seth!" the magician cries out in surprise. "Oh, no! This can't be! Where is your nephew, Horus?"

The god he addresses suddenly seems to double in size. Then, in a terrifying, animal-like growl, he roars:

"How dare you address me, mortal? I've had enough of you! You have lost. Accept it. And now get out of my sight, you and your entire brood!"

Seth angrily waves his hand, and the magician, the fortune-teller, and the maid vanish in the blink of an eye.

You cautiously begin backing away.

But Seth turns his gaze toward you.

"Where are you going, my boy?"

You're so stunned that you stop dead for a moment.

"Come closer, I'm about to reward you. A handsome young fellow like you deserves something truly special—something very personal," he grins. His canines shine in the sunlight.

Wait a minute... What?

Oh, hell no!

You turn and run for your life.

Record +**2 disturbed** in your Campaign Log.

THE END



Epilogue B

READ THIS ONLY IF your answer was B: Confiscate it as evidence and enter it into the official records.

If you chose this answer:

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

But first: **The answers for the bonus question**

They were all Egyptian gods and goddesses.

The star-clad woman: Nut,

The bird-headed grandson: Horus,

The weird-headed uncle: Set.

(3p)

"Behold, great Horus! I offer you the Stele of Revealing!" the magician declares, raising the stele high above his head. "Come forth and take your dominion over the world, so that the new Aeon may begin!"

"Hey! How the hell did you get your hands on that stele?" you shout at him. "That's evidence. It should be sitting in the police evidence room! Don't tell me you stole it from there?"

The maid—who, of course, isn't really a maid at all—suddenly appears beside the man and laughs mockingly.

"Oh, come now, little detective. Surely you don't think a few locks could stand in the way of the greatest magician of our age? It wasn't the locks that stopped us at the mansion either. It was that idiot Fryer's incantations..."

"Quite right," the fortune-teller says, appearing beside the magician as well. "Who would have thought that the little museum curator was capable of such things?"

Wait a minute... Where the hell are you?

You look around. All of you are standing in the middle of a desert.

"As Mother said, the prophecy was fulfilled through these young New Yorkers, even if things didn't turn out quite the way we'd imagined," the magician says, grinning.

"That's right, my son! Years of work finally revealed the answer to me. I found the twelve ideal candidates for the ritual: a circle of six young men and six young women, each born under a different zodiac sign, who would form the perfect ritual circle for the Rite of Rousing. Although I feared that Lilith's idea to switch Johnson and Robbie would cause trouble..."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"But they were both Aries! So what difference would it have made?" the girl says sulkily.

"What difference would it have made? I've told you a hundred times, child, you must never toy with Fate. Even the smallest change can have the most disastrous consequences..."

The magician sighs: "I was too softhearted. Mother is right. There was far too much at stake. I should never have listened to Lilith."

"Oh, sure! And I could've ended up married to old Johnson. As if!" Lilith huffs.

"Old? But he is the same age as your father," the fortune-teller says, looking offended.

"Exactly my point. My father's age!" the girl replies.

"But then it wouldn't have been Johnson anymore. It would have been the great Horus, Lord of us all!" her father snaps at her.

You have absolutely no idea what the hell is going on, and you're just about to back away when a deep voice suddenly booms from behind you: "Ah, the detective from New York!"

You spin around, suddenly afraid you won't see anyone there at all.

But there is someone. The bird-headed creature... god... or whatever the hell it is.

"Great Horus!" the magician cries out in astonishment. "My lord! You have arrived!"

He and the girl immediately drop to their knees before the creature, while the old woman slowly lowers herself to the ground with a series of heavy groans.

The god suddenly seems to double in size and addresses his kneeling followers.

"You have been a faithful servant, magician! You have done a splendid job. You and your entire brood may expect a great reward."

You cautiously begin to back away.

But Horus turns his gaze toward you: "Where are you going, Lucas?"

You stop dead for a moment.

"I owe you as well, so you shall receive a great honor. Soon I shall take human form, so that I may appear in the world of mortals. You look strong and healthy, so you shall have the honor of becoming my new vessel."

The god looks at you proudly. His beak gleams in the sunlight.

"Oh no, not him!" Lilith groans in the background.

Wait a minute... What?

Oh, hell no!

You turn and run for your life.

Record +**2 possessed** in your Campaign Log.

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THE END



Epilogue C

READ THIS ONLY IF your answer was C: Give it to Grey to have it returned to Cairo.

If you chose this answer:

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

But first: **The answers for the bonus question**

They were all Egyptian gods and goddesses.

The star-clad woman: Nut,

The bird-headed grandson: Horus,

The weird-headed uncle: Set.

(3p)

"AAARGH! I don't believe this!" the magician roars in fury. "The stele is back in Egypt. And you can bet they'll be guarding it closely after the theft."

"Quite so. I'm sure there are plenty of magicians in Cairo who know the secrets of protective spells," the fortune-teller says, appearing beside him. But of course, she isn't really a fortune-teller. Or is she?

"Thank you for that brilliant observation, Mother. I honestly don't know what I'd do without you!"

"Leave Grandma alone! None of this is her fault!" the maid says, appearing beside them—though, of course, she isn't really a maid at all.

"Quite right. But you, on the other hand, my dear, have plenty to answer for. How could you fail to get the stele from that idiot boy?" the magician rages on.

"I tried, you can believe me! I kept asking him, but he wouldn't tell me where he'd hidden it. He promised that everything would be revealed on the 31st. How the hell was I supposed to know that his innocent-looking fiancée, who looked like she couldn't count past two, would kill the boy with her girlfriend before we even had a chance to begin the ritual?"

You look around. All of you are standing in the middle of a desert.

"Didn't you tell me, Mother, that the stars had foretold 'the prophecy would finally be fulfilled' with these young New Yorkers?" the magician demands, glaring accusingly at the old woman.

"And so they had! Years of work finally revealed the answer to me. I found the twelve ideal candidates for the ritual: a circle of six young men and six young women, each born under a different zodiac sign, who would form the perfect ritual circle for the Rite of Rousing. I told you, son, not to listen to Lilith and not to switch Johnson and Robbie..."

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"But they were both Aries! So what difference would it have made?" the girl cries in frustration.

"What difference would it have made? I've told you a hundred times, child, you must never toy with Fate. Even the smallest change can have the most disastrous consequences! There, that's proof enough. All it took was a small change to the preparations..."

The magician sighs bitterly: "I was too softhearted. Mother was right. There was far too much at stake. I should never have listened to Lilith."

"Oh, sure! And I could've ended up married to old Johnson. As if!" Lilith huffs.

"Old? But he is the same age as your father," the fortune-teller says, looking offended.

"Exactly my point. My father's age!" the girl replies defiantly.

"But then it wouldn't have been Johnson anymore. It would have been the great Horus, Lord of us all!" her father snaps at her.

You have absolutely no idea what the hell is going on, and you're just about to back away when a woman's familiar voice speaks from behind you: "Ah, the dear detective from New York!"

You spin around, suddenly afraid you won't see anyone there at all.

But there is someone there this time. The strange, star-clad creature... goddess... or whatever the hell she is.

"Nut!" the magician cries out in surprise. "Where is your grandson, Horus?"

The goddess suddenly seems to double in size. Then, in a voice that sends a chill down your spine, she cries out:

"Enough, mortal! You have lost. Accept it. Now get out of my sight—you and your entire brood!"

With an angry wave of her hand, the goddess makes the magician, the fortune-teller, and the maid disappear. In the blink of an eye.

You cautiously begin to back away.

But Nut turns her gaze toward you.

"Going somewhere, Lucas? But I was just about to reward you."

You're so stunned that you stop dead in your tracks.

The goddess has returned to her normal size. As she steps closer, you notice that she's about half a head shorter than you. The stars on her robes have dimmed, allowing you to finally get a proper look at her.

Just as you suspected. She is breathtakingly beautiful...

She laughs. "Yes, my dear. Every man sees me as the most beautiful woman he can imagine. Now, ask for anything you want in return for your service."

She steps closer. "Anything at all."

Her eyes glitter like precious stones.

"Anything?" you manage to croak out.

"Don't worry. Stella will never find out." The goddess whispers these words directly into your ear.

A broad, delighted grin spreads across your face as you close your eyes.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Record +**2 satisfied** in your Campaign Log.

THE END



Results

90+ points: HARDBOILED DETECTIVE

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

80 to 89: GUMSHOE

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

60 to 79: FLATFOOT

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

Less than 60 points: ROOKIE

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



Behind the Scenes: Postscript from the Author

The idea of the story came from the photo of an abandoned mansion in Manhattan, the 'Wheelock House.' (Although its history was mainly imagined.) The real Mr. Wheelock's life was mostly accurately told, but he died a bit later and his widow didn't sell the mansion.


download the file (https://www.harlemworldmagazine.com/the-historic-william-a-wheelock-mansion-house-harlem-new-york-1840-1940s/).

The Magician's life and character was based on Aleister Crowley. (The information our contact gave was partly his life story, and his photo was the one in Garber's basement.)


download the file (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Aleister_Crowley).

Fryer was based on Émile Brugsch (who translated the real stele, and his real photo appears in the Egyptology book).


download the file (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/%C3%89mile_Brugsch).

The Stele really exists, and its story was based on real information and events (the hieroglyphs and their translation included).


download the file (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stele_of_Ankh-ef-en-Khonsu).

Also based on real facts: Rudolph Valentino's life and death, Lord Carnarvon's death, Dorothy Parker and the 'Round Table,' car racing and Miss Pullinger, Cotton Club, secret orders, the Thelema, astrology, Egyptian gods and mythology... and the gossip Stella told Lucas.

Here's some more gossip from Stella (although they happened in different clubs):

"Apparently Legs Diamond tried to take over the club—even put a contract out on the owners after he found out that his girlfriend had been given a 'private tour' of the basement by Ernie Hemingway," Stella continues.

"Who?" You're completely baffled by all this. How does this girl know all these gangsters? Maybe you don't want to know...

"Ernie Hemingway. You know, the up-and-coming writer who wrote *The Sun Also Rises*."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"The Sun what?"

"A novel that came out earlier this year. Seriously, pal, you should read more. Anyway, as I was saying, Ernie gave the gangster's girlfriend a private tour one night. Apparently, he went downstairs with her, and before you know it, one thing led to another... and he had his way with her right there in the stairwell."

"In the stairwell? How romantic," you snicker.

Stella laughs heartily.

"And look, the new mayor, Jimmy Walker, is here," Stella points out a man at another booth.

Seriously? The mayor is here?

"I've heard," Stella continues in a conspiratorial whisper, "that he has a private drinking parlor in the cellar where he can enjoy his booze and his chorus girls—a place away from the prying eyes of the public. And he doesn't take too kindly to attempts to shut down his favorite hangout. Apparently, one time, while he was down in the cellar having a drink, an official police raid started here in the club. So Jimmy had a telephone brought down to him and called the New York City Police Department to come over and put a stop to the raid. Have you heard about it?" The girl looks at you curiously.

"No," you answer, completely amazed.

More information connected to the case

If you enjoyed Mr. Kocsis' playing and would like to read about the composer of the *Hungarian Rhapsody* he performed, go to 4-1701 (p.100).

The original composition:


download the file (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LdH1hSWGFGU).

If you'd like to read about the **origin of the name "speakeasy"**, go to 7-3903 (p.186)

If you'd like to read more about **the Club Intime and its owners**, go to 4-5125 (p.114).

Original article:

Texas Guinan and Owney Madden's Club Intime @ the Hotel Harding 205 West 54th Street, Infamous New York – A Gangland Tour of New York City's Most Infamous Crime Scenes


download the file (https://infamousnewyork.com/2016/10/27/texas-guinan-and-owney-maddens-club-intime-the-hotel-harding-205-west-54th-street/).

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Full Walkthrough

A possible path:

Day 1

Ruth Fryer - mansion

New York Presbyterian Hospital

Day 2

Robert Christie

Dr. Takacs, Dr. Antoine

Christie house, Arthur Christie

The mansion - day 2

Hotel Algonquin, Julia Anello

Nowak house

Tennis Club

Lab 1

McCullagh house

Harrison house (father, mother, Helen)

Gwen Wheelock

Maranzano Import-Export (contact)

Day 3

Chief Medical Examiner (contact)

Calling Mrs. Fryer

Hotel Stuyvesant

Lab 2

Adler house

Astral Insight

Alistair Grey (contact), Garber house

Lab 3

Library (contact)

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Kocsis house, Astor Theatre

Furniture shop, mansion - later

Guilded Teacup (Cecily)

Lab 4

After Hours (Stella)

Cotton Club

Day 4

Samuels house

Greystone Hotel

Automobile Club

Lab 5

Vandusen house

Fingerprint results

Charles Renfrow

The Foxhole, Club Intime



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.

Document 4

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you find the original owner of the mansion? Did you call the number she gave you?



Document 6

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you go to the library? Did you read about Egyptian Gods?



Document 8

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you go to the library? Did you read about the orders?



Document 11

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit the Christie family?



Document 14

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit your contacts?



Document 15

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit the hospital as Lucas suggested?



Document 16

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you go to the library? Did you read about occult subjects?



Document 21

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you find the carpenters Robbie hired? Try a furniture shop near the mansion.



Document 22

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you go back to the mansion for the 3rd time?



Document 29

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit the Christie family? Did you track down the maid the butler mentioned?



Document 30

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit the Nowak family?



Document 31

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit the McCullagh family?



Document 32

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you go to the victim's house?

Documents 5, 7, and 9

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you go to Robbie's own apartment?



Documents 10, 12, and 13

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Do you know the magician's real name? Did you go to his house?



Documents 19 and 23

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit Ruth's family?



Documents 20, 24, and 25

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you talk to all the guests again? (Have you looked them up in the directory?)



Documents 27 and 28

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit the Samuels family?



Documents 34 through 48

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you talk to all the guests, the staff and the psychic again?



Documents 49 through 52

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you ask for all the toxicology lab reports? Did you follow them up at the fingerprint lab?



Finding Betty

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

She really likes cars and racing. Maybe there's a club in Manhattan...



Finding Dorothy

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Looks like she's really interested in the Algonquin Round Table...



Finding George

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Robbie mentioned in his planner that they went to a famous club together.



Finding Helen

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Could she be with her family?



Finding Johnny

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

He has a membership card to The Foxhole bar...



Finding Johnson, the butler

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

He's Robert Christie's butler...



Finding Madame Roberta

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

You found her ad in the mansion.



Finding Margot

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

You found a flyer in her room...



Finding Mary, the maid

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

She is the older Mr. Christie's maid...



Finding Ruth

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Maybe she's on that Valentino-tour...



Finding Will

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Robbie mentioned in his planner where he and Will usually went.



Hint for Marker A1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit the Christie family?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 8-7278 on p.213



Hint for Marker B1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit the Harrison family?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 5-2909 on p.138



Hint for Marker C1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit Charlie Renfrow?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 5-1994 on p.134



Hint for Marker D1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit the Kocsis family?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 3-7717 on p.92



Hint for Marker E1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit the Vandusen house?

In $autohint(['cond.Johnny']), found tags, but could not find any leads where tags were used.



Hint for Marker F1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you find Jack's family?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 1-2687 on p.32



Hint for Marker G1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit the magician's hotel?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 6-2849 on p.156



Hint for Marker H1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit the night club Maranzano mentioned?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 3-8721 on p.94



Hint for Marker J1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit Maranzano, your contact?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 3-4966 on p.86



Hint for Marker K1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit the lab?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 4-5803 on p.119



Hint for Marker L1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you go back to the mansion?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 2-4098 on p.65



Hint for Marker M1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit the lab?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 2-1054 on p.56



Hint for Marker N1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you go back to the mansion?

In $autohint(['cond.dagger1']), found tags, but could not find any leads where tags were used.



Hint for Marker O1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit the lab?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 7-1838 on p.181



Hint for Marker P1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you find the original owner of the mansion? Did you call the number on the card she gave you?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 9-0012 on p.219



Hint for Marker Q1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you talk to Helen's sister?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 7-4318 on p.187



Hint for Marker R1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit the McCullaghs?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 1-4371 on p.37



Hint for Marker T1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit your occult contact?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 6-6640 on p.159



Hint for Marker U1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

Did you visit Robbie's shrink?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ tick **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 1-9686 on p.53

