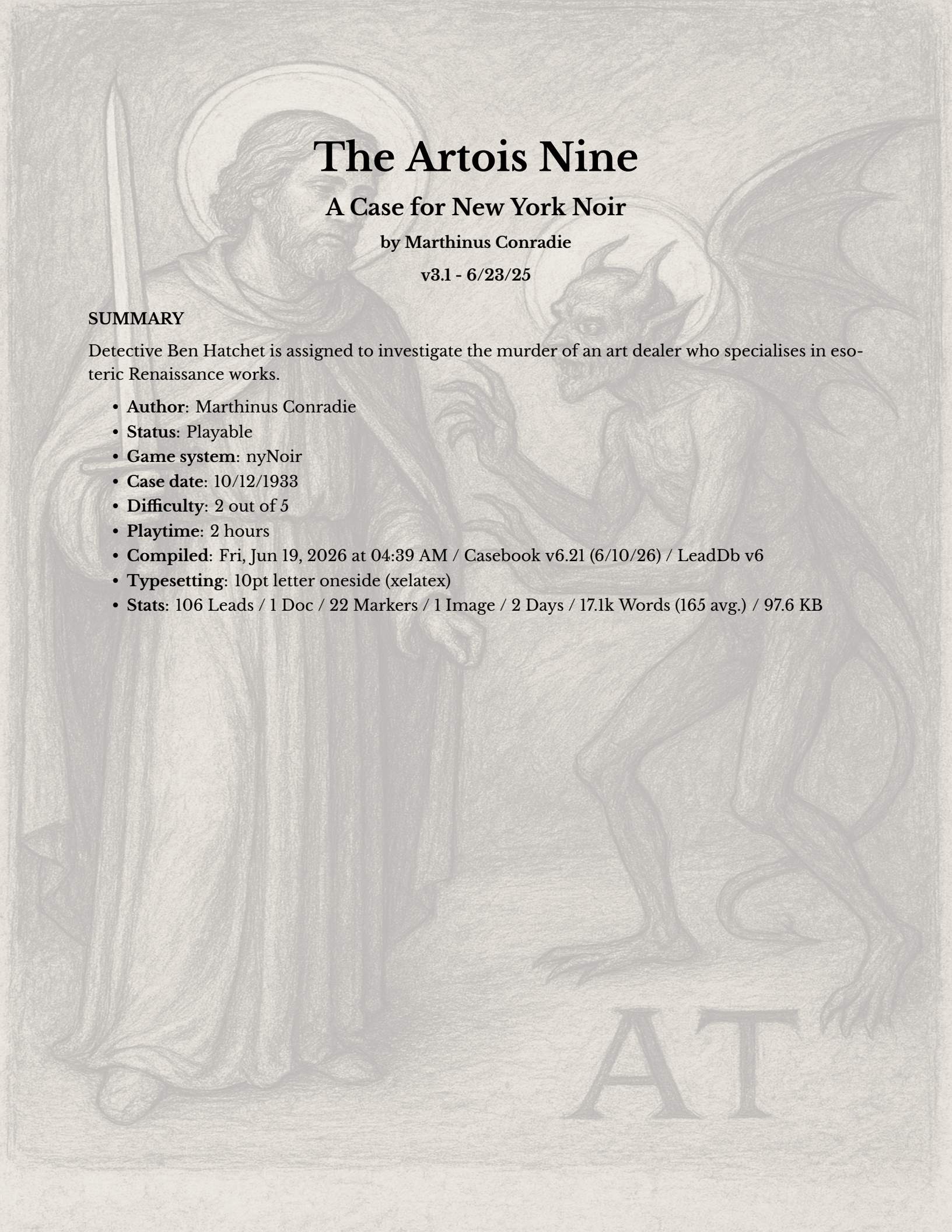


A faint, stylized background illustration. On the left, a figure with a halo and a sword, likely a saint, stands in profile. On the right, a winged devil with horns and a tail is depicted in a crouching, aggressive pose. The overall style is reminiscent of a woodcut or a classic book illustration.

The Artois Nine

A Case for New York Noir

by Marthinus Conradie

v3.1 - 6/23/25

SUMMARY

Detective Ben Hatchet is assigned to investigate the murder of an art dealer who specialises in esoteric Renaissance works.

- **Author:** Marthinus Conradie
- **Status:** Playable
- **Game system:** nyNoir
- **Case date:** 10/12/1933
- **Difficulty:** 2 out of 5
- **Playtime:** 2 hours
- **Compiled:** Fri, Jun 19, 2026 at 04:39 AM / Casebook v6.21 (6/10/26) / LeadDb v6
- **Typesetting:** 10pt letter oneside (xelatex)
- **Stats:** 106 Leads / 1 Doc / 22 Markers / 1 Image / 2 Days / 17.1k Words (165 avg.) / 97.6 KB

AT

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Instructions

To play this case you will need the v3 base document set from New York Noir (<https://nynoir.org/downloads>):

- **Quick Start Rules (start with this!)**
- White, Yellow, and Reverse Directories
- Map Atlas w/ interleaved Neighborhood Guide
- Rulebook, Research Guide, and Navigation Guide
- A Case Tracking Sheet, Daily Log Sheets (one for each day), and a Campaign Log Sheet. Print these out; the rest can be used digitally (copies may be included in this casebook).

Looking up Leads

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

Tracking Time

This case unfolds over multiple days:

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

Events

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

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

Alternative Flextime Mode

Flextime mode is an optional way to play for those who dislike having to track the passage of time:

- Continue to record each lead you visit but ignore all time tracking instructions during the game and do not bother track your current time.

- If you encounter text asking you what time of day it is, simply pick a time of your choice between the day's start time and evening event time.
- When you are ready to end your day, just read the **evening event** lead.
- Flextime mode reduces bookkeeping, but also tension; it will not otherwise reduce the richness of your experience.

Hints

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

- Consult a hint if you are having trouble finding a required marker that must be found before the end of the day.
- Consult a hint if you encounter difficulty working with fingerprints, criminal histories, or codes and ciphers.

Investigative Resource Points

You will occasionally receive *Investigative Resource Points (IRP)*.

- IRP can be tracked at the bottom center of your Case Tracking Sheet.
- IRP accumulate throughout the case, and you will have multiple opportunities to spend them.
- At the end of your case any unspent IRP will positively impact your score and reputation.

Wrapping-up

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

TIPS

- This is just a sample case.

NEW YORK NOIR - CASE TRACKING SHEET

Case Name

MARKERS

A1 A2 A3

B1	B2	B3
1	1	1
2	2	2
3	3	3
4	4	4
5	5	5
6	6	6
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100	100	100

C1	C2	C3
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D1 D2 D3

E1 E2 E3

F1 F2 F3

G1 G2 G3

K1	K2	K3
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I1	I2	I3
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J1 J2 J3

K1 K2 K3

L1	L2	L3
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1	139	

M1 M2 M3

N1 N2 N3

01 02 03

p1 p2 p3

Q1 Q2 Q3

R1 R2 R3

S1 S2 S3

T1	T2	T3
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98	98	98
99	99	99
100	100	100

U1 U2 U3

V1 V2 V3

W1 W2 W3

X1	X2	X3
----	----	----

Y1 Y2 Y3

Z1 Z2 Z3

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

DEMERITS

REPUTATION

A large grid consisting of 4 rows and 20 columns of small squares. The grid is divided into four equal sections, each containing a 4x5 sub-grid of squares.

CULTURE

OTHER

OTHER TAGS

TRACKS

[illegible]

DOCUMENTS

1	
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40	

Day#	Day of Week	Date
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v3.0 - 5/25/25

Day One

Introduction

9 AM - Thursday, October 12th, 1933

"You're kidding, right?"

My heart plummets when my station chief shakes his head. "Sorry, Ben, but you're familiar with..." He glances at the card on his desk. "Esoteric stuff."

"Familiar?" I spit. "Some weirdos out there have weird beliefs. That's all I know."

The chief rests both hands on his pasta-loving gut. The stink of cigar smoke on his breath makes me wrinkle my nose. "Hell, son, that's more than I know. Here." He passes the gold-edged business card over.

I blow out a breath, feeling like a kid in detention, and read. "Oh, this guy. Sean Kean. Esoteric Art. 245 W. 25th Street. Chelsea."

The chief snaps his fingers. "You knew him, right? Remind me how you met." He passes me a cup of cheap coffee. Typical. Expensive cigars for him. Cheap coffee for me.

I shrug. "Not much to tell. Three months ago, I was walking by this address when I heard someone groan. I looked around and saw Mr. Kean leaning against the door to his place of business. I rushed over, only for him to wave me off, insisting there was nothing to see."

"But that's not how it looked to you, I'm guessing."

I nod. "The old man was clutching his left ribcage and his mouth had been split open on the left side. What with him pushing fifty, I nagged him to visit a hospital. No dice. Stubborn old codger."

The chief nods. "Not stubborn enough to dodge the reaper. His secretaries found his body one hour ago." He stabs a finger at the door behind me. "Get out there, Ben."

I get up and start towards the door. "Sure thing, boss. If you do me a favour."

He gives me a gimlet look. "My business is dishing out orders, not favours."

I just return his stare.

"Fine, Ben. What?"

"Get better coffee."

You will be notified when you have uncovered a marker that allows you to end Day 1. When you have this marker, you may choose to follow more leads for Day 1, or to proceed to Late Night Leads.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



STOP!



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

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



Day Two

Introduction

9 AM - Thursday, October 12th, 1933

I take my first sip of coffee for the day, allowing myself to focus on nothing but the strong brew, before my brain ticks over into the mental state necessary for work. Then my phone rings, shattering my early morning equilibrium. I walk to the hallway where the black phone sits on a small table.

“Detective Ben Hatchett.”

It’s Moira No-Last-Name from Undercover Operations. “Did you have anything to do with it?”

“With what?”

She takes a long time before responding. “Fine. I believe you.”

“Great. Not to sound like a preacher, but would you mind telling me what you believe.”

“Two Dudek. He’s dead. Did you see him last night?”

“He was a no-show. I was on my way over to your office right now to tell you as much.”

“Meet me at the Three Kings tattoo parlour in the Bowery.” She cut the call without another word.

When you have identified the murderer/s and their motives, you may proceed to the questions. Then, read the conclusion. There are no late night leads for Day 2.



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

1-0976

222 W. 23rd St, CS-54

Nothing much is going on at the Hotel Chelsea when I arrive.

If you have circled **Marker MI** in your case log, go to [5-3435 \(p.78\)](#).

If you have circled **Marker NI** in your case log, go to [7-1089 \(p.110\)](#).



1-1172

3-7573 (p.54) *contd.*

“What can you tell me about a group called the Order of the Painted Smile?”

Mr. Hennessey blinks, his mouth falling open. “How the heck did you find out about that?”

I stay silent until he closes his mouth and answers. “Good grief, Detective Hatchet, you’ve got special knowledge up the wazoo. Um, well. The Order of the Painted Smile is interested in esoteric knowledge. They believe that some Medieval and Renaissance paintings contain hidden symbols which, if interpreted correctly, can teach people to access said esoteric knowledge.”

“What kind of knowledge?”

“Immortality.”

“Are you a member of this group?”

Mr. Hennessey runs both hands through his dishevelled hair. “I am, but I cannot say I share the group’s core beliefs.”

“Then why are you a member?”

He lowers his hands, crosses them over his chest and looks me dead in the eye. “Because I needed the money. I joined in my early twenties. I’d already started working in the art world, and a member of the group got me involved, promising to fund further studies. That’s how I can afford to be a freelance art appraiser today.”

“Who recruited you?”

“Daniel Murphy. He’d only been a member for a few years before inviting me in, but he said they saw potential in my brains and they’d fund my studies, all of which they did.”

“Can you identify the other members of this order?”

“No, I can’t. We... my word, I know this sounds crazy, but Daniel is the only one I’ve met outside formal meetings and... well, we wear masks and hoods during meetings. So, I cannot identify any other members of the order.”

“Do you know whether the order had any dealings with Mr. Kean?”

“Oh, someone from the order almost certainly did. Mr. Kean was renowned for finding paintings of esoteric interest. I don’t know which member would have liaised with him, but someone would have done, hoping he’d be able to find something special.”

“So, you were not in the habit of meeting Mr. Kean?”

“No. Like I said before, I’d never met him in person.”

“Where does the order meet?”

“I can’t tell you without feeling like I’m betraying them. Unless you bring a court order, I’m not going to answer that question. Sorry.”

“Maybe you can answer this one. I have it on good authority that the Order of the Painted Smile bought a certain dagger from an antique store. Do you know where it is?”

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Well, I can tell you I was the one who bought it on behalf of the Order, and it’s right this way.”

Mr. Hennessey leads me to a small, black safe bolted to the wall. Pulling a tiny key from one of his pockets, he opens the safe and lets me peer inside. I see a dagger, nearly identical to the one at the crime scene.

“These are called bollock daggers,” Mr. Hennessey says. “They were quite popular during the late Medieval and Renaissance periods. Many of them were made in roughly the same style.”

“Thank you, Mr. Hennessey.”



1-1752

282 8th Ave, CS-42

Ada Conroy has nothing interesting to share...

If you have circled **Marker W1** in your case log, go to [6-1338 \(p.93\)](#).



1-1861

2 Great Jones St, BO-1

If it is **day 1 (Thu Oct 12)**, go to [6-5241 \(p.101\)](#)

If it is **day 2 (Fri Oct 13)**, go to [5-6461 \(p.83\)](#)



1-3497

3-8622 ([p.56](#)) *contd.*

"The Artois Nine," I say. "If you were a betting man, what odds would you put on them being linked to Kean's death?"

Mr. Chancer frowns. "Mrs Katherine Hill is obsessed with completing the set, but she'd never go as far as committing murder." He takes a few minutes to think. "That's all I know. I can't see another connection, Mr. Detective."

"Right, but what if Mr. Kean hoodwinked her on a deal related to the Nine? Would you put it past her to pay someone to murder him?"

"My word, Mr. Detective. You have a mind like a pig's tail. She'd never go that far."



1-5194

1 Great Jones Alley, BO-1

If it is **day 1 (Thu Oct 12)**, go to [2-3365 \(p.34\)](#)

If it is **day 2 (Fri Oct 13)**, go to [7-4495 \(p.118\)](#)



1-6159

4-4583 (p.67) *contd.*

"Do you know a man named Timo Meriga?"

"Oh, yes. He's a foul piece of work. He makes a living from forgeries."

"Think he's capable of murder?"

"Timo? No! He's a dandy and a peacock, but he lacks the steel of soul to kill... Perhaps that says something good about him."



1-7086

Contd. from [7-5838](#) on p.119

If you have circled **Marker T1** in your case log, go to [4-3881](#) (p.63).



1-8708

3-7573 (p.54) contd.

“Someone at the Public Library informed me that you might be able to help with occult symbols.”

Mr. Hennessey swivels on his heels to face me, his eyes bright with enthusiasm. “Absolutely! But...” He frowns. “Why are the police interested in occult symbols? Don’t get me wrong, Detective Hatchet. I’m keen as mustard, but this sounds like something from a storybook.”

I keep my face placid. “Did you know a Mr. Sean Kean?”

“I knew *of* him, but not personally. Everyone in the art world knows *about* the great Sean Kean—especially those of us with an interest in occult matters. Why do you ask?”

“Can you tell me anything about triangles? Do they have some special occult significance?”

“Depends. What kind of triangles?”

“Equilateral triangles.”

Mr. Hennessey’s eyes glitter with boyish excitement. “Again, it depends. If the triangles are pointed at a person, then they are intended to direct harmful energies *at* him or her. If they are pointed upwards, they are intended to deflect said energies *away*. In other words, triangles can be offensive or defensive, at least in the occult beliefs of Western and Southern Europe—specifically from the late Medieval to Early Modern period.”

My mind races with the effort of keeping the information straight. “Well, thanks, Mr. Hennessey. You’ve been a great help.”



1-9864

3-7042 ([p.52](#)) *contd.*

Unfortunately, I find nothing related to the Artois Nine or Astaroth. Finally, a middle-aged librarian with a long braid and bright eyes approaches me, asking if she can help. “If you need a specialist on manuscripts, paintings and occult matters, Mr Garreth Hennessy is your man.”



Circle **Marker UI** in your case log.



1-9971

I talk to all my regular contacts, but without anything specific in mind, we just shoot the breeze and chew the fat.

If you have circled **Marker MI** in your case log, go to [2-6102 \(p.39\)](#).



2

2-0519

225 W. 25th St, CS-38

No one's home.



2-1142

219 W. 22nd St, CS-54

At Quinn and McCarthy Antiques, I enquire about the dagger found at the crime scene. The wizened Mr. Quinn toys with his wispy beard before answering. “It sounds like a bollock dagger to me.”

“Excuse me?”

“A bollock dagger. Two spheres as a handguard.” He gestures with his hands, as though he were cupping something.

“And did you sell any of those recently?”

“Not recently, but two years ago, I sold one to the Order of the Painted Smile.”

“The what?”

Mr. Quinn grinned. “It’s a group of people interested in occult beliefs from... either Medieval or Renaissance France. I don’t recall their precise curiosities. I remember the sale because, well, we don’t sell many daggers like that.”

“And do you recall the names of the representatives you dealt with?”

Mr. Quinn’s grin widens. “I possess a splendid memory. So, yes. They were Mr. Daniel Murphy and Mr. Garreth Hennessey.”



Circle **Marker B1** in your case log.

On departing the antique store, I turn on my car radio.

“And now, folks, it’s time for a few chuckles with our weekly segment—The Lighter Side—where we read the finest groaners, clinkers, and rib-ticklers sent in by you, the listeners! Here’s one from Marty Lang in Brooklyn: ‘Why did the bootlegger fail his math test? Because he kept trying to divide by zero proof!’ And this gem from Miss Estelle Harrington of Park Slope: ‘My sister’s been seeing a magician. Says he vanished with her heart. I say he vanished with her wallet—typical romance!’ From Leo ‘Lefty’ Manzetti in Hell’s Kitchen: ‘I told my barber I wanted the usual. He handed me a bill and a bandage!’ And finally, from Mrs. Rhoda Klein of the Upper West Side: ‘My neighbour says her dog understands English. That’s nothing—my cat speaks sarcasm fluently!’ Thanks to all our clever listeners! If you’ve got a gag, groan, or giggle to share, send it to The Lighter Side, WNYC, Manhattan. And remember—if it makes us laugh, or groan loud enough, we just might read yours on the air!’



2-1718

3-8622 (p.56) *contd.*

This time, I'm forced to go all the way up to Mr. Chancer's room at the Adelphi. I find him in a much humbler room than I'd expected. Nothing cheap, but nothing opulent either. Guess that makes sense, now that I have some idea of where his money is going.

"You're paying for the renovation of the Church of Saint Michael," I kick off the interview as blunt and direct as a cannon. "Why?"

Mr. Chancer reacts as if I'd just confronted him with evidence of some heinous sin. Slowly, he walks to the window of his sitting room, and looks down at the city below. "Do you sleep well, Mr Detective? I do not. There is much on my soul that needs..." He makes a scrubbing gesture. "Cleaning."

"And donating to the church is your way?"

"To each his own."

"Mind telling me what you need atonement for?"

He chuckles, but it's a dead sound. "You mean, am I giving money to the church because I killed Mr. Sean Kean? No. It started about a year ago."

"But it's got something to do with Mr. Kean and his business?" I press, going with a hunch.

Mr. Chancer has his back to me and I see his shoulders sag. I nearly punch the air in triumph. "You could say that. Remember me telling you that some people hold strange beliefs? Well, Mr. Kean liked to play on those. He made large sums of money selling so-called esoteric art to... what is the word? Clandestine organisations. Cults! That is the English word, I think. People who gather in cellars and such, searching the paintings for hidden knowledge."

"How exactly did he prey on people's beliefs?"

"He lied about the authenticity of some of the paintings I procured for him. He never did anything so crass as to make a forgery—not that I know of. But... Oh how to explain to a common man. Let's say I brought him a few paintings from the... late Renaissance, for example. Imagine these paintings are imitations of earlier works by mystics from Medieval times. I know of at least three occasions when Mr. Kean passed these Renaissance imitations off as original works by Medieval mystics. In each case, some cult or other paid ludicrous sums of money for the paintings."

"Are any of those cults based here in Manhattan?"

"Not that I know of. One was in Chicago, the other two in France."

"Did you ever confront Mr. Kean about this?"

"Once. Three months ago. I was in town, and I was talking to him about it outside his shop. I made my feelings plain. It was all fair enough to sell paintings to people like Mrs Hill. Hell, it was all fair and fine to sell paintings to cults, as long as we were honest about what we were passing along. Kean laughed. Just laughed in my face. I'm afraid I lost my temper."

"What did you do?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“I punched him. Twice. Once in the ribs and once on the mouth. Then I left. It was a terrible thing to do. He was no spring chicken, as you know, and not in the finest health.”

Before I can think clearly, I burst out, “Why did you keep working for a parasite like Kean?”

Mr. Chancer turns around to face me. “Since I am spilling my guts—as you Americans like to say—I might as well tell you. Money, Mr. Detective. Pure and simple. No great secret.” I watch him rub his eyes. “I’m tired, Mr. Detective. With your permission, I will rest now. Visit me tomorrow, if you wish, and if I think of anything useful, I will divulge it.”



2-2108

Contd. from 6-4804 on p.100

"Well, I'll be damned," I mutter after putting the phone down. Turns out the guys at Ryley & Son back Daniel up all the way. Unfortunately they have zip on who might have forged the painting, or how Kean got his hands on it; nor do they have anything else of use for me.



2-2734

Contd. from 8-9869 on p.133

I get access to the archives for birth and death certificates and manage to extract the following information:

Florence Kennedy. Born 5 January 1908.

Elaine Marquette. Born 23 March 1908.

Sean Kean. Born 20 July 1876. Died 12 October 1933. Murder by person/persons unknown (subject to revision, pending NYPD investigation).

Katherine Hill. Born 9 October 1873.

Oscar Hill (husband to Katherine Hill). Born 17 November 1870. Died 3 January 1930. Heart attack.

Daniel Murphy. Born 10 September 1898.

Garreth Hennessey. Born 8 September 1898.

Desmond Hennessy (father of Garreth Hennessey). Born 20 June 1880. Died 12 October 1923. Suicide. Maria Hennessey (mother of Garreth Hennessey). Born 15 March 1880. Died 2 October 1923. Tuberculosis.



Circle **Marker S1** in your case log.



2-3100

3-4862 (p.49) *contd.*

“What about the Artois Nine? Does your collection contain any of those?”

“My, my,” she says. “They sure didn’t send a clown to investigate this case. As a matter of fact, I own five of the Artois Nine. Come along.”

She leads the way into an adjoining wing of the house. Here, brass lamps provide the only light, and it suits the subject matter of the gory paintings. Most of them depict some form of death or torture, one of which matches the crime scene. Another one depicts a corpse, hanging upside down with a smile painted in lurid red across its mouth.

“I will have all nine one day. Be certain of that,” she breathes, her voice as cold as steel. “You know, Daniel Murphy—the man who’s engaged to Elaine—he once tried to break into this room. His obsession with these paintings nearly matches mine, though for different reasons, given what a nutcase he is. He wanted to study something about the initials on the paintings. I would have reported the matter to the police, but Sean Kean dissuaded me. Said he’d take care of it, and ensure Daniel never bothered me again.”



Circle **Marker H1** in your case log.



2-3365

Contd. from [1-5194](#) on p.20

The antique store is closed when I arrive. I look around, but see no way to sneak a peek inside.



2-4307

8-1224 (p.127) *contd.*

“What was your impression of Mr. Sean Kean?” I ask.

“Impression number one was he underpaid Elaine.”

“And?” I press.

“And?”

“How did you get on with him, Mr. Murphy?” I insist.

“How does anyone get on with someone they hardly speak to?”

I sigh. “You were overheard having words with Mr. Kean last Monday.”

“Ah. That.”

Mr. Damn Daniel Murphy doesn’t bother to elaborate, and I feel my patience thinning until I’m close to choking him. But no one gets far in the detective business without learning to cool their temper. “Mr. Kean was looking over your shoulder all the time. Explain.”

Daniel Murphy makes a sweeping gesture around the room. “See these paintings? Collectors bring them to me for restoration. That demands a tremendous level of trust. Old Kean, as you know, traded in esoteric art—that’s paintings with some kind of arcane significance. He wanted me to keep an eye out for such paintings. He wanted a list of names, in case some collector was hiding a valuable painting in their private vault or something. And I felt obligated to do it, for Elaine’s sake. So, no, I didn’t much like the man and, when it became clear he wasn’t going to give Elaine a raise or anything, I told him straight what I thought of him. No crime in that.”



2-5060

243 E. 17th St, GD-30

The thrum of factory noise makes it hard to think as I approach Delia Keane's home. Small place, but tidy and maintained with a level of care that reflects the self-respect of an independent woman of modest means. I estimated her age around forty-five and the quality of the coffee she offered me nearly had me calling the chief over to let him sample it.

"I am, indeed, related to Sean Kean, but only as a distant cousin. I haven't seen him... ten, eleven years."

We sip coffee and chew the fat, but nothing useful emerges.



2-5436

Contd. from [7-3623](#) on p.116

Can't say it was a bad idea to show up here, but I don't discover anything useful.



2-5917

3-8156 ([p.55](#)) *contd.*

No wonder my contacts in Art Theft were cagey. Afraid I'd blow my top if Timo Merigo is involved.
I lean on one of them until he suggests I head over to the Manhattan Prosecutor's Office.



2-6102

1-9971 (p.25) *contd.*

This time I have a buzzing bee in my bonnet, and I head straight towards the office of the man leading the investigation into Timo Meriga.

"Sorry, Ben," he says. "There's still no evidence to suggest he's ever killed anyone. We have some new leads on the art angle. He might have forged a few pieces, but it's all up in the air still. Not much movement."

"Know where I can find him?"

My contact eyes me. "You're not going to mess up my investigation, are you?"

"I just want a few civil words with Mr. Meriga. He might be connected to someone in a murder case I've taken on." I hold up two fingers. "Scout's honour, I won't do anything stupid. Just tell me where I can find him."

"Fine, Ben, but you owe me one. Last I heard, he was staying at the Hotel Chelsea, though he moves around like a gigolo, so who knows if he's still there."



2-8615

5-9707 (p.87) *contd.*

“Miss Marquette, are you aware that your fiancé is a member of an occult organisation called the Order of the Painted Smile?”

She sighs heavily. “Yes, Detective Axeman, I am. Honestly, I’ve been trying to get Daniel to quit for ages, but he keeps telling me how he owes them a debt of gratitude for funding his studies and all. I’ve never met any other members, and they sound reasonably harmless, but still as crazy as a raccoon convention. Wait, do you think this has anything to do with the murder?”

“Can you give me a reason to rule it out?”

“I’m afraid not, apart from the fact that I don’t think Daniel is capable of murder.”



2-9002

8-1224 ([p.127](#)) *contd.*

“When you met with Sean Kean, were you hoping to discover anything about the Artois Nine?”

Daniel Murphy’s eyes snap open wide. “Holy shit, Detective Hatchet. You really have done your homework. I’m not sure whether to be happy or upset that the NYPD employs such sharp minds.”

“Answer the question.”

Murphy throws up his hands. “Alright, yes, I wanted Kean to help me find them all.”



2-9610

24 W. 30th St, TL-71

If it is **day 1 (Thu Oct 12)**, go to [6-5833 \(p.103\)](#)

If it is **day 2 (Fri Oct 13)**, go to [5-8042 \(p.85\)](#)



3

3-0274

5-9707 (p.87) contd.

I find Elaine Marquette still hard at work at Sean Kean's place. She's filing records in the drawers of her desk.

"Miss Marquette, I need to know where you were last night."

"I understand, Detective Axeman. You're crossing your *ts* and so on. I was in my apartment with my fiancé, Daniel Murphy."

"How late did he show up?"

"8pm."

"Thanks."



Circle **Marker LI** in your case log.



3-1082

Contd. from 6-4804 on p.100

I call the number, but get no answer. If the same thing happens tomorrow, Daniel Murphy's going to be in hot water.



3-1500

5-7712 (p.84) *contd.*

I call Mr. Ryan, T and learn that his name is Tinwhistle. Apparently, he does *special jobs* for US Customs, and he's happy to work for me too—off the books, obviously, and for a generous fee.



Circle **Marker A1** in your case log.



3-3024

5-9707 (p.87) contd.

I call Florence Kennedy to join me inside the reception room.

“Can you tell me anything about the red scribbles on the walls or the way the body was posed?”

Miss Kennedy starts nibbling her fingernails. “I saw Mr. Kean’s hands had been pressed together, almost like he was praying. I’ve seen that sort of pose in some of the catalogues for Renaissance paintings—like in the pious stuff with saints, but without the knife.”

“What about the scribbles?”

“You mean the triangles, the word *thief* and the number 9? No idea, but Elaine and I have noticed Mr. Kean gradually drawing more and more of those on his walls for the last two months.”

“Did anything unusual happen two months ago?”

“Nothing Elaine and I noticed.”

“What about this Mr. Solomon Chancer?”

“Oh, he’s a Greek man. Goes around the world finding paintings for Mr. Kean to sell.”

“What’s your impression of Mr. Chancer?”

Miss Kennedy frowns and stops biting her nails. “I’d never suspect him of murder. He seems... a genteel sort. I think that’s the word. Like a man from an older world. He has a certain... old school politeness in his manners. Oh, I asked him about the triangles once, but he had no idea what they meant.”

“Does Mr. Chancer live in New York?”

“Oh, no. He drops by from time to time, bringing paintings all wrapped up. Sometimes he shows me some of them. They’re beautiful. Vibrant and colourful, mostly stuff from Greek or Roman mythology, because Renaissance painters had a thing for it, but nothing like Mr. Kean’s pose that I remember. To be honest, I’m not even sure *Solomon Chancer* is his real name.”

“Do you know where he might be found when he’s in New York?”

“The Adelphi Hotel.”

“Thank you. If you don’t mind me asking, how do you know that’s where I might find him?”

She blushes. “Oh, he’s invited me there a few times. I didn’t accept.”

“What about Mrs. Katherine Hill?”

“Widow. Wealthy as Croesus. Lives alone in some mansion in Gramercy Park. Apparently she has a much-prized collection of Renaissance works, but I’ve never seen them, except when she makes Elaine and me unwrap some of those that come through here.”

“On that subject, what’s the difference between *esoteric* art and other types?”

Miss Kennedy rolls her eyes. “To be frank, Detective Axeman, I’m not sure. I think some people believe there are paintings with hidden codes or such things in them, but surely no one takes that

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

kind of thing seriously, or if they do, they'd hardly admit it."

Miss Kennedy frowns again. "There's one other thing I should mention. Monday last week, just before closing time at 6pm, a man showed up. Elaine had slipped away a little earlier with Daniel Murphy—that's her fiancé—so I was here alone. He was wearing a black coat and a black homburg, sort of like yours. He was a short man with long, dark curly hair and old acne scars on his cheeks. I opened the door when he knocked. He turned his collar up and asked to see Mr. Kean, so I went upstairs to fetch him. Mr. Kean went red in the face and told me to leave. Actually, he yelled at me to get out. I did, but I was worried about him, so I just walked round the corner and kept an eye on the door. Mr. Kean came out, locked up behind himself and... well..."

Her face reddens. "I sort of followed the pair of them. Mr. Kean shouted at the man to never visit him at work again. The other man appeared nonplussed. Then the two of them walked off and I followed. Turns out they were walking in the direction of my apartment anyway, but they passed it, and went on for a few blocks. I saw them stop outside the Bathtub Gin Bar. It looked to me like they exchanged something, and then Mr. Kean went inside, and the curly-haired man left. I went home at that point."

"Thank you, Miss Kennedy. Anything else?"

"Nothing I can think of at the moment, but Elaine and I will be here for the rest of the day and most likely tomorrow, too, if you want to ask more questions."

I turn to leave, then stop. "Actually, just one more question. You mentioned Miss Marquette's fiancé—Daniel Murphy. What's your impression of him?"

"Well, I haven't met him often. Elaine speaks highly of him, obviously. She's a dear friend and it looks like I have every reason to be happy for her." She purses her mouth as though she were chewing worms. "That said..."

"Yes?" I prompted.

"Well... I once overheard an argument between him and Mr. Kean. This was also last week Monday—the day I followed Mr. Kean. It was just before Daniel took Elaine away, so around 5.45pm. Elaine was waiting for Daniel outside and I went up to the office to ask about... something, I don't recall what. Anyway, I overheard Daniel say something like, I'm sick and tired of you looking over my shoulder. Then he said something about his loyalty to someone, but I didn't catch the details."

"Thank you."



Circle **Marker F1** in your case log.

Return to [5-9707 \(p.87\)](#).



3-4862

120a E. 23rd St, GP-36

Katherine Hill's townhouse on Gramercy Park is an elegant, ivy-clad brownstone with polished brass fixtures and a discrete iron gate. A servant lets me in, and I'm led to a sitting room that exudes wealth in a quiet, bespoke fashion. Velvet armchairs, silk drapes, and walnut bookcases line the walls. Oil paintings from the Italian Renaissance hang in heavy gilded frames, and a faint scent of lavender and old paper lingers. A widow of means, she surrounds herself with beauty and history. I notice there are zero pictures of her husband or extended family. Apparently Mrs Hill recently turned sixty, but when she enters the room, I'd have estimated her age at around fifty-five, maybe younger.

"I heard about Sean Kean's death," she says in a low, quiet voice. "Dreadful. You know, I recommended Elaine to him. She worked as my husband's personal secretary for a little while before he died and I immediately told Kean to hire her. Pity she's beth..." The widow looks like she's about to say more, but then stops herself. "Pity the poor girl has had to witness a murder."

"Did you know him well?"

She blinks. "My husband? Of course, I did."

I laugh. "Apologies. I meant Sean Kean."

"Only as a business associate, but he was talented at locating fine pieces for my collection. It's become something of a personal obsession, as you can see. I have a separate room for works by English, French and Flemish masters, if you wanted to see those."

If you have circled **Marker C1** in your case log, go to [2-3100 \(p.33\)](#)

If you have circled **Marker B1** in your case log, go to [5-4990 \(p.80\)](#).



3-6476

208 W. 23rd St, CS-54

The door-“man” of The Carteret is a pimply teenager, and he’s working on a crossword puzzle when I find him, his tongue sticking out of his mouth in concentration.

“Detective Hatchet,” I introduce myself, flashing my badge.

He sighs, and looks up at me with an expression that makes it damn clear I’m inconveniencing him. You’d swear I’d just asked him to go fry an egg on the roof. “Yeah?”

“You know Miss Florence Kennedy?”

The kid rolls his eyes. “Yeah. 1D. Works at some snobby art... something. Always giving me random facts about Renny-sense... somethings. Like I need fancy words taking up space inside my noggin.”

“Have you seen anything suspicious recently?”

“Involving Miss Kennedy? No. Involving other people in the building?” He lowers his voice and whispers conspiratorially. “No.”

I’m about to leave when the doorman calls me back, “By the way, do you know an eleven-letter word that means rebirth?”

I turn around to face him, thinking this kid deserves a slap, but then his expression changes. “Actually... Detective Hatchet, there is something about Miss Kennedy. Last week, I saw this man follow her into the building. He doesn’t live here, I know that for sure. But when she came home from work, he followed her in. Looked to me like he was trying to get her attention, but she clearly didn’t know him either. All he did was stop, turn around and leave again. It happened twice last week. Can’t remember on which days, though.”

“But being such a shrewd observer, you can describe him to me, right, kid?”

“Sure can, Detective. He was a beanpole. Brown skin. Looked Italian to me. And he had this stupid-looking toothbrush moustache.”

My blood runs cold. “Did he have a sharp chin, and two gold rings on his right hand? And smell of expensive cologne?”

The kid’s mouth drops open. “Yeah. Exactly. Wow, you’re like something from a comic book, Mister.”

I’m barely listening to the kid now. I know that man. Timo Meriga. Suspected art forger and, if you were asking me, a murderer too. Last I heard, the investigation into his crimes was still ongoing.



Circle **Marker M1** in your case log.



3-6872

72 Wall St, FD-48

If it is **day 1 (Thu Oct 12)**, go to [7-3393 \(p.115\)](#)

If it is **day 2 (Fri Oct 13)**, go to [6-1596 \(p.94\)](#)



3-7042

476 5th Ave, TL-6 (apt. basement west)

Tucked behind heavy oak doors on the library's upper floor, the Rare Manuscript Section houses illuminated texts, rolls of vellum, and centuries-old folios. Scholars huddle together at long oak tables, whispering under brass lamps. The air smells of dust. Access is restricted. Visitors must present credentials. No problem for me there. I search as best I can, but I'm clearly out of my depth.

If you have circled **Marker D1** in your case log, go to [4-3145 \(p.61\)](#).

If you have circled **Marker C1** in your case log, go to [1-9864 \(p.24\)](#).



3-7440

225 W. 56th St, TS-13

Staff at the Consulate of Greece confirm that one Mr. Solomon Chancer has been staying at the Adelphi Hotel in Chelsea for a month.



3-7573

Contd. from 4-9923 on p.73

During the drive to Hennessey's address, I listen to a news report from WNYC.

"Authorities report a troubling rise in cocaine use across Chelsea, with police citing a surge in illicit activity. Community leaders urge swift action, while health officials warn of the drug's increasing grip. Efforts to trace sources remain ongoing. WNYC will follow developments closely."

Mr. Garreth Hennessey meets me at the door to his apartment. I estimate his age at around thirty-five. His dirty-blond hair resembles a bird's nest, indicating his habit of running his hands through it. Dark brown eyes sit behind round glasses, and when he shakes my hand, I notice he's wearing white gloves.

"Welcome, Detective Hatchet," he says. "Thanks for calling ahead. This way, please."

He leads the way into a spacious room with large, high windows admitting bright beams of sunlight. The room is filled with paintings, arranged on easels in a wide semi-circle. This is what I'd expected Mr. Sean Kean's personal rooms to look like.

"What exactly do you do, Mr. Hennessey?" I ask.

He takes up station in front of a painting depicting a man sitting at a desk and reaching for a globe. "I'm a freelance art appraiser and restorer, Detective Hatchet. This, for example, is a genuine piece by Johannes Vermeer circa 1668. I was asked to determine its authenticity, and I'm glad to say its owner will be happy."

"Who is the owner?"

"One Mrs Katherine Hill. Quite the prodigious collector, she is."

If you have circled **Marker UI** in your case log, go to [1-8708 \(p.23\)](#).

If you have circled **Marker BI** in your case log, go to [1-1172 \(p.15\)](#).

If you have circled **Marker CI** in your case log, go to [3-8945 \(p.57\)](#).



3-8156

30 W. Broadway, CC-54

Normally, the brainy ladies and gents at the Art Theft Unit are eager to expand my education. At the mention of Sean Kean, though, they fall silent, and I get the leper treatment.

If you have circled **Marker MI** in your case log, go to [2-5917 \(p.38\)](#).



3-8622

Contd. from 8-6841 on p.131

“Detective Ben Hatchet,” I push my badge across the clerk’s counter at the Adelphi Hotel. “You have a Mr. Solomon Chancer staying here, right? I need to speak with him.”

The spotty-faced teen at the reception counter points me towards a courtyard with a lush garden. There, sitting on a white bench, I find Mr. Solomon Chancer, smoking a long, thin cigarette. His maroon suit clashes with his dark skin and olive eyes. Black curls poke out under his maroon fedora. He’s clean-shaven with a round chin and, when he notices me approaching, he rises from the bench with a slow, lazy motion. Something in the way he carries himself makes me balance my weight on the balls of my feet, like I need to get ready for a fight.

I introduce myself peremptorily and get down to business. “How did you know Mr. Sean Kean?”

Mr. Chancer takes a slow drag from his cigarette as if time were nothing of much value, and blows a plume of smoke towards me. “I travelled for him. Found paintings for him to sell,” he answers in a Greek accent, shrugging. “What else are you expecting to hear?”

“Maybe something about what makes your art esoteric.”

That gets under his skin. He flinches—then tries to cover it with a chuckle. “What do you know about esoteric matters, Mr. Detective?”

“You got this the wrong way around, Mr. Chancer. I’m the one asking the questions.”

He shakes his head, taking another drag. “Merciful Saints. The NYPD sent a hammer-head to do a priest’s job. Look, Mr. Detective, some people believe strange things, but you know what all people have in common? They want power. Some want it by investing in valuable art. That’s what I know.”

I press him for a few more minutes, but get nothing out of him, except more smoke and a mild headache.

If you have circled **Marker K1** in your case log, go to [2-1718 \(p.29\)](#).

If you have circled **Marker C1** in your case log, go to [1-3497 \(p.19\)](#).



3-8945

3-7573 (p.54) *contd.*

“What can you tell me about the Artois Nine?”

It takes Garreth Hennessey several seconds to realise his jaw is hanging open.

I grin at him. “Good thing there are no flies around.”

“Well, well, well,” Hennessey says. “I wasn’t aware the NYPD employs men with such specialised knowledge.”

“Would you answer the question, please?”

“Oh, sure, sure. The Artois Nine. I assume you know the basics. Personally, I don’t believe they have any magical powers, but they are of historic value. Oh! You might find this interesting. Legend has it that six of the nine paintings are clearly initialled LA—for Lucien Artois, obviously. However, three of them are unique. They are initialled AT.”

“AT?” I ask. Then, I get it. “Astaroth?”

“Precisely!” he claps his hands together. “Strange what people will believe, isn’t it? Still, it would be something to see those paintings. Assuming they even exist.”



4

4-1385

249 W. 23rd St, CS-49

All I learn is that Theresa Hennessey is not actually related to Garreth.



4-1807

8-1224 (p.127) contd.

“I heard you were caught breaking into Katherine Hill’s house.”

“Dammit. Please don’t tell Elaine. Yes, I... Look, the woman has five of the Artois Nine. Five! We only have three. All I wanted was for her to give us permission to study them, but she turned us down. Then, I decided to just try and examine them on my own, but I got caught. I had no intention of stealing anything.”

“And that’s when Sean Kean got you under his spell?”

“Yes. He wanted me to spy on the Order of the Painted Smile and let him know if we ever discovered the last of the Nine.”

“Where were you last night?”

“With Elaine. She can confirm that.”



Circle **Marker J1** in your case log.



4-3145

3-7042 ([p.52](#)) *contd.*

None of the old manuscripts make sense to me, nor can I find a book to shed light on my case. I need to keep digging.



4-3476

Contd. from [7-5838](#) on p.119

I find nothing of significance at US Customs.



4-3881

1-7086 (p.22) contd.

At US Customs, I manage to find someone to give me a hand with locating the firearm that put a hole in Dudek's head, or at least with discovering the gun's origins. My new friend is a round, bald man with a thin red moustache and a high voice, named Mr. Lowary.

"If you suspect someone from the Bowery," Mr. Lowary advises, "then you're looking for a needle in a stack of needles." He chuckles at his own joke. "There are at least eleven known gun smugglers in that part of town, and we're having a hell of time keeping track of them, let alone arresting them. But, from listening to your story, I think you'll have an easier time looking into Chelsea. I know of only one gun smuggler still operating there. The only reason we haven't arrested him yet is because we're hoping he might lead us to bigger fish."

"Sounds like you're trespassing on Undercover Operations' turf."

He shrugs. "We'll deal with them later."

"You have an address for me?"

"There's a vehicle parts warehouse on 520 West 22nd Street. Look for a man with red hair and a spider's web tattooed on his neck."

"Thanks. How do I talk to this guy without scaring him off?"

"As you might have figured out, we run our own version of undercover operations here—unofficially, obviously. I have an officer who can take you there now. Our smuggler trusts him. So, all you need to do is tell my guy what questions you need answered, and he'll ask the smuggler. Got it?"

I nod and Mr. Lowary calls over a huge man who looks like hired muscle for some crime boss, but if he can help me out, I'll follow him.

Just before leaving, I see a note on Mr. Lowary's desk. It reads: *Ryan, T. Lockpicking expert phone number 5-7712*. I memorise it quickly. Might come in handy.



Circle **Marker G1** in your case log.



4-3891

94a Greenwich St, FD-41

Personnel at the fingerprint identification lab have two sets of prints for me. Both were lifted from the doorknob to the entrance of Sean Kean's place of business and the door to his office. One set belongs to Elaine Marquette. The other came from a man named Iwo Dudek. No other prints were lifted from the doorknobs. The railing on the staircase had been covered in a wide range of partial prints, some of which could be identified as Sean Kean's, Elaine Marquette's, and Florence Kennedy's. No prints were recovered from the dagger found on Kean's body.



4-4155

302 8th Ave, CS-38

Smells great inside the Hajj's, but I learn nothing useful, unless you count when to catch a discount on dahl.



4-4417

117 Prince St, LW-9

A bell chimes over the door of the East Coast Gun Shop. For a moment, I consider informing the proprietor that the S in Coast needs another lick of paint to get the name right. Then, my nose samples the odour of sweat in the room. It's a tiny space, packed tight with five burly men with more hair on them than a herd of goats. And they don't smell better either.

"Heya, fellas." I tip my hat, putting on my most genial face. "Heard about the shooting at Three Kings?"

Nothing.

"It's a tattoo parlour," I clarify, gesturing at the wild array of ink on the arms of the nearest gorilla. "Looks like you might know the place."

"What do you want?" asks the man in the centre of the group. He's thinner than the rest, with a surprisingly high voice and, since he's standing behind the counter, I figure he does the business.

"Information would be nice. I'm looking for the gun that did the job."

He nods. "This isn't the Bowery. We don't like that lot. Fucking savages. We do clean business here."

"Sure, sure," I nod along. "So, if you had to hazard a guess at where a savage might get his hardware what would you say?"

"I'd point you towards US Customs. Believe it or not, but we give them a hand - or rather an eye. Keeps our streets safe. If you're looking into rough business in the Bowery that involved gun play, go to them."



4-4583

Contd. from 8-6841 on p.131

I find Mr. Solomon Chancer in the hotel's courtyard. He's sitting on the same white bench, smoking another cigarette, and his spirits seem to have lifted since yesterday.

"Ah! Mr. Detective. I have remembered something."

"Go on."

"Ten years ago, another man did for Mr. Kean what I did for him until his death. That man discovered a painting of immense value, and Mr. Kean stole it from him, which ruined the man's family."

My mind starts racing. "Why didn't this person report the theft?"

Mr. Chancer smiles. "Because he, in turn, had stolen it. Thieves cannot report thieves, Mr Detective. I only heard the story as a rumour. But I believe it. Sadly, I never learned the name of this man."

"Do you know anything about this painting Kean stole? Anything that could help me track it down?"

"The rumours that reached me said it was French. Something deeply regarded in the esoteric community, especially among true believers."

If you have circled **Marker M1** in your case log, go to [1-6159 \(p.21\)](#).



4-4668

327 W. 30th St, CS-12

I knock on the door to Miss Elaine Marquette's apartment, but no one answers.



4-5044

424 W. 34th St, CS-4

One of the priests at the Church of Saint Michael proves especially talkative, and informs me that the expensive renovations are being paid for by donations from a Mr. Solomon Chancer. The donations began one year ago.



Circle **Marker K1** in your case log.



4-7806

401 E. 91st St, YV-14 (apt. upper)

I learn nothing of value here.



4-7978

476 5th Ave, TL-6 (apt. basement east)

Secreted away in a quiet corner of the New York Public Library's main branch, the Occult Reference Section exudes an eerie, magnetic charm. Tall wooden shelves cradle weathered tomes on alchemy, demonology, astrology, and forbidden rites, their cracked spines whispering secrets. Brass lamps cast soft pools of light over heavy reading tables. The scent of incense clings to the air, despite the library's best efforts. Fellow visitors speak in hushed tones, watched silently by a marble bust of Hermes Trismegistus.

I spend at least three hours down here, though it feels like days, but finally I locate something that makes my brain fizz. Inside a book on Renaissance art and mystical beliefs, I spot a painting that seems vaguely familiar. A man lies on his back, his head near a writing desk, and his chest a mess of stab wounds. His hands are pressed together as though in prayer. A blade nestles between them, with the pommel resting on his chin. The dagger's guard terminates in two knobs. The author's note beneath the painting identifies this as a bollock dagger, but that's hardly the most illuminating part.

According to the author, "One of the most valuable sets of Renaissance paintings—at least as far mystical/esoteric communities are concerned—is the Artois Nine. Reputedly the work of French artist Lucien Artois, these nine paintings were created between 1479 and 1505. The painter has claimed that he received direct instruction from the demon Astaroth."



Circle **Marker C1** in your case log.

I keep searching, but find nothing about triangles. Eventually, a middle-aged librarian with a long braid and bright eyes approaches me, asking if she can help. "If you need a specialist on manuscripts, paintings and occult matters, Mr Garreth Hennessy is your man."



Circle **Marker U1** in your case log.

•



4-7995

Contd. from [4-9923](#) on [p.73](#)

Upon arriving at Garreth Hennessey's residence, I find the place locked.

If you have circled **Marker A1** in your case log, go to [5-9972](#) (p.90).



4-9923

300 W. 29th St, CS-23

If it is **day 1 (Thu Oct 12)**, go to [3-7573 \(p.54\)](#)

If it is **day 2 (Fri Oct 13)**, go to [4-7995 \(p.72\)](#)



5

5-2244

692 Broadway, BO-1

The Kings of Spades, Hearts and Clubs leer down at me from the entrance to the Three Kings tattoo parlour. The place is nestled in a dim corner of the Bowery, humming with low conversation and the buzz of needles, even this early in the morning. The gutters outside reek of stale beer and worse. Inside, the walls are cluttered with flash designs—anchors, skulls, and saints.

Moira No-Last-Name looks as out of place as a fox among cats in her beige trench coat. Nonetheless, she's clearly cowed the much larger, much older man sitting on a stool in front of her like a delinquent.

Upon seeing me, Moira grabs my elbow and ushers me outside. "This way."

"And good morning to you too."

She grunts, leading me in the direction of a narrow alley beside the tattoo joint. Before we reach it, she pulls me to a stop. "The official report will say that Iwo Dudek died from a mugging gone wrong. You understand?"

I glance back at the tattoo parlour. No other authorities have arrived yet, and I imagine that when they do, they'll follow Moira's orders. "But," I venture, "that's not what you believe, and you want me to investigate - off the books?"

She points at the mouth of the alley. I walk over and, looking down, I see a black homburg on the sidewalk.

"Poke around, Ben," Moira barks. "Figure out who killed Dudek. See if it's connected to Sean Kean. Either way, you tell me first. Undercover will decide what gets reported on Dudek's death. Got it?"

"Got it!" I salute as stiffly as a tin soldier.

Moira pushes past me into the alley, and I follow like a dog.

A few steps in, I encounter a shabby brown wallet. I look at it from different angles, taking a long time before finally picking it up (never know what you might miss if you rush). "There's cash inside. Looks like fifteen dollars. Nothing else."

Moira grunts.

A little deeper into the alley, we find Dudek's body, still dressed in his black coat that must have been brand new at the turn of the century. He's lying on his back, arms and coat splayed wide, like he's making a snow angel in the filth of the alley. I see a single bullet wound in the centre of his forehead.

"If I were you," Moira says, "I wouldn't get my hopes up about finding a witness in this part of town. Bowery folks are allergic to cops."

I don't say it, but I know word is going to spread from the tattoo parlour that some scary lady showed up who's not a regular cop. If anyone was ever going to talk to me, they won't now. Thanks Moira.

"Any sign of a spent cartridge?" I ask.

"None."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Great. I can’t speculate on any connection with Sean Kean yet, but one thing’s clear.”

“Yeah? What?”

“Method’s radically different,” I explain. “Any idea how I might track down the firearm? I’m betting it’s a handgun—something easy to conceal.”

“Obviously,” Moira rolls her eyes at me. “But no, I can’t.”

I look around the crime scene for another thirty minutes, but find nothing conclusive, until Moira tells me to leave.



Circle **Marker T1** in your case log.



5-2789

8-1224 (7-1656 on p.112) *contd.*

"Can I see this manuscript you were analysing with Kean?"

"No problem."

He brings a piece of ancient vellum to me, but it's written in Latin and I can't make anything out.

"What," I ask, "does all this have to do with esoteric art?"

"We, that is the Order of the Painted Smile, own three special paintings. We are trying to divine the knowledge contained within them, but that's not really possible unless you have the full set of nine. So, I was hoping Kean would lead me to the others."

He gives me a long, slow stare. "Do you know anything about where the rest are? I've put my cards on the table. How about you do the same?"

I cannot believe he's even asking me. I must have risen in his estimation.

"What does this manuscript say?" I ask, tapping it.

"It's a dead end, Detective," Daniel sighs. "It's a request for painting materials. Kean and I thought there was some hidden message, but no. It's useless."



5-3435

1-0976 (p.14) contd.

Just as I arrive at the Hotel Chelsea, I spot Timo trying to hail a cab. He sees me and lowers his hand, grinning. The man looks exactly as I remember him. Smartly dressed, self-assured. A real piece of work. I was never officially involved in the investigations into this lowlife. Unofficially, however, I lent a hand a few times and, in the process, got to know Timo just enough to hate him.

The tall Italian wastes no time, getting right up in my face to shake my hand. "Detective Hatchet! *Mio amico*. How are you these days? It's been... what? A year? I have missed your fumbling attempts to implicate an innocent man."

Enough is enough.

Before I know it, I have one hand around his silk tie. "Florence Kennedy. What's your business with her?"

His eyes go wide. "Florence? How do you know about her? Have you been following me?"

"Talk!"

The Italian makes a few complicated moves with his arms and, after a sharp pain in my wrist and shoulder, he gets free of my grip.

He steps away from me and says, "I do not expect a man like you to understand, but I am in love with Miss Kennedy. That is my business. Not yours."

I stare at him, suddenly lost for words.

Timo lets out a breath. "Look, Detective Hatchet, I know you think I'm a murderer, but as I have told you before, you are wrong. I met Miss Kennedy during business with a certain Mr. Kean. And she is the one for me. The only one."

Again, I just stare. Finally, my brain gets back on the job. "You followed her. Twice. Last week."

"*Dio*, Detective. I do not know how to introduce myself to her."

"You? You don't know how to introduce yourself to a woman? No! Wait! You just said, you met her during business with Kean."

He opens and closes his mouth several times then, finally, looks down at his shoes. "Always, you have wanted a confession from me, Detective Hatchet. Now, this one time, I will give you one. True, I did not *meet* her as such. I only saw her at Kean's office, and that was enough. My life has changed. Truth be told, it's been a long time coming. I want to make a new start. An honest one. But, what happens if she finds out about my past?"

"You mean, what if she finds out you made your money through fake art?"

"Again, I do not expect you to understand my tortured emotions. You are a simple man. But, Mr. Kean—if he finds out how much I want Miss Kennedy, he could ruin everything."

"Tell me about your business with Mr. Kean."

"I think we have nothing more to say to each other."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"Did you kill him?" I ask.

Timo does a fine impersonation of a statue. "What?"

"Mr. Kean is dead. Murdered."

"*Dio*. Detective Hatchet, I had nothing to do with that."

"Where were you last night between 5 and 9pm?"

He jerks his chin over my shoulder. "In the hotel lobby, pondering how to approach my future wife. I even asked the advice of every waitress I could find. Now, unless you have a warrant, I will say no more."

Timo finds a cab, and heads off.

I interview the hotel staff, all of whom confirm Timo's story.



5-4990

3-4862 (p.49) *contd.*

“Do you know anything about a group called The Order of the Painted Smile?” I ask.

“Never heard of them, but they sound like another one of those... mentally deficient people who believe these paintings hold some arcane powers. Actually, no. Wait. I think perhaps Sean Kean mentioned them once. He said they might have some of the Artois Nine. He was going to get back to me about the veracity of that rumour. Believe me, if they do, I will make them an offer they can’t refuse unless they don’t value money.”



5-5787

5-9707 (p.87) contd.

Down in the reception room, I open the front door and ask Miss Elaine Marquette to join me.

“What time did you arrive?”

“Eight as always. Florence and I always arrive together, though we live in different directions from here. We’re good friends.”

“Did you see the chalk scribbles on the walls in Mr. Kean’s office?”

She shifts uncomfortably, but straightens her shoulders. “You mean the triangles, the word *thief* and the number 9s? We both saw them. He’s been drawing them on the walls for the last two months. Sometimes, Florence and I could hear him mumbling to himself up there.”

“Did you ever catch any coherent words?”

“None, I’m afraid, apart from the few times when he’d open his office window to yell for someone to stop watching him. Every time it happened, Florence and I rushed to the entrance to look around.”

“Ever catch anyone?”

“Never. There was no pattern to this yelling or his mumbling. None we could make out.”

“Did you notice the body?” I ask without being specific.

“You mean the pose? The hands? The blade between them? Hell, of course I saw.”

“Exactly. Does that mean anything to you?”

“No, Detective. I’m afraid I can’t say anything about the significance of the pose.”

“Thank you. Now, earlier you mentioned Solomon Chancer and Katherine Hill.”

She interrupts me. “I think Florence mentioned them.”

I smile. Good memory. “Apologies. Yes, Miss Kennedy mentioned them. Could you tell me more about them, please?”

The change in topic instantly lightens Miss Marquette’s mood. “If being creepy were an Olympic sport, Mr. Chancer would win gold every time. I’ve seen him give Florence a look you might call appraising. But in terms of his actual business with Mr. Kean, it was Mr. Chancer’s job to find paintings of *esoteric* significance.”

It was my turn to fidget, embarrassed by my ignorance. Miss Marquette didn’t miss it. “You do understand what I’m talking about, yes, Detective Axeman?”

I sigh. “Between you and me, I wouldn’t mind a primer, Miss Marquette.”

She laughs, warm and genuine. “My word, Detective Axeman! The NYPD sent a clown to do a surgeon’s job! Or maybe a priest’s.” She clamps a hand over her mouth. “Apologies. That was uncouth. Let me help you out. It’s about magic!” She waves her hands in a dramatic gesture, green eyes wide, mouth grinning. “There are some Renaissance paintings that were, apparently, created as repositories of special knowledge.”

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

I struggle to keep a straight face. Good thing I'm a professional. "Special how?"

She shrugs. "Immortality, maybe. Protection from the IRS? I don't know. Most likely anything from the divine to the profane. I don't know about the details, but most of the serious collectors here in the US care nothing for that mumbo jumbo. People like Mrs. Katherine Hill, for example. She just cares for its monetary value, but I've heard rumours about people who believe that if they can just read the clues in the paintings, they can... I don't know what, if I'm honest."

"Think this *esoteric* stuff might have some bearing on the murder?"

Her face falls. "I'm no Sherlock Holmes, Detective Axeman, but who knows? To be honest, I've hardly seen any of these purportedly magic paintings. Mr. Chancer brings them here all wrapped up and people like Mrs. Katherine Hill pick them up that way. Sometimes she has Florence and me unwrap them just to show off. Mostly it's gory scenes of death or torture, or just the usual saints and angels stuff, or scenes from Greek mythology like the Trojan War."

I'm getting an education alright, just not in anything useful. I think. "Thank you, Miss Marquette. Can you think of anything else that might help?"

"Nothing now, but you can swing by during the day and I'll let you know. Florence and I will still be here, settling accounts and such."

I open my mouth to say something about her nerve, getting work done despite the murder. Instead, I clear my throat and point at her engagement ring. "If you don't mind me asking, who is the lucky fella?"

She blushes prettily and the morning sunlight flashes off her white teeth. "Daniel Murphy. He's a freelance art-restorer."



Circle **Marker E1** in your case log.

Return to [5-9707 \(p.87\)](#).



5-6461

Contd. from [1-1861](#) on [p.18](#)

The inside of Iwo Dudek's hovel is worse than the outside. I step carefully, dead sure the entire wooden structure might collapse if I breathed too hard. Fast food wrappers carpet the floor, broken up by islands of unwashed clothing. The stench makes me queasy, but I steel my nerves and start digging. It feels like hours before I find something hidden behind a stack of cheap comics - The Garroter by J Warner... weird stuff; I'd tried reading it several times, but could hardly make sense of it. Under the comics, I locate a small, black safe bolted to the only part of the bedroom wall that looks sturdy. "Now what?" I ask myself.

If you have circled **Marker A1** in your case log, go to [6-5613](#) ([p.102](#)).



5-7712

560 W. 23rd St, CS-51

If you have circled **Marker G1** in your case log, go to [3-1500 \(p.46\)](#).



5-8042

Contd. from [2-9610](#) on p.42

One taxi driver recalls dropping a man with dirty blonde hair off on 250 West 22nd Street at noon yesterday.



5-8922

208 W. 23rd St, CS-54 (apt. 1b)

I walk along the hallway of Miss Kennedy's apartment, investigating the other rooms. Looks like 1A is a communal laundry room. Knocking on the door for 1B, I get no answer.



5-9707

245 W. 25th St, CS-38

A white van and two EMTs are waiting for me when I arrive at *Kean's Esoteric Art*. Freddie Fingers is also on the scene, presumably having done his job dusting for prints. The EMTs are smoking, while two young women stand just outside the door to the building. Kean's secretaries, I figure. Their cheeks are streaked with ruined mascara. Hands shaking while they hug themselves. Both around twenty-five, I guess.

One of them is a round-faced brunette with rectangular glasses perched on a button nose. She looks at me with blue eyes before tugging on her blonde colleague's sleeve. Blondie turns green eyes my way. Sunlight glints off her round glasses and the engagement ring on her left hand.

I remove my homburg and approach, putting on my professional face.

"Detective Ben Hatchet. Sorry about your loss."

The brunette's eyes widen. "Hatchet? Like an axe? You're Detective Axeman?" She chuckles and I start worrying about her. The blonde puts an arm around her shoulder. The gesture steadies them both.

"Elaine Marquette," blondie introduces herself, giving me a firm handshake. Her accent is as British as buttered scones and warm beer. "This is Florence Kennedy."

Miss Kennedy pulls herself together and shakes my hand hard enough to hurt my fingers.

"Where did you find the body?" Straight to the chase.

Miss Kennedy answers, "Office. The first floor is for reception. We work there. His office is on the second. Ditto his private rooms."

I look over my shoulder. "Frieddie! Doorknob?"

He rolls his eyes at me. "Two clean sets. Two more on the knob to Mr. Kean's office. The lab will have the results soon. The coroner is due in two hours, so expect his report tonight. Oh, and in case you're wondering, I already dusted the staircase to the office. I do know my job, Ben."

I feel Elaine Marquette tapping my arm, "One of the prints will be mine. I opened both doors this morning."

Freddie cuts in, "Before you ask, I already took the ladies' prints. Took pictures of the crime scene too. So, poke around if you need to."

Turning back to the secretaries, I ask, "When you arrived this morning, was the door locked?"

"Unlocked," Miss Marquette answers. "Florence and I don't have keys, and we saw Mr. Kean lock the door when we left yesterday at 6pm. That's why I rushed upstairs this morning. I thought maybe someone had picked the lock or something. His office door was closed, but also unlocked. I opened it and we both saw... everything."

Miss Kennedy adds, "He always came downstairs to lock the door at 6pm—even when he was scheduled to see business associates after hours."

"And was he scheduled to see anyone after 6pm last night?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Both secretaries shake their heads. “But,” Miss Kennedy adds, raising a finger, “that’s hardly conclusive. He often saw people without appointments. People like Solomon Chancer and Katherine Hill because...”

I hold up my hand, stalling her. Then I point at the door behind them. “I sincerely appreciate your co-operation, Miss Kennedy, but would you mind if I look around before getting back to you about those two people?”

Both secretaries shake their heads, and step out of my way.

I lean down to inspect the doorknob. No signs of forced entry. Not a single scratch to suggest lockpicking. Next, I nudge the door open with my foot, not touching the doorknob, and when I enter the reception room, the scent of wax polish hits my nose. The wall directly opposite the entrance features three paintings, each as mundane as a traffic jam. Literally—they depict scenes of snarled New York traffic.

“Nothing esoteric there. Just the magic of Manhattan mayhem.”

To the far left of the room, I see an iron staircase spiralling up, presumably to Mr. Kean’s office and private rooms. On either side of the staircase, I see a mahogany desk, each with an Underwood typewriter. Notepads and pencils are arranged around each typewriter—tidy enough to make an army barracks look like a slob-fest.

I take a few seconds to let my eyes wonder. Nothing stands out, so I ascend the stairs, looking everywhere for evidence. Nothing obvious. On the landing to Kean’s office, I stop to peer inside the room. The door is completely open, giving me a good view.

Now that I’m seeing him again, I feel sure Mr. Kean had been in his early fifties. A lean, vulpine man. Thin nose and a neatly-trimmed white beard. Death has not yet swollen his body or produced any smell. His charcoal suit probably cost more than my apartment. Judging by the bloody mess of his torso, he’d been stabbed so many times the word *overkill* came to mind.

“Wonder what the coroner will pick as the cause of death.” Macabre jokes aside, I look closer. “No defensive wounds on his arms...” I tilt my head. “Or hands.”

His hands have been arranged on his chest in a pious gesture—palms together, like he’d been praying.

A dagger has been placed in Kean’s hands with the pommel resting on his chin, the blade between his palms, leaving the wooden grip free. The dagger’s guard is shaped like... well, it resembles two knobs.

Walking like a soldier in a minefield, I enter the room. The floor is covered with a beautiful oriental rug, stained with blood beneath the corpse. No footprints in the blood. There’s a fireplace to my right, a large cherrywood desk in front of me—just behind the corpse. Behind the desk is a door.

The walls are painted white and every inch is covered in crude shapes drawn with red chalk. I see hundreds of number 9s drawn with various degrees of clarity. Equilateral triangles are spaced haphazardly around the 9s. No pattern, except that a tip is always pointing at the ceiling, flat sides facing the floor. Stepping closer, I see the word, *thief* repeated several times beneath the flat sides of some of the triangles. Stepping behind the desk, I see a matching cherrywood chair. The desk is

empty.

There are five drawers on each side and, as gently as possible, I open each one. All I find is an empty chequebook, an unused notepad and some loose change.

I straighten up and look out the window to the right of the desk, looking down on the EMTs. Nothing else about the scene stands out to me, so I proceed to the door behind the desk.

It leads to Mr. Keans' private rooms, and you couldn't find a more Spartan setup inside a monastery. The single bed in the centre of the narrow room looks comfortable enough, and the mattress is a good brand when I check it, but I'd expected something more illustrious for an art dealer. The walls are bare, except for more triangles with the word *thief* underneath them, and the number 9. All in red chalk. No bedside table, but the closet is as large as I'd expected.

Inside, I find a wide selection of extremely expensive suits, dress shirts, ties and shoes. I take a long time rifling through all of them but find nothing suspicious. Ditto the small bathroom attached to the bedroom.

"Time for the secretaries."

To interview Elaine Marquette go to [5-5787 \(p.81\)](#), and then return here.

If you have circled **Marker J1** in your case log, go to [3-0274 \(p.44\)](#).

If you have circled **Marker B1** in your case log, go to [2-8615 \(p.40\)](#).

To interview Florence Kennedy go to [3-3024 \(p.47\)](#), and then return here.



5-9972

4-7995 (p.72) *contd.*

Ryan sets to work on Garreth Hennessey's door and a few minutes later, I step inside. Eventually, I find his office. The wall is dominated by multiple news clippings from 1923. All of them celebrate Mr. Sean Kean as the man who discovered the whereabouts of one of the most sought-after Lucien Artois paintings. The painting in question features in several photographs, and immediately makes me think of the crime scene. According to the newspaper reports, this was the discovery that established Sean Kean as a leading figure in the art world.



6

6-0754

29 E. 9th St, GV-34

I get nothing from Empire Arms and Ammunition except for a suggestion to look up the East Coast Gun Shop.



6-1338

1-1752 ([p.17](#)) *contd.*

... right until I mention the man Montgomery had spotted following Florence Kennedy.

"That's right!" the old lady hisses. "I saw him too. Tall. Toothbrush moustache. Snappy dresser. Looks like he's loaded."

"Can you recall the days and times when you saw him?"

"Well, no, not exactly, but Florence was on her way home. That much I recall."



6-1596

Contd. from [3-6872](#) on p.51

I cannot find any of my usual contacts at Undercover Operations, and no one else is willing to divulge anything useful.



6-2879

Contd. from [8-9869](#) on [p.133](#)

“Just my luck,” I mutter. The archives for birth and death certificates are as busy as a dead skunk on an anthill. There’s no way I’m getting access for the next few hours. I’d be better off trying my luck tomorrow.



6-3244

330 E. 63rd St, LH-61

Leon Dudek has nothing of value for me. His wife, however, offers me some Polish crepes called naleśniki. I don't mind telling you, they are delicious.



6-3655

208 W. 23rd St, CS-54 (apt. 1d)

I knock on the white door to Miss Florence Kennedy's apartment, but no one answers.



6-3675

100 Centre St, LI-53 (apt. 3rd floor)

I talk to all my regular contacts, but without anything specific in mind, we just shoot the breeze and chew the fat.

If you have circled **Marker MI** in your case log, go to [6-9893 \(p.106\)](#).



6-4533

231 W. 25th St, CS-38

They know about Kean's weird moods and his shouting at thin air. Apart from that, no one at That Special Glow can offer any special insight, until the very last second.

"Actually," the proprietor says. "You might try Monty across the street. A real nosy parker, that one."



6-4804

881 8th Ave, HK-21

If it is **day 1 (Thu Oct 12)**, go to [3-1082 \(p.45\)](#)

If it is **day 2 (Fri Oct 13)**, go to [2-2108 \(p.31\)](#)



6-5241

Contd. from 1-1861 on p.18

From the outside, Iwo Dudek's place is a graffiti-covered pigsty that looks like a moderate wind could blow it down. That, however, isn't what grabs my attention. I spot a woman watching the place, wearing a beige trench coat and a wide-brimmed hat. I know her, so I approach carefully, giving her plenty of time to see me coming, and I keep my hands visible.

"Afternoon, Moira," I say when I'm within earshot, but I pull a newspaper from my coat pocket and pretend to read it, keeping my back to her so no one else would see us speaking to each other.

"What do you want, Ben?" Her voice is as friendly as a hacksaw.

"A chat with Iwo Dudek."

"Not happening."

"Why are you lot in Undercover Operations interested in him?"

"Why don't you head over to our offices and see if they'll give you clearance to talk to Iwo. I'm not saying anything." With that she leaves.

Getting into my car, I switch on the radio to distract myself. The announcer, speaking in a cheerful voice, reports:

"This is WNYC, Manhattan's voice on the airwaves. And now, a community update from right here in the heart of Manhattan. In the Chelsea neighbourhood, locals may have seen the scaffolding and heard the hammers echoing from West 34th Street. That's because the historic Church of Saint Michael is undergoing an extensive renovation—one of the most ambitious restoration projects the area has seen in recent years. Parishioners and preservationists alike are calling it a timely and much-needed effort. The Church of Saint Michael, known for its Gothic Revival architecture and striking stained-glass windows, has stood as a spiritual anchor in the neighbourhood for over seventy years. The renovations aim to restore the church's ornate façade, repair weatherworn masonry, and rejuvenate the interior woodwork, which date back to the late 19th century. Church officials have not publicly disclosed the source of funding, but they say the upgrades mark a significant step in preserving the cultural and architectural heritage of the Chelsea community. Locals are encouraged to stop by and view the ongoing work—or even better, attend Mass and see the transformation for themselves. This has been your neighbourhood update from WNYC. Stay tuned for more news after this message from our sponsor."



Circle **Marker 01** in your case log.



6-5613

5-6461 ([p.83](#)) *contd.*

I watch over Ryan's shoulder while he works. When he's done, I reach into the safe and retrieve a small notebook. Flipping to the last page, I read Dudek's nearly illegible scrawl: 11/10. Saw GH at SK. Late night. Came out bloody. 12/10. GH promised \$10K. Meeting tonight at 3K.



Circle **Marker R1** in your case log.



6-5833

Contd. from [2-9610](#) on p.42

Can't say it was a bad idea to show up here, but I don't discover anything useful.



6-8541

Contd. from [7-3623](#) on p.116

Still nothing of immediate use for me here, but the folks tell me that if I'm investigating people from Chelsea, I should take a trip to the Tenderloin Cab Company.



6-9542

152 Thompson St, LW-7

The owner points me at the East Coast Gun Shop.



6-9893

6-3675 (p.98) *contd.*

This time I have a buzzing bee in my bonnet, and I head straight for the office of the lead investigator for the Timo Meriga case.

"Sorry, Ben," he says. "There's still no evidence he's ever killed anyone. We have some new leads on the art angle. He might have forged a few pieces, but it's all up in the air still. Not much movement."

"Know where I can find him?"

My contact eyes me. "You're not going to mess up my investigation, are you?"

"I just want a few civil words with Mr. Meriga. He might be connected to someone in a murder case I've taken on." I hold up two fingers. "Scout's honour, I won't do anything stupid. Just tell me where I can find him."

"Fine, Ben, but you owe me one. Last I heard, he was staying at the Chelsea Hotel, though he moves around like a gigolo, so who knows if he's still there."



7

7-0185

7-3393 (p.115) contd.

After calling in a few favours, I finally discover that three months ago, Iwo Dudek became a valuable informant for Moira, who's running an undercover investigation into the cocaine trade. Dudek, apparently, had been a small-time coke dealer for years. Eventually I find one of her superiors, who gives me permission to meet up with Iwo Dudek.

"Tonight, after hours, just outside the Bathtub Gin Bar," Moira's superior says.



Circle **Marker P1** in your case log.

You may now end Day 1, if you wish, but you may also pursue more leads.



7-0599

143 S. 7th Ave, GV-41

"We don't have anything like that, but try Forgotten Curiosities."

"They sell old daggers?" I ask.

"No, but the battleaxe who runs it keeps her ear to the ground if you catch my meaning. She'll set you right."



7-1089

1-0976 ([p.14](#)) *contd.*

I count myself lucky to find Timo still staying at the Hotel Chelsea. This time, there's no smile when he sees me, and I raise both hands in a placating gesture.

"Answer one question—off the record," I say. "Then, I'll leave you alone. Did you forge one of The Artois Nine for Sean Kean three weeks ago?"

He looks me in the eye for a long minute. "Yes. My last job. I swear it."

I nod and make good on my promise, leaving the Chelsea.



7-1565

60 Broadway, FD-54

Chatting with my buddies in narcotics, I discover they have a file on a man matching the description Florence Kennedy mentioned. A short man with long, dark, curly hair and old acne scars on his cheeks. Iwo Dudek.



Circle **Marker Q1** in your case log.



7-1656

8-1224 (p.127) contd.

“Mr. Murphy, Sean Kean is dead and he didn’t keel over from natural causes.”

“Yeah, I heard that from Elaine. She’s still at work, if you can believe it. A real trooper that one. Heart like Joan of Arc.”

I brush his prevarication aside. “Mr. Murphy, right now, you are going to tell me whether the Order of the Painted Smile had anything to do with Kean’s death. Don’t bother denying it. I know you’re a member.”

Daniel doesn’t look surprised. “It’s not a huge secret. I’m almost the public face of the group. But, as far as I know, the Order had nothing to do with his death.”

“If you’re the face of the Order, did you have regular meetings with Mr. Kean?”

“Yeah, I did. We met at the Bathtub Gin Bar. I figured that if Kean was going to use me, I might as well use him too. He’d discovered some manuscript, and both of us were hoping it would lead us to some undiscovered esoteric paintings.”

“I have it on good authority that the Order of the Painted Smile owned a type of dagger, which they’d bought from an antique shop.”

“Yeah, I bought it for them.”

“And do you know where this dagger is now?”

“Someone in the Order has it. I don’t know who.”

I feel my patience with this clown thinning again. “Can you identify other members of the order?”

“No. The man who inducted me died of old age two years ago and I don’t know the others. We wear masks when we meet.”

“Isn’t that convenient,” I growl.

If you have circled **Marker D1** in your case log, go to [5-2789 \(p.77\)](#).



7-2165

8-1224 (p.127) contd.

My patience with this chum is wearing thinner by the minute, and my temper flares when I see him again.

"Mr. Murphy, where were you between 6 and 8pm on the night of the murder? And don't give me any crap about you being with your fiance. You showed up there at 8."

He goes pale, mouth opening and closing several times before he finally pulls himself together. "In point of fact, I was *at* her apartment, just not inside it." He flinches, and I guess the anger must be plain on my face, because he starts flapping his chin real quick. "I was outside her building, talking to a PI. He'd been... looking into something for me." He starts chewing his nails.

"Looking into what?"

"One of them is a fake! One of the three Artois paintings we have in the Order is a fake! And it's the one we bought directly from Mr. Sean Kean. I only found out about it when I spoke to the PI outside Elaine's apartment."

"You'd better get me in touch with this PI."

"Sure, thing. He works for Ryley and Son. You can call them."

"When did the Order buy this painting from Kean?"

"Three weeks ago. The other two—the real ones—have been with the Order for five years. I personally bought the fake one from Kean three weeks ago."

"And you only realised the truth when you spoke to the PI?"

"Yes, but before I hired the PI, I shared my suspicions with Gar... another member of the Order, our foremost expert on the Nine. He said he couldn't be sure."

"When was this?"

"Um... A week ago."



Circle **Marker N1** in your case log.



7-2357

37 Bank St, GV-18

The grey-haired matron in charge of Forgotten Curiosities purses her lips in thought. "Sounds to me like you're looking for a Medieval artefact. Only one place in the city can help you there. Try Quinn and McCarthy. Best place to go."

She frowns. "Well, that's as far the legit side of the business goes. You never know what might turn up in the dodgy parts of town."

Her frown deepens. "Heck, there used to be a guy down in the Bowery with an interest in Medieval antiques."

When she falls silent, I clear my throat and ask. "Did he have a name?"

"We just called him Mr Duck, on account of his name being too hard to remember. Something Polish."



7-3393

Contd. from [3-6872](#) on [p.51](#)

No one at Undercover Operations is willing to talk to me.

If you have circled **Marker O1** in your case log, go to [7-0185](#) (p.108).



7-3623

55 W. 14th St, GP-81

If it is **day 1 (Thu Oct 12)**, go to [2-5436 \(p.37\)](#)

If it is **day 2 (Fri Oct 13)**, go to [6-8541 \(p.104\)](#)



7-3750

***Late Night Leads** (p.135) contd.*

The coroner confirms that Sean Kean was murdered last night (11 October) between 7 and 9pm. He was stabbed by someone standing in front of him. The murder weapon was definitely the dagger found on this body. The blade entered Mr. Kean's torso from an upward angle, and was used by a right-handed person. Nine downward thrusts were administered. The first three pierced his left lung and the fourth punched through the sternum into the heart. There were no defensive wounds on his body, and it must have been arranged in the position in which I found it soon after death.

Return to [**Late Night Leads** \(p.135\)](#).



7-4495

Contd. from 1-5194 on p.20

The store is small and crowded with bits of furniture that look less like valuable antiques and more like yard sale junk. I find an old man with a round belly and a wispy beard, calling himself Mr. Monaldo.

“Old Man Dudek died three years ago,” he wheezes when I ask about the store’s name. “He was a good business partner. Pity his son is such a rascalion. I hear he’s selling drugs. You should arrest him.”

“Wish I could, sir. Could you tell me anything about this?” I show him a picture of the dagger found at the scene of Sean Kean’s death.

“Ah, yes. A bollock dagger. The only real antique I had to sell, I’m afraid to say. It was a marvellous piece.”

“Do you have any sales records?”

“I’m afraid I stopped keeping those. In this neighbourhood, no one wants to be on record. If I insisted on those, I’d sell nothing.”

“Do you remember anything about the person who you sold it to?”

“To whom I sold it,” he corrects me, with a kind smile. “Not much. I remember it was about a month ago, maybe. He was in his thirties, I think. Can’t be sure. Sorry.”



Circle **Marker VI** in your case log.



7-5838

1 Bowling Green, FD-86

If it is **day 1 (Thu Oct 12)**, go to [4-3476 \(p.62\)](#)

If it is **day 2 (Fri Oct 13)**, go to [1-7086 \(p.22\)](#)



7-6321

314 9th Ave, CS-22

It turns out that Alma Hennessey is not related to Garreth or my case.



7-7082

134 9th Ave, CS-71

The bar is run by an old friend of mine, and I smile as I step inside. He's portly with a hairless pate, but his upper lip compensates with a walrus moustache.

"Morning, Ben," he says in a Boston accent. His tone is one part warm welcome and two parts caution—no ice. "Here on business?"

"Afraid so, Max, but no worries. It's nothing about you or this place—not directly." I produce a picture of Mr. Sean Kean, supplied by Florence Kennedy. "Just tell me if you know this man."

Normally, I'd be more subtle, but Max's place was nearly empty. He took his time studying the picture, then nodded. "I do. Comes in regular. Every Monday evening for the last two and a half months, between 6 and 7."

"Alone or with company?"

"Usually, there's a man with him, but he stops by the door. Never comes in. Shabby black coat, black hat. Never saw his face. Then your man comes in and he sits way over there in the corner. Sometimes he just waits all alone and leaves. Other times, another man joins him. Beige coat and brown fedora. Easy to remember on account of how he never takes off his hat, like he's hiding his face. Sometimes, the two of them exchange harsh words—nothing I can hear, but I get the tone."

"What about last Monday?"

"Last Monday, your man was alone. The week before, Mr Brown Fedora was with him. I keep my nose out of client's business, as you know, but I remember seeing some old, ratty paper on the table between them. Wait... not paper... There's a word for that sort of thing." He clicks his fingers as if that would produce the right word.

"Manuscript?" I offer.

"Right, you are. Manuscript." He glances over my shoulder and, following his gaze, I see several young couples enter the bar. "If you don't mind, Ben."

"No problem, Max. Reputation is everything. Just one last question. Did you happen to see anything about this manuscript that might help me identify it?"

"Afriad not, Ben. I only caught one quick glance at it—what with me minding my own business and all. I saw a triangle in one corner and that's it. The rest of it was covered in tiny scribbles."



Circle **Marker D1** in your case log.



7-8245

240 Centre St, LI-27

Armed with strong coffee and a cold sandwich, I work hard to ascertain whether any of my people of interest have a criminal record. I find a file matching the description Florence Kennedy mentioned. A short man with long, dark, curly hair and old acne scars on his cheeks. His name is Iwo Dudek.



Circle **Marker Q1** in your case log.



7-8820

208 W. 23rd St, CS-54 (apt. 1c)

There's no answer at room 1C.



8

8-0718

228 W. 25th St, CS-42

The retired tennis champion at 228 West 25th street - Andrew Montgomery - regales me with stories of his travels across Europe. I learn nothing to advance my investigation, except that Sean Kean was as popular as the plague around this area. I'm about to leave when...

"Actually, Detective Hatchet," he muses. "There is one matter I can bring to your attention."

"The NYPD would be grateful." Especially if you can cut to the chase already.

"That lovely young lady who works for Sean Kean - the brunette. What's her name again? Florence! That's the one."

"Yes, Mr Montgomery? What about her?"

"She was followed by a man twice last week. I cannot recall the exact days. He was dapper in dress. Italian in appearance, I'd say. Tall and slender. Sported a toothbrush moustache."

"That's quite a detailed description, Mr Montgomery. Don't get me wrong, I'm grateful. Just want to know if I should be worried about how closely you're watching Florence Kennedy."

He waves me off. "I'm just bored. Nothing to trouble the resources of the NYPD. Now off you go. You have a murder to solve."



Circle **Marker W1** in your case log.



8-1095

520 W. 22nd St, CS-55

I keep my distance while the huge officer, dressed in plain clothes, talks to the red-headed smuggler with the spiderweb tattoo on his neck. Eventually, the huge man, whose name was never shared with me, returns.

“Got news for you. He says he sold an old Webley revolver to a man from Chelsea yesterday.”

”What time?”

”He won’t say.”

”Isn’t it your job to get information out of him?” I ask.

”I’m doing you a favour. Don’t get cute.”

“Fine. Did he have a name for this buyer?”

“Nope, but he gave me this description. Apparently, the buyer looked like *a scholarly type*. He had dirty blond hair, all tousled. Round glasses. Brown eyes. Mid-thirties.”



8-1224

345 W. 30th St, CS-12

Daniel Murphy turns out to be a handsome, smartly dressed man with extremely white, extremely even teeth, and dark hair, cut short. He's an art restorer by profession—big on art, not big on talking. He leads me into a large room with plenty of sunlight, where his restoration projects are on display.

If you have circled **Marker F1** in your case log, go to [2-4307 \(p.35\)](#).

If you have circled **Marker B1** in your case log, go to [7-1656 \(p.112\)](#).

If you have circled **Marker C1** in your case log, go to [2-9002 \(p.41\)](#).

If you have circled **Marker H1** in your case log, go to [4-1807 \(p.60\)](#).

If you have circled **Marker L1** in your case log, go to [7-2165 \(p.113\)](#).



8-1439

240 Centre St (Police Hq), LI-27

I hit up my contacts, but even with our combined brain power, we don't shake anything loose from the tree of knowledge.



8-3475

332 W. 23rd St, CS-53

Two old men are playing chess in the reception hall of Leo's German Boarding House. I flash my badge and ask if they know Florence Kennedy.

"Can't say I recognise the name," the player of the black side says, without looking up from the board. I give him a description, which deepens his frown, until his eyes light up. "Oh, yeah. She walks up and down the street. On her way to work and back I'd guess. Probably... 7:30ish in the mornings and somewhere later in the day. You know her, John?" he asks his competitor.

The player of the white side shakes his head. "Recognise her description, but never talked to her. Check."

I press on. "Have either of you seen anything suspicious around here lately?"

The competitors shake their heads in unison. "A clown could be stalking up and down the streets every day and I'm not sure we'd notice. Too busy with the great game." He points at the chessboard.



8-6383

Late Night Leads ([p.135](#)) *contd.*

It's cold outside the bar and my only weapon against the chill is cheap coffee. I wait for over an hour, but no one shows up.

Return to ***Late Night Leads*** ([p.135](#)).



8-6841

470 W. 23rd St, CS-52

If it is **day 1 (Thu Oct 12)**, go to [3-8622 \(p.56\)](#)

If it is **day 2 (Fri Oct 13)**, go to [4-4583 \(p.67\)](#)



8-9210

233 5th Ave, GP-4

I talk my way into the manager's office at the Gramercy branch of the Chase Bank, and discover that Mrs. Katherine Hill does, in fact, have an account with them, but there's been no suspicious behaviour in her financial habits.



8-9869

1 Centre St (Municipal Building), CC-38 (apt. 4th floor)

If it is **day 1 (Thu Oct 12)**, go to [6-2879 \(p.95\)](#)

If it is **day 2 (Fri Oct 13)**, go to [2-2734 \(p.32\)](#)



Other

****Late Night Leads****

To meet with Iwo Dudek, go to [8-6383 \(p.130\)](#), and then return here

To visit the coroner, go to [7-3750 \(p.117\)](#), and then return here.



DOCUMENTS

STOP!



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

Document 1

Sample document

Sample document.

END

Conclusion

I enter my home, dog-tired, and switch on the radio:

“Good evening, New York. This is WNYC, Manhattan’s voice on the airwaves. Police have confirmed the arrest of Garreth Hennessey in connection with the brutal slaying of Chelsea art dealer Sean Kean. An NYPD spokesperson said Mr. Hennessey, a known associate in the city’s antiques trade, was taken into custody without incident earlier today. Authorities believe the killing took place late Wednesday evening inside Kean’s premises. Hennessey is expected to be arraigned tomorrow morning at Manhattan Criminal Court. Stay tuned to WNYC for further developments.”

24 January 1935

I open my mail and discover an invitation to the wedding of Florence Kennedy and Timo Meriga.

12 October 1953.

“Good evening, New York. This is WNYC, Manhattan’s voice on the airwaves. In social news, Mrs. Katherine Hill—that renowned and wealthy art collector—is hosting an exhibition at her private home. The centrepiece of this exhibition will be the famed Artois Nine. Mrs. Hill completed her collection back in November 1933. Interest in these strange paintings has recently intensified to almost the same degree as our astonishment at Mrs Hill’s vibrant energy and good health, despite her advanced years.”



Questions

Questions here. Each question is worth five points.

- Question 1: Who murdered Sean Kean?
 - Question 2: Describe the two motives that drove the murder/s.
 - Question 3: How did the murderer procure the murder weapon?
 - Question 4: What caused Sean Kean's erratic behaviour?
 - Question 5: What was Iwo Dudek's relationship with Sean Kean?
 - Question 6: What is the significance of the two fingerprints on the outer door handle to Sean Kean's office and the entrance to his place of business?
 - Question 7: Who witnessed the murder of Sean Kean?
 - Question 8: Who murdered Iwo Dudek?
 - Question 9: Why was Iwo Dudek murdered?
 - Question 10: Who painted the forged Artois painting?
-
- Answer 1: Garreth Hennessey.
-
- Answer 2: Sean Kean stole one of the Artois Nine from Garreth Hennessey's father, who worked for Sean Kean in a capacity similar to Solomon Chancer. When Kean stole the painting from Garreth's father, the latter became destitute and committed suicide. This can be confirmed by interviewing Solomon Chancer, and visiting the Register of Births and Deaths. Garreth Hennessey was also motivated by the discovery that Sean Kean had sold a fake Artois to the Order of the Painted Smile. This was the final straw for him.
-
- Answer 3: Garreth Hennessey bought the dagger from an antique store in The Bowery (Monaldo and Dudek). He understood that using the dagger which he and Daniel had bought for the Order was too risky.
-
- Answer 4. Sean Kean was using cocaine to deal with the pain following his fight with Solomon Chancer.
-
- Answer 5. Iwo Dudek was supplying Sean Kean with cocaine.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

- Answer 6. Garreth Hennessey cleaned the door handles, wiping away his fingerprints. Elaine Marquette's fingerprints were left on the door handles when she arrived the next morning. This means that Iwo Dudek's fingerprints must have been left on the doorhandles after the murder, but before Elaine's arrival.
- Answer 7. Iwo Dudek.
- Answer 8. Garreth Hennessey.
- Answer 9. Iwo Dudek witnessed Garreth exiting Sean Kean's place of business covered in blood. He entered, and saw Sean Kean's body. Iwo Dudek had arrived at the art store to try and push more cocaine on Sean Kean.
- Answer 10. Timo Meriga. He can be found by speaking to the doorman of Florence Kennedy's apartment.



Final Scoring

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



HINTS

STOP!



Do **not** access the hints section except when looking up a specific hint from the table of contents at the start of this case book.

Hint for Marker B1

So, the victim was found with an antique dagger on his person. Consider visiting antique stores around the relevant area. You might need to go near and far.



Hint for Marker C1

The public library is your friend - if you can find the most relevant section.



Hint for Marker G1

If a gunshot was fired in the Bowery, try the nearest gun stores. You might need to visit several.



Hint for Marker K1

Some of the radio reports are worth investigating.



Hint for Marker O1

Once you have identified the man Florence Kennedy saw meeting with Sean Kean outside the art gallery, you should visit his last known address. Perhaps you'll run into someone interesting there.



Hint for Marker Q1

It's important to identify the man Florence Kennedy saw meeting with Sean Kean outside the art gallery. Have you heard the news report about cocaine trafficking? Consider hitting up your colleagues in narcotics or NYPD HQ.



Hint for Marker R1

Have you revisited the home of Iwo Dudek?



Hint for Marker S1

Are you getting the impression that Sean Kean suffered from a guilty conscience? Try the Registrar of Births and Deaths. You never know what secrets lie buried there.



Hint for Marker VI

Try an antique store in the Bowery.

