

The Bitter End

A Case for New York Noir

by Marthinus Conradie

v1.2 - 8/17/25

SUMMARY

Derek Brooks, manager of The Bitter End comedy club in Greenwich Village, comes face to face with the ghost of a murdered detective. What Derek really wants is to enjoy some laughs at his club, but he's forced to investigate. Soon, he's mired in the dark mud of the dead detective's last case.

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Instructions

To play this case you will need the v3 base document set from New York Noir (<https://www.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

MARKERS

A1A2A3

B1B2B3

C1C2C3

D1D2D3

E1E2E3

F1F2F3

G1G2G3

H1H2H3

I1I2I3

J1J2J3

K1K2K3

L1L2L3

M1M2M3

N1N2N3

O1O2O3

P1P2P3

Q1Q2Q3

R1R2R3

S1S2S3

T1T2T3

U1U2U3

V1V2V3

W1W2W3

X1X2X3

Y1Y2Y3

Z1Z2Z3

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

DEMERITS

REPUTATION

CULTURE

OTHER

OTHER TAGS

TRACKS

IRP

DOCUMENTS

1

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3

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NEW YORK NOIR - DAILY LOG SHEET

Day#

Day of Week

Date _____

[illegible]

Day One

Introduction

9:30 AM - Saturday, September 3rd, 1932

The Bitter End Comedy Club

“Shit,” I mutter once the initial bone-chilling fright had subsided. Mother always said this day would come, but I hadn’t believed her. Guess the joke’s on me, mom.

The ghost in the mirror above my desk grins at me, and I immediately recognise the haggard jaw, the thundercloud eyes, and the angry scar over the cheekbone. Not as handsome as me, but then, few men are.

“Detective Peter Harrows?” I ask.

The ghost makes no reply.

“You were a regular at my club. You died... exactly one year ago. What do you want?”

Harrows locks eyes with me, his mouth moving soundlessly. Words appear in my head, eerily out of joint with the moving mouth in the mirror. *Derek Brooks...* Hearing my name from the lips of a dead man makes me shiver like a bunny in a tiger’s den. *She visits. Tonight. Wife.*

“Um... Detective Harrows... sir,” my voice squeaks like a teenage boy courting his first date. “You’re looking at the manager of a comedy club.” I tap my blonde side-parted hair. “This noggin’s got the wrong kind of brains. If you got unfinished business, don’t make it mine.”

The dour face in the mirror vanishes, and three knocks sound on my office door—slow, precise, intentional.

“Like a judge’s gavel,” I mutter.

I open the door, and there she is. Blonde hair and blue eyes—a pretty match for my own. I look her up and down, taking in her navy trench coat and maroon cloche hat, thinking we’d make a nice couple for magazine covers. Hey! I got a Y-chromosome, so sue me.

“Mr. Derek Brooks?” Her Oxford accent is brimming with confidence,

“That’s what the IRS keeps telling me. Let me guess. Mrs Harrows?”

Her red lips tighten, then open with a sigh of relief, eyes closing. When she opens them again, they burn with a fire that has me backing away before I get blisters. “Yefremova, actually. Cynthia Yefremova. My husband insisted I not take his name. For my protection, if you can believe it. So, he’s made contact? You saw him? You’ll help?”

My eyes were enjoying her looks and wanted to invite her in, but my brain wanted to stay alive. “Sorry, ma’am, but my mother always said cop business will get me killed.”

She crosses her arms in the most challenging gesture I’d ever seen on a dame. “Luckily I came prepared. You know what I do for a living, buster? I’m a reporter. Ever read the Mr Whistle-blower column in the New York Times? I’m the one who writes it. And guess what? I know

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

exactly how many of the comics on your payroll indulge in illegal booze. Better yet, I know which ones love their cocaine as much as the stage. You don't help me—I sink your club faster than the Titanic.”

I open my mouth to spit out some snark, but think better of it. This gal is nothing like the damsels who hang around my club hoping to catch a rich man's eye. Her threat is bad enough, but apart from that, I know Detective Harrow's ghost won't leave me alone until this is done.

“Just like mom predicted.”

“What's that, Buster?”

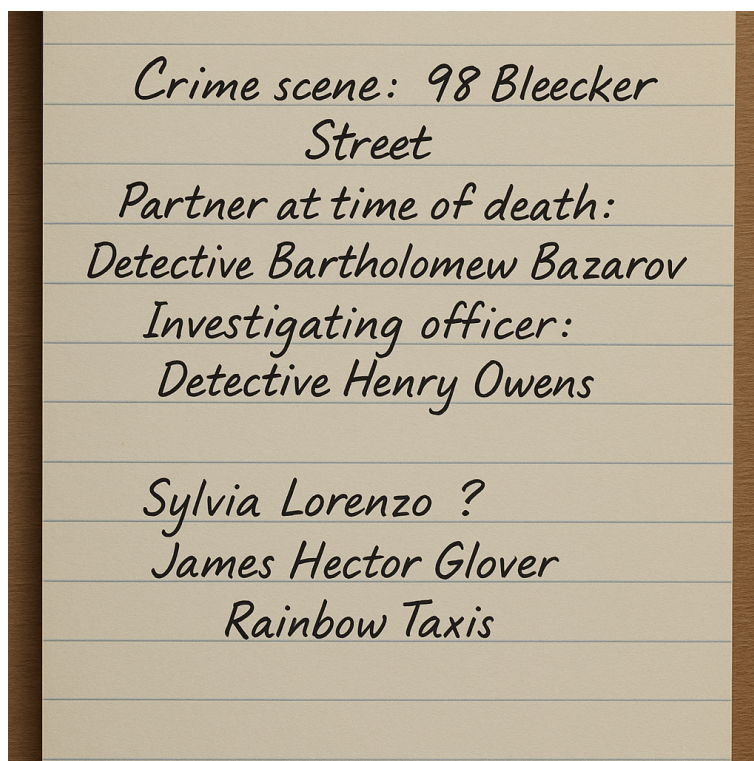
“Fine, lady, you got a deal. But if this gets me killed, I'll be looking at you from every mirror you come across.”

She lifts her chin in triumph, smiling a tiger's smile. “Pig. Now come on. The day's just begun and we have work to do.”

With an imperious stride she walks over to my desk, pulling a large notepad from inside her coat and slapping it down on the wood as if the entire place had become her war room.

“Come take a look,” she beckons, all business. “We need to start somewhere.”

I sidle over to examine her notes.



I shudder upon realising the proximity between the crime scene and my club. Then, a name catches my eye. “Sylvia Lorenzo?”

“He muttered it in his sleep once.”

I roll my eyes, thinking I know what that means. “And Mr JH Glover?”

“Taxi driver. I own a car, and Peter had one for official business, but for the last week before...” She swallows a lump in her throat, “it happened, he sometimes came home with a taxi. Always the same driver. Where do you want to start?”

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Before I can answer, the gentle jazz tones warbling from my radio switch to the Mid-Atlantic accent of the announcer:

“This is WNYC, New York City’s voice on the airwaves. Tragic news today from Greenwich Village. Detective Bartholomew Bazarov of the New York Police Department was killed this morning in what authorities are calling a traffic incident. Witnesses say the detective stepped into the roadway on Waverly Street and was struck by a delivery truck. The incident occurred around 7am this morning. Multiple bystanders report that Detective Bazarov appeared disoriented before walking directly into the vehicle’s path. The truck driver, whose name has not been released, is said to be cooperating fully with investigators. Detective Bazarov had served the city for more than a decade and was recently reassigned to administrative duties. The department has not yet issued a formal statement, but listeners might recall the name Bazarov from reports last year concerning the NYPD’s tough approach to enforcing prohibition laws. Police are continuing their inquiries into the circumstances surrounding the accident. No foul play is currently suspected. In other city news...”

- You should now search for leads using the directory. Start by locating a promising lead and visit the lead number in the casebook.
- When you think you have identified the murderer/s and their motives, you can end day 1, go to [5-1320 \(p.31\)](#).



Day Two

Introduction

9:30 AM - Saturday, September 3rd, 1932

The Bitter End Comedy Club

I lounge on the couch of my office with my third coffee of the morning. Yefremova is analysing her notes, while Detective Piston leans against one wall, compulsively shuffling a deck of cards.

“Maybe,” Yefremova says, “we should go back to Baldovino Lorenzo today. See if he’ll let us talk to Sylvia. We’ve spotted Judge Redner entering a speakeasy, probably one he’s been protecting while shutting down others like the one in Little Italy. That’s something, but Sylvia was obviously willing to testify about how Redner turned down every warrant Peter ever requested. We should convince her to come forward. Then, we can finally finish Peter’s work.”

I just sip my coffee and isolate my brain in its own little comfort zone. Maybe if Piston had kept his bear-sized hands off my radio, I could have stewed in peaceful ignorance all day.

The radio announcer spoke in his perfect Mid-Atlantic accent:

“This is a special news bulletin from WNYC, New York City’s voice on the airwaves. We interrupt your regular programming to bring you breaking news from Gramercy Park. Judge Willie Redner, long-serving magistrate at the 10th District Police Courthouse, was gunned down this morning. According to early reports, the judge exited the rear of the courthouse shortly before eight o’clock when an unknown assailant or assailants discharged multiple shots. Bystanders say the judge collapsed immediately and was pronounced dead at the scene. Judge Redner, known for his outspoken rulings on matters related to Prohibition, had risen in popularity last year for his firm action against the illegal sale of alcohol, notably by Chinese immigrants in the neighbourhood widely known as Little Italy. These actions had earned him the adoration of law-abiding citizens in that neighbourhood and beyond. The New York Police Department has not yet released a statement, but investigators are said to be pursuing several leads. More details will follow as the story develops.”

“Paint me pink and call me a flamingo!” Piston exclaims. “That’s changed my dance card for the whole day.”

“Could be a coincidence,” I venture. “Bet Judge Redner had more enemies than Atilla the Hun.”

“Atta-who? Never mind,” Piston replies. “Swallow your coffee and grab your coats. You two are with me.”

When you believe you have identified all the most important points of information, go to [5-0038 \(p.29\)](#).



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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

1-1385

Day 2 - End of Day Briefing (5-0038 on p.29) contd.

The bachelor flat at 247 West 12th Street is completely abandoned. Return to [5-0038 \(p.29\)](#).



1-2098

The door is opened by a rotund man in his forties with a Caesar's nose and a gold chain around his neck. His button shirt is half open revealing a gold cross to go with the chain.

"Si?" he asks in a heavy Italian accent. "What you want?"

"Mr Baldovino Lorenzo?" Yefremova asks.

"Who's asking?"

For reasons I couldn't share if I had a fortnight to ponder it, I press my way past Yefremova and say, "We're looking for Sylvia." Before Baldo slams the door shut, I stick my boot in the way. "We're asking on behalf of Detective Peter Harrows."

Mr Lorenzo spits a gooey gob right onto my cheek. "He dead."

"Sadly so. But I'm a friend of his and this woman behind me is his widow. Help us, please, sir."

The man's eyes go wide—as if we were serving a court order. Slowly, he looks Yefremova up and down. He closes his eyes as if listening to a voice only he can hear. Then, the door opens, and he steps outside.

"I no let you in. But I tell you one thing." He nearly pokes a finger up my nose. "One thing I allowed to say. Detective Harrows, every place he wants to search, Judge Redner, he gives no warrant. Never. One place specifically he wanted to search. He applied over and over. Judge never approve warrant. My niece Sylvia—she was Judge's secretary. That how she knows." He scrunches his face into a legion of lines. "Okay, now I told you two things."

Moving like the wind, Mr Lorenzo slips behind his door, and I hear him click the dead-bolt. Yefremova turns to leave, but I cup my hand to my mouth and shout, "Actually, it was three things."

"Shush," she hisses into my ear. "You want to get him killed? Good grief."

We get in her car and I twitch her radio dial to WNYC.

"And now, it's time for another edition of 'Voices of the City,' where we read letters from listeners across the five boroughs, sharing their thoughts on the news of the day. Our first letter comes from a listener who wishes to be identified simply as Mr. JH."

I hear papers rustling as the announcer gets his bearings.

"To WNYC and all my fellow New Yorkers of true blood. I have observed, with sincere consternation, a major uptick in bootlegging and associated violence over the last five years. This plague is gradually engulfing our fair city, corrupting the bloodstream of our proud neighbourhoods. Any reasonable man will know the rot is radiating outwards from Chinatown." Unusually, the announcer pauses for a few seconds before pressing on. "We must pressure our authorities to fight harder against the foreign filth entering our city, and we must zealously support any ventures by our police forces to remedy the disease."

I kill the dial, having had my fill of this opinion segment.

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1-2148

59 Greenwich Ave, GV

No one is present at the narrow little house Detective Owens calls home.

Yefremova stares at the door for a long minute. “Unless he’s breaking a decades-long routine, he’ll work at the precinct till around 8 tonight.” She glances up and down the street, watching the people coming and going around us. “After dark, things might be quiet enough for us to chance a...”

“Break in?” I sigh.

“Resourceful method of entry.”



1-3018

10 Downing St, GV-107

If it is **before day 2 (Sun Sep 4)**, No one at 10 Downing Street Apartments has anything useful to share with us.

- otherwise -

At 10 Downing Street Apartments, Detective Piston flashes his badge at the doorman, a middle-aged guy with a round, welcoming face.

“Have you seen anyone visiting Father Kononov over the last month or two? Someone new who hasn’t been around before?”

The doorman opens his mouth, then snaps it shut and starts fiddling with his moustache, “Now, see here, I don’t want any trouble. The Father is a good man. Heart of gold and the real spiritual anchor of this building. The place feels so much more... wholesome since he moved in.”

“Relax sir,” Detective Piston says. “He’s not in any trouble. Please just answer my question and no harm need come of it.”

I shiver uncomfortably, thinking the detective should not be making promises he can’t keep, but the doorman caves like a house of cards. “If you’re sure, detective. About three weeks ago, I saw a young man coming in through the door with Father K. I remember because on the same day, there was construction work being done on Downing Street, which blocked off that entrance.”

“Why would that stand out to you?” I ask.

“Because I usually grab some fresh hotdogs for lunch from a street vendor, but the noise was so bad, he’d gone elsewhere for business. So, I came back to my desk early with nothing but a growling stomach.”

“Can you describe this young man?” Piston enquires.

“Dark haired, with freckles. Not a day older than twenty, or maybe twenty-one. I asked for the kid’s name, but he wouldn’t answer. Some youngsters are like that—either talking too much or too little. Anyway, Father K laughed it off and said the kid was a chess progeny... or prodigy... I forget which. Nothing wrong with that. So many young people today need spiritual guidance and healthy hobbies.”

“Truer words have rarely been spoken. Thank you,” Detective Piston closes our interview.



1-4038

Day 2 - End of Day Briefing (2-3479 on p.21) contd.

September 5th, 1932. 10am.

“This is a special news bulletin from WNYC, New York City’s voice on the airwaves. We interrupt your regular programming to bring you breaking news. Tragedy struck our station late last night. At approximately eleven

o'clock, Mr. John Henriquez—longtime station manager and respected voice in civic broadcasting—was fatally wounded outside Washington Square Park. A young man, whose name has not yet been released, was apprehended at the scene and taken into custody by responding officers. Police officials believe the assailant was acting alone. No motive has been formally established at this time. Mr. Henriquez, a tireless advocate for public service journalism, served this station and the people of New York with unwavering dedication. His commitment to speaking the truth and empowering average citizens will be sorely missed. More details will be shared as they become available. In the meantime, regular programming will be suspended for the next hour in honor of Mr. Henriquez's memory."

October 1st, 1932. 10am.

"Good morning, New York. This is WNYC with a breaking update on the investigation of the tragic murder of our station manager, Mr. John Henriquez, which occurred nearly one month ago. Authorities have confirmed that the young man apprehended at the scene has given a full statement, alleging that he did not act alone. According to his testimony, he was working in concert with six individuals, all now believed to be involved in a premeditated plot. The names released by the District Attorney's Office are as follows: Mr. Victor Lorenzo, Father Patrick Konovalov, Mrs. Eda Harrington, Mr. Fred Bohnert, Miss Sylvia Lorenzo, and Mr. James Hector Glover—a known figure associated with Rainbow Taxis. At this hour, all suspects are in custody with the exception of Mr. Glover, who remains at large. The police are urging anyone with information on his whereabouts to come forward immediately. This shocking development has stirred new conversations among city leaders regarding the urgent need for increased funding for the New York Police Department. Many are calling for expanded authority and stronger enforcement powers to meet the rising tide of coordinated criminal

activity. It is believed that these agitators might have connections with Chinese immigrants in the city. We will bring you more information as the investigation develops. We at WNYC grieve the loss of our colleague and remain committed to bringing you the truth, however dark it may be." Return to [2-3479 \(p.21\)](#).



1-4283

Once again, Yefremova and I are compelled to wait in Piston's car while he negotiates with the detective formally in charge of the investigation into Judge Redner's death.

"No dice this time," he says, face all dour. "They're not granting us access."



1-4528

80 5th Ave, GV

At GV High, we verify that Fred Bohnert had requested leave to attend the courthouse and that he is a much-loved music teacher.

The principal opines, "He's got rhythm and a good relationship with most of his students. Used to be a lawyer, you know."

"Oh," Yefremova encourages. "Any idea why he left those crooks behind for the narrow path of teaching?"

The principal chuckles, "Nope. His business is his business, but I'm glad we have him on staff. Between you and me, I sure hope his aspirations to run a radio show on music never takes him away from us."



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1-4587

At the Rainbow Taxi Service, we find the dispatcher from yesterday. Today, his lips are smeared with sauce from the sloppy hotdog in his hand.

He waves us over as soon as enter the premises. “Hey, fellas. I see you brought a friend.” He shakes Detective Piston’s hand, getting sauce on the officer’s fingers. “Thought I’d be seeing you again. James left a message for you. He came in late last night and quit.” He snaps the fingers of his free hand. “Just quit. Then he says to me, if the funny man and the paper lady comes by, tell them to just let it go. That’s all. Only, this morning, I remember the bast... bugger hasn’t returned his vehicle. That makes it crime, right? Exciting stuff.”



1-6441

88 Leonard St, LI

If it is **day 1 (Sat Sep 3)**, go to [1-2098 \(p.16\)](#)

If it is **day 2 (Sun Sep 4)**, go to [6-0214 \(p.40\)](#)



1-6623

Bazarov’s house is quite large for this part of the city. A narrow herb garden hugs the pebbled walkway meandering to the front door. The herbs, however, are battling with weeds for space.

“It’s been ignored for a few months, at least,” I comment.

“I’ve been here before, with Peter,” Yefremova responds. “Used to brim with healthy things.”

A lone patrolman is stationed outside the door, leaning his beanpole frame against the

wall and smoking a cigarette. His lazy eyes search the sky as if hoping for some angel to swoop down and relieve him of this assignment.

Yefremova approaches him with a cheerful, “Good day, sir. Spare a word for the New York Times? Anything to say to our curious readers about the events that led you to this case?”

The young patrolman jumps to his feet, nearly swallowing his cigarette. His eyes sparkle upon sighting the lovely reporter. Readjusting his hat, and pulling on his belt, he puffs out his chest. I help him out by making a loud snort of derision.

“Honestly, ma’am, I got as much gossip to share as a nun after mass. Got called here after the death of one of our own. A Detective Bart Bazarov. Now please don’t go writing this in the papers or nothing but, between you and me, it’s no big surprise. He’s been drinking like a sailor and, well, this morning he took a leisurely stroll across a busy street.”

I step closer hoping to ask the patrolman exactly when Detective Bazarov had first taken to the bottle, but a vicious look from Yefremova tells me that would be pushing our luck. Instead, I opt for something else. “Any idea how the detective got around the dry laws? Where’d he source his drink?”

The patrolman turns baleful eyes on me, his friendliness evaporating like spit from a hot skillet. Apparently, his genial nature is reserved for ladies. “No idea.”

“Fine, fine. So, what’s with the police tape and everything if it was just an accident?”

“Back away from the door, sir.” He blows cigarette smoke into my face and puts a firm hand on my chest. “It’s standard procedure, sir. I don’t expect to hang around long.” He smiles and turns his attention back to Yefremova. “Mind what I said about his reputation, please miss.”

“Don’t worry,” she replies, mirroring his smile and batting her lashes—just a little, but

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enough to make me sick. “Rest assured. No one at my publication will besmirch the 6th Precinct.”

She grabs my arm and steers me away. “We could,” she whispers, “come back tonight. If no one’s watching, I might have a way inside.” She jangles one of her coat pockets letting me hear a metallic sound.

“That’s not loose change in there, is it Lady?”

“Nothing as mundane as that, Buster.”



1-7952

We find Rodrigo Cabral at the house on 98A Bleecker Street. He smiles from ear to ear and greets us with a bone-jarring shake.

“I have received word from Sylvia. She says to tell you, she is fine and, if you are clever, she is waiting for you.”



1-9410

247 W. 12th St, GV

John Hector Glover’s bachelor flat shares a wall with Wellner Motors, which must have been hell in terms of noise pollution. Faded green paint flaked from the stoop railing, and rust clung to a crooked metal number 247. All the windows were grimy, and the place was saddled with an air of desperation. It was the kind of building you hurried past unless you wanted to feel better about your own lot in life. Strangely, someone was playing a saxophone from somewhere on the Wellner Motors premises, but no one was home at 247.



1-9971

1 Hogan Pl, LI-62

If it is **day 1 (Sat Sep 3)**, go to [5-3594 \(p.32\)](#)

If it is **day 2 (Sun Sep 4)**, go to [5-4748 \(p.33\)](#)



2

2-2978

1258 3rd Ave, UE

No one at Express Distribution and Shipping is willing to speak to us without their lawyers present which, according to them, could take weeks or even months to arrange.



2-3479

Day 2 - End of Day Briefing (5-0038 on p.29) contd.

We prepare to go in hell for leather. Detective Piston presses a .38 revolver into my hand. "In case things go sour. Be careful with it."

I stammer, "You... you trust me with this?"

He winks. "Cynthia didn't want it. But hey, don't shoot me by accident. Okay? If you do, I'll never speak to you again."

I feel myself go pale. "My mirror is crowded enough as it is."

Piston gives me a funny look, shrugs and tries the front door. "Unlocked."

Looking at the windows, I can see the whole house is lit up.

The detective leads the way in, with me stepping in behind him, and Yefremova taking the rear. What we find inside makes my jaw drop.

A short hallway leads into a cramped living room, and over Piston's shoulder, I see chairs arranged in a semi-circle. They've been waiting for us: Edna Harrinton, Fred Bohnert, Father Patrick Konovalov and...

"Sylvia Lorenzo?" I ask the dark-haired, slender woman with the hawkish nose.

I whip my head around, eyes sharp for any sign of Bazarov's son, and his gun.

"He's not here," Sylvia confirms. "Come in, please."

We step all the way into the living room. Glancing at Piston and Yefremova, it appears I'm the only one who's surprised at the risk these people are taking.

Piston's heavy voice breaks the silence. "Let me guess, you want us to let the kid finish his business with the second man he holds responsible for his old man's demise."

"But," I interject, voice embarrassingly high, "if he succeeds, all of you will be accomplices."

Yefremova touches my hand, her fingers warm. I turn and her eyes hold mine. She whispers. "I think we should hear them out."

Father Konovalov responds. "Given the loss you have suffered, you have every right to as many details as we can furnish, Mrs. Yefremova."

Edna Harrinton speaks up, "After all, your husband was the one who started the engine, so to speak. He tracked us all down. Introduced us to each other. Bazarov only recently took up his cause."

"Out of guilt," Fred spits.

Yefremova is still looking into my eyes, but then she drops my hand and turns, facing the window onto the street, her shoulders heaving.

Sylvia says, "I'm not sure why Bazarov didn't murder me too. For some reason, he just warned me off. I had chosen the alley for the meet-up with your husband. Maybe if I'd been smarter, chosen a more public place..."

Father Konovalov rests a hand on her shoulder. "One month ago, Bazarov started reaching out to us. He ranted about killing Redner and the radio man, but I don't think he had any firm plans—too lost in the drink. Maybe he hoped we'd come up with something. After his accident, his son assembled a hasty assassi-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

nation plan. All his father's talking must have glamorised the idea for him."

Fred takes over. "After Father P met the kid at the chess club, he stayed here at Mr Vic Lorenzo's along with Sylvia, though he visited us at the Downing Street Apartments from time to time. I think the doorman saw him once. Bazarov insisted his son stay away from his house, for secrecy."

"Secrecy?" I ask.

"You see," Konovalov resumes. "Bazarov was worried the Judge's thugs were watching his house and he didn't want any of them knowing about his son. The kid already had a Winchester rifle with him, from his days on a ranch somewhere in Texas. More importantly, he was convinced his father's death had not been an accident—that he'd been pushed in front of that truck. None of us agreed, but it didn't matter."

Detective Piston retrieves the letter we recovered from Bazarov's house. Keeping it inside its sealed evidence bag, he passes it to the priest to read.

Father Konovalov shakes his head. "That would have made no difference to his son. Or any of us. Justice had to be done. So, James Glover volunteered to be the getaway driver, and Victor Lorenzo concocted the idea of shooting blanks as a distraction. It was a slapdash affair, to be sure—certainly not anything Detective Harrows would ever have sanctioned. All he wanted, was for us to convince Sylvia to testify. He figured if she saw first-hand how Redner had wrecked our lives, she would find her courage."

"As if," Sylvia burst in, "any case against men like Redner would succeed."

"You see," Edna Harrinton says, "Sylvia witnessed meetings between Redner, Henriquez and some ruffians running a speakeasy in Greenwich Village. That's all in addition to the way they suppressed other speakeasies and their breweries."

The contents of my stomach go sour. "So, you all decided to let some kid ruin his life by committing murder? You're nuts! All of you."

Fred leaps up from his chair, making it clatter to the floor. "Has his life been ruined? You don't even know his name. No one knows about his connection to Bazarov—at least no one who'll talk. By this time tomorrow, he'll be miles away. In a week, he'll be in a different state. Hell, you don't even know where he is right now."

"Bite Park North," I mutter. "He's near the Advanced Dental Clinic. Waiting for his target."

Fred's mouth drops open, and he nearly falls on his ass.

Konovalov motions for Fred to calm down. To me, he says, "If your convictions compel you, get out there, find a phone, and call the police."

"Or," Sylvia's voice is smooth and calm. "Just return to The Bitter End. Let true justice do its work."

"Even if the kid gets away with it," I growl, "the experience will mark him for life."

"And what marks," Edna Harrinton asks, "will be left on him if you call the police?"

I see Detective Martin Lock, aka Piston, lower his gun. Yefremova still has her back turned to me. Neither of them is going to do anything. Hell, now I think about it, I'm not sure what I should do either.

If you want to call the police, telling them to look for an assassin outside the Advanced Dental Clinic, go to [1-4038 on p.17](#), and then return here.

If you want to go home to The Bitter End, go to [5-3074 on p.32](#), and then return here. Return to [5-0038 \(p.29\)](#).



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

2-7652

We return to Bazarov's house to discover nothing out of the ordinary. The place is entirely as we left it.



2-8661

97 Bleecker St, GV-101

The smells wafting out of Elfenstein's Baking Corporation are delicious enough to rouse a monk from his meditation. I say as much to Yefremova.

"That's your best line? I thought you ran a comedy club."

"Yeah, I do, which is why I don't need to be the funniest man in the room all the time. I hire talent for that." I try to conceal my bruised pride.

As soon as we open the front door, a young man emerges from a backroom carrying a tray of fresh croissants and Portuguese rolls. My mouth immediately does its best impression of Niagara.

"Good morning," Yefremova chimes like the bell over the door, cheery as a summer bird. "Could we speak to the manager please?"

The young man's eyes widen. "Why? Something wrong?"

His cheeks are as round as the rolls on his tray. They redden with every passing second. Detective Harrows' ghost pushes an idea into my mind. "You saw us poking around that alley back there, didn't you?" I jerk my head in the right direction. "You saw something. Something that happened last year?"

On cue, his cheeks flush deeper. "I got no idea what you're yapping about, mister."

"Bakers get up before the sun, isn't that right? You were around when the shooting went down. What did you see?"

"That's called leading a witness, mister. You a cop?"

"No."

"Good. You want the best baked goods in the village, I can help. You want anything else, you're in the wrong place."

The door behind him opens, revealing a woman in her late fifties, with a lined face and bright blue eyes. Those baby-blues snap wide upon seeing me. "You're... you're..." she stammers before grabbing the young man by his collar. "See! I told you this would happen. The tea leaves never lie. I told you. It's inside him!"

"Leave!" the young man shouts. "Get out! You've upset mother. Just get out!"

Without hesitation, I make my exit. Yefremova, however, grabs my coat sleeve and pulls me into an alley running adjacent to the bakery. "Shut up and follow my lead."

She pulls me towards an open window, probably left ajar to aid circulation during the baking process. Taking up station under the window, we hear mother and son arguing.

"You should have told the police last year! Like I told you to," she shouts.

"Told 'em what Ma? I didn't see nothing."

The old woman went quiet and for a moment I thought she must have heard us outside the window. Maybe she did, because she started talking in slower, more deliberate tones.

"You saw the two cops enter the alley. You heard the shot, but you never saw no one else go in there. Not until that constable showed up."

"Yes! Yes, Ma, I did!" the young man was yelling now, as if unburdening himself felt good enough to make into a song. "Then the cop who didn't get shot told me to keep my yap shut! And that's what I'm gonna keep doing! You know why? 'Cause it keeps my heart beating."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Come on,” Yefremova whispers. “We’ve heard enough.”

She creeps away from the window, stealthy as an alley cat. Once we are a block away, she rounds on me. “Next time a witness’ family member starts pressing them to talk to us, don’t just run away like that. We got lucky this time.”

I raise my hands in a placating gesture. “Sure thing, Lady.” I see something shimmer in her eyes before she turns away.

“That said,” she relents, “you did a good job pushing questions down his throat like that. At least you got him off balance, if nothing else.”



2-8757

21 Ann St, CC

“The report,” Piston informs us, “confirms that only Mr Victor Lorenzo had any gunpowder residue on his hands, consistent with the three blanks fired from his revolver.”



2-8855

616-632 6th Ave, GP-58

A spotty teenaged salesgirl at Siegel-Cooper General Store recognises our descriptions of Gavino Monaldo and Krystal Moncada. She also shares the sales register, confirming that they had purchased a bag of Chuck Full o’Nuts ground coffee just before 8am.



3

3-0405

237 W. 11th St, GV

If it is **day 1 (Sat Sep 3)**, go to [1-6623 \(p.19\)](#)

If it is **day 2 (Sun Sep 4)**, go to [2-7652 \(p.23\)](#)



3-0648

10 Downing St, GV-107 (apt. 3c)

We knock on the door of Apartment 3C but get nothing for our trouble.



3-1204

277 4th Ave, GP-42

We meet the new priest of Calvary Church, one Father Aeneas Virgil. My literary education is only just good enough to think his parents played a crude joke on him. I say as much and he laughs.

“Since I’ve got you in a good mood,” I press, “care to shed some light on Father Konovalov’s departure from the clergy?”

“He remains a highly respected figure. Though, if I’m honest, his demeanour is... darker than it used to be.”

I struggle to square that opinion with the avuncular priest I’d met this morning.

Father Virgil notices my confusion and clarifies. “The Gramercy Park incident left him a changed man. Moribund, you might say.”

“Um... I’m not familiar with that incident?”

“Oh, about fifteen or sixteen years ago, there was a sister church on the other side of the park, on the block between East 21st and 20th. It was a dilapidated building. Nonetheless, Father Konovalov was raising funds for a restoration project. Apparently, the building was of some historic significance. Unfortunately, a real estate developer bought the property and was planning to demolish it. The Father led a civil case against the project, hoping to save it. Sadly, matters did not shake out in his favour. The old church was torn down. After that, I’m afraid to say he suffered a mental breakdown which precipitated his retirement. Took him three years to recover. At least, he appeared to recover, but like I said, he’s not the man who was once my spiritual mentor.”



3-4917

26 Downing St, GV-107

Mr Bohnert’s apartment is not officially registered as part of 10 Downing Street Apartments. This probably has something to do with the fact that his rooms sport a separate entrance on 26 Downing Street.

We find the music teacher deeply engrossed in a chess match with Father Konovalov. I know as much about chess as a fish knows about ice skating. Piston, however, gives the board one glance and comments, “Sorry Mr Bohnert, but the Padre is going to checkmate you in two moves no matter what you do.”

Father Konovalov chuckles. “Rem acu tetigisti.”

Yefremova translates for my benefit, “You’ve hit the nail on the head.”

We engage the two men in conversation, slipping in questions as naturally as possible, but discover nothing of value apart from a few

more Latin expressions. Dum vivis, disce.



"Something strange is going on here," she growls.



3-7000

47 W. 20th St, GP

One teenaged employee at the Gramercy Park Post Office confirms he was standing by the entrance on West 20th, having a smoke at 7:30 this morning.

"I saw a cabbie waiting on the other side of the street. Nothing unusual about that. It was right by the curb where the courtroom is separated from the admin building. I finished my smoke and got back into the sorting room. When I heard the shooting start, I checked my watch, and it was 8am. Figured you lot would be asking me about stuff like that, which is why I checked. Then, being the brave lad I am, I rushed to the door. Can't say I remember how many shots were fired—more than two for sure—and when I opened the door onto West 20th, I saw the cabbie speed away."

"Thank you, lad," Piston says. "Now, what with you being so nimble of mind, did you spot the cab company?"

The boy goes red, mouth dropping open. "I... um... no. No, I didn't. Sorry."

"Can you specify the number of occupants in the taxi? Can you describe any of them?"

The lad's face must have been close to exploding. "No."

Piston pats him on the shoulder. "Next time, son. Next time. You done good enough."



3-7140

No one at the WNYC deigns to speak to us. Even the seasoned Yefremova discovers that none of her contacts are willing to talk.

4

4-3094

42 W. 44th St, TS-89

At the Association of the Bar, Detective Piston leverages his connections to get answers to some of our burning questions. Unfortunately, Yefremova and I are required to wait outside the building. When he returns, he's smiling like a duck on a pond.

"Turns out, Fred Bohnert was disbarred by Judge Redner."

Yefremova's smile is positively vulpine. "On what grounds?"

"Well, the tiddle-tattle is our Freddie boy started investigating the judge for taking bribes."

Now, Yefremova's smile is starting to scare me. "Bribes for covering the ass of certain speakeasy?"

Piston shrugs and glances at me. "Like a dog with a bone, isn't she? Well, no one in there will confirm that much. All they're willing to say—off the record—is that charges of corruption against Freddie were cooked up and no one had the spine to oppose Judge Redner, despite everyone knowing full well Freddie was clean."



4-7250

23 W. 10th St, GV-27

The Marshall Chess Club sits two steps below street level. A painted sign above the entrance reads OPEN, but the glass door is too fogged to

see through. Inside, the smell of pipe smoke and linseed oil lingers like a second ceiling.

Wooden tables, nicked and stained from decades of intense matches, are arranged in uneven rows across the cramped space. The walls are crowded with faded photos of young men and women, in dark suits shaking hands before battles played in silence. Detective Bazarov features in five of those pictures.

At the far end of the room, beneath a mounted portrait of José Raúl Capablanca, a potbelly stove warms a ring of battered leather chairs where the oldest members of the club sit gathered like sages of the chess universe.

We approach the men and women seated in the chairs and introduce ourselves.

"So," Yefremova leads, "Detective Bazarov was a member." She gestures at his pictures.

The three men and three women in the chairs nod slowly, almost in perfect unison.

"Not a surprise, really," a grey-headed woman with lively eyes remarks. "He went downhill fast starting last year. What a mind he possessed. Shameful waste."

"Did he stop coming to the club?" Yefremova asks.

"Yes, since last year."

Yefremova's voice drops, becoming low and intense, "We're curious about whether anyone came round here asking about Detective Bazarov."

The grey-haired woman looks Yefremova in the eye, but says nothing. Slowly, she meets my eyes. Then Detective Piston's. Finally, she makes eye contact with each of the other members of the club's elite. It feels to me as if they're speaking mind to mind.

"You," she answers, "must be thinking of the kid. Never gave us a name. But two months ago, he came round asking about Bazarov. It was clear as day who he was. An illegitimate son. He had dark hair and freckles just like Bazarov. Apart from that, he possessed... an

energy that reminded everyone of Bazarov on his best days. We were very careful. We didn't ask many questions. Didn't want to spook the kid, because you see, we all hoped," she sighs and her voice breaks.

One of her companions, a man who resembles Teddy Roosevelt takes up the tale, "We had all hoped this kid would bring Bazarov back to life, but he was too far gone. We never saw either Bazarov or his son again."

A thrill of exhilaration buzzes through me, followed instantly by something darker—something I cannot name. I look at Yefremova and see it in her eyes too, but I cannot read Piston.

"Are you sure you never heard his name? Or any information about where he was staying?"

The Conclave of Chess sit in silence for long seconds. Again, I feel as if they are conferring telepathically, which is nonsense. Obviously.

Finally, the grey-haired woman speaks, "Judging from his accent, he was from Texas. He mentioned something about working on a ranch. That's all we know."

Before leaving, an idea strikes me and I turn back to the Conclave. "Excuse me, but is there a Father Patrick Konovalov in your club?"

"Yes," the woman responds, "he's a regular with tremendous skill. Now that I think of it, he's also the one who spent the most time talking to Bazarov's son. Him and Victor Lorenzo."



5

5-0038

Day 2 - End of Day Briefing

I face the mirror in my office. Detective Peter Harrows' face stares back me, and there is more life to it now than I've ever seen before, even when he visited my Comedy Club. It's almost like a painting of the man in his prime, only far too realistic. There is a knot in my throat—not of fear, but something else. I know I will never see him again after tonight, and his presence will leave me forever.

Again, words appear in my head.

1. Have you investigated the death of David Harrinton? His case remains open.
 - a. Consider the Manhattan Prosecutor's Office.
 1. Have you visited the union that David Harrinton led?
 2. Have you investigated the school where Fred Bohnert teaches music?
 3. Have you visited the autopsy lab?
 4. Have you visited the ballistics lab?
 - a. Have you visited the Association of the Bar?
 1. Have you been to the church where Father Patrick Konovalov was a priest?
 - a. Have you investigated civil records office for details of the suit?
 1. Have you spoken to the doorman at the apartment building where Father Konovalov lives? They can be darn useful.
 2. Have you been to the WNYC?
 3. Have you considered the significance of the trophies in Bazarov's house?

You are now free to follow Late Night Leads.

Late Night Leads

To visit 247 West 12th Street go to [1-1385 on p.16](#), and then return here.

To return to Mr Victor Lorenzo's house go to [2-3479 on p.21](#), and then return here.



5-0251

It's nearly midnight and the Advanced Dental Clinic is, obviously, closed for business. And yet.

"There. I can see them now," whispers Detective Piston from our stakeout position behind some trees in Washington Square Park. "They're arriving in threes and fours."

"Where's the entrance?" I ask.

"Right there," Yefremova answers, pointing.

Then I see it. There's a fire escape snaking its way up the building. A burly man in a tweed suit leans against the foot of the staircase while smoking a cigar. Every now and again, small groups of men and women approach him. One member of every group gets close enough to the suited man to whisper something. Then the party is directed to a basement entrance behind the fire escape.

"And here he comes," whispers Piston, voice dripping with enough cold glee to serve as a frozen desert.

An expensive car parks right on the curb not far from us. The man who steps out looks more like a boxer than anything else, but in the dark I cannot get a good impression of his face.

Piston, however, sports a pair of binoculars. "That, in case you don't know, is Judge Redner, out to wet his whistle." He emits a low whistle of his own. "Hello, hello, hello. The

Judge brought a friend. Our very own Henry Owens, looking like the cat that got the cream.”

“So?” I ask. “You’re going to arrest them now?”

Piston grabs my shoulder in a vice-tight grip. “Hold off Tiger. Let’s not embarrass the 6th Precinct like this. We’ll find a quiet way to deal with Henry Ownes. As for Judge Redner, I’d rather we seize him at his courthouse tomorrow. Nice and public. Make a big splash. Send a message to everyone in power who thinks they’re above the law.”

Yefremova cuts in, “Let’s discuss this tomorrow morning first. I’d rather find Sylvia first and bag her testimony, but first I need sleep.”

(This concludes Day 1.)



5-0308

585 Broadway, LI-2

“I remember reading a report about a shootout at the Miner’s Theatre last year,” Yefremova observes in a subdued voice as she drives us over in her Ford Model A. “Why direct our attention to it now?”

Suddenly, she slams on the breaks, causing the car behind us to honk like crazy. “Blind as a bat!” she yells while smacking her palm onto her forehead.

“Um, Lady, maybe park first and share revelations second.”

Yefremova pulls into a parking space, but only after giving the driver behind us a rude gesture.

“Come with me,” she hisses as soon as we’re parked. Moments later, we’re in the office of the man in charge of the Miner’s Theatre. He’s rake thin and vampire-pale, with exactly three strands of hair pulled tightly over an otherwise naked scalp. He looks like a man who is only one good scare away from shattering like a glass sculpture, what with his long thin nose,

matched with chopstick fingers and a sharp chin.

“Thank you for seeing us Mr Delmore,” Yefremova says, her voice low as if she shares my impression of the man’s fragility. “Tell me about the raid last year.”

“Um... well, I... What’s your interest in the story? I don’t want The Times befouling the reputation of my theatre. Business is thin enough as it is.”

Yefremova smiles. “I understand Mr Delmore. It’s quite simple. I am also concerned for your reputation, and I know many of our readers are too. Now, as I recall, the 6th Precinct raided your establishment and found an unlicensed brewery in a small subbasement.”

“I had no knowledge of that despicable enterprise.”

“Of course not sir, and I would never imply as much, but rumours have reached my ears that the police acted inappropriately. If that were true, it would be my duty to investigate. So, can you recall the name of the officer who led the raid?”

Mr Delmore perked up instantly. “Why, I do! It was Detective Bartholomew Bazarov. He raided my theatre on 4 September last year. He had a warrant from Judge Redner so it’s not like I could refuse him. He knew exactly where he was going. His officers made a bee-line for the basements and found a brewery operated by Chinese immigrants. I swear I had no idea. It was a tiny operation, making moonshine in six tubs inside a room barely big enough to fit it all. But some of the miscreants were armed, or at least that’s what I was told when the shootout was finished, and all the criminals were dead. I never saw no guns on them.”

“Thank you, Mr Delmore. I’ll be sure to keep your name out of the papers, but I’ll do my best to ensure that this Detective Bazarov toes the line from now on.”

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“In fact,” I quip, “he might toe the line so hard, he’ll go six feet under.”

As we make our exit, my brain feels like a hive full of over-caFFEinated bees. “Did we just learn something of major significance?”

Yefremova heaves a sigh big enough to power a sailing boat. “Yes, you dolt. Think about it!”

I ponder it for a while. “Isn’t it kind of risky for Chinese immigrants to run a brewery in Little Italy?”

“And aren’t they kind of dead?”



5-1320

Day 1 - End of Day Briefing

I slump down on the couch in my office. Yefremova looks dog tired herself, but instead of taking the obviously available seat beside yours truly, she opts for my desk chair as if she were the captain of this comedy ship.

From downstairs, I hear the raucous laughter of people responding to the talents capering onstage. I should be down there, keeping an eye on things. But I have a strong feeling that everything will be back to normal tomorrow. What’s one day with the captain away from the helm?

So, with that in mind, I pick myself off the couch and attend to the final stretch of work. Standing in front of the desk, where Yefremova is sitting, I look into the mirror above her head, right into the thundercloud eyes of her dead husband.

Words appear in my head.

1. Have you spoken to anyone who might have witnessed the events around my

death? (If you can answer in the affirmative read the next numbered question. Otherwise, hit the streets again and follow more leads. If you want a clue read the next page.)

2. Have you tracked down Sylvia Lorenzo? (If you can answer in the affirmative read the next numbered question. Otherwise, hit the streets again and follow more leads. If you want a clue read the next page.)
3. Have you cracked the riddle on that note someone left for you outside the 6th Precinct? (If you want a clue read the next page.)

You are now free to follow the Late Night Leads.

Tips

1. Think of professions that are known for rising early and consider which of those were located near enough to see anything.
2. The white directory is your friend. However, you will need to apply some spatial logic too. The reverse directory might help.
3. Look for any locations on the edge of Greenwich Village that have the word miner in its name.

Late Night Leads

To visit Raymond Janssen, go to [5-6066 on p.34](#), and then return here.

To visit Henry Owens’ house, go to [7-4616 on p.42](#), and then return here.

To visit Bazarov’s house, go to [5-8023 on p.35](#), and then return here.



5-1573

1 Centre St, CC-39

If it is day 1 (Sat Sep 3), go to [3-7140 \(p.26\)](#)

If it is day 2 (Sun Sep 4), go to [7-5572 \(p.42\)](#)



5-2757

12 Perry St, GV-32

If it is day 1 (Sat Sep 3), go to [5-5660 \(p.34\)](#)

If it is day 2 (Sun Sep 4), go to [1-4587 \(p.19\)](#)



5-3074

Day 2 - End of Day Briefing ([2-3479 on p.21](#)) *contd.*

September 5th, 1932. 10am.

“This is a special news bulletin from WNYC, New York City’s voice on the airwaves, broadcasting from Manhattan. This morning, we are compelled to share bleak news. Last night, at approximately 11 o’clock, Mr. John Henriquez—longtime station manager here at WNYC—was fatally shot near the northwest entrance of Washington Square Park. Mr. Henriquez, 47, was pronounced dead at the scene by responding medics. At this time, no suspects have been taken into custody. Witnesses report hearing a single gunshot, but the individual or individuals responsible fled before authorities arrived. The motive remains unknown, and police have asked the public for assistance in identifying anyone seen near the park between 10:30 and 11:15 p.m. Mr. Henriquez was a familiar voice to many New

Yorkers—a dedicated civil servant and steadfast advocate for public broadcasting. His sudden and senseless death is a loss not only to this station, but to the city as a whole. We will bring you further updates as they become available. Anyone with information is urged to contact the NYPD’s 6th Precinct. A memorial programme honouring Mr. Henriquez’s career will air tomorrow evening at 8 p.m., right here on WNYC.” Return to [2-3479 \(p.21\)](#).



5-3211

42 3rd Ave, EV

Yefremova and I wait outside the building while Detective Piston enters to speak to the coroner. He emerges way sooner than expected.

“Well, that was the fastest autopsy I’ve ever received, barring one guy who plummeted from the Chrysler Building.” He mimics a squishing sound, which turns my stomach. “Cause of death is, and I quote, ‘clear as the hairless nature of your scalp’. One bullet to the chest did the job. Killed the Judge outright. Medium calibre from a range of 30 feet.”



5-3594

We are not allowed entry into the Manhattan Prosecutor’s Office, but Yefremova convinces one of her contacts to take a quick trip on our behalf to the archives to confirm the name of the judge who ruled in the case of Andrew Glover.

“Judge Willie Redner,” the clerk says.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

5-3735

425 6th Ave, GV-34

We approach all the cabbies we can spot around Jefferson Market Garden until we find James Hector Glover. His expression switches from bored to shocked recognition as Yefremova introduces herself.

He splutters, trying to excuse himself until I block his car with my body, barring his getaway.

“Look, lady,” he yells. “All I did was give your husband a ride. I had nothing to do with what happened. Okay?”

“That’s a lie, at least in part,” she presses. “Please tell me why he wanted to talk to you.”

I can’t see her expression from here, but her Oxford accent claws at my heart. It must have done the same to the cabbie.

“Fine, fine. It’s nothing really. I had a kid brother once. Andy. He was convicted for armed robbery and attempted murder. Which makes no sense on account of him not having a violent bone in this body. He got killed in prison. Your husband kept asking me about it. Wanted to know how I felt about the judge who presided over the case, which was weird because I don’t even remember who it was. I told your husband the system is rotten like a week-old carcass. But a bum like me—what can I do about it? It is what it is, right. That’s all.”

We let him go and Yefremova stands beside me, watching him drive off. “What do you think?”

“I think I know enough about people to know everybody has a violent bone.”



5-4748

Detective Piston gets us cleared for entry into the bowels of the building, where the autumn chill does a fine impression of an arctic winter.

“Dammit,” I curse. “It’s colder than a witch’s heart down here.”

Piston pulls a scarf from his coat pocket. “That’s why I came prepared.” In a fit of gallantry he passes the scarf to Yefremova and pulls up his collar. I’m too cold to feel crap for getting outdone.

“This way,” he says, leading us to a matronly woman guarding the archives.

We search diligently, our bodies warmed by generous helpings of coffee from the guard. Finally, I hit upon something.

“Hey, hey, hey! Look at this. David Harrinton, son of Edna Harrinton, was killed by a person or persons unknown during a mugging on 16 July 1930. He was the leader of the National Maritime Union at the time.”

“So?” Yefremova asks. “What that’s got to do with the price of eggs?”

I subject her to my finest grin—the one known to melt ladies’ hearts. “Nothing much. Except the DA won a conviction, which Judge Redner overturned citing ‘improper handling of evidence.’”

“Good job, Tiger,” Piston grins at me.

“Yeah,” Yefremova adds. “Not bad, Buster. Who did the DA finger for David’s death?”

“A guy called Bruno Titan.”

“Hmmm... Does the record list an address?”

“Um... 127 East 69th Street.”

“Does it mention the shipping company David was at odds with?”

“Says here it was Express Distribution and Shipping.”



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

5-4768

In daytime, the Advanced Dental Clinic seems as normal as clouds in a sky. You'd never guess there was a speakeasy in the basement. I'm not sure why we are here but, as we approach the building, a man in a charcoal suit catches Detective Piston's eye and beckons him over. He gestures for us to wait. After five minutes he returns with bad news.

"We aren't allowed closer. Place is under observation by the guys officially called in to investigate Redner's assassination. Guess they found something in his house to point them here."



5-5500

The old man living on 2345 3rd Avenue refuses to speak to us unless we bring a warrant, but there is something unsettling in his fiery eyes.

As we drive off, the announcer from WNYC reads:

"This is WNYC, New York City's municipal station, with a national update. In Washington this week, renewed debate continues over the treatment of the so-called 'Bonus Army,' a group of World War veterans who marched on the capital earlier this summer seeking early payment of promised war bonuses. The Senate rejected the proposal in July, and the encampments were later cleared by force—a move that drew harsh criticism nationwide. With the November election drawing near, Democratic challenger Franklin Delano Roosevelt has publicly distanced himself from the violent dispersal, while President Hoover has defended the actions as necessary to restore order. In related news, several Bonus Army veterans have arrived in New York, some seeking work, others simply passing through. Local churches and shelters have begun organiz-

ing food and clothing drives. We will continue to monitor developments and provide updates as the political season unfolds."



5-5660

The dispatcher at Rainbow Taxi Service purses his lips in concentration, making a shower of doughnut sprinkles cascade onto his shirt.

"James... Hector... Glover..." he rolls the words around his mouth, letting me see more bits of doughnut. His eyes light up and he jumps from his chair. "Ah, yeah! We got a guy like that. Hold on, I can remember this." He creases his brows and closes his eyes. "I've been improving my memory. Just wait... Got it! This time of day, he'll be somewhere around the Jefferson Market Garden. Unless he's picked up a fair."



5-6066

Day 1 - End of Day Briefing (5-1320 on p.31) contd.

We find Raymond Janssen in his dingy apartment, looking like I imagine all beat cops look at the end of their shifts: beat up and dead tired. He answers the door while holding a bottle of root beer in one hand. If I'm any judge, he wishes it were something stronger.

"Oh, the trials of tribulations of prohibition, huh?" I say, pointing at his bottle.

He looks at Yefremova as if to ask: 'Is this guy for real?' Then he turns his face the other way and says, with an Irish accent, "Oh, the trials and tribulations of keeping skeletons in your closet."

I spot a ripe bruise maturing on his cheek which the dim light of his one-room apartment had concealed.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Ouch! Pray tell, what is the genesis of that injury?” I ask, thinking I might as well keep up my sudden reputation as the weirdo.

He retreats to a ratty couch in one corner, next to a camp bed and a washstand. “It’s genesis,” he groans, plonking his butt down, “is confronting the past.” He tips an imaginary hat at Yefremova. “Hello, Mrs Y. You’re here to ask about what I saw last year, not so?”

In the dim light, Yefremova’s face is even more attractive, but also frightening. Hard-edged. Like a knife. “Peter would want you to tell the truth.”

“And it’s been a real sin—me sealing my lips this long. So, I’ll tell you the truth. Late last night, I headed over to Detective Bazarov’s house. You see, last year, after I called in the cavalry, I saw the detective talking to a young lady. Dark-haired she was, with a lovely figure and a face to match—though her nose was maybe a touch hawkish. I saw Detective Bazarov having a quiet word with her before she ran off like the devil was on her heels. Bazarov told me to keep cop business between us, and so I did. Don’t know what came over me yesterday. Maybe it’s the anniversary. Either way, I went to his house to demand an answer. All I got was this shiner on my cheek, and now the poor devil’s dead.” Return to [5-1320 \(p.31\)](#).



5-6697

22 E. 8th St, GV

If it is **day 1 (Sat Sep 3)**, go to [5-0251 \(p.29\)](#)

If it is **day 2 (Sun Sep 4)**, go to [5-4768 \(p.34\)](#)



5-8023

Day 1 - End of Day Briefing ([5-1320 on p.31](#)) contd.

“You were right, Lady. No cops in sight,” I say as Yefremova and I amble past the house, arm in arm, pretending to be a couple out for an evening stroll. I even bought her flowers. For the ruse, obviously.

She drops my arm like it’s a hunk of raw meat and ghosts towards the front door making as much sound as a mouse tap dancing on cotton. I glance up and down the street before joining her at the door, where she’s hunched over the lock. Faint clicks and scratches are the only testament to her work. At one point, she even oils the hinges to avoid noise.

“Done,” she whispers.

We steal into the house, entering a large sitting room where ambient light from billboards outside help us to see our way around.

“Nice digs,” I opine, taking in the huge, comfy sofas and the expensive radio set. “What are we looking for, exactly?” Just then, I notice something amiss with the radio set. I slip closer and almost emit a low whistle. “What kind of man buys a top-of-the-line radio set only to beat it with a baseball bat?” I nudge the offending bat, and it rolls away.

Yefremova creeps past me, moving towards the far wall where a long window overlooks the street. She bends down to pick something off the floor. “The kind of man who smashes a gold watch.”

Using the light from the street, she shows me the cracked face of a fine gold watch. Turning it over, she lets me see an inscription on the back: ‘Happy birthday Bart. WR. JH.’

We spend some more time poking around the place. To the right of the sitting room, we find a large kitchen, the fridge stacked with take-away meals and ice cream. A door to the left of the sitting room opens onto a bedroom nearly as big as my entire office. One wall is decorated with a bookshelf which, to my surprise, features five trophies for chess tournaments. Between the trophies are pictures, which confirm Bazarov was a decent-looking man. Fit, muscular, with a chin like a brick—not the sort

of man who'd live on takeaways, at least not until dipping into the bottle. All the pictures are of him. No family or friends. Unless he got rid of all those. He had dark hair and a few freckles over his nose. On the bottom shelf, I see a book, and it makes my brain fizz with an idea.

"You're right, Lady," I say, my mood suddenly glum for reasons I don't understand. "Some of the talents on my payroll do indulge a drink from time to time. I look the other way. After all, as long as they keep the audience laughing and paying, I don't care. But that doesn't mean I'm stupid." I reach for the book, reading its title, "Poetry by Samuel Taylor Coleridge". It's no ordinary book, and I discover exactly what I'd expected.

I clear my throat and recite, not from the book, but from memory, "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan a stately pleasure dome decree, where Alph the sacred river ran in caverns measureless to man." Yefremova doesn't get it, so I clarify. "There's a bottle of moonshine in here. Granted, it's not opium, but I guess the poem applies". Then I flip open the lid of the wooden box, disguised as a book, allowing her to see.

Yefremova hurries over. "Well, well. Good job, Buster."

Suddenly, I'm grateful for the relative dark concealing my blush.

She picks up the bottle and opens it for a sniff. "Yep. Moonshine." Holding it up to the light, she reads the crude label. "Bite Park North." Then, she turns her attention back to the box. "And look at this. There's a card." Snatching it up, she starts reading, stumbling over the handwriting, which is a horrible, inebriated scrawl. "Dear son sorry. had enough. You got all the info."

Slowly, Yefremova retreats to the living room, where she stares out the window. "Bite Park North. I've heard those words before."

I take up station next to her, standing a little closer than before, but she doesn't seem to no-

tice. "Yeah, same here. I've heard it whispered among some of my comedians."

I hear floorboards creak behind us. Instinct floods my veins—pouring into me from Detective Harrows' ghost. I turn and tackle the figure suddenly behind us, smashing both of us onto the wooden floors. I get one good punch into the guy's ribs before he throws me off, sending me hard into a table. It hurt.

"Peace son," he grunts, and I'm satisfied to hear he's only barely gotten breath back into his lungs. "I'm on your side. Or trying to be."

"Piston?" Yefremova asks. "Detective Martin Lock?"

"Aka, Piston," the man growls while I get to my feet, ready for round two.

"Buster," Yefremova calls me off. "It's okay."

The man gets to his feet, letting the light from the street illuminate his face. Just like Bazarov and Peter Harrows, he's square-jawed and tough-looking. Unlike the other two, Piston is bald and older. Early forties, I'd say.

"What are you doing here?" Yefremova asks.

"Same thing you are. Who do you think left that note for you outside the precinct?"

"You've been following us all day?"

"Wanted to check how far you'd gotten before I offered my assistance." He approaches me with his hand out. "Don't know where you learned to tussle like that, son, but I'm sure glad Cynthia has a tiger like you looking out for her. You a bouncer?"

"Just a funny man." I shake his hand, liking him a lot more now than five seconds ago.

Detective Piston turns back to Yefremova. "By now, I reckon the two of you have figured out what drove Bazarov to drink."

I can't see Yefremova's face from where I'm standing, but I can hear the lead in her voice. "He pulled the trigger in the alley. He took the slug. He intimidated the witness at the bakery, and the informant who lived nearby—the sec-

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retary. I figure Bazarov and Peter were scheduled to meet her that day.”

“You’ve always had a sharp brain,” Piston comments, giving her a shallow bow. “Even so, you’ve been investigating with a half-empty toolbox. To drill deeper, you’ll need someone with the resources of the NYPD. That’s what I’m offering. We can talk about the details later, but if you have any idea what the hell Bite Park North means, maybe we can catch Bazarov’s patron breaking the law.”

(You may now return to the leads for Day 1 and try to find the correct location. This is still part of your Day 1 investigation. If you need a hint, read the line on the next page.)

Tip: consider locations in GV which might be considered north of a part. Return to [5-1320](#) (p.31).



5-8743

“I’ll admit, Buster,” Mrs Yefremova grumbles as if she were chewing on a snail sandwich. “You’re right about it being suspicious how close this place is to the crime scene.”

“That’s me, Lady. Smart *and* good-looking.” I give her my best grin.

She looks away, jerking her chin at the building ahead. Faded blue paint is peeling from the rough-brick façade. She ascends the white wooden staircase and knocks on the door in that self-possessed way of hers. A bald Hispanic man in his early fifties, with a thin moustache and a thick waist, answers.

“Good day,” he smiles warmly, speaking with only a light accent. “How can I help you?”

“Hello, sir. We’re old friends of Sylvia Lorenzo,” Yefremova replies without missing a beat. “This is the last known address we have for her. I hope she’s here. We haven’t spoken

since our school days, and I was hoping to get reacquainted.”

Either her Oxford accent is working its magic, or the old man is the naïve type. He shakes his head sadly and sticks out his hand for a shake. “Rodrigo Cabral. Sorry to disappoint, but I haven’t seen Sylvia in a year. She’s off visiting family in Italy. Left last year.”

“Did she leave last year early September?” I ask.

Cabral gives me the evil eye and looks like he’s going to close the door. Luckily, Yefremova intervenes. “Oh, well good for her. Any idea when she’ll be back?”

He turns to her with narrowed eyes. “Just so you know there’s no funny business; she let me stay in the spare room since 1930 on account of me being an old friend of her father’s. When she left, she never said when I should expect her back.”

“Oh, well that’s disappointing. I guess it is what it is. Thank you, sir. Please tell her Cynthia came calling.”

Cabral starts chewing his bottom lip, while fiddling with a golden cross around his neck. Then, he seems to reach a decision. “Sylvia did say that if any real friends came calling, they would know where in Italy to find her.” With that, he shuts the door in our faces with a loud bang.

“Well, that’s as useful as ice to an Eskimo,” I grumble.

“Was it?” Yefremova gives me the side eye.

I blink. “Yeah, unless you’re planning on sailing to Italy.”



5-8937

“Without an appointment, I’m afraid there is nothing I can do,” we are informed by Judge Redner’s personal secretary, a large man with

incongruously small spectacles over beady, brown eyes. Despite what he says, I doubt he's afraid of anything we can do.



5-9792

98 Bleecker St, GV

98 Bleecker Street is almost literally in my backyard. "See? I told you. The factory is closed. Been closed for two years, I think."

The early morning sun stings my eyes as we approach the squat building, its doors chained shut with a huge sign confirming my wisdom. As we draw closer, something starts nagging at me. There's a narrow alley running down right beside the abandoned factory.

I feel the alley pull at me like a magnet, until my feet carry me closer. My hands start shaking. The dead detective is rising in my consciousness like a bad smell from a clogged drain. The alley isn't very deep, just enough to hide you from view if you venture all the way in. It reeks of garbage—crammed with bags and bins. Huge rats crawl over the detritus, leering at me. I venture deeper—all the way to the brick wall at the far end. Detective Harrows pushes a memory my way.

One year ago, he'd walked into this alley. To meet someone. Then BAM. He'd seen nothing.

"Not exactly helpful," I grumble.

I keep walking until I find a hole in one of the bricks at the dead end of the alley. It's just about at head height for me. And for Detective Harrows.

When Mrs Yefremova speaks from behind me, I jump like an athlete and make an unmanly sound. "No slug was recovered for ballistics." She gestures at the hole in the wall.

I clutch at my racing heart. "Ti... time of death?" The detective pushes the question into my brain.

"5am. September 3rd," she answers.

I do her the favour of not looking at her expression.

"They say his partner, Bazarov, was with him."

"Who says so?"

"Detective Henry Owens, who was put in charge of the investigation."

"Right, and what did Bazarov have to say for himself?" I ask, holding a hand over my nose against the stink.

"I've been badgering Owens for a year. He won't spill. My leverage doesn't stretch that far with him. And Bazarov treats me like Typhoid Mary." She clears her throat until I look at her. "So... Is he telling you anything? Any details about the case?" She gestures at my forehead as if I had a third eye or something.

I shake my head.

"Well, damn and blast. The only thing Owens ever told me is they were here at 5am. He told me Bazarov's story is they were talking when a shot rang out, instantly killing..."

My turn to clear my throat. "Did he get a look at the gunman?"

Her face tightens like she's chewing lemons and she straightens her red hat, though it's already poised with military precision. "Bazarov turned and saw a heavily muscled Chinese man holding a revolver. Apparently, the gunman turned tail and ran before Bazarov could see much of his face."

"He gave chase?"

She shakes her head. "Too stunned. He just stood there. For five minutes." She grinds her teeth. "Five minutes. A patrolman showed up after that."

"Name?"

"Janssen Raymond."

I turn away, exiting the darkened alley in favour of the morning sunlight. I had a feeling there was nothing left in that rotten place. Not after a year.



6

6-0214

Mr Baldovino Lorenzo gives us a knowing grin and says, "Sylvia is not here. Not anymore. But she is safe. Possibly, you find her. She has a friend who helped." He winks before shutting the door.



6-1261

165a Charles St, HY

Edna Harrinton's house is a modest but well maintained wooden structure, all of it painted white with cheerful flowers in little pots adorning the windowsills.

"I wonder who does the upkeep for her?" I ask. "Surely, she's in no state to do it herself."

The answer presents itself in the form of a burly dockworker with a walrus moustache who approaches us with a curt, "Hey, what you want with Mrs Harrinton? You're not here to make trouble are you? I don't know your faces, but I sure know a cop when I see one. Coppers have never been much help to us."

He pokes a sausage-shaped finger into Detective Piston's chest, who takes the abuse with admirable tranquillity. "Not here for trouble, sir," he states flatly. "Just hoping to chat with her."

"Well, she's not here. I'll be doing some repairs on her house, which means I got eyes on the place, so I'll know if you lot come snooping again. We take care of our own round here, mainly on account of you pigs being in league with the shipping companies." He spits on my

polished shoe. "Now unless you got a warrant hidden in your..." he glances at Yefremova and amends his language, "up your backside, I suggest you make like a tree."

"Sound advice, sir," I say and follow suit, with the others not far behind me.



6-2753

317 W. 125th St, CH

Yefremova and I enjoy coffee and doughnuts from a street vendor while Detective Piston ventures inside the brown-brick building. When he reemerges, the smile on his face fires my hope that there's some firm information.

"No cartridges were retrieved from the scene. Our expert in there", he hooks a thumb back at the building, "confirms that three blanks were fired from the .38 Enfield revolver taken from Mr Victor Lorenzo. One slug was recovered. The preliminary hypothesis is that the slug penetrated the judge and embedded itself in the doorjamb behind him, where it was recovered. Looks like it went straight through his sternum and his heart. So our perpetrator is something of a marksman. The ammunition was a .30-30 round, probably fired from a Winchester 1894 model."

"Um," I say, "translate into civilian, please. I don't much like guns."

Piston chuckles. "You know those medium-length guns they use in cowboy movies? The one with the lever-action reloading mechanism?" He mimics holding a rifle in two hands. Keeping his left hand in place, he made a sharp forwards-and-backwards motion with his right hand, the same hand that would discharge the gun. "Its length makes it easy to conceal under a coat and it packs a decent punch, especially at close or medium range."

"Great, that makes me feel all kinds of safe."



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6-8763

127 E. 69th St, UE



We are not permitted entry into the mansion at 127 E. 69th Street. An aggravated Pitbull proves a very effective deterrent.

To settle my racing heart, I tune into WNYC as we get back into Yefremova's car. This time of day, I know to expect one of my favourite segments.

"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! Our first one comes from Miss Ida Farley of Flushing, who writes: 'Why did the fella bring a ladder to the speakeasy? Because he heard the drinks were on the house!'"

The reader pauses for canned laughter. Somehow, the joke doesn't quite land for me.

"Here's one from Jimmy Brenner in the Bronx: 'Say, why don't gangsters ever use calendars? Because they hate to be booked!' And finally, from a Mrs. Harriet Gold of Queens: 'My husband tried to fix the radio last week. Now it only plays when he kicks it—and only jazz, because it's too beat to play anything else!' 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!"



6-9565

31 Chambers St, CC-36

At the archive for the civil courts, we learn that Judge Redner had presided over a civil case brought by the Calvary Church congregation against the owner of the properties between East 21st and East 20th street, John Henriquez.

7

7-0885

2345 3rd Ave, IH

If it is day 1 (Sat Sep 3), go to [5-5500 \(p.34\)](#)

If it is day 2 (Sun Sep 4), go to [8-2190 \(p.50\)](#)



7-3784

625 6th Ave, GP

No one is home at 625 6th Avenue.



7-4616

Day 1 - End of Day Briefing ([5-1320 on p.31](#)) *contd.*

Yefremova makes short work of the lock on Detective Henry Owens' front door. The inside of his place smells of old coffee, fried onions, and something that had burned a week ago but never got cleaned up. The floor is scattered with crumpled newspapers, half-completed crossword puzzles, takeaway boxes of various kinds, and three socks of different colours. A sagging couch dominates the living room, its cushions worn to the shape of a tired man. The only signs of care are two framed photos on the mantle, both featuring a much younger Henry Owens in uniform, smiling like he'd won the lottery. On a small, round table in the centre of the living room, I spot a cracked ashtray and a cold meatloaf sandwich.

Treading carefully to avoid disturbing the detritus in any of the rooms, we make our way

to the tiny bedroom. There, hanging from the door of the closet, I see a finely tailored, perfectly clean tuxedo. A note pinned to the lapel reads: Good job. Keep it up and you can take BB's place. Be ready for tonight at 22h00. Return to [5-1320 \(p.31\)](#).



7-4996

10 Downing St, GV-107 (apt. 3a)

No one is available at Father Konovalov's apartment.



7-5572

We had barely arrived at the premises of the WNYC before being escorted to the office of the media mogul himself—Mr John Henriquez, owner of the radio company and its station manager, an unusual arrangement.

His office is lavish, if cold. White tiles cover the floors with not a rug in sight. Finely curated bonsai trees sit on either side of his massive desk, which commands an impressive view of the city below. The walls are festooned with pictures of Mr Henriquez in the company of many luminaries—the mayor, the police commissioner, every major judge and every major industrialist, along with several actors and such—all of them shaking hands and slapping backs in a sickening display of corporate camaraderie.

"Shush," Yefremova whispers into my ear.

"What? I didn't say anything."

"I can hear your molars grinding on your own righteous indignation."

The great Mr Henriquez is diminutive—comically short and dressed in a suit that screams money so loud you can hear it across

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

the county. The unruly mop of hair on his head makes me wonder if I could use him to polish the tiles.

"You!" he yells as we enter his office and walk up to his desk. "I hear you've been poking around the courthouse where Redner got filled with lead." He keeps talking—clearly a man accustomed to addressing meek subordinates. "What are you doing to find the killer? Or killers? I expect results within the next 48 hours. Is that understood? Do you have any notion of how well connected I am?"

Detective Piston takes up a relaxed posture, hands behind his back, eyes distant, giving the impression he could endure this diatribe all day.

"Well?" the mogul hollers.

"I am not at liberty to share details regarding ongoing investigations."

Mr Henriquez turns his attention to me. "You? Who are you? How are you relevant to this matter?"

To my surprise, I look him in the eye and my voice comes out with a steel edge. "I'm just an observer of life."

His fuzzy brows knot together. His tone drops into a menacing register. "What do you observe here?"

I shrug. "I wonder how small a man must be to send letters to his own radio station. How desperate he must be to feel like a man of the people. Then again, it only makes sense. What can such a man know about this city when he works at such a great distance from its hard realities." I gesture at the view from his office.

Again, to my surprise, the radio man smiles at me. A shark's smile. "You will find the person responsible for the death of Judge Redner, and you will deliver him to me personally. Otherwise, your girlfriend over there will be without a job. I know she works for the New York Times. If I pull the right strings, she'll be out on her ear."

Back down on street-level, we get into Piston's

car, and I wait to for Yefremova to chew me out.

Her voice shakes when she speaks—not with fear, but with anger. "That bastard's going to get his. One way or another."



7-6017

98a Bleecker St, GV

If it is **day 1 (Sat Sep 3)**, go to [5-8743 \(p.37\)](#)

If it is **day 2 (Sun Sep 4)**, go to [1-7952 \(p.20\)](#)



7-7336

10th St & Greenwich Ave, GV-26

I shake out my chivalrous side and buy Yefremova a cup of coffee from a street vendor outside the precinct.

"Here you go, Lady. Lots of cream and sugar." I even throw in a doughnut, which she declines.

"I have a name, you know. You can stop calling me Lady."

I shrug. "So, why are we waiting outside?" She'd called ahead from a payphone, but I hadn't caught much of the conversation.

"Detective Owens said he doesn't want me coming into the station. Wouldn't say why."

Ten minutes slip by in uncomfortable silence until, finally, a man shaped like a bowling ball rolls out of the precinct. The stains decorating his tie and button-down shirt proclaim his love of saucy pasta.

"Wanted to tell you myself, Cynthia. We'll be making a public announcement next week. All fingers point to Chinese immigrants being the culprits—the ones running illegal breweries and speakeasies, trying to muscle in on

some Italian outfits. But we still got zilch on the triggerman himself. So, the case has been closed. We got no more leads.” He shrugs, dislodging a tiny string of spaghetti from one of his buttons. “It’s just what it is. Best you put this whole business behind you and get on with life. I’m sure you got questions. We all do. But, like I said, it is what it is. Please don’t come back here. And before you ask, yes, Bazarov died from a traffic accident. Coroner made it official and we got witnesses to boot and, no, I’m not letting you speak to them.”

Owens’ eyes slide over to me like an alligator rolling in a mud bath. “Don’t I know you?” he asks in that copper tone that makes me run a mental list of every sin I’d ever committed. “Yeah,” he answers his own question. “You run that funny house. Peter and I went there some times. What’s it called?”

“The Bitter End—if the end is bitter, might as well laugh it off,” I say.

“Dumb name,” Owens says before waddling back into the precinct. Everyone’s a critic.

Yefremova stares after him, her face placid enough to win a poker tournament. Finally, she whispers, “Interesting. Don’t you think, Buster? Case closed. Just like that.”

I shrug, not knowing what to say, but when we reach her car, I spot a piece of paper tucked under the windscreen wiper. “Hey, someone’s left us a note. It says: Miners on village edge.”



7-8021

230 W. 20th St, CS-68

If it is **before day 2 (Sun Sep 4)**, There is nothing of interest for us as the courthouse.

There’s some talk about jurisdiction and such matters between Detective Piston and the se-

nior cop on the scene, while Yefremova and I wait in the detective’s car.

“So, Lady, you trust Mister Mac Baldy over there?” I gesture at the blocky figure of our cop compatriot. Looking at the size of his arms, it’s not hard to guess at the origins of his moniker.

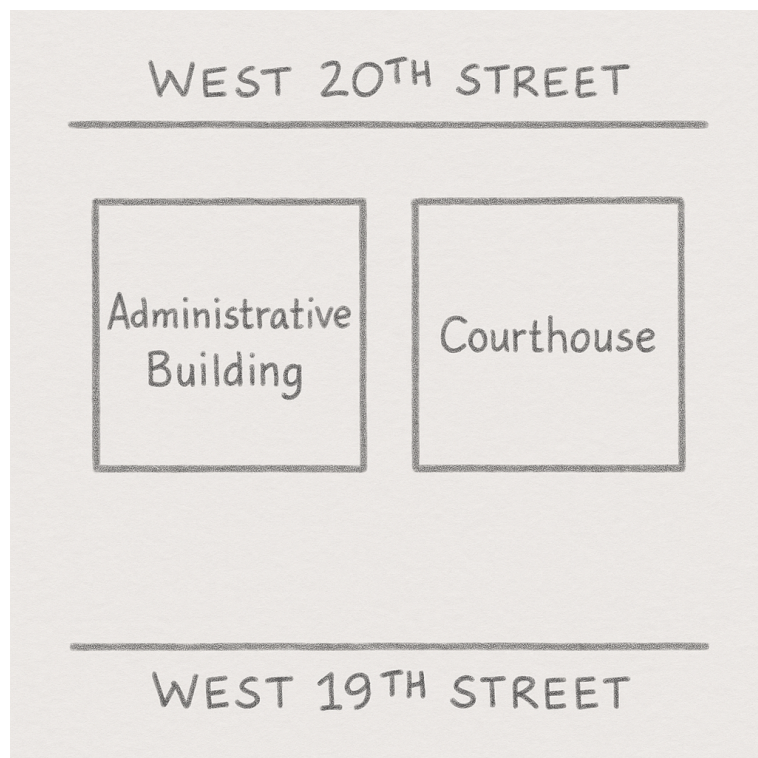
“Peter did.”

“Sure, sure. But why is he only showing up to help us now?”

“Obviously, because he was elbows deep in some investigation into Redner.”

I let it lie and, after five minutes, our hairless cop-friend collects us from his car, motioning for us to follow him.

The 10th District Courthouse consists of two main buildings. Having parked on West 19th Street, we are approaching the buildings from the south. To the right, I see the looming edifice of the courthouse proper, an imposing dome resting atop a circle of Ionian or Corinthian columns—I can never remember which is which. To the left, I see a squat brownstone building which, Piston says, contains administrative offices and such.



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"Judge Redner," Detective Piston informs us, "was in the habit of exiting the courthouse from over there." He points to a door at the back of the courthouse, which opens onto a short, paved walkway to the administrative building. "Small groups of people generally waited for him over here, between the buildings. If his ruling for the case in question was popular, he'd bask in the adulation. If not, he often got into sparring matches with the detractors. Here's a picture of the man since you didn't get the best look last night."

The photo features the Judge in front of the very door we are now approaching. Although his beard and temples were almost completely grey, he looked like a man who'd be comfortable in a boxing ring, especially since his smile revealed three gold teeth.

I look up and see a pool of brownish colour just outside the courthouse door—dried blood obviously—and my stomach turns.

"We have seven witnesses," Piston continues. "First officers on the scene did a good job separating them from each other, so they're all in different offices inside the admin building. We can question them there, and we'd better do it now. Gramercy Park is not my sandbox and the fella in charge of the murder investigation is doing me a solid so let's get on it with it. Also, since this morning's hearing was, apparently, an affair of little consequence, only three constables were around and all of them were stationed out front on 5th Avenue. They saw nothing suspicious, and they're confused as to the number of shots they heard—two, three or four, but they all agree the shooting started at around 8am."

Mr Rudolf Barrington

In one room, we find Judge Redner's personal secretary, a large man with incongruously small spectacles over beady, brown eyes. He smiles and I wish he hadn't. Those crooked teeth are going to star in my nightmares.

"What was today's hearing all about?" Yefremova asks, while Piston lounges against one

wall, probably to monitor the secretary's body language or such.

"Nothing special," his voice is so nasal it sets my teeth on edge. "There was some bogus corruption charge against WNYC, but the Judge dismissed it on account of insufficient evidence."

"I see," Yefremova replies. "Who brought the charge?"

"Oh, I am barred from disclosing more. I am sure you understand."

It was my turn to chime in, "Tell us exactly what you witnessed this morning."

Mr Barrington pushes his glasses up his nose. "I will regret it for the rest of my days, but I did not see much of consequence. I was carrying the Judge's papers when he exited the courthouse ahead of me. This was at 8am. The back door is narrow and the Judge was a broad man. I heard three shots ring out and... well, I hit the deck, dropping the papers and planting myself flat on the floor. Then, I heard a fourth shot, somehow different in pitch or whatever from the previous three, but I cannot be specific. My ears were ringing from the first ones, and I saw nothing. My eyes were closed. I don't know how long I was down there, but eventually, I turned and crawled back into the courthouse."

I walked closer to him, leaning down until our faces were close enough for me to smell his breakfast. Eggs and bacon. "You didn't look up to see what had become of your boss?"

"No. I have handled enough criminal cases to realise that witnesses do not always live long. So, I kept my eyes either shut or turned away. Think of me what you will, but I am a survivor." He slams his palm flat on the desk in front of him, loud enough to make me jump.

"That will be all, thank you," Detective Piston announces, his expression as unreadable as hieroglyphs.

Edna Harrinton

In another room, we find a woman in her

late sixties dressed in a shapeless floral pattern dress of blue and green. A beige coat is arranged across her lap, and she wears a brown cloche hat not unlike Yefremova's, but shabby. Edna Harrinton's hands shake as she handles a cup of tea, but she's clearly so accustomed to the jitters that nothing spills.

"Thank you for talking to us, Mrs Harrinton," Yefremova leads. "Can you tell us why you attended the hearing today?"

Mrs Harrinton's voice shakes as much as her hands. "They set the time early in the morning to deter us, but I'm made of sterner stuff, just like my husband before his passing. I wanted to hear the outcome for myself. WNYC has been slandering dockworkers in Hudson Yard for years now. I don't have the money to bring a suit myself, and it would have been nice to see the scoundrels taken down a peg. I was hoping to say as much to the Judge's face. Sadly, matters overtook me."

"What happened exactly?" Yefremova asks.

"The judge had just made his exit when an old man, who'd been standing next to me..."

"Left or right of you?" I interrupt, eliciting a glare from Yefremova.

Mrs Harrinton looks at the ceiling. "My right. He'd been standing to my right the whole time. Suddenly, he stepped forward and lifted a revolver, firing three shots right at the judge. I just froze, staring at the old man. Then I looked at the judge and he fell backwards. My ears were ringing so hard, I didn't even hear him fall and he was no feather. It was like my whole world had closed in around his body blocking the doorway."

"Did you see anything else that might aid our investigation?" Yefremova asks.

"Nothing, deary. Nothing at all. I wasn't exactly expecting to witness an assassination, now was I? My mind was occupied with how much I wanted to tell the judge he'd made a mistake by overturning the case against WNYC."

I chip in again, "Where were the other witnesses standing in relation to you?"

Again, she takes a moment to reflect, sipping her tea. "The old man was to my right, like I said. Some others were to my left. We were all standing in a semi-circle around the door, but I don't recall any details."

"Thanks. Do you know who filed the case against WNYC and exactly what it concerned?"

She sips her tea and her eyes travel up the wall and across the ceiling. "I think it was one of the unions, but it's so hard to remember anything clearly right now, dearie. Must be shock. Maybe, I can recall more later today."

Fred Bohnert

In the next room, we see a man in his late thirties. He's tapping his right foot and whistling something I recall hearing over the radio at one time or another. It makes me miss late nights the club, enjoying the live jazz and snappy one-liners. His dark eyes sit strangely far apart, and his brows have grown together into a nearly straight line. He's professionally dressed, but clearly not rich.

"Mr Bohnert," Yefremova asks. "Please explain why you were present when Judge Redner exited the courthouse."

He speaks like a locomotive. "Well, you see, some losers at the docks were suing WNYC over some baloney allegations. I'm not even sure what, but I wanted to be here for the outcome. I'm a music teacher and, one day, I aspire to apply for a gig on the radio. Can't do that if they go bust, and no other station will do for me. So, I took a day off from work just to be here."

He grins like this statement is supposed to win him some award, and I mutter, "Sycophant," under my breath.

"You must love music," Yefremova says with a smile, ever the adult in the room.

"Sure do."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"At which school do you work?" I interject.

"Greenwich Village High. Say... Haven't I seen you at The Bitter End? That comedy club?"

I back away thinking that any answer to those questions would only undermine my standing as an interrogator.

Yefremova leaps to my rescue. "Tell us what you saw today, please sir."

"I was waiting outside that door, because I'd heard how warmly Judge Redner responds to support, and I sure think he made the right call today. So, I was standing there and cheering when he got out. Then this man starts shooting. This old man way to the right of the line. I was so stunned I just stared at him for a while—the old guy, not the judge. Then my lizard brain told me to hit the ground, which I did."

"Thank you," Detective Piston says. "How many shots did you hear?"

"Three. After that my ears felt like hornets were calling them home."

"Where were the other witnesses standing in relation to you?"

"Well, Father P was to my left. Father Paddy Konovalov. All the others were to the right. Can't say I know them."

"Thank you, sir," Piston concludes the interview.

Father Patrick Konovalov

"You are not obligated to call me Father, young man. I retired from the clergy a long time ago." His eyes are like Robin's eggs and he boasts an astoundingly unblemished skin for someone pushing seventy. Father Konovalov carries himself with the genteel grace of a bygone age. His white beard is trimmed so neatly, I feel like a slouch despite my tailored suit.

Yefremova gives him the usual questions—why was he at the courthouse and what did he see.

"Judge Redner and I were friends many decades ago during our school years. When you reach my age, you reflect on life, and old connections rise in value. I heard he liked being spoken to outside his courtroom and so I made my way over. It was rather early in the day for my liking, but I have several chess matches to play for the rest of the day." He chuckles. "Looks like I will have to cancel them anyway, but sic vita est. But let's not waste time on that. Your keen minds are tuned to the murder, not so? Well, I cannot be much help. My mind is rapier sharp, but my eyes and ears... not so much. There were a few people waiting to speak to the Judge when he made his exit. I was on the far left of the semi-circle. Mr Fred Bohnert was to my right. We live in the same building and he was tapping his one foot the whole time, as usual. Freddie was keen as mustard to attend the hearing and that motivated me to see if Redner would recognise me. Next in line on the right was a respectable lady, probably close to my age. At the far right of the line was a gentleman, also probably my age. The judge had barely made his exit, and I was just about to call out to him, when this man produced a firearm of some kind and discharged it. I cannot recall the precise number of shots, but Freddie froze for an instant and then fell flat. Well, I could not follow suit. My knees will not permit it. I can tell you the noise was like God's own gavel. It rang off the walls of the two buildings like thunder. I think I heard three shots, but I would not put my hand on the Good Book to swear it."

"Thank you, Father," Detective Piston interjects. "Which church benefitted from your wisdom?"

"That would be Calvary Church, young man."

Krystal Moncada

A young woman is waiting in the next room and I might once have considered her alluring if I hadn't shared the company of Cynthia Yefremova for over a day. By comparison, her red curls are merely eye-catching. Ditto her green eyes, but they've got nothing on Yefre-

mov's blue irises and blonde locks.

"Honestly," she drawls in a South Carolina accent, "I was just across the street at Siegel-Cooper General Store to buy some coffee." She holds up a small shopping bag as her Exhibit A. "Then, I happen to glance across the street and I saw this group of people gathering at the courthouse. I figured—hey, why not waltz over and see what's what. I had nothing better to do at the time."

I ask, "What do you do for a living Miss Moncada?"

"Call me Krissy mister. What's your name?" She purrs over the 'r' in your.

"Derek. Derek Brooks."

"You were saying," Yefremova takes over, "you had nothing better to do. What do you do for a living?"

"Oh, I'm an actress. Aspiring actress. I work where I find it. I'm between roles just now. But let's cut to the chase, shall we? You want to know what I saw."

She moves to the edge of her seat and leans forward as if to share the secret of the ages. Her green eyes lock on mine and I hear Yefremova huff. "There was this line of people, sort of standing in a half circle around the door at the back of the courthouse. I can't remember who was standing where, except an old man was on the far right. I remember him because I had nearly joined them when—wouldn't you believe it—he pulls a gun out and starts popping. Bang! Bang! Bang! I turned tail without delay. Then, I heard a fourth shot. Louder than the rest. By then a constable had appeared from nowhere, right in front of me, and he was yelling at me to stay where I was on account of me being a witness and all. Oh! I guess I ought to mention I wasn't there by myself. Gavy was there too. Mr Monaldo."

"How many people were in this line?" Detective Piston asks.

She frowns. "Four."

Gavino Monaldo

The man in the next room oozes trouble. He looks like he just turned twenty and he flips a coin over and over until I want to smack him. His charcoal suit screams money, but the cut is out of season and a little worn out. He's not handsome. His chin's too weak. His nose is too large, and his eyebrows are too busy. But there's an edge to his aura that I guess some women might like. Moths and flames—that kind of thing.

"Krissy, that is Krystal Moncada, was staying at my place on West 19th."

"Nice digs," Detective Piston observes.

Gavino shrugs. "Inherited. Not earned. Anyway, you want to hear the story or not? She wanted some air this morning. So off we went to Siegel-Cooper General Store for coffee. The saleslady will confirm as much. After that," he shrugs, "Krissy saw something at the courthouse that grabbed her attention and insisted we walk over. Frankly, my mind was elsewhere so when I heard the first three shots, I kissed the ground like it was Krissy. When the next one sounded, I was praying for absolution. Can't tell you where the shots came from. The sounds between those buildings," he smacks his palms together, "they made it sound like someone was packing artillery."

"And," Detective Piston asks, "What do you do for a living, sir?"

"Parents are dead. So far, I'm just living off what's left of their money. Still trying to figure it all out."

"Aren't we all," I say.

Lorenzo Victor

The old man is next. His face resembles a raisin, but his eyes burn with a fire that reminds me of Detective Harrows'.

"I travelled all the way from Italian Harlem for this circus," he says. "And I know who the two of you are." He gestures at Yefremova and me. "A Little bird told me. So, I guess you know what this is all about. Might as well confess it. Judge Redner had something to do with my

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

niece Sylvia skipping town.” He winks at us. “All I wanted to do is give old Judge Redner a good scare.”

The constable guarding his room cuts in, addressing Detective Piston. “What he means, sir, is his revolver was firing blanks.”

“So,” I stammer, “if, if you fired blanks, who killed the judge?”

Mr Lorenzo laughs—long and loud. “That’s your job, unless you’re smart and leave it to the cops. I sure saw nothing. Just wanted to give the judge a scare like I said. Arrest me for that if you like.”



7-9475

419 E. 118th St, IH

Mr Ermenegildo Lorenzo is an arrogant-looking playboy and wannabe gangster, if you ask me, but no practiced liar. When says he doesn’t know any Sylvia Lorenzo, I believe him. More to the point, so does Yefremova.



8

8-2190

Mr Victor Lorenzo is in police custody and unavailable for questioning. We consider breaking into his house, but there are too many tough guys loitering about, staring at us. Even Piston eyes them warily.

“Let’s try our luck tonight,” Yefremova suggests, buzzing with nervous energy.



8-2353

701 Park Ave, UE

If it is **day 1 (Sat Sep 3)**, go to [5-8937 \(p.37\)](#)

If it is **day 2 (Sun Sep 4)**, go to [1-4283 \(p.18\)](#)



8-3245

21 Bedford St, GV

As we negotiate traffic on our way to the address in question, I turn on the car radio:

“This is WNYC, New York City’s voice on the airwaves. City officials have announced the cancellation of a march scheduled for September 6th. The march had been intended to honour the memory of labour organizer David Harrinton. Last month, the leadership of the National Maritime Union petitioned the police for an official permit allowing the march to go ahead. The same leaders also requested a police escort for protection. The march would have taken place along all

the major streets of the Hudson Yards. According to a statement from the mayor’s office, the permit necessary for a peaceful public gathering was denied late yesterday evening by Judge Reder. No explanation was offered beyond concerns for maintaining public order. David Harrinton, a prominent figure in the city’s labour movement, was killed in 1930 under disputed circumstances during protracted negotiations with a shipping concern. The identity of the company involved has not been released, reportedly due to safety considerations. Union representatives expressed disappointment at the permit denial but have urged members to remain calm and avoid unsanctioned demonstrations. In other local news, the Metropolitan Museum of Art has opened its autumn exhibit of Egyptian antiquities...”

I kill the dial as we reach our destination, but no one’s home at Janssen’s apartment.

“He’s probably on duty somewhere,” I observe with all the wisdom of a sage.

“Maybe we can try again tonight.”

“By legal or illegal means?” I ask.

Yefremova shrugs. “A good reporter adjusts to the circumstances.”



8-6450

263 Bleecker St, GV

We cannot find anyone at the address listed for Krystal Moncada.



DOCUMENTS

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

Document 1

Sample document

Sample document.

END

Conclusion

Conclusion here



Questions

Questions here.



Final Scoring

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

- Q1. Max score of 25:

Question details



Behind the Scenes: Postscript from the Author

Behind the scenes



Full Walkthrough



HINTS

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Hints are here.