

The Collector Case 2: The Model

A New York Noir Trilogy

by Annamária Kovács

v5.7 - 02/21/26

SUMMARY

THIS IS THE CONTINUATION OF CASE 1: THE ROOKIE - When you arrive at the police station to devote your energy to the search of the Collector, bad news arrives: someone was shot in the art school you visited yesterday.

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Instructions

Online map and directories, rulebook, research guides, and log sheets you can download and print:
nynoir.org

THIS CASE

Note the **time** at the beginning of each lead. If you look up something but there's no lead, no time passes. The **first day** you can follow normal leads until **8 pm**, and **night leads** after 8 pm (going to bars, night clubs, dance halls, etc.)

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

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

Questions: 90 points

Culture points: Maximum 15 points (1 bonus point per culture point)

Bonus points: Maximum 10 points

Every hint: 1 demerit (-2 points)

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

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

Don't forget to **use your Case Log from CASE 1** to look up leads you've already visited, and **save Case Logs 1 and 2** for Case 3!

You'll need the **Campaign Log** at the end of the case.

DAY 1

8 AM - Tuesday, January 15th, 1935

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

 Circle **Document 14** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 14** (Note dropped at the station), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 124](#).

A dead writer? Huh. You bought the newspaper from which Brook cut out that article about the museum. Maybe you should read the whole thing. You take out your deck of Luckies, light up, and start reading.

 Circle **Document 12** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 12** (The Vil-lager), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 120](#).

After about half an hour the Chief pokes his head into your office.

“Lucas? You're here early... You wouldn't guess what happened in that art school you visited yesterday.”

“Please, Chief, don't tell me it also got robbed,” you sigh in exasperation.

“No. Not robbed. But someone shot a woman there. The Central Park Precinct transferred the case to us. Our team is already there. I suggest you set off immediately so that you can give me some answers by tomorrow. I know I can count on you.”

By tomorrow? Seriously? Looks like you can't devote much of your time finding the Collector. Dang it. But duty comes first, extra curricular activities later. You take your hat and coat, and start off to the crime scene.

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

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

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

When you reach **8pm** (or finish an action that causes you to surpass it), your worktime ends, but you can follow a **maximum of 5 Night Leads** from then on.

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

STOP!



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

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



DAY 2

9 AM - Wednesday, January 16th, 1935

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

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

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

You have to wrap up the case by 2pm. Don't be shy to use the **hints** if you're having trouble.

You can look up the **Chief Medical Examiner** and the **Crime Scene Analysis Lab** in the **Research Guide**.

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

LEADS

STOP!



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

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

1

1-1926

*Greenwich Village Tea Room
63 Bank St, GV-28*

If you arrive on **Tuesday at 6.30 or 7pm**, go to [3-1440 \(p.43\)](#).

If you arrive on Tuesday before 6.30:

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

If you arrive on Tuesday after 7pm:

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

On Wednesday:

You can drink a nice cup of tea.



1-2877

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

If you have circled **Marker L1** in your case log, go to [4-9956 \(p.66\)](#)



1-2991

Edwin Day
70 W. 11th St, GV-25
Time: 30 minutes

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

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



1-3418

Jefferson Market Library

Time: **60 minutes**

If you want to read about **William Shakespeare**, go to [2-1324 \(p.29\)](#).

If you want to read about *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, go to [2-1357 \(p.31\)](#).

If you want to read about **Edgar Allan Poe**, go to [4-2210 \(p.57\)](#).

If you want to read about **Mark Twain's life and inventions**, go to [4-5673 \(p.61\)](#).

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

Tick **4 culture boxes** in your case log.

 Circle **Marker Z1** in your case log.



1-4250

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

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



1-5849

Lab Report

Time: 30 minutes

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



Circle **Document 7** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 7** (Derringer and cartridges), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 115](#).



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



1-6176

Madison Square Theater

Time: 30 minutes

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

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

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

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

If you want to ask him about the **Shakespeare Fellowship** first, go to [3-7912 \(p.52\)](#).

If you want to ask him about **Amy Morgan** only, go to [2-9410 \(p.40\)](#).



1-6192

Hopkins about Twain

Time: **60 minutes**

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

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

“I see. And where do you keep these valuable manuscripts, Mr. Hopkins?”

“They are in my safe with my uncle’s diaries and notes.” In a safe? At least that’s something.

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

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

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

“Inventions?”

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



Circle **Document 6** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 6** (Photograph of Twain and Tesla), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 114](#).

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

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

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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

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

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

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



Circle **Marker H2** in your case log.



1-7607

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

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

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

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

"Yes, as a matter of fact I did. But he wasn't there, so that's why I'm asking you. If your brother didn't do anything as you said, there's no harm telling me where to find him." You try to sound nice and engaging. Yeah, that was a mistake. Charlie narrows his eyes.

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

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

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

"I'm the manager, Henry Owens."

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Owens. I was just looking for Charlie's brother, but apparently Charlie doesn't know where Jackson is."

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

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

"Look, Mr. Owens. There was a murder last night at the school where Jackson works. I'm not saying he was involved in any way, but the fact that he disappeared makes him very suspicious. There's no point in hiding if he's clean. It would be best for him if I could talk to him." The man is hesitating. Just another little push...

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

"Alright, Detective. Although I don't precisely know where he is, but... I guess I have a suspicion. I got a little room for the Pollock brothers at my brother-in-law's place when Charlie started to work here and I learned he and his brother had no place to stay. They were so poor at the time they

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couldn't even attend their father's funeral in Los Angeles. So I asked around for accommodation for them, and Leslie, my brother-in-law, said they had a little room at Wellner Motors that nobody used. I guess you could try there, Detective." Putty in your hands, this one. You're satisfied with yourself when you say your goodbyes.

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



1-8247

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

If you have circled **Marker T1** in your case log, go to [3-8402 \(p.53\)](#)

If not:

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



1-9224

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, I definitely will ask Mr. Schmidt as well."

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

"Did Jackson know Mrs. Morgan?"

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

If you want to talk to **Schmidt**, go to [5-5338 \(p.75\)](#).

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



2

2-0118

Hopkins about Fellowship

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

“Miss Bossi?”

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



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



2-0380

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, boss?"

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

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

You take over.

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

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

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

"Dunno. Usual I guess." Yeah, not a very useful witness. No point in drilling him further. You thank the two men for their help and leave.



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



2-1324

William Shakespeare



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

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

His extant works, including collaborations, consist of some 39 plays, 154 sonnets, three long narrative poems and a few other verses, some of uncertain authorship. His plays have been translated into every major living language and are performed more often than those of any other playwright. Shakespeare remains arguably the most influential writer in the English language, and his works continue to be studied and reinterpreted.



2-1357

A Midsummer Night's Dream



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

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

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



2-1641

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

If you have circled **Marker T1** in your case log, go to [6-1603 \(p.83\)](#)

If not:

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



2-2468

Dance Hall

Time: 30 minutes

NIGHT LEAD

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



Circle **Document II** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document II** (The poster), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 119](#).

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

You introduce yourself and tell her that you'd like to ask her some questions if she has a few minutes for you. She looks surprised, but invites you into her dressing room. "Ask away, Detective. I'm intrigued." She lights a cigarette and offers one to you as well, but shaking your head you refuse.

"It's about your husband, Mrs. Leblanc."

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

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

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

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

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

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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

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

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

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

“Was your husband at home?”

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

“Okay, that’s it for now then. And thank you for your time, Mrs. Leblanc.” Her demeanor changes suddenly and she becomes seductive.

“Krystal. You should call me Krystal, Detective.” She looks at you from under hooded lashes. You know that trick well. Oh, no, Mrs. Leblanc... You just tip your hat and leave.



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



2-3038

Gerald Best

Time: 30 minutes

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

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

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

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

"When did Mrs. Morgan leave?"

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

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

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



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



2-4920

Lawson Louis Erwin Hopkins Jr.

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

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

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

If you want to ask about the **Shakespeare Fellowship**, go to [2-0118 \(p.26\)](#).

If you want to ask about his **famous cousin**, go to [1-6192 \(p.18\)](#).



2-4960

Ask about the speakers of the Poe dinner

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



2-6183

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

IF you read these articles in *The Villager*:

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

THEN Go to [2-4920 \(p.36\)](#)



2-8970

Village Vanguard nightclub

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



2-9410

Day about Amy Morgan

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Looks like Day reached the desired effect with his statement, because he continues smugly, "You know, Detective, I'm a very observant fellow, plus I do like to make it my business to know almost everything about almost everyone I know. Someone would say I poke my nose into everything, but I look at it as being interested in the world around me. That's how I noticed the change in Amy a few months ago. She was always very beautiful of course, but very sad. Sometimes even distraught. Which wasn't surprising, since that drunkard husband of hers beat her from time to time. Everyone knew about it. But one day this beaten-down moth became a butterfly. I suspected it must have something to do with a love affair, so I confronted her at the right moment and secured her confession about it. Although she didn't want to tell me who the lucky fellow was.

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

But I haven't said anything until a couple of weeks ago when I witnessed another whispering session between our lovers. But this time Jackson seemed more nervous and demanding. I managed to

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

overhear a few of his words. He said something like *'Please, Mrs. Morgan, give them back already. I'm gonna lose my job.'* I thought the boy might have given the model some gifts that really were school property. That's when I warned Amy it would be wise to end her little tryst before it could cause harm to the parties involved. She was seemingly very torn about it, but she said she would end these secret meetings soon... That's all I could tell you about Amy and this whole affair. Forgive my pun, Detective. And now I have to start the rehearsal."

"One last question, Mr. Day. Could you tell me where you spent last night?" He looks at you mischievously.

"Well, Detective, that would be telling, and I exclusively gossip about other people - never about myself." And with that he starts clapping, and all the actors and other staff run to their places. When the musicians start playing, you take your hat and leave.



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



3

3-1440

Poetry Reading
Time: 30 minutes

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



Circle **Document 13** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 13** (The brochure), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 122](#).

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

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

The first two poems I'm about to read will evoke fall, but in very different ways.” She waits a few seconds for effect, then starts reciting the first poem. “*Hawk Mating On The Fallen Leaves* by Endre Ady.

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

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

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

This is our last wedding for us:

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

We tear into each other's flesh
And we fall on the autumn debris."

The audience enthusiastically applauds this reciting. Léda takes a little bow then continues. "*Fall Day* by Rainer Maria Rilke.

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

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

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

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

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

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



3-1810

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

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



3-2541

Wellner Motors

Time: **60 minutes**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Circle **Document 8** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 8** (Jackson's photograph), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 116](#).

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

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

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

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

You can't talk to the models during class. But one day she called after me at the end of the class and asked me if I had a few minutes to talk. To be honest I didn't, but I said yes to her. I mean, she's a beautiful lady, so how would you say no to her..." Poor boy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Who did she meet?"

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

"So what happened Monday night?"

His frightened expression returns.

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

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“It’s okay, kid, everything will be okay. What happened was not your fault. Do you hear me? It isn’t your fault! So please, stop crying. You’ll have to come to the station with me now to give a formal statement, but everything will be okay, I promise.” You pat his back awkwardly. Oh God, you’re awful at this. You’d rather pummel some bad guys than console a sobbing teenager. But at least you found him. Let’s focus on the bright side.



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



3-2708

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

If you have circled **Marker TI** in your case log, go to [8-2924 \(p.100\)](#)

If not:

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



3-3215

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

NIGHT LEAD

If it's after 8pm, go to [4-2526 \(p.59\)](#).



3-3330

Empire Arms and Ammunition gun shop

Time: 30 minutes

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

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



3-7912

Day about the Shakespeare Fellowship

"I read in *The Villager* that you are the founder of the Shakespeare Fellowship which had a dinner not long ago. I'm investigating a possible theft which involves a famous writer from the newspaper's last issue. I was thinking, could that famous writer be Shakespeare perhaps? Is there a well-known manuscript or a valuable object here in the Village that belonged to the writer?"

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

"I see." You nod hesitantly.

If you want to ask him about **Amy Morgan** now, go to [2-9410 \(p.40\)](#).



3-8402

Uma Rafaela Kozlova

Time: 30 minutes

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

“Um, Miss Kozlova. I’m Detective Lucas. I just wanted to ask you about the Morgans.” She smiles at you.

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

“No, not exactly. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Morgan died last night.” The woman’s mischievous smile abruptly disappears and her face turns deathly pale.

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

“Miss Kozlova, could you please tell me what happened yesterday afternoon?”

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

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

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

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

“I gather you think her husband was the one who shot Mrs. Morgan”, you say matter-of-factly.

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

“Yes, of course. I’m really sorry, Miss Kozlova. Thank you for your help.”



Circle Marker R1 in your case log.



4

4-0672

Looking for Morgan

Time: 30 minutes

You find Morgan drinking at the bar. His once-handsome face is red and puffy. He's not too tall, and a bit on the scrawny side.

"Mr. Zachary Morgan?"

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

"I'm Detective Lucas. I need to talk to you about your wife."

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

"When did you last see her?"

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

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

"What d'you mean?"

"She died last night. I'm sorry." The man doesn't react. "When exactly did you see your wife last?" Nothing. "Mr. Morgan? Could you answer me, please?"

He finally shakes his head like he's trying to sober up. But instead of answering, he asks - "How?"

"Pardon?"

"How did Amy die? Was there a traffic accident?"

"No. Not a traffic accident, I'm afraid."

"Then how? Tell me, goddamit!"

"She was shot."

"Shot???" The scrawny man almost falls off the stool. You support his arm. "Someone shot Amy? How? Why? I... I don't understand."

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

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

"I don't know yet... But could you tell me more about Mrs. Morgan? I've heard you fought a lot." He reddens suddenly.

"Yeah... I have a problem with alcohol. I don't drink while I'm working... but immediately start drinking when I finish there. I can't help it... When I arrive home I'm usually pretty drunk and don't

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

even remember what happens afterwards most of the time. But I can see the bottles, the broken plates, the torn clothes the next day. Even her bruises... It's terrible. I truly hate myself for it." He looks remorseful.

"What about last night?"

"I think she left me..." That's interesting.

"You think your wife left you yesterday?"

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

"When did Mrs. Morgan leave yesterday?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Mr. Morgan, I'm afraid I have to take you into custody." He doesn't resist.

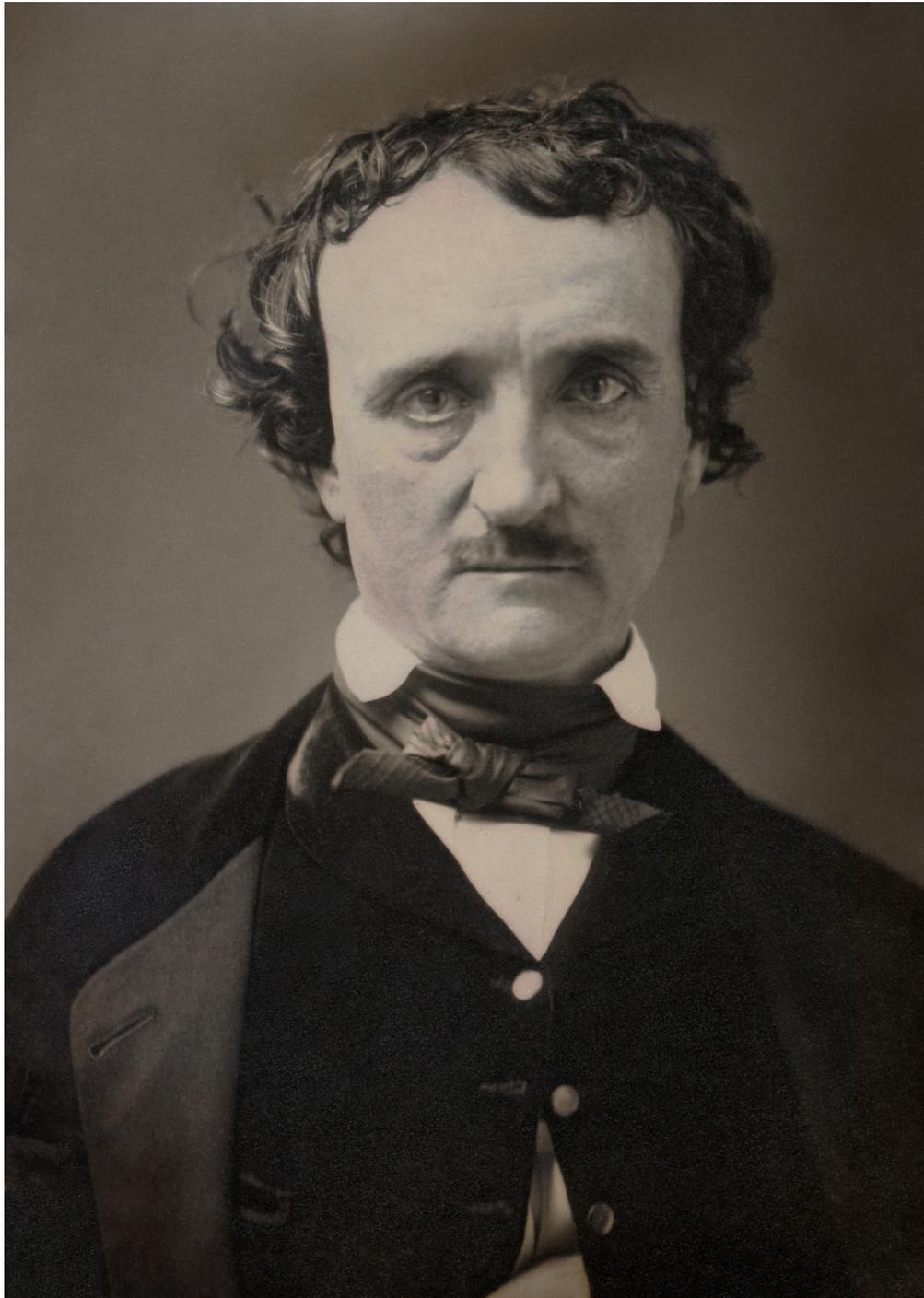


Circle **Marker S1** in your case log.



4-2210

Edgar Allan Poe



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

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

His work forced him to move between several cities, including Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York City. He wrote *The Raven* in Manhattan. In January 1845, he published his poem to instant success.

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



4-2526

Village Barn Nightclub

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



4-5460

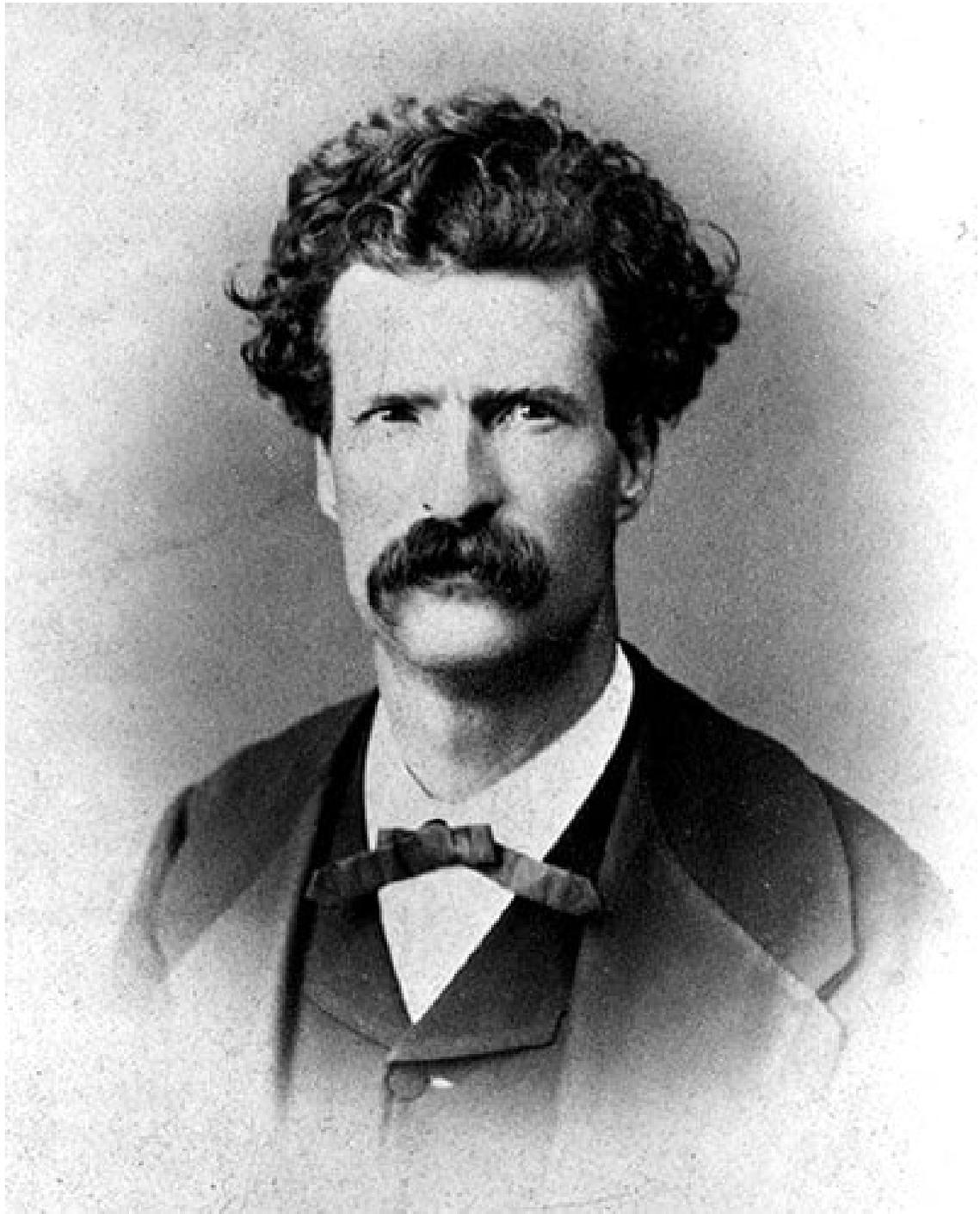
Crime Scene Analysis Lab
285 Fulton St, CC-75

If it's **Wednesday**, go to [1-5849 \(p.16\)](#).



4-5673

Mark Twain



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

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Petersburg in *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*.

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

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



4-7106

Paula Ilona Belskaya
Time: 30 minutes

Miss Belskaya is a fat old lady. She's cuddling a disgusting cat when she opens the door. You hate cats. No surprise there. When you ask about the Morgans, her eyes light up.

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

"When was that exactly?"

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

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



4-7206

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

If you want to ask about the **speakers of the Poe dinner**, go to [2-4960 \(p.37\)](#).



4-7384

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

If it's **Wednesday**, go to [5-4255 \(p.74\)](#).



4-9956

Dance Hall

If it's **Tuesday, after 8pm**, it's a NIGHT LEAD, go to [2-2468 \(p.33\)](#).

If it's **Wednesday**, go to [5-6884 \(p.76\)](#).

Otherwise:

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



5

5-1982

El Chico Nightclub

Time: 30 minutes

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



5-2095

Julius' Bar
159 W. 10th St, GV-41
Time: 30 minutes

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



5-2537

Stonewall Inn
53 Christopher St, GV-49

If you're looking for **Jimmy**, go to [6-4616 \(p.86\)](#).

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

If you have circled **Marker B1** in your case log, AND If you have circled **Marker T1** in your case log, go to [4-0672 \(p.55\)](#).



5-2749

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

If you read the article *Shakespeare Fellowship Sired By Day*, go to [1-6176 \(p.17\)](#).



5-3358

Consulate of Japan
163 E. 52nd St, TB-37

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



5-3367

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

Nobody's at home. Where could Mr. and Mrs. Smirnov be? You have a feeling you forgot about something...

If you don't remember, you can use hints *Smirnov 1 and 2*.



5-4255

Medical Examiner's Report

Time: 30 minutes

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

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



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



5-5338

Talk to Schmidt

Time: 30 minutes

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

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

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

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

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

“And how do you know Jackson and his brother?”

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

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



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



5-6884

Dance Hall

Time: 30 minutes

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



Circle **Document II** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document II** (The poster), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 119](#).

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

You introduce yourself and tell her that you'd like to ask her some questions if she has a few minutes for you. She looks surprised, but invites you into her dressing room. "Ask away, Detective. I'm intrigued." She lights a cigarette and offers one to you as well, but shaking your head you refuse.

"It's about your husband, Mrs. Leblanc."

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

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

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

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

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

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

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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

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

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

“Was your husband at home?”

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

“Okay, that’s it for now then. And thank you for your time, Mrs. Leblanc.” Her demeanor changes suddenly and she becomes seductive.

“Krystal. You should call me Krystal, Detective.” She looks at you from under hooded lashes. You know that trick well. Oh, no, Mrs. Leblanc... You just tip your hat and leave.

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



5-8015

Firearm Permits

Time: 30 minutes

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

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

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

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

"Thanks Tom. I owe you one."



5-8595

Mildred Sybill Boyle
55 E. 9th St, GV-34
Time: 30 minutes

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

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

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

You hastily interject - “Yes, you’re right, Mrs. Boyle. But could you tell me a bit more about this annual dinner *The Villager* was writing about?”

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

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



5-9554

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

If you have circled **Marker S1** in your case log go to [3-2541 \(p.46\)](#)

If not:

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



6

6-0754

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

If you have circled **Marker VI** in your case log, go to [3-3330 \(p.51\)](#)



6-1603

Suzanna Ulrika Samant

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

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

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

“I’M DETECTIVE LUCAS.”

“Mucus?”

“LUCAS! Never mind... I’D LIKE TO ASK YOU ABOUT THE MORGANS!”

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



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



6-3124

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

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



6-3967

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

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

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

"Do you happen to know where we could find Mr. Day?"

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

"Well, he's not there, that's why we're looking for him."

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

"Which theater do you mean?"

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

"Thank you..."

"Nicolo", interjects the oily fellow.

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



Circle Marker NI in your case log.



6-4616

Looking for Jimmy

Jimmy isn't here.



6-5796

*Reinhardt's Flower Shop
85 Bedford St, GV-90
Time: 30 minutes*

When you ask about the rose bouquet sent to the art school, Mrs. Reinhardt, the florist lady smiles at you.

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

“What about the card?”

“Oh, yes, he always wants us to write *‘To my beautiful angel’* or *‘To my lovely Amy’*. Things like that.”

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

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

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

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

“Did you happen to notice his shoes? Maybe size 10?” The lady looks at you strangely.

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



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



6-6651

The Morgans
102 Bedford St, GV-74 (apt. 1c)
Time: 30 minutes

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

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

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

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

 Circle **Document 5** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 5** (Picture of the Morgans), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 113](#).

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

 Circle **Document 4** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 4** (Drawing in Mrs. Morgan's dresser), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 112](#).

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

 Circle **Document 9** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 9** (Morgan's revolver), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 117](#).

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



7

7-1524

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

NIGHT LEAD

If it's after 8pm, go to [2-8970 \(p.39\)](#).



7-1652

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

 Circle **Marker Y1** in your case log.



7-1822

Arthur Leblanc
100 W. 12th St, GV-19
Time: 30 minutes

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

“Yes?” he asks warily.

“Mr. Leblanc? I’m Detective Lucas. There has been an accident at the school.” He looks at you in shock.

“Accident? What kind of accident?”

“May I come in, Mr. Leblanc?”

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

“No, thank you. Mr. Leblanc, I’d like to ask you some questions.” He opens a bar cabinet.

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

“And injured yourself as well, it seems.”

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

“A new cat?” you ask warily.

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

“Oh, your wife’s, I see. Is your wife at home as well?”

“No. She’s working.”

“Working?”, you look at him expectantly.

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

“Yes, of course. Although it maybe wasn’t an accident after all. Mrs. Amy Morgan, one of the models, was found dead in the painting studio this morning.” He chokes on his drink and starts coughing.

“Dead?” he croaks out.

“Yes, someone shot her.”

“Someone shot her?” He looks bewildered.

“I gather you knew her, Mr. Leblanc.”

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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

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

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

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

“Yes, I know, I’m sorry. I called him already and told him I wasn’t feeling well. I should have called him earlier but I overslept, I’m afraid.” You look at those deep circles under his eyes. Overslept? Really? You look at his feet. He has big feet. Maybe size 12?

“And what do you teach exactly, Mr. Leblanc?”

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



Circle **Document 10** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 10** (Leblanc’s photograph), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 118](#).

“And you said you were at home last night?”

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

“Was your wife home as well?”

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

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

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

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



Circle **Marker L1** in your case log.



7-8417

Earless Jimmy

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

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

“Any luck?”

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

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

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

“Personal how?”

“Dunno”, he shrugs his shoulders.

“Any word if someone’s got the job yet?”

“Nope.” Looks like that’s it.

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



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



7-8703

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

NIGHT LEAD

If it's after 8pm, go to [7-8417 \(p.94\)](#).



7-9326

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

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

“The Morgans... they live in 1c.”

“And what could you tell me about these Morgans in Apt. 1c, Mr. Vasilenko?”

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

“What about last night?”

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

“Do you have any idea where I can find Mr. Morgan right now, Mr. Vasilenko?”

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



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



8

8-0854

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

If you have circled **Marker T1** in your case log, go to [2-3038 \(p.35\)](#)

If not:

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



8-1439

*NYPD License and Permits
240 Centre St (Police Hq), LI-27*

If you have circled **Marker VI** in your case log, go to [5-8015 \(p.78\)](#)



8-2924

Peter Kwiatkowski

Time: 30 minutes

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

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

“Um, hi Peter. No, there’s nothing wrong with the paintings this time. I’m here to ask you about the Morgans. Whether you’ve heard their fights.”

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

“Yeah... Thanks, Peter. I think you should go back to bed now.”

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



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



8-4497

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

NIGHT LEAD

If it's after 8pm, go to [5-1982 \(p.68\)](#).



8-6638

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

If you have circled **Marker T1** in your case log, go to [4-7106 \(p.63\)](#)

If not:

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



8-7782

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

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

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

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

“Yes, of course. Sorry, Detective - I’m just a bit overwhelmed, I guess.”

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

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

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

“I see. So this Jackson is your janitor who is also missing. What is his last name?”

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

“So you found the victim in Mr. Smirnov’s studio? I see. I guess I have to talk to him as soon as we finish here.”

“I’m afraid, Detective, Smirnov is one of the teachers who didn’t come in today.”

“You don’t say.” You take a note in your notebook. “So the victim was called ‘Amy’? Who was she exactly?”

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Amy Morgan. After your colleagues arrived they made me look at her properly, and that’s when I realized that the murdered woman is one of our models. She used to sit for Smirnov’s nude painting classes in that studio. Radmil and Rachel could tell you more about her - the two of our teachers who actually showed up today. They’re in the teacher’s lounge being questioned by your colleagues.”

“And who are the other teachers that didn’t show up today?”

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

“Thank you, Mr. Sawyers.”

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

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

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

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

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

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



Circle **Document 1** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 1** (Card next to bouquet), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 108](#).

“Any sign of forced entry?”

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



Circle **Document 2** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 2** (Keys on the floor), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 109](#).

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

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

“Yep.”

“I see. And when can I expect the lab report and the medical examiner’s report?”

“I guess tomorrow morning,” the officer answers. You thank him and leave the studio, following the bloody smears on the floor.

They fade away quickly but are clearly heading towards the main entrance. At the other end of the corridor you can see stairs leading down - probably to the basement. You decide to go down.

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



Circle **Document 3** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 3** (Paintings in janitor’s room), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 110](#).

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

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

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

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

“So you think her husband killed her?”

“Who else?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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



DOCUMENTS

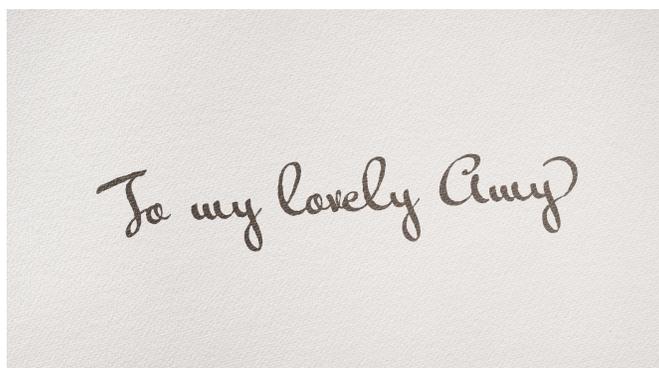
STOP!



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

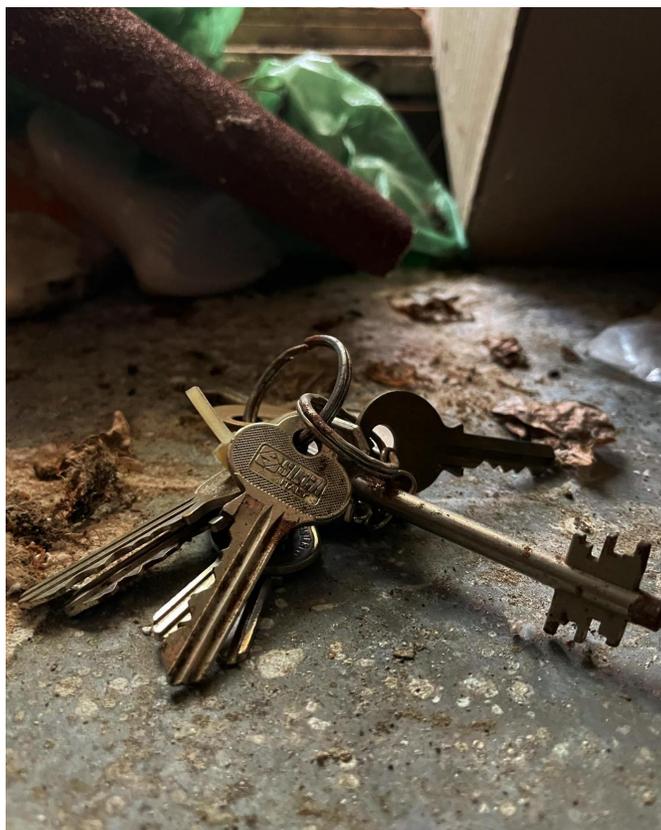
Document 1

Card next to bouquet, from 8-7782 (p.103)



Document 2

Keys on the floor, from 8-7782 (p.103)



Document 3

Paintings in janitor's room, from 8-7782 (p.103)





Document 4

Drawing in Mrs. Morgan's dresser, from 6-6651 (p.88)



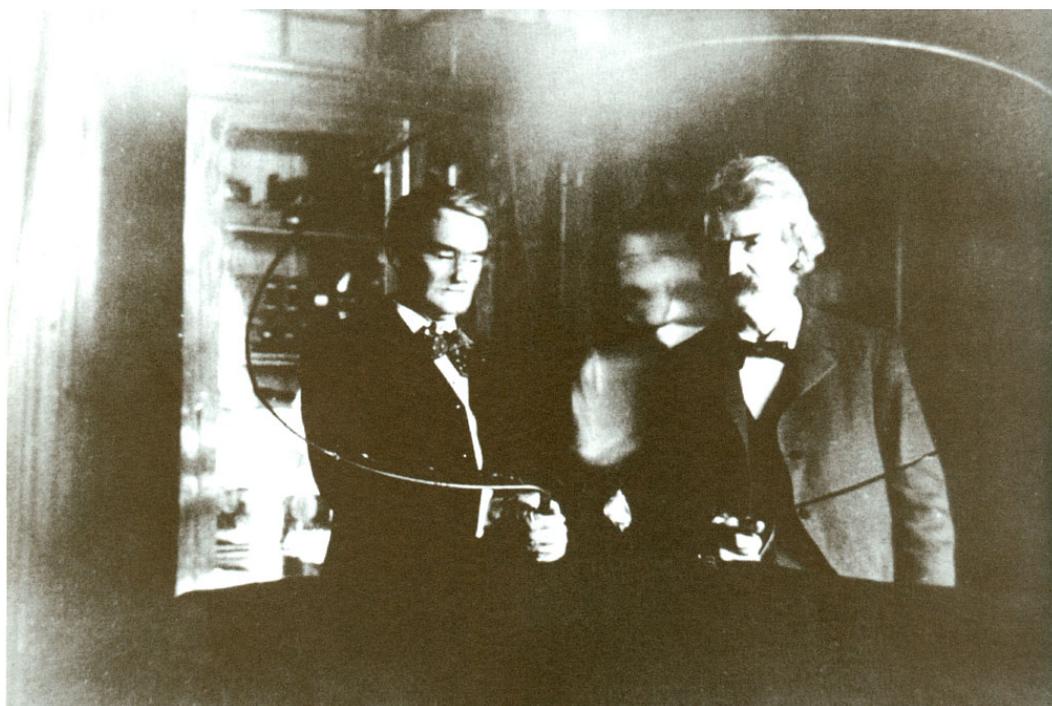
Document 5

Picture of the Morgans, from 6-6651 (p.88)



Document 6

Photograph of Twain and Tesla with actor, from 1-6192 (p.18)



Document 7

Derringer and cartridges, from 1-5849 (p.16)



Document 8

Jackson's photograph, from 3-2541 (p.46)



Document 9

Morgan's revolver, from [6-6651](#) (p.88)



Document 10

Leblanc's photograph, from 7-1822 (p.92)



Document 11

The poster



Document 12

The Villager, from DAY 1 (p.5)

Reflecting The Treasured Traditions Of This Cherished Community



The Villager



TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1935

3 cents

FOUR VILLAGE CANVASES



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

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

Visiting hours:

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

RAT SPECIALISTS - Largest and most successful rat and mouse exterminators in the country. *Rose's Rat Exterminator Co.*, 309 Broadway.

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

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

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

BEST BEERS - from the *Colonial Ale Brewing Company*, 119b Washington Pl.

LEARN TO DANCE - correctly at *Herman-Vance's Dance Hall*, 739 Broadway.

OF EUROPEAN POETS

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

ACTRESS SEAKS DIVORCE

MISS AUDREY SEALS.

WIFE OF

WELL-KNOWN ACTOR.



Former Mrs. Monro

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

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

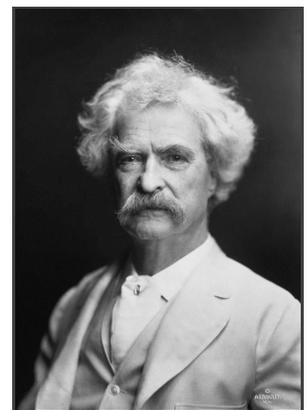
She admitted adultery with Mr. Tracy, and the discretion of the court was exercised in her favour.

Miss Seals married Mr. Tracy in 1926. Mr. Tracy's real name is John Robert Monro, and the case in the list reads — A. S. Monro v. J. R. Monro; solicitor for petitioner, Mr. G. A. Christman; for respondent and inter-

vener, Mr. W. H. Clark from *Clark and Lodge*.

MISSOURI LAUDS TWAIN

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



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

One of the main points of interest in the program was a statue of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn," believed to be the first ever erected to characters

out of books. It stands at the foot of Cardiff Hill, receiving the light from the *Twain Memorial Tower*.

POE'S BIRTHDAY

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

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

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

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

WHO'S WHO

LAWSON ERWIN HOPKINS



With four or five books in the

publishing stage, another still on the typewriter, and a series of radio programs in the offing, Lawson Erwin Hopkins is a very busy man. But he took time out last week at his home to sketch his career briefly for *The Villager*. During the interview he was of course wearing his famous monocle. His greatest hobby, he admits, is cursing the diversified noises and distractions of New York.

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

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

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

PRAISE, NOT PEEVES

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

Perhaps you feel the same way about it, and if so mail in your

suggestion as to who in reality represents the nicest people.

The Nicest People Are -

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

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

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

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

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

SHAKESPEARE FELLOWSHIP SIREN BY DAY

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

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

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

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



Director Day

FRENCH RESTAURANT FROM "MEMOIRS OF A BON VIVANT"

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

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

Charles French Restaurant at 78 West 11th St.

Document 13

Brochure about the poets, from 3-1440 (p.43)

If you read the brochure about both poets:

Tick 2 culture boxes in your case log.



RAINER MARIA RILKE



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

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

1935

Lou Andreas-Salomé



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

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

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

He died in 1926 in Switzerland.

1935

Document 14

Note dropped at station, from DAY 1 (p.5)

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

Tel the kidd to take carr.

J

END

Questions

Read only if you're ready to finish your day AND

If you have circled **Marker AI** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker BI** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker EI** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker FI** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker JI** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker MI** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker OI** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker QI** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker SI** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker VI** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker YI** in your case log.

If you have all these markers:

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

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

If you don't have all these markers:

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

You can go back and follow more leads now if you want. Time isn't passing anymore, but you have to check 1 demerit box for every lead you visit (deduct 2 points per lead).

Use the **hints** if you're stuck.

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



Questions - Part 1

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

You walk into the police station where the Chief awaits your report.

“So, I’ve heard you took two men into custody connected to the death of Amy Morgan. The husband, **Zachary Morgan**, and the lover, **Jackson Pollock**. Classic scenario. In most of these kinds of cases one or the other did it. So tell me, Lucas, which one was it this time? **Which one shot the model? The husband or the lover?**”

You can write down your answer here:

When you have your answer, read on.



Answers - Part 1

“Well, Chief, first I have to correct you there. I brought the Jackson boy in because he is a very important witness to the case, and not because he was the lover and murderer of Mrs. Morgan. (5p)

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

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



Questions - Part 2

The Chief looks at you questioningly. “So it was the husband then? Maybe someone else? Tell me already **who** the murderer is, **how** they did it and most importantly **why**?”

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

You can write down your answers here:

Who is the murderer?

Evidence:

How did they do it?

And why?

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



Answers - Part 2A

You look at the Chief thoughtfully and start explaining the chain of events that led to the death of Amy Morgan.

“Although it’s tempting to accuse the husband of the victim, this case is a bit more complicated than that. To understand the tragic affair that occurred at the art school, we have to start our story at the beginning.

Amy Morgan had a very unhappy marriage, because her husband was a drunk, who abused her regularly. But she didn’t have any place to go, so she stayed with him.

She worked as a model in the art school where she started an affair with someone about two months ago. They needed a place to meet, so Mrs. Morgan befriended the janitor, Jackson, to borrow the spare keys to the school from him. Jackson, being a young boy, couldn’t say no to the beautiful Mrs. Morgan, whom I suspect he was in love with.

(10p)

So the two love-birds started their weekly meetings in the studio of the school. They hoped to keep their affair a secret, but there were a few people who had suspicions. Jackson of course knew that Amy had the spare keys, and he sometimes heard the lovers as well. Director Day was very observant, and noticed the change in Amy so he too suspected a love affair. The painter Smirnov and other staff members saw the bouquets of flowers which were probably sent by someone other than her husband. But all of these people only guessed the existence of the affair, but not the identity of Amy’s lover.

We know now that the man in question was one of the teachers, the married Arthur Leblanc, an illustrator. He was the one - according to the description of the florist - who sent the flowers to the school. He also drew a picture of Amy which she kept hidden in her dressing table’s drawer.

Amy was hoping this affair meant as much to the man as to her, and that he would leave his wife, and she her husband, letting them end the secrecy and be together openly.”

(10p)

“That’s really very touching, Lucas. But **do you really believe this Leblanc wanted to leave his wife for this model lady?**” The Chief’s expression is very doubtful. What do you answer?

You can circle your answer here: YES / NO

If you’re ready, read on.



Answers - Part 2B

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

“I know, I know Chief. But my guess is yes. Leblanc did love Amy Morgan and wanted to leave his wife for her. That’s what led to the tragedy...”

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

“Who the hell knows. All I know is that he wanted to meet Amy last night in the school and that’s what led to the tragedy...”

“Looks like we have two jealous spouses here who could be the potential murderers.

Amy Morgan’s husband, Zachary, said he suspected Amy had an affair with another man. He also had a revolver in the cupboard, and a history of drinking and abusive behaviour.

Arthur’s wife, Krystal, is a singer. I found out that she has a bad temper and while she acted almost unbearably in the last few weeks, yesterday she was in a good mood. Something must have happened to cause this change.

(5p)

“So which one shot Mrs. Morgan last night? Mr. Morgan or Mrs. Leblanc? There are a few facts which could help us give an answer to that question. First, Jackson saw two people flee the scene of the crime, one pulling the other towards the door. Second, Mr. Leblanc had scratches on his face and neck. Third, the bullets which killed Amy Morgan came from a Derringer.

(5p)

“So this is what happened yesterday in my opinion. Amy Morgan and Arthur Leblanc finally decided to leave their spouses. So the model went home and started packing her bags. She didn’t finish, though, because her husband came home, they started fighting, and Amy ran away around 11pm last night. Zachary Morgan drank himself into oblivion after that. He woke up in the morning, went into work, but left shortly to drink some more in the Stonewall Inn. That’s where I found him. And although he had a pistol in his cupboard which he kept after the war without a permit, it wasn’t the murder weapon. It was an M1917 Revolver.

I guess Krystal, Leblanc’s wife, also suspected her husband of having an affair; and that’s why she was so nasty to everyone in the last few weeks at Herman-Vance’s Dance Hall. I’m guessing she was the one who scratched up her husband’s face and neck with her long red fingernails, and not the little cat. Either when he told her yesterday that he was going to leave her, or when she tried to drag her ‘Arty’ away from the studio after the shooting.

(10p)

“The medical examiner said Mrs. Morgan died around 1am, and we know she left home around 11pm. That means the lovers met in the studio, probably around midnight. Befitting time for a secret tryst... I imagine they told each other about their spouses’ bad reactions to their plan to leave them. But the tears shortly melted into kisses and embraces on the bed. That’s why Amy’s shoe was next to the bed, her blouse was open, her lipstick was smeared, and her hair was untied.

But they were caught at that point by Mrs. Leblanc, who must have followed her husband to the school that night. I wager she has a little Derringer pocket pistol which she pointed at the lovers, outraged, shouting some profanities at them. I guess Leblanc jumped up from the bed, but Amy only sat up. Krystal fired twice at her husband’s lover. She was inside the studio classroom, probably only about 6 feet away from the bed, so her aim was pretty good. One shot to the left lung and the other almost to the heart. The model fell forward, to the edge of the bed. Leblanc must have been frozen, in shock, so his wife grabbed him and started dragging him toward the school’s entrance.

Jackson was awoken by the singer’s shouting and heard the shots not long afterwards, but by the time he got his clothes on and snuck up the stairs from his basement room, he only saw two shadowy figures ‘shuffling’ towards the exit, one trying to drag the other away.

The boy noticed the dimmed light coming from the studio, ran inside and saw Mrs. Morgan in the middle of a big pool of blood. He ran to the bed, stepping into the blood, and turned her on her back to see if she was alive. But she was obviously dead by then. The boy panicked, and ran away. He went to his brother, and hid in his little room at Wellner Motors where I found him.

(20p)

“I see. So Leblanc saw everything but didn’t do anything. **I think we should arrest him too then. What do you think, Lucas?**” The Chief looks at you questioningly.

What do you say to him? AGREE / DISAGREE

Explanation:

When you’re ready, read on.



Answers - Part 2C

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

“It’s a good question, Chief. Maybe he was in shock at first and after they went home, Mrs. Leblanc could have been the one who concocted the story about the scratches being made by the cat. Maybe Leblanc didn’t have the energy or the will to oppose her. Maybe he was frightened and mourning his lover and that’s why he couldn’t sleep and didn’t go to work the next day... Krystal on the other hand was in a good mood when she went to the dance hall. She eliminated her rival and got her husband back. It must have felt like a triumph to her.

Either way, Leblanc shouldn’t have lied to me, and shouldn’t have sheltered a murderer. I’d say, let’s arrest both of them. ”

(15p)

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

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

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

“It’s a good question, Chief. I think the poor man was in shock at first. And after they went home, I’m guessing Mrs. Leblanc was the one who concocted the story about the scratches being made by the cat. I don’t think Leblanc had the energy or the will to oppose her. Maybe she even threatened him that he could meet the same fate as Amy if he said anything to anyone about what really happened. I’m guessing Leblanc was still shocked, plus frightened and mourning his lover. That’s why he couldn’t sleep and didn’t go to work the next day. Krystal on the other hand was in a good mood when she went to the dance hall. She eliminated her rival and got her husband back. It must have felt like a triumph to her.

All in all, I don’t think we should arrest Leblanc.”

(15p)

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

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



Answers - Part 2D

“So that’s it then?” asks the Chief. “The jealous wife was the murderer? Well, a classic story still, I guess. We only need to find that little Derringer of hers and the case is closed. Good job, Lucas.” And he pats you on the shoulder. “If only your partner could have been with you today. He could have learned a thing or two. How is he, by the way?”

“I’m hoping he’s better. I’ll know more after I visit him in the hospital. I think he’d like to hear about this case.” Not to mention the new information you gathered about the Collector for him.

“Give him my best, will you?”

“Of course, Chief, will do.” And you’re out of his office already. Time to visit the kid in the hospital.

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

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



Questions - Part 3

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What do you know about the Collector?

What do you know about the job?



Answers - Part 3

“I got a message from Earless Jimmy this morning that the job indeed is connected to an article in *The Villager’s* last issue, but it isn’t about the Willoughby but about a famous author.

Now. There were 5 famous (and dead) authors mentioned in the paper: William Shakespeare, Mark Twain, Edgar Allan Poe and two European poets, Rainer Maria Rilke and Endre Ady.”

(5p)

”Although I had the dubious honor of attending a poetry reading, where I gathered some information about the two European poets, it turned out that the author in question lived here in the Village for a while. So I went to the library and found out that this piece of information left Poe and Twain in the running.

I talked to a lady who is the leader of the Poe Society and is currently organizing an annual society dinner for Saturday. There will be lots of famous Poe experts attending from all over the country.

I also talked to one of Mark Twain’s nephews who lives here in the Village as well. It turns out that his uncle left manuscripts and diaries to him, and there are lots of buyers courting him about them. Not to mention the fact that Mark Twain wasn’t only a writer, but apparently an inventor as well, who patented three of his inventions in his life but wrote about more in his diaries. He even knew Nicola Tesla and they experimented together in the famous inventor’s laboratory.”

(15p)

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

“Personal? What does that mean?” The kid took the bait. Finally. Maybe the Collector’s case will bring him back from his lethargy.

“I don’t know yet, but we’ll find out. You just rest and concentrate on getting better. I’ll visit you every day with new details I gather about this case. Don’t worry, we’ll catch him in the end.”

You better be right about this...

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



Final Scoring

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

If you read the **whole newspaper**, mark **5 culture points**.

- Q1. Max score of 5: _
- Q2. Max score of 65: _
- Q3. Max score of 20: _
- Culture points. Max score of 28: _
- The whole alphabet. Max score of 10: _
- Minus points: _

FINAL SCORE: _

If you got at least 10 culture points (20 bonus points), record **+1 cultured** in your **Campaign Log**.

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



Results

Above 90 points:

Congrats! You're basically a pro. A real hardboiled detective. Almost nothing escapes your attention.

From 80 to 89 points:

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

OR - if you mostly lost points because of overtime leads: You are a pro, just a bit slower nowadays. But a real hardboiled detective.

From 60 to 79 points:

Good! You mostly got it. Not bad for an amateur sleuth. You're still a flatfoot but one day you could be a pro. A hardboiled detective.

Less than 60 points:

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



Epilogue A

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1935

Beautiful Model SHOT DEAD By Jealous Singer

BY BILLIE JONES

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

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

woman' through the heart with her little Derringer pocket pistol, which was found by the police in the singer's dressing room during a search in the dance hall the next day. Her husband was an eyewitness to the murder and he later gave false information to the police.

The Leblancs were arrested and are now awaiting trial, where the wife may face the death penalty for first-degree murder, and the husband could receive a prison sentence for withholding information from the authorities.

END OF CASE 2



Epilogue B

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1935

Beautiful Model SHOT DEAD By Jealous Singer

BY BILLIE JONES

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

of the school.

In her jealous rage, Mrs. Leblanc shot the 'other woman' through the heart with her little Derringer pocket pistol, which was found by the police in the singer's dressing room during a search in the dance hall the next day.

Mrs. Leblanc was arrested, and now awaits a trial where she may be sentenced to death for First-degree murder.

END OF CASE 2



Behind the Scenes: Postscript from the Author

At the end of Case 3.



Full Walkthrough

A possible path:

TUESDAY

Art School: crime scene

Twin Peaks Apartment Building: talking to the manager

Talking to the neighbors: Gerry, Uma, Suzanna, Peter, Paula

Break into the Morgans' apartment: finding the drawing and the gun

Reinhardt's flower shop: description of lover

Looking for the missing teachers:

- Edwin Day: asking Goldie or the Mario's waiter
- Madison Square Theatre: finding Day
- Smirnov: at the Willoughby
- Willoughby: talk to Schmidt about the Pollock brothers
- Leblanc: third missing teacher, finding out about his wife

Standard Oil: talking to Charlie

Brewery: Morgan's workplace, he left

Tea Room: attending the poetry reading

Gun shop OR Firearm Permits: about Morgan's gun

Dance Hall: talking to Krystal

NIGHT LEADS: Bars - finding Jimmy and Morgan

WEDNESDAY

Calling: the lab and the medical examiner

Wellner Motors: finding Jackson

Library: about the authors

Hopkins: about Twain

Edgar Tate & Co.: about their offer

Hotel Lafayette and Mrs. Boyle: about the Poe dinner

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



HINTS

STOP!



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

Collector 1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Jimmy's note said the job is connected to a dead writer who was mentioned in the *Villager*. Maybe you should check out the local library.



Collector 2

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Have you found Jimmy in a local bar yet? He could probably give you more information about the Collector.



Collector 3

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Jimmy said the writer in question lived in Greenwich Village for a while. That means Poe and Twain. Did you read the articles in the *Villager* that mention them?



Collector 4

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

The article about the Poe dinner mentions the head of the Poe Society, a **Mrs. Boyle**. And the *Who's who in the Village* article mentions that **Mr. Hopkins** is a cousin of Twain. You should talk to both of them.



Director 1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

The paper mentioned him.



Director 2

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Go to Mario's Restaurant.



Hint for Marker A1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Leblanc mentioned where you can find his wife. Did you talk to her?

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit one or more of the following leads where this item is obtained:

- [5-6884 on p.76](#)
- [2-2468 on p.33](#)



Hint for Marker B1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you find out where Mr. Morgan works? Did you go there?

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [2-0380 on p.27](#)



Hint for Marker C1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you find Jackson's brother? Lester Schmidt knows him.

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [1-7607 on p.20](#)



Hint for Marker D1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to Edwin Day?

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [2-9410 on p.40](#)



Hint for Marker E1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you find Jimmy? You should look around in the local bars.

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [7-8417 on p.94](#)



Hint for Marker F1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you find the flower shop the bouquet is from?

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [6-5796 on p.87](#)



Hint for Marker G1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to all the neighbours in the Twin Peaks apartment building where the Morgans live?

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [2-3038 on p.35](#)



Hint for Marker H1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you ask Hopkins about the Shakespeare Fellowship?

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [2-0118 on p.26](#)



Hint for Marker H2

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you ask Hopkins about his cousin?

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [1-6192 on p.18](#)



Hint for Marker II

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to all the neighbours in the Twin Peaks apartment building where the Morgans live?

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [4-7106 on p.63](#)



Hint for Marker J1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you find Jackson? If not - you should track down the missing teachers first. Maybe they know something about him.

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [3-2541 on p.46](#)



Hint for Marker K1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you visit the organizer of the Poe dinner the paper wrote about?

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [5-8595 on p.79](#)



Hint for Marker L1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to all three of the teachers who didn't show up at the school today?

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [7-1822 on p.92](#)



Hint for Marker M1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

The paper writes about a poetry reading. Did you go?

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [3-1440 on p.43](#)



Hint for Marker N1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go to the restaurant where the Shakespeare Fellowship held its dinner? It's in the paper.

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [6-3967 on p.85](#)



Hint for Marker O1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you call the medical examiner?

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [5-4255 on p.74](#)



Hint for Marker P1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to all the neighbours in the Twin Peaks apartment building where the Morgans live?

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [8-2924 on p.100](#)



Hint for Marker Q1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you call the crime lab?

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [1-5849 on p.16](#)



Hint for Marker R1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to all the neighbours in the Twin Peaks apartment building where the Morgans live?

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [3-8402 on p.53](#)



Hint for Marker S1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Where could you find Mr. Morgan? He's not at home, not at work, but he drinks a lot, so...

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [4-0672 on p.55](#)



Hint for Marker T1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Have you visited the victim's apartment building yet? Talk to the manager first.

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [7-9326 on p.96](#)



Hint for Marker U1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to all the neighbours in the Twin Peaks apartment building where the Morgans live?

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [6-1603 on p.83](#)



Hint for Marker V1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go to the victim's apartment?

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [6-6651 on p.88](#)



Hint for Marker W1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you look for Smirnov in the Willoughby museum? The opening of the exhibit is today, and he is one of the guests of honor.

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [5-5338 on p.75](#)



Hint for Marker XI

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go to the crime scene?

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [8-7782 on p.103](#)



Hint for Marker Y1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to Hopkins from the paper? He mentions a firm you should visit.

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [7-1652 on p.91](#)



Hint for Marker Z1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go to the local library?

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [1-3418 on p.14](#)



Smirnov 1

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

What's happening today? You learned about it in Case 1.



Smirnov 2

Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Go to the Willoughby. The opening of the exhibit is today. He is one of the guests of honor.

