

# Wet Uncongenial Summer

## A Case for New York Noir

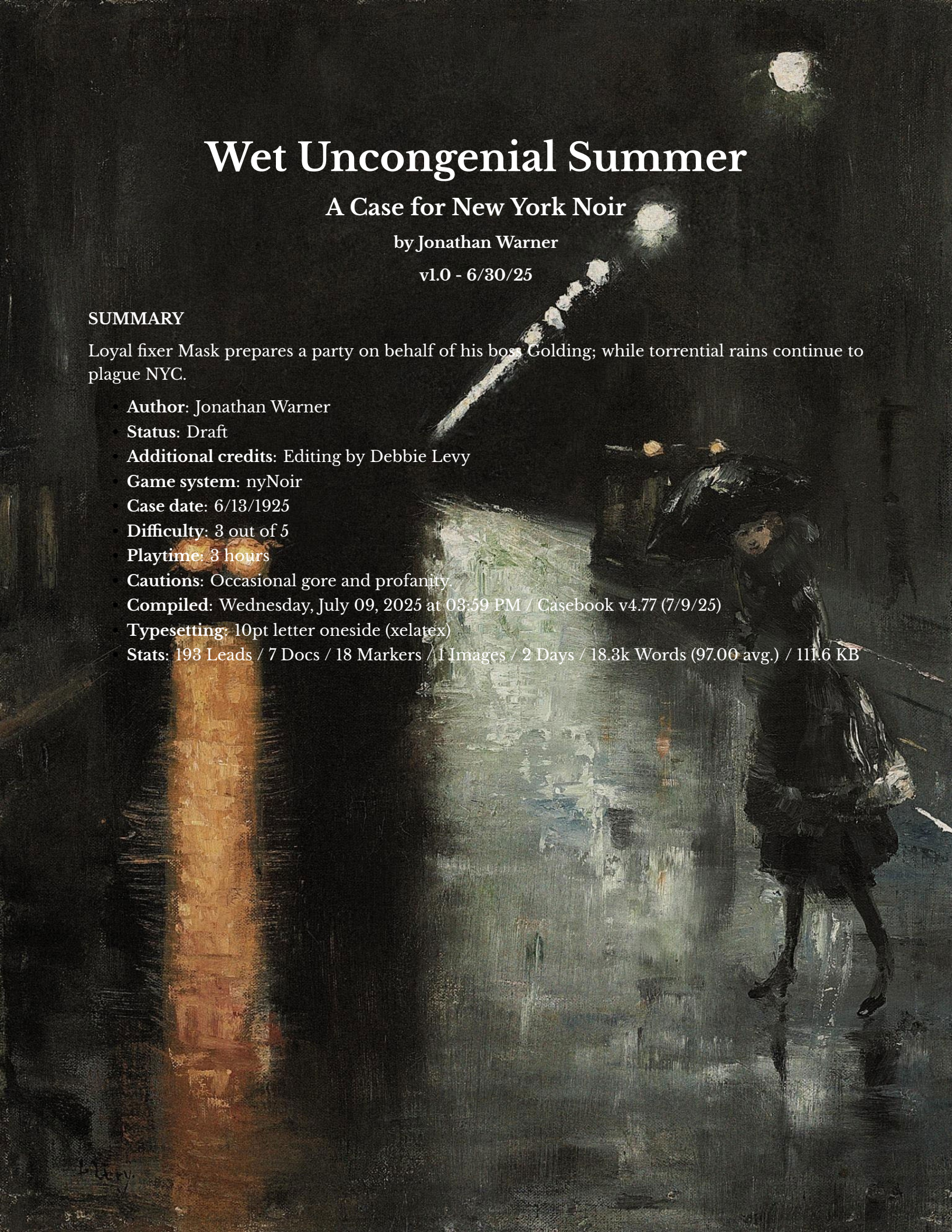
by Jonathan Warner

v1.0 - 6/30/25

### SUMMARY

Loyal fixer Mask prepares a party on behalf of his boss Golding; while torrential rains continue to plague NYC.

- **Author:** Jonathan Warner
- **Status:** Draft
- **Additional credits:** Editing by Debbie Levy
- **Game system:** nyNoir
- **Case date:** 6/13/1925
- **Difficulty:** 3 out of 5
- **Playtime:** 3 hours
- **Cautions:** Occasional gore and profanity.
- **Compiled:** Wednesday, July 09, 2025 at 03:59 PM / Casebook v4.77 (7/9/25)
- **Typesetting:** 10pt letter oneside (xelatex)
- **Stats:** 193 Leads / 7 Docs / 18 Markers / 1 Images / 2 Days / 18.3k Words (97.00 avg.) / 111.6 KB





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# Instructions

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

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

This case does not use a time tracking mechanic. This case does use markers but does not use a scheduled event system. By following leads you eventually will reach a definitive narrative conclusion to the case. You will be instructed on when to answer questions.

In addition to markers you will occasionally be directed to make special note of certain lead numbers. You may want to reread these leads later with a new understanding.

To start the case go to go to [Ratopax Extermination Corp. 383 Fifth Ave TL-040 \(p.8\)](#)

## NEW YORK NOIR - CASE TRACKING SHEET

Case Name

## MARKERS

A1      A2      A3

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D1      D2      D3

E1      E2      E3

F1      F2      F3

G1      G2      G3

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| K1 | K2 | K3 |
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| I1 | I2 | I3 |
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J1 J2 J3

K1      K2      K3

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M1 M2 M3

N1      N2      N3

01      02      03

p1      p2      p3

Q1      Q2      Q3

R1      R2      R3

S1      S2      S3

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| 100 | 100 | 100 |

U1      U2      U3

V1      V2      V3

W1      W2      W3

| X1 | X2 | X3 |
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Y1      Y2      Y3

Z1      Z2      Z3

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

### DEMERITS

## REPUTATION

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

## CULTURE

## OTHER

## OTHER TAGS

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## TRACKS

[illegible]

## DOCUMENTS

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## NEW YORK NOIR - DAILY LOG SHEET

Day#

Day of Week

Date \_\_\_\_\_

[illegible]

# Day One

## Ratopax Extermination Corp. 383 Fifth Ave TL-040

A motionless figure materializes out of the corner of Joey Belsky's eye. His eyes go wide. Lightning flashes. Belsky composes himself, face a little redder.

The man across the counter prattles on: "Look, no one is going to notice one more man in a jumpsuit, Joey. Come on, I'll make it worth your trou-" He turns, following Belsky's gaze. Another flash illuminates the stranger. The sound of raindrops fills the void.

"Looks like you've got a customer, Joey. Well, come see me when you've made up your mind. I'm only a hop, skip and a jump away." A brief nod towards the stranger, then he squeezes through the partially open door out into the storm.

Belsky fidgets. Taps his fingers on the counter. Sharp scents mingle in his nose: rain, cleaners, poisons. The stranger approaches.

"Name's Mask. Need help with a pest."

"Mask?... Er, well, Mr. Mask, we would love to help, but as you can imagine we're quite busy. All this rain's flooding basements. The sewers - rats are seeking high ground. Calls have been coming in from all over."

"I'm not trying to catch a rat. After a leprechaun."

"Leprechaun?! Look, mister, like I said, we're busy. I got no time for jokes."

"Me neither. In fact, that's my problem. Leprechaun was supposed to meet me 45 minutes ago. Didn't show, so I've come to see him. Where is he?"

"You mean O'Dwyer. Christ! Why didn't you say so? Busiest we've ever been, and he's missed two days now. Probably off the wagon... again. We're all one bad day from drowning and he's got a dry throat. I could wring-!" Belsky unclenches his hands, gives a sheepish grin, "Sorry, you know what I mean."

"No worries. Maybe I'll pass your message along when I see him."

Belsky shudders. "Come on, mister, ain't funny to joke about that no more."

Mask shrugs. "I have a hunch which local watering hole our little leprechaun's at. If he's in any shape when we're through, I'll send him back your way."

"Well, it ain't the Cork - I've looked there!" Belsky calls after him.

He watches as Mask dissolves into the rain.

You are now free to go out into the world and follow leads from the directory.





# STOP!



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

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



## Grolier Evening

Huddled in the small alcove, Helena Novak presses the buzzer. Thunder claps. Helena jerks and looks out into the storm. A blurry silhouette appears in the sheet of rain, running towards her.

Drenched, Mask enters the alcove. He glances at Novak as he heads towards the door.

“Ma’am, the Grolier’s closed. Private party tonight. You need to beat it.”

“Excuse me, there seems to be some mistake. I was invited by Dr. Kara.”

Mask scrunches his face. “What?! This is the first I’m hearin’ about it. Look, I’m sorry the doc dragged you out here, but there can only be four guests tonight. Boss’s orders.”

“Oh, you haven’t heard. Apparently one of the other guests has been taken ill and had to cancel. I’m the replacement. A small miracle for me! Although, I pray it’s nothing too serious.”

Mask turns and inserts a key into the door. “In that case, I apologize. You’ll have to forgive me. It’s been a.... hectic day, and I’m behind schedule. I’m sorry for making you and the other guests wait.”

“Apology accepted, Mr....”

“Mask.” He holds the door open.

“Mask? How exciting! You are forgiven, Mr. Mask. I can see how having to trudge all day through this weather could affect anyone’s temper.”

Mask follows Novak inside. Locks the door behind him.

Inside the door is the reception area of the Grolier. Staircases flank both sides of the room. Along the back wall, a reception counter. Behind it, the door to the coat room. Beside the counter, the door to the main reading room.

Novak stands a few steps from the front door, her eyes moving about the room.

Mask says, “First time, huh. Here, let me get your coat.”

He takes the coat and ducks into the small coat room. After hanging Novak’s, he sheds his own water-laden coat, transfers the bag and box he acquired earlier to his suit jacket pockets. Listens to the water drip.

Mask looks at the opposite wall where four coats have already been hung: three men’s, one woman’s. He starts back towards the door to the reception area. Stops. Looks back at the lone woman’s coat next to the three men’s. He quickly walks out the door and sees Dr. Bronislav (Bruno) Kara talking to Novak.

“Helena, it’s wonderful to see you. And out of uniform! How refreshing. Come, let me introduce you to everyone.” Taking her by the arm, “I do hope the donation drive is going -”

“Mask!” Victor Golding rushes into the room. “Christ! Where the hell have you been?!”

Dr. Kara’s face flushes. He glances at Novak and clears his throat. “Vic, I don’t believe you’ve been introduced. Vic Golding - Helena Novak.”

“Mr. Golding, what an honor to be here tonight. I’m sorry we couldn’t meet under better circumstances. Bruno said your fiance, Miss Cygan, has suddenly taken ill? I pr-”

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

“Celeste?!” Mask interrupts.

Golding gives an apologetic shrug to Novak and Dr. Kara. “Sorry, I need to talk to Mask. Dr. Kara, perhaps you can warm Miss Novak up and get her acquainted with the rest of our friends. Please excuse us.” Without waiting for a response, Golding grabs Mask’s arm and leads him back towards the coat room.

“Mask, what took you so long? I was starting to think you’d been hit by a car. Struck by lightning. Maybe the Garrotter got you! Then what? All this effort, just gone, poof!”

“Don’t worry, I got your party supplies right here.” Mask shoves the bag and small box into Golding’s hands. “You won’t have no egg on your face in front of your new friends.”

“Okay. Yeah... yeah, it’s fine now. Sorry I bit your head off. Tonight’s going to go off without a hitch. Golden.” Golding slaps Mask on the back.

“Without a hitch? What about Celeste? What’s wrong with her? Half of this was her idea.”

“Huh... well... can’t be helped, Mask. Too much already invested. Too many strings pulled. I’m sure Celeste understands. She’ll be fine, just a bad stomach bug...” Golding heads for the door to the main reading room. “Come on, time to start this party.”

The main reading room of the Grolier is a wide hall with shelves built into the walls. Two floors tall, with spiral stairs in each corner allowing access to balconies on the second floor. The large reading tables have been moved to one side and a small round table now takes their place; beside it, a small drinks cart. The lights are warm but somewhat dim.

Herbert Edwards, Madeline Wells, Dr. Kara and Helena Novak chat next to the small round table.

Dr. Kara says, “I’m sorry you did not find the Center more helpful. I tried to warn you though. They have the most modern tools, but it exacerbates the overconfidence of youth. Doctors who think they know best. Won’t even listen to their patients.”

“Oh, I was hopeful,” Edwards replies, “but they kept getting it backwards. The headaches are caused by stress. Overexcitement!? I’m stressed because of these constant headaches!”

“I’m sorry to hear about your suffering, Mr. Edwards,” says Novak. “I do hope tonight will provide you with some respite. I’ll kee-”.

Edwards groans and places his hand on his stomach. “Recently I’ve been feeling these pangs. Does anyone know what Celeste’s come down with? Could have caught something from her - maybe new and foreign! Why would anyone want to live right there by the pier? Seems so unsanitary.”

Madeline Wells answers him: “You wouldn’t understand, Herbert. She’s a dreamer - you have to admire that. Who knows what she sees when she looks out on the river. What takes the place of that dreadful island, I wonder?”

The room plunges into darkness. Wisps of light appear: Golding holding a candelabra, with Mask looming behind him. A distant clap of thunder.

“What a night, am I right? Could there be a more perfect setting?” Golding gestures around the room with the candelabra. Shadows cascade and dance, slowing to a mild wavering as he places the

candelabra at the center of the table. "Before we forget, let's give Herbert here a round of applause. Thanks to him, we have this place all to ourselves."

"Oh, it was really no trouble at - "

"Modesty. You'll have to forgive me if I don't indulge that virtue tonight, but I really think Mr. Mask and myself have pulled off something quite special with this." Golding places the small box next to the candelabra. "Remember, friends, Vic Golding always gets what he's after."

Wells reaches towards the box. "That so? Let's see it then, Vic."

Golding puts up his hand. "Please, Madeline, let's enjoy a little suspense. Let me set the mood." He starts walking around the group. "Now, my fellow Shelleyians, it was a summer like this one back in 1816. Chills in the air. Constant storms. Figures half-seen in a flash of lightning. Spooky stuff! Well, Shelley, Mary, and Claire decided to drop in on Lord Byron and have a little competition. See which of them could come up with a real spinetinger. A pulse-pounder. A heart-stopper. Tonight we aim to do the same! Five of them - don't forget old Doc Polidori - five of us. Plus Mr. Mask here, to keep an eye on all us crazy kids, keep us out of trouble. A hand for Mr. Mask." Applause.

Having finished his circle, Golding is once again by the small drinks cart. "Now back then, they had good old laudanum to get the imagination going... or maybe help get them in touch with the other side. What are we supposed to do? You know I'd never ask good old Doc here to write a phony prescription, so I've had to improvise." He turns towards the drinks cart. "Absinthe" - holding up a bottle - "and a secret ingredient."

Golding takes out the bag Mask handed him earlier. He pours powder from the bag into a glass of water and mixes it with a stirrer. "Everyone, turn in any glasses you have. A new round's going out."

He begins to prepare glasses of absinthe: melting the sugar cube over the absinthe, adding in a splash of his own mixture. "Mask, help me pass these out." Mask grabs a couple of drinks and begins to hand them out. "Now, everyone wait and we'll have a toast." Soon everyone but Mask has a drink in their hands. "Here, Mask, have a seltzer so you can join us." Golding takes a spritzer and fills a glass.

Novak, Dr. Kara, and Edwards glance at their glasses and each other.

Novak whispers, "Bruno, what's in this? Is it safe?"

"Do I sense some trepidation?" Golding smiles. "No need to worry: I've procured similar elixirs before for Celeste and Madeline. Helps us all get in touch with our poetic and artistic sides. Perfectly safe, right, Madeline?"

"You haven't killed us yet." Wells gulps down her drink.

"Wh-what! Why did you-" Everyone else starts to raise their glasses to drink. "No, hold on! We gotta toast." Golding turns back towards Wells. "Okay. Now I guess you can have a seltzer too." He takes her glass, spritzes in some soda-water, and hands it back. "Where was I? Oh, yeah. Besides these libations, we have another source of inspiration - the star of the evening. What we've all heard rumors about and come to see."

Everyone turns their attention to the small box.

"You have the key, right, Mask?" Golding asks. Mask nods, takes out the key and begins to open the box. "You might call it a receptacle. A totem! A holy relic!"

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

The lid lifts up to reveal an irregularly-shaped object. Brown. Wafer-thin.

“A fragment of Percy Shelley’s skull! Snatched by a devotee from the embers of his funeral pyre!”

The guests lean in closer to the fragment. Dr. Kara murmurs, “He actually got it.”

“Shelley’s in the room with us,” Edward whispers.

Novak nods. “Bruno, this is amazing!”

“Let’s raise our glasses,” Golding continues. “To Shelley! To the fantastique!” Everyone raises their glasses and drinks.

“A moment of silence, of blindness, to let Shelley’s spirit enter us.” Golding quickly blows out the candles.

Pitch black. Only the sound of breathing. A minute passes... two... A thunder clap in the distance. Impatient shuffling.

Finally Golding speaks: “All right, Mask, some light.”

Mask pulls out a flashlight from his jacket pocket, turns it on, and shines it on the small table. On the skull fragment.

“Phew, still there. That would have been awkward.” Golding relights the candelabra. “Alright Mask, lock her - I mean him - back up.” Mask closes, locks, and picks up the small box. “He’ll be Shelley’s bodyguard tonight, in case we get carried away on an artistic whim.”

“Your confidence in us is duly noted,” Wells quips.

“But if you seek Mask out, and can compose yourself, you’ll be allowed to bask in Shelley’s presence.” Golding reaches to a shelf under the drinks cart. He pulls out bundles, each consisting of a flashlight, pen, and reams of paper, and starts handing them out. As each guest receives their bundle, they turn on their flashlights.

“Did I promise you an evening, or what? Alright, let’s all adjourn to different rooms and wait for the spirits to come and give us some inspiration. Tomorrow morning we’ll reconvene, and see what ghoulish tales we have to tell. Now, let’s try not to all write about the Garrotter! Mask will be patrolling to keep an eye on us, and occasionally resting in the kitchen, so that’s where to look for him.” Golding blows out the candles again and turns on his flashlight.

Beams of light diverge from the small table. They scatter about in different directions. Wells is the first to speak: “I guess I’m off to go gab with some goblins.”

“Ah, Helena,” says Kara to Novak, “you’ve never seen the famous Dutch kitchen before, have you?”

“No, Bruno.”

“Well, let me give you the tour - it’s really something to behold. Then I can help you set up in one of the rooms. Can I recommend the medieval special collection?”

“Sounds perfect.”

Voices drift away as Mask returns to the entrance hall. Front door locked? Check. He can see it’s still raining outside. Back into the main reading room, then into the back halls of the first floor.



Twisting hallways in the darkness. Sweeps of the flashlight illuminate portraits of famous authors and club members. Mask looks from one set of painted eyes to the next, and pats the small box in his pocket. Side door locked? Check.

Mask whistles softly to himself. Past a set of double doors he comes into the receiving room. Wooden crates with their lids torn off. Trolleys discarded randomly across the floor.

"They're sure in a rush to unpack their books", he mutters, "but not so much when it comes to cleaning up."

Keeping the beam of the flashlight trained right in front of his feet, Mask slowly navigates the debris. On the other side of the room is a large metal sliding door. Mask gives it a few tugs. Secured? Check. He climbs a few concrete steps and comes to a regular-sized door. Back door locked? Check.

"That takes care of this round," he says out loud. "Time to finally kick my feet up."

He starts to retrace his steps through the back hallways of the first floor. A crack of light shines from one of the doors along the hall. Mask opens the door slowly - one of the special collection rooms. A library inside a library.

At a reading desk sits a woman, illuminated by a reading lamp. Mask squints his eyes to adjust: Helena Novak. She sits and stares at a necklace dangling from her hand. Three interlocking triangles glint in the lamp's light, twirling back and forth. Clockwise. Counterclockwise. Helena continues to stare at the spinning charm.

Mask mutters, "The dope must be starting to kick in."

He closes the door behind him softly, then proceeds back to the area directly behind the main reading room. Back stairs twist up the six floors of the Grolier Club. Mask slowly climbs the stairs until he reaches the fourth floor. At the end of the hall, a warm light shines from within a room. Mask enters.

The Dutch Kitchen: Wood paneling. Rustic furniture. Benches along three of the walls. Antique stove.

A bottle with a ribbon around its neck sits on one of the tables. Whiskey, accompanied by a corkscrew and a shot glass. Mask grabs the set and walks to one of the corners of the room.

Uncorks the bottle; sits with his back against a wall and his legs thrown up on the bench. Takes a drink.

He stares out a stained glass window, sips whiskey, relaxes his muscles. Droplets of water streak down the window in zigzag patterns. Warmth growing out from his gut. With his free hand he traces lines on the wood panelling, copying the patterns of the rain drops. Eyelids are getting heavy.

Screeching! Screaming! All wrong! Body heavy. Feet slipping. Table falling. Floor wet. Sticky. Crawling.

The door! Pulling myself up. Flashlight! Light leaving trails. Streaking. Shapes, colors floating in the air. A man appears. Grimace. Face twisted. Pulling his hair. "They're trying to get in my head! They're trying to force me out! There's no room! No room!"

A scream. Different. Downstairs. I'm running down the stairs. There are two of me. We run side

by side. I'm falling. I'm tumbling. No, it's the other me. Rolling. Crumpling. Moaning. Before me. There's one of me again. I continue down the stairs.

Almost at the bottom. Blinding light. Can't focus. Someone in front of me. A woman pointing at something. Can't stop. We're falling. Clanking. Where's the flashlight? Floor cold. A warm breath. A groan. Then a different voice. Above. Sounds but not words. Are they? Seems familiar. Ancient.

Another burst of light. Behind me. Still trying to find... the flashlight! Turn where the burst was. Where the woman had pointed. A face. Deja vu. Get back up.

I'm running. The man is running. I'm chasing. Glass breaking. Still chasing. Getting closer. Double doors. Sound of rain. Wind on face. Sound of banging. Closer. Almost got him. Foot caught on something. Falling. A box - .

The author recommends you stop and theorize about what's happened up to this point. Speculate on what events actually occurred at the end of this entry.

- Go to [Waking Up In A Car \(p.17\)](#)



# STOP!



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

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



# Day Two

## Waking Up In A Car

Mask's eyes flicker open, wince shut. He sits up. Forces his eyes back open. Looks around: Golding's car. All by himself.

"Fuck. Been doped."

The rearview mirror shows a disheveled man with a large knot on his forehead.

"Where is everyone?"

Rain continues, but now as a drizzle. The clouds in the sky are a lighter shade of grey.

"How long have I been out?"

He slides over, opens the driver side door, and climbs out.

A cold chill.

Mask oscillates. "Real nice! I'm never gonna-" Slips. Unbalanced. Nearly steadies himself. Instead, nosedives! Enter, concrete. "Ohhhh..." Mask edges forward. "I'm... not dying... much." Exhales.

Mask pulls himself up, brushes himself off. Looks at the building in front of him. An antiques shop. In the front window, a sign: "Closed until further notice".

Mask peers down the street.

"The Brook? Maybe an after-party."

He starts towards the club. Glances down an alley next to the antique shop as he passes. Dingy. Rats running in and out of knocked-over trash cans. The faint sound of running water? There appears to be standing water at the other end of the alley.

Mask continues towards The Brook.



Make a special note of this lead in your case log. You may wish to reread it later.

- Go to [4-7292 \(p.140\)](#)



# STOP!



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

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





## Waking Up In A Cell

Coarse ground. Throbbing pain at the back of his head. Mask's eyes slowly focus: small room with brick walls. A few shelves above. Part of a pantry? Root cellar? Only source of light is an old oil lamp.

Mask starts to stand. Begins to lose his balance. Steadies himself, walks over to the only door. Pounds on it.

"What is this? Let me out! Want to talk, Valentine? Let's see that mug of yours. Think we might finally have a fair beauty contest between us."

No response.

Mask steps back and rams the door with his shoulder. Doesn't budge. Bangs some more. Still no answer.

Mask turns around and re-examines the room. There's a bundle of papers next to the oil lamp. Handwritten on the top sheet: 'To Guide Mask'. The rest of the bundle is a handwritten manuscript. Mask begins to read.



Circle **Document 3** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 3** (Edward's Manuscript), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 229](#).

Footsteps approach the door and Mask shoves the pages into his pocket. A pause. He holds his breath. The sound of a key quickly turning in the lock followed by someone running away.

Mask throws open the door. A basement. On the floor in front of him are a Colt revolver and a flashlight. He scoops them up.

Traces of smoke begin to hit his nose. A sense of heat. Mask sprints up the stairs, out into a hall. Flames lick the walls around him - an inferno. Coughing, Mask tries to keep his eyes open. The smoke stings.

At one end of the hall there appears to be a front door. Mask bolts straight towards it. As he yanks open the door, he turns to look back. A figure climbs the stairs to the second floor, marching deeper into the flames. Mask turns back and runs out of the house.

At the street, he stops. Herbert Edwards' house burns brightly in the night. Sirens blare in the distance. People begin to congregate in the street. Mask runs off into the night.

You're free to head back out into the world with the manuscript. If you need a hint go to go to [Manuscript Puzzle \(p.262\)](#)



# 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

# 1-1505

*Wells, S.*

*655 Saint Nicholas Ave, HH-60*

Turns out not to be related to Madeline Wells.



# 1-1521

*Hint for Marker G1 ([5-4428 on p.156](#)) contd.*

Well's brother lives at 3 W. 19th St GP 052

Need another hint go to [6-6318 on p.183](#).





# 1-1583

*Hint for Marker N1 ([3-6975 on p.103](#)) contd.*

The necklace with triangles. Novak knowing latin

Need another hint go to [3-7225 on p.105](#).



# 1-3000

*Final Puzzle (2-7122 on p.71) contd.*

It's an acrostic.

Solution go to 1-9917 on p.48.



# 1-3947

*Melvin Pick*

*400 E. 53rd St, TB-40*

If it's Day 1 go to [2-1278](#) on p.54.

Otherwise go to [4-2432](#) on p.123.



# 1-4161

*Central Park - Water Tunnel (3-5611 on p.94) contd.*

Mask kicks open the door to the left. The Garrotter lunges towards him. Bam! Shot dead in the chest. The Garrotter crumples to the floor.

Later

Eyes fixed on the floor. Out the window. On the ceiling. Anywhere but at the man in the back of the bus.

“Pawnee!” calls the busdriver. Passengers file out of the bus into the bright sunshine.

Mask watches. Stares as the doors close.

The bus drives on.

The End.

- Go to [3-5611 \(p.94\)](#)



# 1-4163

*Cheers & Revelry*  
*13 E. 40th St, TL-10*

O'Dwyer isn't there, but Mask had not expected him to be.



# 1-4578

*Hint for Marker N1 ([3-7225 on p.105](#)) contd.*

Novak is a Nun.

Need another hint go to [3-3696 on p.86](#).



# 1-4850

*Hint for Marker N1 ([p.258](#)) contd.*

Try to locate Helena Novak

Need another hint go to [3-6975](#) on p.103.





# 1-5127

*Pier 4*

*25 Sutton Pl S., TB-24*

Mask doesn't find anything.



# 1-5153

*Wells, Edna*  
*275 Convent Ave, MS-13*

Turns out not to be related to Madeline Wells.



# 1-5219

*Hint for Marker A1 (3-3127 on p.85) contd.*

Visit Ginger Man Bar.



# 1-5306

*Ratopax Extermination Corp. (7-8175 on p.205) contd.*

The door to the shop crashes against the front window. Belsky fumbles his paper, looks up to see Mask marching right towards him.

“I gave the leprechaun your message. He ever get back to work?”

Back in the depths of the shop, a door can be heard slamming open. Footsteps running away.

“Oh well, I didn’t want to talk to him anyway. This time I’m here to talk to you.” He slams both his fists on the counter. “Where’s Ducker?”

Belsky, “Wh... who? He’s not one of my guys.”

“Cut the crap. Last time I was here I heard him selling his pitch. Now where is he?”

Belksy mumbles, “Worth my trouble. Yeah, right,” and pulls out a ledger. “Fine! Fine. He’s at 120 E. 20th street. You happy?”

“Getting there. One more thing: I don’t think I ever got your name, bub.”



# 1-5943

*Hint for Marker H1 ([p.253](#)) contd.*

Have you talked to Madeline Wells?

Need another hint? go to [7-3947](#) on [p.191](#).



# 1-6130

*Consulate of Hungary*  
204 W. 12th St, GV-17

No Mr. Kara works here.



# 1-6160

*Hint for Marker N1 ([5-3171](#) on [p.152](#)) contd.*

Go to Czechoslovak National Church of Saint John Nepomucene.



# 1-6758

*Hint for Marker J1 ([p.254](#)) contd.*

Have you visited the Evening Graphic?

Need another hint go to [3-3022](#) on p.84.





# 1-6954

*Lenox Hill Hospital (2-2986 on p.59) contd.*

Loud. Hectic. Doctors and nurses bustling between rooms. Mask scans room numbers: there! 402. A nun has just left the room and is walking away. Mask enters.

“Been saying your rosary, Doc?”

Dr. Kara has one leg in a cast, suspended. His face is bruised.

“Mask! Get out! I don’t want to see you or Golding. You’ve probably cost me my membership to the Grolier. All that time dealing with Herbert... I’m sure it’s only thanks to him that the police aren’t involved.”

“I’m trying to find - ”

“You’re lucky I don’t press charges,” Kara goes on. “For all I know, maybe you pushed me down those stairs. I thought you were supposed to be guarding us. Mary and Joseph... the Graphic... poor Helena.”

“Listen, I...”

“I don’t want to talk to you. Get out! Out! Nurse! Nurse!”

Mask leaves the room as a nurse approaches. She looks at his face. “If you’re looking for the admissions desk, it’s down the hall, then down the stairs and to the left.”

“Thanks, but I think I’ll just cut to the chase and check in at the morgue.”



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



# 1-6992

*Hint for Marker L1 (4-2953 on p.128) contd.*

Visit Doctors Kara's home.



# 1-7017

*Central Park - Children's Summer House*  
*CP-73*

*"One of the rooms is filled with small beds. Children? Was this some kind of orphanage?"*



# 1-7762

*Central Park - Carousel*  
*CP-66*

*“The wolves keep running around the flock and begin to press in. Sheep start running in circles to try and find an escape.”*



# 1-8838

*Kara, Ruby*  
*525 E. Houston St, LE-30*

Turns out not to be related to Dr. Kara.



# 1-8888

*Hint for Marker H1 (4-3463 on p.132) contd.*

Where could her boyfriend be?

Solution go to 7-5623 on p.197.



# 1-9071

*Central Park - Bow Bridge*  
*CP-55*

*"There is an oddly ornate-looking stone bridge that stretches out across a lake."*



# 1-9742

*Heritage Journeys Travel*  
*653 Lexington Ave, TB-26*

No one has seen Golding.





# 1-9896

*"Liberty Shotgun and Rifle"*  
638 Lexington Ave, TB-25



# 1-9917

*Final Puzzle (1-3000 on p.25) contd.*

The acrostic message tells Mask to pick left.



# 1-9935

*Manuscript Puzzle ([2-0557 on p.51](#)) contd.*

Could other parts of the story be referencing locations in Central Park?

Need another hint go to [2-9924 on p.75](#).



2

# 2-0557

*Manuscript Puzzle ([5-4488 on p.157](#)) contd.*

What could be the great forest near the upper eastside?

Need another hint go to [1-9935 on p.49](#).



# 2-0821

*Blissful Nights*  
*115 W. 31st St, TL-57*

O'Dwyer isn't there, but Mask had not expected him to be.



# 2-0917

*Central Park - Water Tunnel ([3-5611 on p.94](#)) contd.*

Mask kicks open the door to the right. An empty corridor. Behind him, the sound of a door being ripped open and running. He turns around and lets out a shot. It goes wide. The Garrotter crashes into Mask. They tumble to the ground. Hands around Mask's throat, pressing harder. Harder.

Later

Valentine lowers his paper. "Looks like someone solved our problem for us."

"I don't know, Boss. Something about this still makes me sick."

The End.

- Go to [Final Scoring \(p.239\)](#)



# 2-1278

*Melvin Pick (1-3947 on p.26) contd.*

There was no need to visit Melvin at his house.





# 2-1597

*Hint for Marker G1 ([p.252](#)) contd.*

Talk to Madeline Wells.

Need another hint? go to [5-4428 on p.156](#).



# 2-1605

*Leoni and Son Boats & Ships*  
*25 Sutton Pl S., TB-24*

Mask doesn't find anything.



# 2-2334

*Hint for Marker Q1 ([p.260](#)) contd.*

Where might Golding be everyday?

Solution go to [5-4594](#) on [p.158](#).



# 2-2841

*Hint for Marker B1 ([p.248](#)) contd.*

Visit the Graybar Office Building.



# 2-2986

*Lenox Hill Hospital*  
100 E. 77th St, UE-11

If you're here to inquire about Edward's health go to [4-5113 on p.136](#).

Otherwise if if you have circled **Marker G1** in your case log go to [2-7463 on p.72](#).

Otherwise if if you have circled **Marker L1** in your case log go to [1-6954 on p.39](#).



# 2-3234

*City Soundwaves Studio*  
*135 E. 53rd St, TB-32*

No one has seen Golding.



# 2-3408

*Hint for Marker D1 (3-9735 on p.114) contd.*

Visit Jamie Ryder.



# 2-3560

*Hint for Marker K1 (5-7318 on p.163) contd.*

Visit Celeste Cygan.





# 2-3596

*Hint for Marker D1 ([3-5217 on p.93](#)) contd.*

Try using the reverse directory.

Need another hint go to [3-9735 on p.114](#).



# 2-4046

*Blue Angel Nightclub*  
152 E. 55th St, TB-26

No one has seen Golding.



# 2-4987

*Hint for Marker O1 ([5-4684 on p.159](#)) contd.*

Visit Edward's home.



# 2-5211

*Biddle, Albina*  
*300 E. 46th St, TB-74*

No one is home.



# 2-5636

*Sloan-Kettering Institute (7-9928 on p.208) contd.*

A few greased palms reveal the same story: Herbert Edwards is considered the biggest and wealthiest hypochondriac in the city.



# 2-5789

*Hint for Marker G1 ([6-6318 on p.183](#)) contd.*

Where could he have been heading with his easel?

Solution go to [3-9092 on p.111](#).



# 2-5938

*Rockefeller Institute Hospital (6-7827 on p.184) contd.*

Dr. Kara has not been admitted to this hospital.



# 2-6646

*Hint for Marker E1 ([p.250](#)) contd.*

Reread lead go to [Waking Up In A Car \(p.17\)](#)

Need another hint go to [7-5676 on p.198](#).





# 2-7122

*Final Puzzle (7-5235 on p.195) contd.*

The paragraph following the phrase mentioning a cold chill has a message in it.

Need another hint go to [1-3000 on p.25](#)



# 2-7463

*Lenox Hill Hospital (2-2986 on p.59) contd.*

Mask doesn't find anything out about Madeline or her boyfriend.



# 2-8346

*Hint for Marker F1 ([p.251](#)) contd.*

About where was the car parked?

Solution go to [3-2341](#) on [p.82](#).



# 2-9291

*Final Puzzle (5-4941 on p.160) contd.*

Is there some repeated phrase?

Need another hint go to [7-5235 on p.195](#).



# 2-9924

*Manuscript Puzzle (1-9935 on p.49) contd.*

Start at Scholar's gate. Follow landmarks.

Solution go to [5-2249 on p.149](#).



3

# 3-0291

*Cygan, Edna*  
328 W. 22nd St, CS-58

Edna turns out not to be related to Celeste.



# 3-0502

*"Ideal Toy Company"*  
101 E. 54th St, TB-25





# 3-0545

*Edwards, Jean*  
*124 E. 79th St, UE-3*

"I don't have a brother named Herbert. I think the person you're thinking of belongs to the Edwards that live in the Carnegie Mansion District."



# 3-0826

*Central Park - Sheep Meadow  
64 Central Park W., CP-69*

*"Following the sound leads to a meadow. As I descend, I notice the sheep seem unattended."*



# 3-2033

*Golding, A.*  
*2 E. 57th St, TS-17*

Turns out not to be related to Victor Golding.



# 3-2341

*Hint for Marker F1 (2-8346 on p.73) contd.*

Go to Antique Emporium



# 3-2952

*Wells, Paul*

*515 W. 135th St, MS-11*

Turns out not to be related to Madeline Wells.



# 3-3022

*Hint for Marker J1 ([1-6758 on p.38](#)) contd.*

Where could Mask be recognizing this person from?

Need another hint go to [6-1099 on p.173](#).



# 3-3127

*Hint for Marker A1 (3-5689 on p.96) contd.*

How about its red hair?

Solution go to [1-5219 on p.33](#).



# 3-3696

*Hint for Marker N1 ([1-4578 on p.29](#)) contd.*

What church could Doctor Kara attend?

Need another hint go to [4-7432 on p.141](#).





# 3-3923

*Consulate of Poland*  
*407 Park Ave S., MH-61*

No Mr. Kara works here.



# 3-4105

*Cygan, Celeste*  
500 E. 57th St, TB-18

White paint flakes off the old brick building. It floats on the breeze and settles on the surface of the East River.

Mask climbs the exterior stairs to the second floor. Celeste's door is open. Mask peeks inside. Nothing appears disturbed.

The main room comprises some worn but patched couches, a coffee table and lampstands made from driftwood. A variety of paintings lean against the north wall. Dreamcatchers hang from the ceiling. Windows make up the entire east wall, with a doorway to a small concrete balcony overlooking the river. An easel stands just inside with a half-painted landscape on it - a sunset over what looks more like an ocean than a river.

Mask examines the portrait. "Celeste, you hom-?"

Bang! A lamp near the easel explodes. Ceramic shards graze Mask's left cheek as he dives towards the ground. The couch provides cover. Muffled thuds as a few more bullets enter the couch.

Celeste's voice yells, "You come here to kill me, Mask! Send me off with Vic!"

"What are you talking about?! I didn't off Vic! I'm looking for him!"

"Oh, so then you can kill him!"

"You think I've thrown in with Valentine? Come on. Give me credit. We've got to find Vic and get out of town."

Celeste hesitates. "You... you really didn't hurt him?"

"No, I didn't hurt him. I'm going to stand up now. Saw the Graphic, right? You must think I had quite a night - stealing kisses, selling out, murdering Vic."

"But then... where is he?"

"That's what I'd like to know," Mask says. "Last anyone heard, he was yapping about coming here."

"Wait - where? Where was he last seen?"

"The Brook. Screaming about coming here to hide from ghosts or something. Guessing he never showed?"

"N-no."

Mask sighs. Walks out onto the balcony.

"Figures. Look, I've got the feeling something bad's coming. You should probably leave town. I'll find Vic, and maybe we all meet back up in Pawnee."

He rests his arms on the ledge, looking out at the river. Brooklyn. "Some view," he mumbles. Celeste walks out beside him.

"You're a good friend," she says.

A cold chill.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“I try.” A long, labored wheeze. Eyes not trained. Wafting reek of nearby garbage.

Celeste’s eyes lower.

“Stay safe.”



Make a special note of this lead in your case log. You may wish to reread it later.



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



# 3-4882

*Wells, Ellen*

*740 Park Ave, UE-30 (apt. 3a)*

Turns out not to be related to Madeline Wells.



# 3-5101

*The Lion's Head*  
23 E. 39th St, TL-17

O'Dwyer isn't there, but Mask had not expected him to be.



# 3-5141

*Kara, Burl*

*740 Park Ave, UE-30 (apt. 2a)*

Burl turns out not to be related to Dr. Kara.



# 3-5217

*Hint for Marker D1 ([p.249](#)) contd.*

Locate 58th street on the map.

Need another hint go to [2-3596 on p.63](#).



# 3-5611

*Central Park - Water Tunnel*  
79-40 W. Dr, CP-41

Author's note. I would recommend theorizing about the whole case up till now and trying to answer the following questions go to [Questions \(p.237\)](#)

I might also suggest giving the entries you took special note of in the case log a reread.

Splashes echo throughout the tunnel. Flashlight's beam swings back and forth over wet reflective surfaces. A powerful stench seems to keep growing stronger. The sound of a second set of steps?

Mask stops. Listens. Silence. He treks on. Ahead, light and shadows appear around a bend in the tunnel. Off to the side is a maintenance room. Inside, candles burn. Mask tightens his grip on the Colt.

The smell is coming from inside the room. A makeshift catacomb. A mural, painted in blood on one wall, showing a group witnessing a hanging. On the other, shelves of decapitated heads. One of them is Victor Golding.

"Fuck!"

Sudden pressure around Mask's throat! He drops the flashlight. Tries to get fingers under the wire. Windpipe constricted. Swings the Colt behind him, lets out a volley of shots. Deafening - but the pressure around his throat slackens.

He spins around and takes a couple more shots as the Garrotter rounds a corner in the back of the room. Mask chases after him. Around the corner, in the back of the room, is a doorway. Maintenance tunnel.

The tunnel leads straight to a T-intersection. To the left and right are closed doors. Mask swings the Colt open. Only one shot left.

A cold chill.

Muscles ache. Stomach knots, gnaws. Overwound. Laboriously exhales. Fingers tremble.

Clarity. Mask moves forward with confidence. Guidance?

Author's note. This puzzle will probably be redesigned so there is no way to guess the answer but the basic idea of the puzzle will stay the same. So do not guess. If you need a hint go to go to [Final Puzzle \(p.261\)](#)

Here's also a prototype document that might be expanded upon and given in this lead. A scrap of a journal from the Garrotter. Try to solve the puzzle before consulting it because it might make things too obvious. But if you used a couple hints already look at this



Circle **Document 7** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 7** (Test note to give player hint in final puzzle), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 234](#).

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



If Left go to [1-4161](#) on p.27.

If Right go to [2-0917](#) on p.53.



# 3-5689

*Hint for Marker A1 ([p.247](#)) contd.*

What are the characteristics of a leprechaun?

Need another hint go to [3-3127](#) on p.85



# 3-6125

*New York Appraisal Services*  
*888 3rd Ave, TB-32*

No one has seen Golding.



# 3-6170

*Hint for Marker M1 ([p.257](#)) contd.*

What hospital might Doctor Kara have been taken to?

Need another hint go to [6-3742](#) on p.180.



# 3-6538

*Golding, Victor (8-3891 on p.219) contd.*

There's no need to visit the boss's house.



# 3-6690

*Sanford's Bar*  
*202 W. 34th St, TL-47*

O'Dwyer isn't there, but Mask had not expected him to be.



# 3-6721

*Hint for Marker J1 (6-1099 on p.173) contd.*

Visit Ratopax Extermination Corp.

Solution go to [4-3508 on p.133](#).



# 3-6826

*Kotik, Oles*  
*120 E. 20th St, GP-55*

- Go to [8-7843 \(p.224\)](#)





# 3-6975

*Hint for Marker N1 ([1-4850 on p.30](#)) contd.*

Try rereading the party scene and pick up on details about Novak

Need another hint go to [1-1583 on p.24](#).



# 3-7188

*Consulate of Russia*  
*1039 2nd Ave, TB-27*

No Mr. Kara works here.



# 3-7225

*Hint for Marker N1 ([1-1583 on p.24](#)) contd.*

Wouldn't Novak try to visit Doctor Kara?

Need another hint go to [1-4578 on p.29](#).



# 3-8183

*Arrington & Costa Antiques*  
153 E. 53rd St, TB-32

No one has seen Golding.



# 3-8751

*"Gallery of Living Art"*

*101 Washington Square E., GV-67*

"Mr. Wells is not currently showing here. But you might try the park. He often paints there.



# 3-8779

*Edwards, Herbert*  
520 E. 70th St, LH-36

No response to knocks at the front door. Mask walks down an alley to the back of the house: a small courtyard with a back door for deliveries. A trash fire burns in a bin. The delivery door has been left open.

Mask heads towards the door, when a maid appears from within. She's carrying a wastebin, almost overflowing with crumpled pieces of paper, towards the fire.

A cold chill.

Hurriedly empties wastebin. "Insanity. Library locked. Guests unwanted - " incredulously - "doctors, even. You! Out! Understand?"

The maid continues to wave Mask away as she carries the wastebin back inside. Mask waits a moment, then begins to head towards the door. A butler appears.

"I'm sorry, but what is your business here?"

"I work for Golding. Trying to track him down. He here?"

"I'm afraid he is not. Mr. Edwards has forbidden any guests since his return."

"Is Herbert alright?"

"I... I suppose he must actually be feeling better than usual. He canceled consultations he had scheduled for today. Now, please, I must insist you leave."



Make a special note of this lead in your case log. You may wish to reread it later.



Circle **Marker O1** in your case log.



# 3-8868

*Consulate of Austria*  
*1382 3rd Ave, UE-4*

No Mr. Kara works here.



# 3-8995

*Graybar Office Building  
420 Lexington Ave, TB-78*

If it's Day 1 go to [7-9576 on p.207](#).

Otherwise if if you have circled in your case log **all** of the following 12 items (**Marker C1, Marker D1, Marker E1, Marker F1, Marker G1, Marker H1, Marker J1, Marker K1, Marker M1, Marker N1, Marker O1, and Marker Q1**) then go to [5-2275 on p.150](#).





# 3-9092

*Hint for Marker G1 (2-5789 on p.68) contd.*

He went to Washington Square Park



# 3-9225

*Ginger Man Bar (4-2794 on p.126) contd.*

O'Dwyer's not here today.



# 3-9329

*Mask, G.*

*435 E. 52nd St, TB-40 (apt. 2d)*

If it's Day 1 go to [5-4396 on p.155](#).

Otherwise go to [4-4324 on p.135](#).



# 3-9735

*Hint for Marker D1 (2-3596 on p.63) contd.*

Any names similar to the one mentioned at the Brook Club.

Solution go to 2-3408 on p.61.



# 3-9971

*Cornell Medical Center (4-3550 on p.134) contd.*

After some legwork, Mask learns Madeline's sweetheart was last seen in the chemical analysis lab next door.



4

# 4-1214

*The Tiger Bar*  
21 E. 30th St, TL-66

O'Dwyer isn't there, but Mask had not expected him to be.



# 4-1707

*Barrel & Beats*  
*501 5th Ave, TL-7*

O'Dwyer isn't there, but Mask had not expected him to be.





# 4-1718

*Consulate of Sweden*  
*140 E. 54th St, TB-32*

No one has seen Golding.



# 4-1885

*Donald, Josephine*  
*133 E. 55th St, TB-19*

No one has seen Golding.



# 4-2033

*Ginger Man Bar (4-2794 on p.126) contd.*

Glass shatters. Those who can hear above the cacophony of the bar turn around. Mask stands behind Roark O'Dwyer, his hands loosely wrapped around O'Dwyer's throat.

Noticing the stares, Mask quickly lets go, shrugs, tries a boyish grin. Met with glares. A few boos. O'Dwyer's still gagging on the slug he'd been downing. The barman's moving quickly towards them.

O'Dwyer spurts, "What the fuck!" Mask puts a five on the counter. Gestures between it and the broken glass. Without waiting to see the barman's reply, Mask takes O'Dwyer by the arm, drags him into the men's room.

He shoves a still-coughing O'Dwyer up against a row of sinks. "Guess you won't need a shower. You seem wide awake."

"Go to hell." O'Dwyer rubs his throat. Starts to push past Mask and head towards the exit. Mask firmly grips his shoulder, gives O'Dwyer a smirk.

"Blame your boss. I'm just playing messenger boy."

"You can't joke like that, not with the Garrotter out there." O'Dwyer tries to break away. Mask squeezes hard and swings O'Dwyer back between himself and the sinks.

"Look, only reason I visited your work is you broke our date. I'm busy. Another errand to run at the Graybar building. You're lucky I don't have time to go find someone else. So I've brought you your pot of gold." Mask thrusts a wad of bills into O'Dwyer's hand. "Now give me what my boss and his friends need to see a rainbow. They need one. It's been raining too long."

O'Dwyer jerks his hand inside his coat and returns with a small bag. Mask snatches it and starts walking towards the exit.

O'Dwyer snarls, "You and Golding think you're pretty big up there in Turtle Bay. Don't you! High Society! Well, I heard neither of you quite made it over the Garden wall... Also heard there are some visitors in town. Old friends from Chi... looking you two up. Better watch your backs!"



# 4-2149

*Drafting Supply Shop*  
*399 Park Ave, TB-31*

No one has seen Golding.



# 4-2432

*Melvin Pick (1-3947 on p.26) contd.*

A note is pinned to Pick's door.



Circle **Document 6** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 6** (Note from Pick), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 233](#).



# 4-2701

*"Gemstone Accents Boutique"*  
640 Lexington Ave, TB-25



# 4-2743

Ryder, Jamie  
449 E. 58th St, TB-5

Mask knocks on the door. No response. He knocks louder: no response. He bangs!

A muffled voice says from inside, "Go away! I'm trying to sleep!" Mask bangs again. Shuffling. The voice gets closer. "What's your problem? Do you want me to call the cops?"

The door swings open. Mask explains the situation, offers 10 dollars to help smooth things over.

"Makes sense, you two know each other. The two of you decide to wage a crusade against peace and quiet? Yeah, he came in screaming his head off about needing "sanctuary". Ghosts after him or something - clearly out of his head. I don't know what dope you guys were messing with, but I'd steer clear of it from now on.

"Anyway, he kept going on, wouldn't stand still. I tried to tell him we'd get him all the help he needed if he'd just shut up and sit down. Was deciding between calling the cops or the funny farm, when he started acting like he was going to head deeper into the club, so I came around the desk to try to stop him. And by this point some of the other staff and guests started to mosey in to see what all the hubbub was about. I thought maybe we were going to have to dogpile him.

"But all of the sudden he heads towards the front door. Now he's going on about someone named Celeste, how only she can save him and he has to get to her? Then he was gone, out into that downpour. Good riddance.

"Some of the members made a bit of a hullabaloo about making sure he's alright. Well, they didn't want to get wet, and neither did we - so we just nodded and said we'd get right on it. With the members, out of sight, out of mind. Here, wait a minute."

Jamie retreats into his residence, then returns and hands Mask a piece of paper.



Circle **Document 1** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 1** (This is Gold-  
ing's Poem), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 227](#).



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

"He slammed this down on the reception desk at some point. Put it in my pocket without thinking - was just going to throw it away. That's all I got. Now please let me get some sleep.



# 4-2794

*Ginger Man Bar*  
11 E. 36th St, TL-34

If it's Day 1 go to [4-2033 on p.121](#).



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

Otherwise go to [3-9225 on p.112](#).





# 4-2812

*Wells, Sadye*

Turns out not to be related to Madeline Wells.



# 4-2953

*Hint for Marker L1 ([p.256](#)) contd.*

Have you tried visiting Doctor Kara?

Solution go to [1-6992](#) on p.40



# 4-3332

*Wells, Madeline*  
128 E. 95th St, CM-7

Mask's finger reaches towards the doorbell. Pauses. He shrugs, then presses the buzzer. A moment passes, and the door opens revealing a maid. She looks at Mask, crinkles her face and begins to shut the door - then stops.

"Wait.. you're..."

She looks around quickly at her surroundings. Swings the door open and grabs Mask by the arm. "The coast is clear, quickly!"

Mask's dragged into the house and up some stairs.

"Oh how I love a good romance. Star-crossed lovers and all that." At the top of the stairs, the maid opens another door and leads Mask inside a room. "Now, you stay right here and I'll go find her." Without waiting for a reply she turns and leaves, closing the door behind her.

Madeline Wells' bedroom? Queen sized bed. Collection of abstract and classical-style paintings hanging on the walls. A large bookshelf with a mix of art history books, first editions of poetry and fiction, along with women's and suffragette literature. Along a wall, a writing desk, and next to it a trashcan with a crumpled-up copy of the Evening Graphic in it.

The door opens and Madeline Wells appears. Her eyes go wide, then narrow. A pinched grin appears on her face as she turns to the maid behind her.

"How thoughtful. We'll have to talk about this later."

She closes the door, strolls over to her desk. "Well, hello, lover. Seen our glamour shot in the paper? If not, you can have mine." She reaches into the trashcan and pulls out the crumpled paper. "A little worse for wear." Throws it to Mask. "Guess I was just clutching it too tightly next to my beating heart. Where'd you run off to anyway? You could give a girl the wrong idea."

Mask balls up the paper and throws it over his shoulder. "Got swooped up by the fairies and taken to their kingdom." Points to his face. "Gave me a beauty potion. Just got back. Missing two things: my boss, and a priceless skull."

Wells stiffens. "I hope that's not an accusation. One's reputation can only take so many assaults in one day. I haven't seen Golding and I've no idea where he is. You know what, Clyde: I think it's time for Bonnie to be frank. From where I'm standing it looks like you really screwed the pooch. If I recall correctly, you were the one on chaperone duty." Wells pauses, turns away from Mask. "I'm... I'm not sure you know, but the Doc got pretty banged up. Fell down the stairs."

Mask sits on the edge of the bed. "I'm sorry. I really let you all down."

"A-and Mask, it... it took us a while to, ah, regain our senses, you know. Saw some scary stuff." She turns back towards Mask. "Mask, you... you don't... I mean, it was just the dope, right? I'm not even sure the skull looked real. And if it was fake, then that means the whole thing was fake. I mean, we really couldn't have contacted Shelley's ghost. That's, I mean, that's just crazy and -"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“I’m sure it was just the drugs.” A moment of silence. Mask looks over and kicks at the crumpled paper. “Any ideas about who got this ball rolling?”

Wells turns back towards Mask. “Maybe your luck is turning around. I might have a lead for you - my brother. I may have accidentally mentioned our little party during one of our lively debates - between the topics of women, the arts, family honor, yadda yadda.”

Mask gets up. “Well, it’s something.”

“Chin up, Mask. I think you’ll find both the things you’re looking for.” He heads for the door. “Oh, and Mask... as much as I love this clandestine lovers act, it’s getting a bit clichéd. So when you leave, hold your head up high.”



# 4-3407

*The Half Note*

*26 W. 30th St, TL-71*

O'Dwyer isn't there, but Mask had not expected him to be. Good guess, though.



# 4-3463

*Hint for Marker H1 ([7-3947 on p.191](#)) contd.*

Didn't he mention something about Madeline's boyfriend?

Need another hint? go to [1-8888 on p.44](#).



# 4-3508

*Hint for Marker J1 ([3-6721 on p.101](#)) contd.*

Visit Lady Eugenie Gee



# 4-3550

*Cornell Medical Center*  
525 E. 68th St, LH-43

If you're here to inquire about Edward's health go to [7-5530 on p.196](#).

Otherwise if if you have circled **Marker G1** in your case log go to [3-9971 on p.115](#).





# 4-4324

*Mask, G. (3-9329 on p.113) contd.*

Clothes strewn across the floor. Chest of drawers open. Disorganized papers scattered on a writing desk. Sheets half off the bed. Medicine cabinet door hanging open, revealing modest contents: a razor, shaving cream, a bottle of aspirin. Mask's apartment.

Currently, three occupants. One proceeds to flip over the mattress. One pulls the chest of drawers away from the wall and peers behind. One stands next to the door of the apartment, observing the others.

"Nothing here about where Golding's holed up."

"Okay. You two stay here while I go call the boss."

One of the men leaves the apartment. Starts walking towards the lobby. Suddenly he feels something hard at his back. A rod. But it shakes. Trembles.

"M-"

"Mask! You bastard!" snaps Pick. "The skull's in the fucking paper! Pforzheimer's on his way! I'm taking it back, and the negatives. Don't you -"

The door to Mask's apartment creaks open. Another goon peeks through, then steps out. Clubs Pick over the back of head. Pick crumples.

"Who's this?"

"Hell if I know. Thought I was Mask. Seems related to that piece in the Graphic with the skull."

Third goon walks out as the second rolls Pick over.

"Hey, this is the guy in those negatives. What a freak!"

"Well, help me drag him back into the apartment. Let's find out what he knows."

"Oh, I'm going to enjoy this!"



# 4-5113

*Lenox Hill Hospital (2-2986 on p.59) contd.*

A few greased palms reveal the same story: Herbert Edwards is considered the biggest and wealthiest hypochondriac in the city.



# 4-5465

*Moran, Nita*  
*150 E. 54th St, TB-32*

No one has seen Golding.



# 4-5508

*Grolier Club*  
47 E. 60th St, UE-74

If it's Day 1 and if you have circled in your case log **both** of the following 2 items (**Marker A1** and **Marker B1**) go to [Grolier Evening \(p.10\)](#)

Otherwise go to [8-2110 on p.216](#).



# 4-5891

*Korolev, Ignacio*  
*128 E. 36th St, MH-31*

"I didn't receive any phone calls," Korolev says. "Yagudayev's having trouble? I really need to get back to the office in time for that service. I'll call the old man when I get there if there's still time before it starts. You could try Schinkel - he should be at home, has the day off. He had an all-nighter prepping the deceased, so he would know if any phone calls came in during the night. Please, excuse me."



# 4-7292

*Brook Club*  
111 E. 54th St, TB-25

The Brook: a 24-hour gentlemen's club. As Mask enters he spots a well-dressed man behind a reception desk and signals to him.

"Good morning sir, how can I... Ah geez, fella, you look awfully banged up. Need me to call a doc?"

"Rolled out of bed the wrong way. Got separated from my friends last night: Golding, Edwards, Dr. Kara. They still here?"

"I don't recognize any of those names. I'll check the guest book, but then you better make yourself scarce. Can't have the members seeing someone in your state..."

He flicks through the book. "Nope, not seeing them. Hey! Aren't you that nefarious Romeo from the paper - Mask? Looks like you could use one. Barely recognized you. What happened? Things get a little too rough?" The receptionist winks.

"What are you yammering about?"

"You ain't seen the Graphic yet! Here, have mine. You can cut out the picture and keep it in your wallet."



Circle **Document 2** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 2** (Evening Graphic Article), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 228](#).

The skull! Mask searches the pockets of his suit jacket. He still has the key but the box is gone!

"Fuck me," he mutters to himself.

"Wait, was it one of your friends who came in here screaming bloody murder in the middle of the night? Had to be thrown out?"

"Does it look like I know?"

"Well, I wasn't on shift then. It was Jimmy... Jimmy, what's it? Raider? Riener? Lives around here, somewhere on 58th. Invited to a staff poker game at his place once. I couldn't make it."

"Thanks for the help."

"Hope you find your friends in better shape than yourself."



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



# 4-7432

*Hint for Marker N1 ([3-3696 on p.86](#)) contd.*

Have you tried seeing if Doctor Kara has any siblings?

Need another hint go to [5-3171 on p.152](#).



# 4-9496

*Hint for Marker M1 ([6-3742 on p.180](#)) contd.*

Go to Lenox Hill Hospital





# 4-9709

*Wells, Ocie*

Turns out not to be related to Madeline Wells.



# 4-9900

*Wells, Grady*

*402 E. 105th St, SH-64 (apt. 1d)*

Turns out not to be related to Madeline Wells.



5

# 5-0974

*Cornell Medical College Laboratories*  
*1300 York Ave, LH-43*

If you're here to inquire about Edward's health go to [5-1792 on p.148](#).

Otherwise if if you have circled **Marker G1** in your case log go to [6-5060 on p.181](#).



# 5-1214

*Kara, M.D.*

*324 E. 70th St, LH-38*

“Dr. Kara can’t see any patients in the immediate future,” insists the nurse. “He’s indisposed. If you give me some contact details, I can let you know when he’s ready to see patients again.”



# 5-1792

*Cornell Medical College Laboratories (5-0974 on p.146) contd.*

A few greased palms reveal the same story: Herbert Edwards is considered the biggest and wealthiest hypochondriac in the city.



# 5-2249

*Manuscript Puzzle (2-9924 on p.75) contd.*

Go to the water tunnel in central park.



# 5-2275

*Graybar Office Building (3-8995 on p.110) contd.*

Pressed against the outside wall, Mask listens.

“Pick, where are you?” Pforzheimer yells. “Pick! If you don’t show yourself, you’re fired! ...Great, he’s gone to ground. When I find him...!”

Footsteps, heading deeper into the library. Mask peeks around the corner of the open door. Pforzheimer’s nowhere to be seen. He slowly moves towards Pick’s desk.

He hears Pforzheimer’s muffled voice in the distance: “Well, at least it looks like nothing else is missing from the safe.”

Mask places the box with the supposed skull fragment on Pick’s desk. Backs out of the library. Heads back down to the ground floor and out the front door.

“That was clo-”

A sharp pain. Darkness.

- Go to [Waking Up In A Cell \(p.19\)](#)





# 5-2551

*Edwards, Hilda*

*115 Central Park W., LS-14 (apt. 3e)*

Turns out not to be relate to Herbert Edwards.



# 5-3171

*Hint for Marker N1 (4-7432 on p.141) contd.*

What could the consulate where Doctor Kara's brother works tell you?

Solution go to [1-6160 on p.37](#).



# 5-3277

*Belsky, Joseph*

*50 W. 34th St, TL-49 (apt. 1a)*

No one comes to the door. Belsky is probably still at work.



# 5-3679

*Edwards, James*  
*101 E. 89th St, CM-27*

James Edwards is still away on business and won't be back till next week. Mask learns from the staff that he is embarrassed by his brother's hypochondria. Still can't believe he moved out of the Carnegie Mansion district into Lenox Hill just to be closer to medical facilities.



# 5-4396

*Mask, G. (3-9329 on p.113) contd.*

Mask is too busy to stop back at his apartment.



# 5-4428

*Hint for Marker G1 ([2-1597 on p.55](#)) contd.*

Try to find Well's brother.

Need another hint go to [1-1521 on p.23](#).



# 5-4488

*Manuscript Puzzle (7-4192 on p.194) contd.*

What's to the north west of Turtle Bay?

Need another hint go to [2-0557 on p.51](#).



# 5-4594

*Hint for Marker Q1 (2-2334 on p.57) contd.*

Visit Golding's house.





# 5-4684

*Hint for Marker O1 ([p.259](#)) contd.*

Have you tried visiting Herbert Edwards?

Solution go to [2-4987](#) on p.65.



# 5-4941

*Final Puzzle (p.261) contd.*

Reread the leads specially noted in your case log.

Need another hint go to [2-9291 on p.74](#).



# 5-5709

*Beer & Whiskey Lounge*  
*19 E. 34th St, TL-45*

O'Dwyer isn't there, but Mask had not expected him to be.



# 5-6088

*Rockefeller Institute Hospital (6-7827 on p.184) contd.*

A few greased palms reveal the same story: Herbert Edwards is considered the biggest and wealthiest hypochondriac in the city.



# 5-7318

*Hint for Marker K1 ([p.255](#)) contd.*

Were all the original guests in attendance?

Solution go to [2-3560 on p.62](#).



# 5-7788

*Biddle & Yagudayev Undertaker*  
110 E. 55th St, TB-25

55th Street is flooded in front of Biddle & Yagudayev Undertaker. Water's flowing out from the storm drains into the street. Mask looks up at the still drizzling sky, then enters the undertaker's building.

Well-upholstered couches. Coffee table with a variety of magazines and catalogues. Classical landscapes hanging on the walls. Vases of flowers sitting on different tables and pedestals. A reception counter. The guest parlor. An older man dressed in a suit, Yagudayev, stands behind the counter. Mask enters and Yagudayev jumps slightly.

"Oh, my. You're not with the Johnson family, are you? Or the McGuys? Please, you have to understand that something like this has never-

As he speaks he comes around the counter, revealing that he's not wearing any shoes or socks. His dress pants are rolled up to his thighs.

"Um... no, I'm here to ask - "

"Oh, thank heavens." The old man relaxes. His shoulders slouch and his back takes on a more hunched appearance. "I'm sorry, but we're quite busy at the moment. Unforeseen circumstances leave us unable to offer as much assistance as we would wish to at this time."

"I'm not bereaved. I'm just here to ask..."

"You're not from the health department, are you? I mean, I never imagined this could happen. It's really beyond my control!"

"No, I'm just - "

A side door behind the reception counter opens. A young woman in a one-piece bathing suit comes out holding a bucket full of water. She turns and starts heading into the back of the building.

Yagudayev turns and calls out, "Beanie? Have you gotten through to Korolev yet? We need to do something. This... this is indecent!"

Beanie stops. "Umm... he said he's sorry, but they're full up. No way he can help." She doesn't wait for a response, but runs into the back of the building. A door can be heard opening followed by sounds of the city.

Yagudayev shouts after her, "What? Doesn't he understand this is a crisis! This is how he respects the memory of your father! At least Albert isn't around to see this mess."

"Look, I'm just trying to ask if my friend came here last night - Victor Golding?"

"What? Why would your friend be coming to a funeral home in the middle of the night? Can't you see how busy we are? Beanie!" Beanie runs back in with a now empty bucket. "You were here all night. Any schmuck named Golding come by?"

She takes a moment to look Mask up and down. Disheveled. Bruised. Scraped up. She frowns. "No, just me and my bucket." Then she heads back through the side door behind the reception counter.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Footsteps can be heard going down steps, then splashes.

“There you go,” snaps Yagudayev. “So unless you have the power to part the Red Sea, please leave.”



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



# 5-8565

*"Canvas area around block 25"*  
TB-25

Mask doesn't notice anything new.





# 5-8744

*Yagudayev, Sawa*  
*35 Sutton Pl, TB-6*

No one is home.



# 5-9593

*First Hungarian Reformed Church*  
344 E. 69th St, LH-41

The person Mask's looking for doesn't belong to this church.



# 5-9833

*Central Park - Ladies Cottages*  
CP-46

*“On the other side in the distance, I can see what looks like a town. Cottages. A pavilion.”*



6

# 6-0455

*Rockefeller Institute Hospital (6-7827 on p.184) contd.*

Mask doesn't find anything out about Madeline or her boyfriend.



# 6-0755

*Evening Graphic*  
11 E. 36th St, TL-34

There's a cacophony of keys clacking and return-carriage zings. Reporters running in and out of the newsroom. New arrivals scanning for the nearest open desk. No one pays any attention when Mask enters the room - just part of the crowd.

At first he weaves between the different rows of desks, inspecting each one. Nameplates? Nah. Next he tries asking around - met with suspicion. Eventually Mask finds someone more susceptible to a lucrative incentive.

"Don't have any idea where Ducker is," the newsman tells him. "He was bragging earlier about a new way to get scoops. Something about hiding in plain sight. I don't know... the guy likes to blow his own horn a lot. Don't pay a lot of attention to him."

"Got any photos of him?"

"Christ! You don't even know what he looks like? This is starting to reek. I think we're in for a renegotiation."

Mask hands him another five.

The newsman leads him over to a photo hanging on the wall - company Christmas party. "That's him. Guy with the big smug grin on his face."

Mask squints.

"I feel like I've seen this guy. Is it just from the Grolier last night?"



# 6-1099

*Hint for Marker J1 ([3-3022 on p.84](#)) contd.*

Who are the people Mask met on Day 1?

Need another hint go to [3-6721 on p.101](#).



# 6-1459

*The Merry Cork*  
*200 Madison Ave, TL-40*

Belsky had said O'Dwyer would not be at the Cork, and he was correct.





# 6-1677

*Central Park- Scholar's Gate*  
*CP-83*

*"Amongst them a robed figure. The Scholar?"*



# 6-2345

*Central Park - Cherry Hill Cove  
2 W. 69th St, CP-61*

*“Nearing the top of the hill, a sweet scent reaches me. Some sort of fruit? I look around but see no source for the scent. Down below, on the other side of the hill, is a cove.”*



# 6-2738

*Central Park - Cop Cot  
120 Central Park S., CP-78*

*"Fear seizes me. I hide. A constable."*



# 6-2910

*Korolev's Diner*  
*600 Lexington Ave, TB-36*

Korolev seems confused by Mask's questions. He thinks Mask must have him mixed up with somebody else, but assures him he only serves high quality meats at his diner.



# 6-3009

*Central Park - Lake*  
*135 Central Park W., CP-51*

*"There is an oddly ornate-looking stone bridge that stretches out across a lake."*



# 6-3742

*Hint for Marker M1 ([3-6170 on p.98](#)) contd.*

What hospital is near the Grolier club?

Solution go to [4-9496 on p.142](#).



# 6-5060

*Cornell Medical College Laboratories (5-0974 on p.146) contd.*

The chemical analysis lab. There on a table next to some lab equipment, completely unguarded, is the small box with the priceless skull. Lid's been pried opened. Mask grabs the box, turns towards the door to leave. Voices approach.

"Well, it's a good thing I thought to just look at it under a microscope first." That must be James. "Saved the college a lot of money. It's clearly some sort of dead leaf - nothing like bone cells at all. Now, how about we grab a bite to - "

In walk Madeline Wells and James.

"Mask! ...I was going to get it back to you. I just had to know first. If any of it was real. You believe me, don't you?"

Mask shrugs. "Sure, Bonnie. Doesn't really matter now. But for the record: you still say you don't have any idea what happened to Golding?"

Madeline shakes her head.

James says, "So you're the one Mads left me for. Hmmm... I don't know, think I might have you beat in the looks department, buddy."

Mask walks past the pair and out the door. "Well what can I say. Sometimes they go for brains."



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



# 6-5922

*Wells, D.*

*600 W. 168th St, WH-89*

Turns out not to be related to Madeline Wells.





# 6-6318

*Hint for Marker G1 ([1-1521 on p.23](#)) contd.*

He was heading south.

Need another hint go to [2-5789 on p.68](#).



# 6-7827

*Rockefeller Institute Hospital  
York Ave at 66th St, LH-56*

If you're here to inquire about Edward's health go to [5-6088 on p.162](#).

Otherwise if if you have circled **Marker G1** in your case log go to [6-0455 on p.171](#).

Otherwise if if you have circled **Marker L1** in your case log go to [2-5938 on p.69](#)



# 6-8185

*Golding, Victor (8-3891 on p.219) contd.*

Golding's place has been tossed. Mask stands in the doorway. Quickly he looks over his shoulder, then back. Listens. Silence.

Mask crouches and begins to creep through the residence. No one home.

"Looks like they decided to have a little fun."

A cold chill.

Handcrafted Orfina, meticulously engraved. Smashed. Whistler etching. Eviscerated. Trilby. Hacked. Obliterated. Mess everywhere.

Mask returns to the front door. Two pieces of paper on the floor.

"Must have been delivered after the decorators left."

Two notes, with different handwriting.



Circle **Document 4** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 4** (Note from Celeste), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 231](#).



Circle **Document 5** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 5** (Note from Al), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 232](#).



Make a special note of this lead in your case log. You may wish to reread it later.



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



# 6-8208

*Washington Square Park  
13 Washington Square N., GV-66*

Two men and an easel under an umbrella. Each man half in, half out of the rain.

“Nice picture,” Mask remarks.

“A man of taste.” Wells looks at Mask’s face. “Hmm... would have taken you for a cubist. Do I know you?”

“Word around town is I’m your sis’s new beau.”

“Hmmm. Can’t say I’m surprised. Still, I’d be lying if I said I’m not a bit disappointed. Actually liked the last guy alright - studying to be a doctor or something.” Wells grimaces. “Look, do you mind if we switch places? It’s a bit hard to keep the paint on the brush when it’s out in the rain.”

They swap positions. Now each is completely soaked.

“You wouldn’t happen to be the one feeding ducks?” asks Mask.

“What are you going on about?”

“Phil Ducker. Ducks. The sleazeball who wrote that article.”

“Sort of got away from you there, didn’t it?”

“Maybe.”

“You know, maybe you’re alright after all. Not to worry - I don’t go out of my way to embarrass my sister. Believe it or not, I actually like keeping the family rep intact. Makes my life easier.”

Somebody screams. A commotion in the distance. Mask heads towards it and Wells waves his brush in the air, “Been nice meeting you.”

Mask begins to run.

A cold chill.

Tears across knotted earth. A group of onlookers. Damp. Lifeless. Obstructing. Onward! Kneading. Groping. Exit? Through! Mask admires death.

Underneath a withered tree is a freshly dug hole. Inside, human heads, stacked atop one another. Glass eyes looking upward. Mouths filling with rain.

Bystander murmurs, “The Garrotter.”



Make a special note of this lead in your case log. You may wish to reread it later.



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



7

# 7-0051

*Wells, Wade*  
*455 E. River Dr, LE-65*

Turns out not to be related to Madeline Wells.



# 7-0558

*Central Park - Ladies Pavillion  
1 W. 75th St, CP-48*

*"On the other side in the distance, I can see what looks like a town. Cottages. A pavilion."*



# 7-1653

*Hint for Marker E1 (7-5676 on p.198) contd.*

Go to Biddle & Yagudayev Undertaker





# 7-3947

*Hint for Marker H1 (1-5943 on p.35) contd.*

Have you talked to Well's brother?

Need another hint? go to [4-3463 on p.132](#).



# 7-3966

*Central Park - Lake  
22 Central Park S., CP-79*

*"The treeline opens to a lake, glimmering in the moonlight."*



# 7-4148

*Golding, Dennis*

*140 W. 22nd St, GP-34 (apt. 1b)*

Turns out not to be related to Victor Golding.



# 7-4192

*Manuscript Puzzle ([p.262](#)) contd.*

Could there be NY locations being referenced in the text?

Need another hint go to [5-4488](#) on p.157.



# 7-5235

*Final Puzzle ([2-9291 on p.74](#)) contd.*

Could it be signaling some sort of message?

Need another hint go to [2-7122 on p.71](#).



# 7-5530

*Cornell Medical Center (4-3550 on p.134) contd.*

A few greased palms reveal the same story: Herbert Edwards is considered the biggest and wealthiest hypochondriac in the city.



# 7-5623

*Hint for Marker H1 (1-8888 on p.44) contd.*

Go to Cornell Medical College Laboratories.



# 7-5676

*Hint for Marker E1 (2-6646 on p.70) contd.*

What could have been down that alley?

Solution go to [7-1653 on p.190](#).





# 7-5694

*Sloan-Kettering Institute (7-9928 on p.208) contd.*

Mask doesn't find anything out about Madeline or her boyfriend.



# 7-5728

*Czechoslovak National Church of Saint John Nepomucene*  
411 E. 66th St, LH-49

Helena Novak is wearing her habit. She stares at the small flower bed outside Saint John's. Tiny streams of water run down the leaves of the flowers. Beads of water on their petals. Mask walks up beside her.

"Hello, Sister."

"Oh, hello, Mr. Mask." She turns to look at him. "Mr. Mask! Your face!"

"We all got to pay for our sins."

"Yes. I don't know what will become of me. After the Graphic... Reverend Mother says she'll have to see the Bishop."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"Let's go inside," she says. "Someplace warm."

The wind brings a cold chill.

It kneads Novak. Oscillates. Whirls. Whips hard at the corners of Mask's enfeebled suit. Against flurries, they enter.

Warm. Quiet. The pair walk to the front of the church and sit in a pew.

"I don't suppose you've seen Golding, have you?" asks Mask. "He's missing."

"No. What a nightmare."

"I'm sorry I let you down, Sister."

"Pray with me for a while, Mr. Mask."



Make a special note of this lead in your case log. You may wish to reread it later.



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



# 7-5753

*Wells, Jettie*

*434 E. 57th St, TB-17*

Turns out not to be related to Madeline Wells.



# 7-6723

*Schinkel, T.*

*128 E. 41st St, MH-7*

Schinkel tells you, “No, there were no phone calls from Yagudayev’s last night.”



# 7-7297

*The W. 34th St Bar*  
*40 W. 34th St, TL-49*

O'Dwyer isn't there, but Mask had not expected him to be.



# 7-7799

*Ducker, Philip*  
*20 E. 35th St, TL-46*

No one is home.



# 7-8175

*Ratopax Extermination Corp.*  
*383 5th Ave, TL-40*

If it's Day 2 go to [1-5306 on p.34](#).



# 7-8280

*Wells, Wilbert*  
*3 W. 19th St, GP-52*

Wilbert Wells steps out of his house carrying a large umbrella, a folded easel, and a large canvas bag. Mask watches Wells from across 5th Avenue. The driver of the idling Model A watches Mask from further back on 20th.

Street looks empty. A glance to the two men in the back.

“All right, boys. Let’s do this.”

Wells begins to head towards 5th Avenue. Mask towards Wells. The Model A towards Mask.

Wells turns and heads south on 5th. Mask approaches the corner of 20th and 5th. The Model A pulls up alongside Mask.

Car doors are thrown open. Mask struggles against the men’s grasp. Wells continues on his way.

An officer rounds the corner of 5th onto 20th and starts running towards Mask and the Model A. Mask’s shoved aside. The doors slam shut and the Model A shoots off, flies through the intersection at 5th against the light.

Tires squeal. Horns blare. The Model A squeaks through. The officer turns and heads toward the commotion. Mask runs the other way.

Wells glances back at the ruckus, then keeps heading south.





# 7-9576

*Graybar Office Building (3-8995 on p.110) contd.*

Coat in hand, Melvin Pick opens the door to the office and collides with Mask. Pick falls backwards onto the floor.

“Oh Mr. Pick, I’m so sorry! Let me help you up.” Mask offers his hand. “Aw geez, and look, I’ve gotten you all wet.”

Pick stands and brushes himself off, fumbling for his glasses. “Oh, n-no worries Mr. Mask. Accidents happen. I-I thought perhaps Mr. Golding had changed his mind about tonight.”

Mask looks around. The space is big enough to house a typing pool and a couple of separate offices; instead it’s filled with shelves and shelves of books. Musty books. Old books. Ancient books. A secret library.

Pick takes a seat at a solitary desk by the office door.

“Mr. Mask, I’m-m not sure if I can let this happen. It’s a complete betrayal of Mr. Pforzheimer’s trust! If he even finds out I let anyone in here without his express permission...”

“Mr. Pick, please, calm yourself. We both know Mr. Pforzheimer’s out in Purchase. My employer only wishes to borrow the object for a one night engagement. His other guests are all fellow bibliophiles - in fact several are fellow members of the Grolier Club. The event is even being held at the club tonight.” Mask pauses. “Surprised?! Well, we won’t dwell on what that might imply about your regard for my employer. As I was saying, I assure you it will be treated with the utmost respect and care. Then tomorrow I will return it, and you’ll never have to see me or these again.”

Mask slides an envelope across the desk. Pick rips the envelope open and looks at the photos. His shoulders slump. He stands and begins to lead Mask through the maze of aisles. Eventually they stop before a portrait: a young man with wavy brown hair, an upturned white collar, blue suit and a quill in his right hand.

Pick fiddles with the frame. The portrait swings out, revealing a safe. Pick looks back at Mask for a moment, then begins turning the tumblers. As the door to the safe swings open, more books are revealed, including a Gutenberg Bible. Pick’s hand passes by the books and instead pulls out a metal box. After handing the box to Mask, he pulls out a key ring from his pocket, finds a particular key and hands that to Mask as well.

“Promise you’ll take care of it?”

“You worry too much, Pick.” Max jabs him in the chest. “I gotta get going. Holding up Vic’s party as it is. You’ll get this and the negatives, tomorrow.”



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



# 7-9928

*Sloan-Kettering Institute*  
1275 York Ave, LH-46

If you're here to inquire about Edward's health go to [2-5636 on p.67](#).

Otherwise if if you have circled **Marker G1** in your case log go to [7-5694 on p.199](#).



# 7-9969

*Edwards and Brother, CPA*  
*136 E. 59th St, UE-80*

"Mr. Edwards is at home."



8

# 8-0557

*O'Dwyer, R.*

Somewhere in the city a payphone rings.



# 8-0679

*Consulate of Denmark*  
353 E. 52nd St, TB-39

No Mr. Kara works here.



# 8-0939

*Consulate of Venezuela*  
162 E. 55th St, TB-26

No one has seen Golding.



# 8-1154

*Korolev & Schinkel Funeral Home*  
*110 E. 41st St, MH-6*

“I’m sorry,” says an employee, “we’re a bit busy at the moment. There was a schedule change and now the family insists we have the service today. We’re still getting everything ready. I don’t know anything about any phone calls from Yagudayev’s - maybe the call went straight to Mr. Korolev’s office? He popped out to grab a quick bite with his wife at home. Now I really must get back to work.





# 8-2061

*Church of the First Elder*  
*676 Lexington Ave, TB-19*

No one has seen Golding.



# 8-2110

*Grolier Club (4-5508 on p.138) contd.*

Locksmiths are busy changing the locks to the entrances of the Grolier. Mask doesn't see a way to enter inconspicuously.



# 8-2242

*"Animal Rescue League"*  
405 Park Ave, TB-25

No one has seen Victor Golding.



**8-3836**

*“WNBC Radio”*

*644 Lexington Ave, TB-25*



# 8-3891

*Golding, Victor*  
240 E. 51st St, TB-48

If it's Day 1 go to [3-6538 on p.99](#).

Otherwise go to [6-8185 on p.185](#).



# 8-4202

*One-Two-Three Club*  
*123 E. 54th St, TB-31*

No one has seen Golding.



# 8-5114

*"Kara, Bronislav"*  
210 E. 65th St, LH-53

"It's terrible." Housekeeper shakes her head. "He's had some sort of accident. He's in the hospital."



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



# 8-5421

*Kara, Vyacheslav*  
*1278 2nd Ave, LH-45*

Mask's knocks are not answered. A neighbor spots him. "You looking for Mr. Kara?"

"Yes."

"He's at work - some consulate. Sorry, don't remember which."





# 8-7246

*Antique Emporium*  
127 E. 54th St, TB-25

The sign in the front window says “Closed until further notice.” It’s dark inside the shop. Mask checks his suit pockets: “Damn flashlight’s gone too.”

He squints through the window. “Think I see dust on the counter. Not sure if this place’s been open in a while.”

Mask heads back to Vic’s car. Despite a thorough search, there’s no box containing a skull fragment and no keys to the car itself.



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



# 8-7843

*Gee, Lady Eugenie*  
120 E. 20th St, GP-55

Mask says to the maid, "Can you tell one of the exterminators, Phil, that Belsky wants to see him outside. Uh, but be discreet. It's a private matter."

The maid disappears back inside the house. A few moments later, Phil Ducker appears. "Joey, what's the deal? Everything's going fine - "

Mask punches Ducker in the face. Ducker reels back. Mask grabs him by his white overalls, swings him and slams him into the front of the house. "Didn't duck that, did you!"

Ducker coughs. Sputters.

"Now, you're going to give me an exclusive. Who blabbed?"

Ducker croaks, "Can't... reveal a source..."

Mask slams him against the house again. Starts to lift him off the ground by his suspenders. "Oh, come on! Don't start with integrity now! You know, you should be a rat-catcher - bet they walk right up to you."

The maid walks out of the house, looks at the pair of them, and runs back inside.

"Damn it!" Mask grabs Ducker by the throat. "Talk, now!"

"I don't know! Disguised voice! Could have been anyone - man or woman."

The other exterminators run out of the house. Mask drops Ducker and sprints away from them down the street.



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



# 8-8669

*Consulate of Czechoslovakia  
485 Park Ave, TB-1*

“I’m not close to my brother,” says Vyacheslav Kara. “You’re a friend of his? Is everything alright?”



# DOCUMENTS

**STOP!**



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

## Document 1

*This is Golding's Poem, from [4-2743 \(p.125\)](#)*



## Document 2

*Evening Graphic Article, from 4-7292 (p.140)*

SUNDAY, JUNE 14, 1925

### INDUSTRIALIST'S DAUGHTER EMBRACES MORE THAN HER SPIRITUAL SIDE!

Skulls! Ghosts! Hooch! Smooch!? The truth cannot be ducked when Ducker is on the case!

Rain can't wash away sins, and neither can it deter your faithful reporter Philip Ducker! After receiving a tip of strange goings-on in the dead of the night at the respectable Grolier Club, this reporter had to brave the treacherous storm. He owed it to the truth and his loyal readers - a group of readers that seem to have more class, dignity, and common sense than those purported intellectuals at the Club. One must wonder what kind of books they read to shape their minds and consciences.

Now, this reporter knows many readers have suffered the unbearable loss of loved ones during the war - and some may even have sought to make contact with those loved ones in the great beyond. It is not for him to judge those seeking solace in their grief. But a widowed mother trying to make final peace with her lost son is a far cry from what was occurring in the halls of Grolier last night. A black mass! Trying to use the pilfered bones of a poet to entrap his soul! To force him to impart inspiration to sullen, empty minds! Minds made even emptier by copious libations, and other illicit substances.

Did this reporter witness their debauched ritual? Luckily he was spared

this affront, but he did see the ruinous results - and it leaves him with no doubts as to the validity of the information he received. Bear witness to the photographic proof yourself! (Picture shows Wells sprawled on top of Mask at the bottom of the stairs. Novak stares absently in the background, and has her mouth open as if chanting something.)

No sooner had this reporter arrived at the premises than he encountered this scandalous scene! Madeline Wells, daughter of industrialist Rodrick Wells, in an impassioned embrace on the floor, while an as-yet-unidentified woman chanted unknown blasphemies in Latin. What obscene love song was being sung? Were they to become avatars for the late Shelley and his wife? Madeline Wells may think herself Mary Shelley, championing the cause of woman's independence and art. If this is that artistic process, however, this reporter cannot join the cause.

And who fulfills the role of Shelley? Someone you are more likely to recognize from the crime beat than the society pages, despite recent efforts. G— Mask! Right-hand lackey to supposedly self-made but highly dubious Victor Golding! Was Golding present? Sadly, this reporter cannot say - for as soon as this illuminating photo was captured, the brute Mask attempted to assail yours truly.

This reporter found himself forced to make a hasty retreat to safety, and unsure if he was still being pursued, felt compelled to leave the area in order to ensure the public learned of this story!

## Document 3

*Edward's Manuscript, from [Waking Up In A Cell](#) (p.19)*

WHEN I FIRST BECAME INFECTED BY THE AILMENT, I COULD NOT SAY. MUCH WAS STILL UNKNOWN. MANY STILL DENY ITS EXISTENCE. I HAVE TAKEN NOTICE. DISPARATE DEATHS, MISTAKENLY ATTRIBUTED TO DIFFERENT NATURAL CAUSES. BUT I CAN SEE. UNUSUALLY DARK CIRCLES AROUND THE EYES. SMALL BUT PRESENT SWELLING IN THE FEET. IRREGULAR Splotches ON THE NAILS.

UNDOUBTEDLY, WHILE PURSUING MY INVESTIGATIONS, I HAVE BEEN EXPOSED. I STILL DON'T KNOW THE TRANSMISSION VECTOR, BUT I'VE NOTICED A CONSTANT FATIGUE IN MYSELF. A DULL ACHE, SLOWLY PUSHING ITSELF FORWARD IN MY HEAD. AND WITH THIS INSIGHT, I NOW SEE HOW DEEPLY THIS DISEASE HAS BECOME ROOTED IN OUR COMMUNITY. MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN. I CAN SMELL IT ON THEM. WHO KNOWS HOW LONG BEFORE IT BEGINS TO INCAPACITATE US ALL.

I'VE HEARD RUMORS OF A WISE SCHOLAR WHO LIVES AT THE EDGE OF THE GREAT WILDERNESS. I INTEND TO SEEK HIM OUT TONIGHT. FOR SOME REASON I FIND MYSELF STARING AT THE PORTRAIT IN THE ENTRY HALL OF MY LODGINGS: A WOMAN DRESSED IN BLACK. SEATED, AND STARING AT A BLACK CURTAIN? PORTENT OF THE DEATH TO COME.

I STEEL MYSELF AND STEP OUT INTO THE NIGHT. TO THE NORTH AND SOUTH ARE HILLS; TO THE EAST THE RIVER, AND TO THE WEST THE TOWN SQUARE. I HEAD NORTHWEST INTO THE UPPER HILLS WHERE THE WIND BLOWS TO THE EAST. AT THE FOOT OF THE HILLS A RUINED BUILDING. THE SIGN OUT FRONT SHARES MY NAME. A FAILED BUSINESS BY DISTANT ANCESTORS? I CONTINUE DUE WEST.

ABRUPTLY THE WIND STOPS. TREES LOOM BEFORE ME, AMONGST THEM A ROBED FIGURE. THE SCHOLAR? I CALL OUT TO HIM. HE OFFERS SOME VAGUE GESTURE AND PROCEEDS DEEPER INTO THE WOODS.

COMPELLED, I FOLLOW. WHY DOESN'T HE ANSWER MY CALLS? MOONLIGHT IS OBSCURED BY THE TREETOPS. I'M WORRIED I'LL LOSE TRACK OF HIM IN THE SHADOWS. FOR A MOMENT I THINK I HAVE, BUT THEN I SEE LIGHT BREAKING THROUGH AHEAD OF ME.

THE TREELINE OPENS TO A LAKE, GLIMMERING IN THE MOONLIGHT. A TINY ROTTING DOCK JUTS OUT IN FRONT OF ME. THE SCHOLAR IS IN A ROWBOAT, PUSHING OFF INTO THE LAKE. ABANDONING ME? BUT I'M SURE I SEE HIM WAVE, A SIGN TO COME JOIN HIM.

I RUN DOWN THE DOCK. BOARDS MOAN AND CRACK BENEATH MY FEET. WITH A SMALL LEAP, I MAKE IT ONTO THE BOAT. IT ROCKS AND I STRAIN TO KEEP BALANCE. JUST WHEN EQUILIBRIUM SEEMS TO HAVE RETURNED, THE SCHOLAR STANDS.

I SEE HIM NOW CLEARLY. WILD HAIR. LARGE DEPOSITS OF CRUSTED SLEEP IN THE CORNERS OF HIS EYES. MUCUS REFLECTING THE MOON LIGHT UNDER THE BRIDGE OF HIS NOSE. THIS MAN CANNOT HELP ME. THIS MAN IS DISEASED. HE BEGINS TO CLUTCH AT ME WITH LONG DIRTY NAILS. WE GRAPPLE WITH ONE ANOTHER. THE BOAT SWAYS OUT OF CONTROL. IT FLIPS, PLUNGING US INTO THE WATER. INTO DARKNESS.

EACH OF MY BREATHS IS LABORED. I DO NOT KNOW WHERE THE SCHOLAR IS. I'VE MANAGED TO CLAW MY WAY BACK ONTO LAND, BUT NOW I AM LOST. AIMLESSLY I WANDER THE WOODS, UNCERTAIN OF WHAT I'M EVEN LOOKING FOR. THEN, A TORCH AMONGST THE TREES.

FEAR SEIZES ME. I HIDE. A CONSTABLE. WHY DO I FEAR HIM? I WAIT AND HE RETURNS, PASSING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. ON PATROL. BUT WHAT IS THERE TO PATROL OUT HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FOREST - A SECRET?

I PURSUE HIM, HIDDEN BY THE TREES. HE COMES TO A CLEARING. A LONE HOUSE RESIDES THERE. AS HE LEAVES I APPROACH THE HOUSE, WHICH APPEARS TO BE IN DECAY. SAGGING WINDOWS. FLAKED PAINT. WARPED PORCH. WHAT'S INSIDE? I ENTER.

REEKS OF DAMPNESS AND ROT. ONE OF THE ROOMS IS FILLED WITH SMALL BEDS. CHILDREN? WAS THIS SOME KIND OF ORPHANAGE? WHY HAVE IT HIDDEN DEEP IN THE WOODS?

QUARANTINE... COULD THEY HAVE BEEN ISOLATED BECAUSE OF SOME SICKNESS? SOME EVIL? HAS THE DEATH THAT HAS COME TO OUR COMMUNITY BEEN BORN HERE? GROWN AND FESTERED?

I MUST LEAVE BEFORE IT TAINTS ME FURTHER. I MUST GET BACK. I RUN OUT OF THIS CURSED PLACE, BACK INTO THE WOODS.

TREES EVENTUALLY GIVE WAY TO HILLS, BUT ARE THESE THE HILLS I KNOW? SOMETHING SEEMS OFF. I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND ANY LANDMARKS I RECOGNIZE. BLEATING IN THE DISTANCE - MAYBE A SHEPHERD. SOMEONE I CAN GET DIRECTIONS FROM.

FOLLOWING THE SOUND LEADS TO A MEADOW. AS I DESCEND, I NOTICE THE SHEEP SEEM UNATTENDED. I CALL OUT, BUT NO ONE RESPONDS. SHEEP BEGIN TO MILL AROUND ME. WHERE COULD THEIR SHEPHERD BE? COULD DEATH HAVE COME AND TAKEN HIM? THE BLEATING IS CALMING. I TAKE A MOMENT TO SIT AND REST.

UNSURE, I STRAIN MY EARS. THE SOUND OF RUNNING IN THE DISTANCE. SUDDENLY, HOWLS BEGIN TO RING OUT. WOLVES DESCEND INTO THE MEADOW. THEY ENCIRCLE THE FLOCK. I'M IN THE CENTER OF IT ALL.

THE WOLVES KEEP RUNNING AROUND THE FLOCK AND BEGIN TO PRESS IN. SHEEP START RUNNING IN CIRCLES TO TRY AND FIND AN ESCAPE. I NEED TO ESCAPE. I STRUGGLE AGAINST THE ANIMALS. FIGHT THE CIRCULAR CURRENT THEY'VE CREATED. IF I FALL, I'LL BE TRAMPLED.

AT THE OUTER EDGE I WAIT. ONE OF THE WOLVES BEGINS ATTACKING A SHEEP. MY CHANCE. I SPRINT PAST AND START UP ONE OF THE HILLS, PRAYING THE WOLVES ARE DISTRACTED ENOUGH. LUCKILY THE BLOOD PUMPING IN MY EARS COVERS WHATEVER SOUNDS LIE BEHIND ME.

NEARING THE TOP OF THE HILL, A SWEET SCENT REACHES ME. SOME SORT OF FRUIT? I LOOK AROUND BUT SEE NO SOURCE FOR THE SCENT. DOWN BELOW, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL, IS A COVE. THERE IS AN ODDLY ORNATE-LOOKING STONE BRIDGE THAT STRETCHES OUT ACROSS A LAKE. ON THE OTHER SIDE IN THE DISTANCE, I CAN SEE WHAT LOOKS LIKE A TOWN. COTTAGES. A PAVILION. SALVATION.

NOW, BY THE BRIDGE, I NOTICE THAT STATUES LINE ITS RAILINGS. GARGOYLES. THEY LEAVE ME FEELING COLD. OMINOUS. MY STEPS ECHO. A FIGURE APPEARS ON THE OTHER END OF THE BRIDGE. I KNOW HIM. HE IS DEATH, AND HE IS COMING FOR ME. I TURN TO RUN, BUT HE IS UPON ME. I STRAIN AGAINST HIM, BUT HE HAS UNNATURAL STRENGTH. HE GRABS MY HEAD AND SMASHES IT INTO A GARGOYLE.

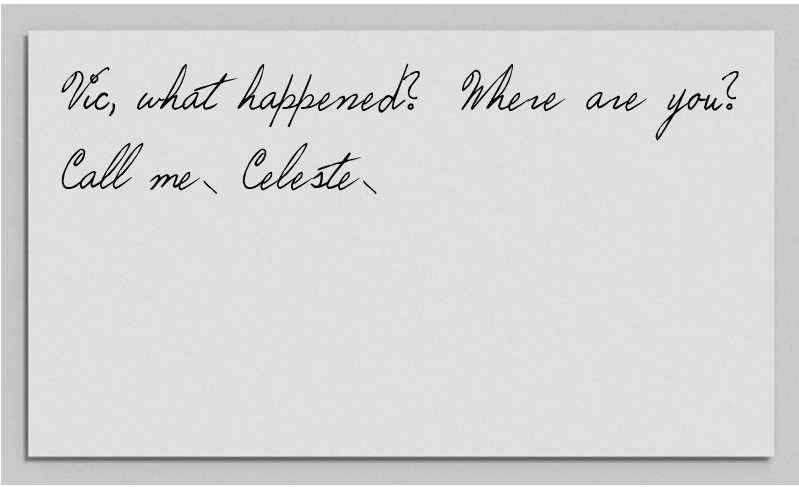
EVERYTHING IS BLACK NOW. CONSCIOUSNESS HAS RETURNED, BUT THERE IS NO LIGHT. I'M IN A WET COLD PLACE. SOME SORT OF CELL. MY SCREAMS ECHO ALL AROUND ME. I KNOW MY TIME IS SHORT. MY JAILER WILL SOON RETURN TO CARRY OUT HIS HORRIBLE WORK. HE KNOWS MY SECRET.

LOST SOUL, WHAT WILL BECOME OF YOU? WILL NO ONE HEAR YOUR CALL? WILL NO ONE SEEK YOU OUT?



## Document 4

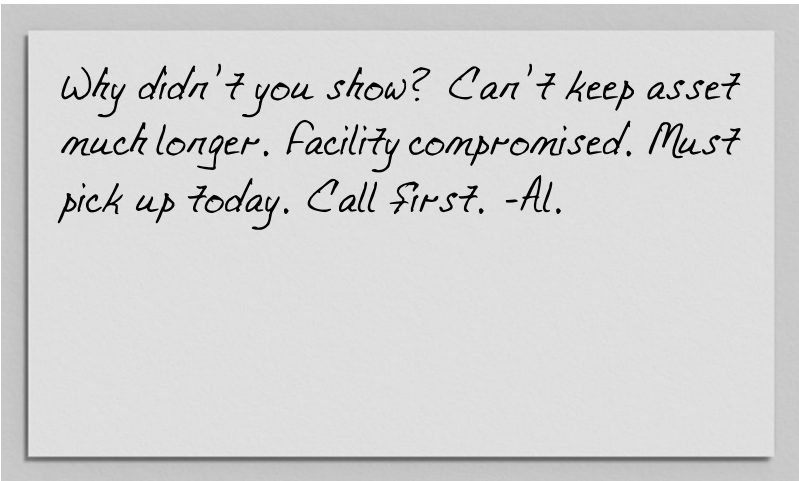
*Note from Celeste, from [6-8185 \(p.185\)](#)*



Vic, what happened? Where are you?  
Call me, Celeste.

## Document 5

*Note from Al, from [6-8185 \(p.185\)](#)*

A handwritten note on a piece of paper, which is placed on a grey rectangular background. The text is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

Why didn't you show? Can't keep asset  
much longer. Facility compromised. Must  
pick up today. Call first. -Al.

## Document 6

*Note from Pick, from [4-2432 \(p.123\)](#)*

*If attempting to deliver package, please bring it straight to the office. Must be hand-delivered. Any damage to the package is unacceptable and will result in negative repercussions to all parties.*

## Document 7

*Test note to give player hint in final puzzle, from [3-5611](#) (p.94)*



KEEPS INSTRUCTIONS LATENT, CURKING

# END

## Conclusion

### Plot Synopsis:

Victor Golding became aware that his past was catching up to him in New York. Members of the Chicago mob were looking for him. He decided to betray his fixer Mask. Golding conspired with his girlfriend Celeste. They decided to take advantage of a party they had already been planning. Taking advantage of the slightly scandalous nature of the party along with the supernatural overtones. Celeste excused herself from the party so that Victor had a place to say he was going while faking being out of his mind. Celeste also gave the tip off to Philip Ducker over the phone. With the reporter and Victor causing a scene at the Brook club, they were confident to create the narrative Victor was not in his right mind and heading towards Celeste's place. Victor had also made arrangements with Albina Biddle to acquire a cadaver to stand in for him. Mask would be killed and a car accident would be staged. However, on the way to acquire the cadaver Victor was attacked and overpowered by the Garrotter. His ghost wanted revenge and tried to influence Mask to carry out that task. He also influenced Herbert Edwards who seemed to have been receptive to psychic phenomena.

When Mask had crashed into Madeline Wells on the stairs the box containing the skull had fallen out. Madeline picked it up. Later concerned about what she had perceived that night, Madeline decided to have the skull fragment tested.



## Questions

If you've been directed here by a lead, try to answer the questions to the best of your ability then return to go to [3-5611 \(p.94\)](#)

**Q1. If any characters had ulterior motives the night of the party list and explain them here.**

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**\*\*Q2. What really happened during Night 1 at the Grolier? \*\***

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**Q3. Who contacted Phil Ducker?**

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**Q4. What happened to Golding? Where is he?**

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CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

**Q5. What happened to Herbert Edwards?**

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## Final Scoring

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

- Q1. Max score of 10: \_\_\_\_\_

Golding was working with Celeste to fake his death. He planned to create the impression he was not in his right mind and then stage a car accident. He planned to pick up a cadaver at Biddle & Yagudayev Undertaker from Albina Biddle. He planned to drug and murder Mask so he could be the passenger, while Golding replaced himself with a corpse.

- Q2. Max score of 10: \_\_\_\_\_

Golding drugged Mask's booze. While drugged Mask heard a scream. He went out into the hall and ran into Edwards who was screaming about a headache. Mask then heard a scream downstairs. Dr. Kara and Mask both attempted to run down the stairs but Dr. Kara tripped and tumbled down breaking his leg. Mask made it all the way to the first floor but crashed into Wells at the foot of the stairs. The box with the skull fell out of Mask's pocket during their collision. Novak was there talking to herself in latin. Ducker was there and took a photo. Mask chased after Ducker but tripped and hit his head on a box in the loading area. Golding located Mask and moved him to his car and drove off.

- Q3. Max score of 10: \_\_\_\_\_

Celeste most likely contacted Ducker. But if you suspected Golding you can also have the points.

- Q4. Max score of 10: \_\_\_\_\_

Golding was attacked and killed by Garrotter on his way to Biddle & Yagudayev Undertaker. His remains have been taken to the water tunnel in Central Park. His spirit has been trying to guide Mask to get revenge on the Garrotter.

- Q5. Max score of 10: \_\_\_\_\_

It seems Edwards was actually psychically inclined. He was influenced by the spirit of Golding to try and write directions to the Garrotter's lair. They became incorporated in a story idea Edwards had during the party. Golding spirit then drove Edwards insane while trying to get him to deliver the guide to Mask. Edwards wound up kidnapping Mask and then later setting his house on fire and dying in the fire.



## Behind the Scenes: Postscript from the Author

The idea for this story came from a previous desire to tell a story about a storyteller club and a recent viewing of the film *Gothic* (1986). It morphed enough that I might still want to revisit the idea of a plot around a story telling club. Doing a little online research and finding out that Pforzheimer owned a purported fragment of Shelley's skull helped solidify the idea. The idea of hidden acrostic messages from ghosts in the text is taken from Vladimir Nabokov's short story "The Vane Sisters". The idea of Garrotter came from the desire to have a slasher villain and reading about how there was once a potter's field and gallows in current day Washington Square Park. The story that formed was less fair play mystery and more a pulpy investigative adventure. Hopefully it brought you some enjoyment playing through it.



# Full Walkthrough

Spoilers!!!! Spoilers for the whole case below!

Here is one way the player could have gone through the case.

## **Turn 1: Track down O'Dwyer (4-2794: Ginger Man Bar)**

Belsky mentions that O'Dwyer is probably out drinking and Mask refers to O'Dwyer as the leprechaun. There are lots of bars in the neighborhood of TL but only two who have names that seem like they could be related to leprechauns. One the Half Note playing with the idea of leprechauns being short. O'Dwyer will not be found there. And the other is the Ginger Man Bar, playing on the idea of leprechauns having red hair.

## **Turn 2: Visit the Graybar Building (3-8995: Graybar Office Building)**

Mask explicitly states he has an errand to run at the graybar building. Use the directory to find the Graybar Office Building.

## **Turn 3: Visit the Grolier Club (4-5508: Grolier Club)**

Mask explicitly mentions the party will be held at the Grolier Club. Use the directory to find the Grolier Club.

## **Turn4: The Day 2 Intro**

The game will explicitly direct the player to the Day 2 intro.

## **Turn 5: Visit the Brook Club (4-7292: Brook Club)**

The game will explicitly direct the player to the Brook Club.

After this the game becomes very open ended. There are lots of routes for the player to explore. I'll try to group the walkthrough around overall objectives.

## **Investigating the immediate area:**

This is about covering the immediate block where Golding's car was abandoned. (Note due to the update to v3 there are now several more locations on this block. However there is still logic to explore the below leads in particular.)

## **Turn 6: Re-examine Golding's car (8-7246: Antique Emporium)**

During the intro to Day 2 Mask mentioned that the car was in front of an antiques shop.

## **Turn 7: Visit the Undertakers (5-7788: Biddle & Yagudayev Undertaker)**

During the intro to Day 2 Mask attention is drawn to the flooding occurring on the other side of an alley. The Antique Emporium and the Brook Club are on 54th street. The other side of the alley would be 55th street. Biddle & Yagudayev Undertaker is the only building on the block that is on 55th street.

## **Following up on the phone call claim from Biddle & Yagudayev**

It is possible for the player to try and follow up on the phone call Beanie claimed she made to Korolov. Currently this is not marked as critical, it's more an extra clue for players being thorough.

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

#### **Turn 8: Visit Korolev & Schinkel Funeral Home (8-1154: Korolev & Schinkel Funeral Home)**

Based on the context of Beanie's and Yagudayev's conversation it's implied Korolev is a fellow mortician. The only other Korolev business mentioned in the directory is a Dinner where the player will receive a humorous response.

#### **Turn 9: Visit Korolev (4-5891: Korolev, Ignacio)**

Could come straight here from the mention at Biddle & Yagudayev using the directory. Or if the player visits Korolev & Schinkel Funeral Home first they will be told Korolev is at home.

#### **Turn 10: Visit Schinkel (7-6723: Schinkel, T.)**

Korolev will tell the player Schinkel should be at home. From there the player can use the directory.

#### **Albina Biddle**

While the lead itself doesn't provide information it's worth noting that if you look up Biddle in the directory you'll see Albina Biddle. The player can infer that Beanie is a nickname for Albina. Also the player can later infer that Albina is the person who left the note at Golding's house. She signed the note as Al.

#### **Tracking down Jamie Ryder**

#### **Turn 11: Tracking down Jamie Ryder (4-2743: Ryder, Jamie)**

While at the Brook Club the employee mentions a fellow employee who was on shift when Golding possibly arrived. He doesn't quite remember his name, offering Jimmy and Raider or Riener. He also implies the employee lives in this neighborhood on 58th street. If the player uses the atlas they'll see that blocks 1-12 are on 58th street. If we use the reverse directory we see very few last names that start with "R" on those blocks. One of them is Ryder which sounds close to Raider/Riener. That person also has the first initial J. In fact, while not necessary if you cross reference with the white pages you'll see the J stands for Jamie; which was also corrupted through half memory to Jimmie.

#### **Checking out Golding's House**

#### **Turn 12: Visit Golding's Apartment (8-3891: Golding, Victor)**

The idea about this lead is the player just checking up to make sure Golding did not somehow return home last night. Covering the bases. Golding's address can just be found in the white pages.

#### **Bonus: Checking out Mask's Apartment**

If the player thinks to visit Mask's Apartment they'll be treated to a bonus scene. But it is not critical for the case.

#### **Finding Philip Ducker**

The player can try to track down Philip Ducker after receiving the article at the Brook Club.

#### **Turn 13: Visit the Evening Graphic (6-0755: "Evening Graphic")**

At the Brook Club the employee refers to the article as the Graphic. Also the articles label identifies the Evening Graphic. If the player gets to the lead with Madeline Wells the Evening Graphic will also be explicitly mentioned. Look up the Evening Graphic in the directory.

**Turn 14: Go back to Ratopax Extermination Corp. (7-8175: Ratopax Extermination Corp.)**

At the Evening Graphic Mask is shown a photograph of Philip Ducker. Mask comments that he feels he's seen Ducker before and questions if it was just from last night at the Grolier. While Mask is under the influence at the Grolier he mentions déjà vu when looking at Ducker's face. There are not that many locations Mask visited before going to the Grolier. Through elimination the player could back track to Ratopax. The player might also remember a man at Ratopax talking to Belsky about what seemed like a scheme.

**Turn 15: Confront Ducker at Lady Eugenie Gee's (8-7843: Gee, Lady Eugenie)**

Belsky gives the exact address for Lady Eugenie Gee's house: 120 E. 20th street. The player can go through the atlas to find East 20th street in Gashouse District (GD) and Gramercy Park (GP). The player can then use the reverse directory to search blocks looking for 120 E. 20th street.

**Tracking down the Party Guests**

The rest of Day 2 is primarily about tracking down the party guests.

**Celeste Cygan**

**Turn 16: Visit Celeste Cygan (3-4105: Cygan, Celeste)**

While not at the party Celeste was originally supposed to attend. From the Grolier entry the player learns she is Golding's fiancée, that she helped plan the party, and that she lives by the pier. The player also learns from Jamie Ryder that Golding said he was going to seek out Celeste. Celeste's last name is mentioned by Novak in the Grolier entry.

**Herbert Edwards**

**Turn 17: Visit Herbert Edwards (3-8779: Edwards, Herbert)**

Edwards full name is given in the Grolier entry. Look Edwards up in the directory.

**Madeline Wells**

**Turn 18: Visit Madeline Wells (4-3332: Wells, Madeline)**

Madeline's full name was given in the Grolier entry. Look Wells up in the directory.

**Finding Wells' Brother**

Visiting Madeline prompts the player to investigate her brother.

**Turn 19: Go to Wilbert Wells house (7-8280: Wells, Wilbert)**

The player can look up Wells in the White pages. Focusing on those who live in affluent neighborhoods.

**Turn 20: Go to Washington Square Park (6-8208: Washington Square Park)**

In the conclusion of lead at Wilbert's house the player is told Wilbert is still heading south on 5th Avenue with painting supplies and a large umbrella. Where could he be going to paint? If the player follows 5th avenue down it eventually goes into Greenwich Village. 5th Avenue ends at Washington Square Park. The player could also try the Gallery of Living Art and be nudged to Washington Square Park.

## **Finding the Skull**

Talking to Madeline's Brother gives the nudge towards the lead that will get the player to the skull.

**Turn 21: Go to Cornell Medical College Laboratories (5-0974: Cornell Medical College Laboratories)**

While talking to Madeline's brother, Wilbert, he mentions she was dating someone studying to be a doctor. A look through the yellow pages under Schools will reveal Cornell Medical College Laboratories. Also during the party at the Grolier, Dr. Kara mentions the "Center" and how it has advanced technology but overconfident youths. He is referencing the Cornell Medical Center. If the player visits the Cornell Medical Center they will be given a hint to go to the laboratories.

**Dr. Kara**

**Turn 22: Visit Dr. Kara's home (8-5114: Kara, Bronislav)**

Dr. Kara's name was explicitly given at the party. Use the directory to find his home.

**Turn 23: Visit Lenox Hill Hospital (2-2986: Lenox Hill Hospital)**

Dr. Kara's housekeeper says he's in the hospital. Searching for hospitals near the Grolier club in the yellow pages should lead to the Lenox Hill Hospital.

**Bonus: Dr. Kara's Brother**

If the player looks up the other Kara who lives in LH, they'll eventually find he works at the Consulate of Czechoslovakia. While not critical to the case this can actually help clue the player in how to find Novak.

**Turn 24: Visit Vyacheslav Kara (8-5421: Kara, Vyacheslav)**

Found by checking for other Kara's who live near Dr. Kara.

**Turn 25: Tack down Consulate of Czechoslovakia (8-8669: Consulate of Czechoslovakia)**

Found by checking different consulates from the yellow pages hinted at by the last name Kara and first name Vyacheslav.

**Helena Novak**

**Turn 26: Find Novak at the Czechoslovak National Church of Saint John Nepomucene (7-5728: Czechoslovak National Church of Saint John Nepomucene)**

There are several hints throughout the story that Helena Novak is a nun. When she first meets with Dr. Kara at the Grolier, he mentions her being out of uniform. He also mentions her being related to a fundraiser. She knows latin. She has a necklace with three interlocking triangles, a reference to the holy trinity. Also a nun is seen leaving Dr. Kara's room at the hospital which was Helena Novak. Dr. Kara also uses the phrase Mary and Joseph before talking about Helena in the hospital. If the player finds Dr. Kara's brother, the fact he works at the Consulate of Czechoslovakia will help point to the right church.

## **Returning the Skull**

The player cannot return the skull to the Graybar Building till they have all the markers for the day. There is a hint at Pick's apartment to return the skull if the player does not try it themselves.

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

**Turn 27: Return Skull to the Graybar Office Building (3-8995: Graybar Office Building)**

There is a hint at Pick's apartment to return the skull if the player does not try it themselves.

**Turn 28: Day 2 Evening**

Directed here directly from the Graybar Office Building.

**Following directions in the Manuscript**

There are hidden references in the manuscript to locations. It starts by pointing to Turtle Bay by hinting at its surrounding neighborhoods. There is also a reference to Whistler; Golding had a Whistler etching in his apartment. Then there is talk of going NW of Turtle Bay which is the Upper Eastside. Then there is a reference to Edwards and Brother, CPA to try and solidify the connection to the Upper Eastside. Direction is given to go west which leads to Central Park. From there players can look up a series of leads in Central Park which will show them the corresponding reference in the manuscript.

**Turn 29: Central Park - Water Tunnel (3-5611: Central Park - Water Tunnel)**

Final lead of the game reached by following the directions in the manuscript.



# HINTS

## STOP!



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



## Hint for Marker A1

*(must be found by end of day 1)*

Try to locate O'Dwyer.

Need another hint go to [3-5689 on p.96](#).



## Hint for Marker B1

*(must be found by end of day 1)*

Where did Mask say he had to go while at the Ginger Man Bar?

Solution go to [2-2841 on p.58](#)



## Hint for Marker D1

*(must be found by end of day 2)*

Try to locate the Brook Club employee who was on duty when Golding arrived.

Need another hint go to [3-5217 on p.93](#).



## Hint for Marker E1

*(must be found by end of day 2)*

Have you searched the immediate surroundings of where Mask woke up?

Need another hint go to [2-6646 on p.70](#).



## Hint for Marker F1

*(must be found by end of day 2)*

Did you consider going back over Golding's car?

Need another hint go to [2-8346 on p.73](#).



## Hint for Marker G1

Have you talked to everyone at the party?

Need another hint? go to [2-1597 on p.55](#).



## Hint for Marker H1

*(must be found by end of day 2)*

Have you talked to everyone at the party?

Need another hint? go to [1-5943](#) on p.35.



## Hint for Marker J1

*(must be found by end of day 2)*

Have you located the reporter from the Evening Graphic article?

Need another hint go to [1-6758 on p.38](#).





## Hint for Marker K1

*(must be found by end of day 2)*

Have you visited everyone involved in the party?

Need another hint go to [5-7318 on p.163](#).



## Hint for Marker L1

Have you visited everyone involved in the party?

Another hint go to [4-2953 on p.128](#)



## Hint for Marker M1

*(must be found by end of day 2)*

Have you visited Doctors Kara's home?

Need another hint go to [3-6170 on p.98](#).



## Hint for Marker N1

*(must be found by end of day 2)*

Have you visited everyone involved in the party?

Need another hint go to [1-4850 on p.30](#).



## Hint for Marker O1

*(must be found by end of day 2)*

Have you visited everyone involved in the party?

Need another hint go to [5-4684 on p.159](#).



## Hint for Marker Q1

*(must be found by end of day 2)*

Have you tried covering the basic bases of where Golding might be?

Need another hint go to [2-2334 on p.57](#).



## Final Puzzle

Reread the passage. Do not guess.

To get back to the passage go to [3-5611 \(p.94\)](#)

Need another hint go to [5-4941 on p.160](#).



## Manuscript Puzzle

Reread the manuscript.

Need another hint go to [7-4192 on p.194](#).

