

The Wrong Book

A Case for New York Noir

by Jesse Reichler

v1.94 - 4/8/24



SUMMARY

The Wrong Book is a 3-day case set in 1948 New York City, around the Times Square neighborhood. Jack Deverell is a private investigator hired to recover a valuable book stolen under mysterious circumstances.

- **Author:** Jesse Reichler <jessereichler@gmail.com>
- **Status:** playable
- **Additional credits:** Editing by Debbie Levy
- **Web:** <https://boardgamegeek.com/thread/3276594/play-the-wrong-book-case-now>
- **Difficulty:** 4 out of 5
- **Playtime:** 4 hours
- **Cautions:** Occasional adult language
- **Build tool:** Casebook v3.0 (11/17/24)
- **Compiled:** Sunday, November 17 at 03:55 AM
- **Stats:** 214 Leads / 27.9k Words / 173.1 KB

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Instructions

To play this case you will need:

- **Quick Start Rules (start with this!)**
- White, Yellow, and Reverse Directories
- Map Atlas w/ interleaved Neighborhood Guide
- Rulebook, Research Guide, and Navigation Guide
- A blank case log sheet to track your progress (one may be included in this book)

TIPS

- Unless otherwise specified, if you visit a lead that requires a marker that you don't currently have, you can come back when you do.
- Most people tend to work in the same neighborhood they live.
- Most people stick to the neighborhood where they live or work.

Tracking Time

As each day begins, you will be told what time the day starts and what time the day ends. Record both of these on your Case Log sheet (bottom right). Start a new Lead Notes sheet for each day, and record every lead that you visit, along with the (starting) time of each visit.

When you read a lead in the story book, you will be told the duration of that lead. Add this duration to the current time and write this new time on the next blank line; this will be the starting time for the next lead you visit.

- Looking up a lead that has no entry does not cause time to pass.
- Re-reading a previously visited lead does not cause time to pass.
- If you visit a lead that requires a marker you don't have, you can come back when you do.

Ending your Day

When each day begins, you will be told which items (typically Markers represented by letters) that **must** be found before you can move on to the next day. If you find all of these items *before* the designated day end time, you may keep playing until you reach the end time for the current day, or choose to end your day early.

Overtime

If the current time passes beyond the designated end time for the day, but you have **not** found all of the day's items, then the next lead you visit will trigger *Overtime* for the current day. When this happens, mark the checkbox on your Case Log that indicates that you have entered overtime (noted as OT in the lower right) for the current day. This will typically incur a small penalty in your final score.

Now, for the remainder of the day, you no longer need to record the time of lead visits, and the clock no longer advances (ignore any instructions telling you to do so). However:

- If you encounter lead text that asks what the current time is while you are in overtime, you should consider the current time to be the day's **end** time.
- If you are in overtime and find all of the day's required items, your day ends.

Flexitime Mode

Flexitime mode is an optional way to play for those who dislike having to micro-manage the passage of time.

- Ignore all time tracking instructions during the game. Do not record lead times or track the current time. Take as long as you want on each day. You are never in overtime.
- Should you encounter text asking you what time of day it is, simply pick a time of your choice which is: 1) Within the start and end time for day, and 2) Later than any previously chosen time on the same day.
- You still may not move on from the current day until you find all of the day's required items, but after you find them you may continue the day for as long as you like.

Playing in Flexitime mode may reduce the tension you experience but will not otherwise reduce the richness of your experience, and may be more enjoyable for people who would rather focus on the narrative experience without being distracted by record keeping.

Wrapping-up

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

HIGH & LOW CASE LOG:

DATE:

MARKERS		DOCUMENTS									
A	A2	1									
B	B2	2									
C	C2	3									
D	D2	4									
E	E2	5									
F	F2	6									
G	G2	7									
H	H2	8									
I	I2	9									
J	J2	10									
K	K2	11									
L	L2	12									
M	M2	13									
N	N2	14									
O	O2	15									
P	P2	16									
Q	Q2	17									
R	R2	18									
S	S2	19									
T	T2	20									
U	U2		CULTURE								
V	V2		1-10	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	?			
W	W2		11-20	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	1-10 <input type="checkbox"/>			
X	X2		21-30	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	11-20 <input type="checkbox"/>			
Y	Y2		31-40	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	21-30 <input type="checkbox"/>			
Z	Z2							31-40 <input type="checkbox"/>			
CAMPAIGN LOG			DEMERITS		DAY TIME SUMMARY						
			1-10	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	DAY	START	END	OT
			11-20	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	1			<input type="checkbox"/>
			21-30	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	2			<input type="checkbox"/>
			31-40	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	3			<input type="checkbox"/>
			41-50	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	4			<input type="checkbox"/>
			51-60	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	5			<input type="checkbox"/>
			61-70	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	6			<input type="checkbox"/>
			71-80	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	7			<input type="checkbox"/>
			81-90	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>				
			91-100	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>				
								FINAL SCORE: <input style="width: 50px; height: 20px;" type="text"/>			

LEAD NOTES DAY #:

DAY ENDS:

TIME	LEAD	NOTES

GENERAL NOTES

Day 1

Introduction

11 am Monday, March 1st, 1948

I got into the office early this morning and opened the place up myself. These days it's almost easier to sleep in my chair than in my bed. I'm just dozing off when I hear a knock at the door.

There's just enough of a pause to give me time to push my hat back and pretend I'm awake. In walks Jewel with a stack of papers in her hand, trailed by a lady I don't recognize. She looks to be in her early 40s. She's well put together, with matching black hat and handbag, and shiny black heels. Looks like she's from money – my favorite kind of client.

"This is Mrs. Browning," says Jewel. "She wants to hire you to find something or other."

I stand up and stick out my hand. "Nice to meet you, Mrs. Browning," I say, and she puts her white-gloved hand in mine.

"I'll take it from here," I say to Jewel, who's already headed for the door.

"If she's looking for a bird, don't take the job," she says over her shoulder.

"You're not, are you?" I say to Mrs. Browning.

"Not what?" she asks.

"Looking for a lost bird."

"Who are you, Sam Spade?"

A big grin forms on my face, and I sit back down in my chair. She may be from money, but I like her already. "No", she says, "I'm looking for a book".

She sits down in the chair opposite my desk and digs into her handbag for a cigarette. I know how this goes, so I just wait for her to get settled and start talking.

"It's a very rare and valuable book, Mr. Deverell. One that's been in my family for generations. It's been stolen, and I want you to get it back for me."

"Sounds like a job for the police," I say.

She rolls her eyes and leans forward to tap her cigarette in my ashtray. "I just came from the police – they're the ones who sent me to you."

"I see." I loosen my tie and pull out the ledger from my desk drawer. "Well, my rate is 50 dollars a day plus expenses – and that's whether I recover the book or not." What I don't say is that my normal rate's 40 dollars a day; the extra 10 is my matching-hat-and-handbag rate. "If that suits you, we can get started right away."

"That will be just fine," she says.

"OK, start from the beginning, tell me about this book and what you think happened to it."

"Very well," she says, rummaging into her handbag. "This is a photo of the book." She hands me a photo of an ornate book, indicating that I can keep it.

“It’s an Octavo King James Bible. It was purchased by my great-great-great-grandfather in 1700.” She hesitates for a moment, like she’s choosing her words carefully. “You must understand, Mr. Deverell, that I come from a deeply religious family – this book has been smuggled across oceans and deserts, and passed down from generation to generation, from mother to daughter to daughter. And now it’s been stolen. I must have it back. It is of incalculable sentimental value.”

“I guess it’s got some non-sentimental value, as well.”

She wrinkles her mouth. “It is worth a small fortune. Though that is of little concern to me.”

She takes a long drag of her cigarette and continues.

“I came down from Boston the day before yesterday, to have it appraised – for insurance purposes, you understand. I had appointments yesterday with two dealers that had come highly recommended. The first, a fellow named Wyckoff. An older gentleman, perhaps 60 years old, tall, white hair, and walks with a limp. He arrived at my hotel room around 8am. He studied the book for about 30 minutes, then asked to take the book home with him overnight so he could study it further. I told him that was out of the question.

The second dealer was a Mr. Gorski, who came by around 10am. He was a tiny man, Polish maybe, in his 40s or 50s, with a round balding head and wire-rimmed glasses. He spent a good hour going over the book with a magnifying glass, and said he would get back to me with his assessment. He also requested that he be permitted to take the book back to his apartment to study it. I again said no. That was yesterday. This morning I went out for breakfast – I couldn’t have been gone for more than an hour – and when I returned to the room, the book was gone.”

“So it was taken from your hotel room this morning. You’re quite sure of that?”

“Quite.”

“And you’ve no doubt talked to the hotel staff already? Could a maid have walked off with it?”

She taps her cigarette into the ashtray. “I’ve talked to the hotel staff. They claim that the maid was nowhere near the room while I was out.”

“Nothing else disturbed?” I ask. “Nothing else taken?”

“Some jewelry in a nightstand drawer was also taken – ruby earrings and a matching ruby and silver necklace and bracelet, but they are of no importance to me. There was cash and traveler’s checks on the entryway table that were untouched.”

“And where is it you’re staying?” I ask.

“The Hotel Cumberland in Times Square. Room 713.”


“I guess that rules out someone coming in through the window. Any sign of someone messing with the lock to your door?”


“I’m sure I have no idea.”

“OK, Mrs. Browning, I think that gives me enough to get started.” I stand up and show her to the door. “I can reach you at the Cumberland?”


“Yes, you can call directly up to room 713 by dialing [7-3229](#).”


Then, with the first sign of real concern I’ve seen from her, she says “Until the book is recovered I dare not return home. Oh, if you do find the book, Mr. Deverell, please be very careful with it – it’s several hundred years old and in very fragile shape – the less you handle it the better.”

 You have gained access to **Document 1 (Photo of Mrs. Browning’s Book)**, which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 82](#). Please note this in your case log.

 The following **5 items must** be found before you may end **day 1**. You should note this in your case log in some way to avoid having to consult this list while playing:

- **Marker F**
- **Marker G**
- **Marker H**
- **Marker M**
- **Marker T**

 **THE CLOCK IS TICKING!** Record in your case log that **day 1** starts at **11am** and ends at **8pm**. If you have *not* found all of the required items listed above by **8pm**, you enter **overtime**. In overtime there is no limit to how many leads you may visit, time does not advance, and your day ends once you find all of the required items.

 **Note:** There are specific hints available for each of the the day’s required items (see index). However, if you need guidance on where to focus your efforts on any given day, you can drop by your old police precinct in the Financial District for some advice (if you arrive between **3pm and 4pm** you can catch the chief on his break and get his advice without penalty).



STOP!




Stop reading this case book now, and begin searching for leads in the directories. Continue to the next page only when you are ready to end **day 1**.





Day 1 End-of-shift Briefing

Jewel and I meet in the office to review developments in the case after the first day.

 The following 5 items **must** have been found before you ended **day 1**. If you have missed one or more, return to searching for leads until you find all of them (if stuck, consult the hints section):

- Marker F
- Marker G
- Marker H
- Marker M
- Marker T

 **THE CLOCK IS TICKING!** You should have noted in your case log that **day 1** started at **11am** and ended at **8pm**. If you have *not* found all of the required items listed above by **8pm**, you enter **overtime**. In overtime there is no limit to how many leads you may visit, time does not advance, and your day ends once you find all of the required items.

 If you finished the day before entering overtime, you have enough spare time to see a movie; go to [3-0523 on p.45](#), and then return here.



STOP!



Proceed only when you are ready to begin **day 2**.

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



Day 2

Day 2 Morning

9:15 am Tuesday, March 2nd, 1948

🔊) ... You are listening to WABC radio in New York City. These are your top headlines. In international news, the Congressional Aviation Policy Board has increased its demand for Air Force funding by several billion dollars to avert a future world war...

...In local news, traffic snarls continue to plague the Garment District this morning, despite the new staggered traffic policy. Police commander Arthur Wallander called representatives to work out further concessions...

...At midnight tonight the Museum of Natural History will open its doors to the New York elite for an early sneak peak at the upcoming exhibition of controversial religious books. True to its name, the exhibition has stirred up a great deal of controversy, with local church elders protesting what they have called sacrilegious works of dubious authenticity. And now a word from our sponsor...

...Suffering from indigestion? Looking for a midday pick-me-up? Try Muller's Antacid, bottled locally, and good for your eyes...

I get into my office a little past 9am on Tuesday morning, and I find Jewel glaring at a large brown-paper-wrapped parcel sitting in the center of her desk, about the size of a typewriter.

"What's that?" I ask.

"Somebody dropped it off in front of the door a few minutes after I got in and skedaddled. Doesn't have a return address."

We both stare at it for a long minute. "I don't suppose you have a secret admirer?" I ask.

"Maybe your new girlfriend got you a hat to match your shoes."

We spend another minute staring at the writing on the package. It's ornate, a bit like calligraphy. All it says is "Detective's Office".

Finally I take the pocket knife out of my back pocket with a flourish and snap it open, then cut off the outer wrapping.


"You were right," I say. "It's a hat box."


There's a faded watermark on the bottom, "Classic" something or another – I can't quite make it out. I slit open the packing tape, and underneath several layers of newspaper I find a heavy book, wrapped in what appears to be several layers of silk.

There's a note on top, in the same calligraphy. Jewel and I read it together.


"Looks like your case just solved itself," says Jewel.


“Ring up Mrs. Browning at the Cumberland,” I say. “Tell her I’m on my way over. And Jewel – don’t tell her what I’m bringing.”

 You have gained access to **Document 2 (Note with Hat Box)**, which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 83](#). Please note this in your case log.

 The following **3** items **must** be found before you may end **day 2**. You should note this in your case log in some way to avoid having to consult this list while playing:

- **Marker S**
- **Marker U**
- **Marker V**

 **THE CLOCK IS TICKING!** Record in your case log that **day 2** starts at **10am** and ends at **4pm**. If you have *not* found all of the required items listed above by **4pm**, you enter **overtime**. In overtime there is no limit to how many leads you may visit, time does not advance, and your day ends once you find all of the required items.

 **Note:** There are specific hints available for each of the the day’s required items (see index). However, if you need guidance on where to focus your efforts on any given day, you can drop by your old police precinct in the Financial District for some advice (if you arrive between **3pm** and **4pm** you can catch the chief on his break and get his advice without penalty).



STOP!




Stop reading this case book now, and begin searching for leads in the directories. Continue to the next page only when you are ready to end **day 2**.




Day 2 End-of-shift Briefing

Day 2 is in the books, but there's still a lot I don't understand about this case.

 The following **3** items **must** have been found before you ended **day 2**. If you have missed one or more, return to searching for leads until you find all of them (if stuck, consult the hints section):

- **Marker S**
- **Marker U**
- **Marker V**

 **THE CLOCK IS TICKING!** You should have noted in your case log that **day 2** started at **10am** and ended at **4pm**. If you have *not* found all of the required items listed above by **4pm**, you enter **overtime**. In overtime there is no limit to how many leads you may visit, time does not advance, and your day ends once you find all of the required items.



Day 2 Late Night Leads

After a busy day I'm ready to hop on a train and hit the sack. But I guess the night is still young; I could squeeze in one more stop before I head home.

 You may now choose **ONE AND ONLY ONE** of the following special late-night leads to visit:

- Ask Jewel to try to finagle a pair of tickets to the midnight exhibit at the Natural History Museum; go to [4-5224 on p.53](#), and then return here.
- OR, head over to the Cumberland Hotel bar for a night cap and to look around; go to [4-7835 on p.55](#), and then return here.

After you resolve your choice you may proceed to the next page to end your day.



STOP!



Proceed only when you are ready to begin **day 3**.

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




Day 3

Day 3 Morning

8 am Wednesday, March 3rd, 1948


Not wanting to be caught flat-footed again, Jewel and I are having our coffee on the stoop outside the office this morning, listening to the radio.

 ... You are listening to WABC radio in New York City. These are your top headlines. In domestic news, the House Judiciary Committee has passed the Anti-Lynching bill in a 2 to 1 vote, marking the second item achieved by president Truman from his promised civil rights agenda. ...In local news, local police report that the condition of the subway attendant assaulted without warning on Tuesday has been upgraded to stable condition. His attacker remains unidentified and at large. A subway spokesman has advised subway riders to exercise caution and be aware of their surroundings.. And in what police are saying is an unrelated attack, a man was murdered last night in central park near the Engineer's Gate. ...And now a word from our sponsors... When you absolutely positively have to get there on time: A1 Carriage and Cab - the safe and civilized way to travel...

I show Jewel the sketch I made of Mrs. Browning on the way into work.

"You're getting better," says Jewel. "But you didn't quite capture her latent malevolence."

"She's a client, Jewel, be good."

 You have gained access to **Document 7 (Sketch of Mrs. Browning)**, which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 88](#). Please note this in your case log.

I take another big swig of my cup. "You're going to have to tell me where you get this coffee from one of these days."

"You're the detective, figure it out."

"Jewel, don't make me follow you home."

She rolls her eyes at me. "Promises, promises."


Before I can say something stupid, a small white van pulls up with the word "SPEEDY" written on the side, and a young man in overalls hops out, bounds up the steps, and lays an envelope in front of our door. "Mmm... the coffee smells good," he says, and winks at Jewel. "I could do with a cup myself." And then he's off.


I roll my eyes. "Good grief."

The writing on the envelope seems to match the hat box note from yesterday. Again, no return address.


“You know,” says Jewel, “Mrs. Browning has called twice this morning asking if we’ve made any progress finding her book. Want me to ring her up and let her know about this note?”


“Hmmm... I don’t know... Maybe Mrs. Browning should sit this one out.”

 You have gained access to **Document 3 (Letter from Mystery Sender)**, which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 84](#). Please note this in your case log.

 The following **9** items **must** be found before you may end **day 3**. You should note this in your case log in some way to avoid having to consult this list while playing:

- **Marker C**
- **Marker D**
- **Marker P**
- **Marker W**
- **Marker X**
- **Marker Y**
- **Document 4**
- **Document 5**
- **Document 6**

 **THE CLOCK IS TICKING!** Record in your case log that **day 3** starts at **8am** and ends at **5pm**. If you have *not* found all of the required items listed above by **5pm**, you enter **overtime**. In overtime there is no limit to how many leads you may visit, time does not advance, and your day ends once you find all of the required items.

 **Note:** There are specific hints available for each of the the day’s required items (see index). However, if you need guidance on where to focus your efforts on any given day, you can drop by your old police precinct in the Financial District for some advice (if you arrive between **3pm** and **4pm** you can catch the chief on his break and get his advice without penalty).



STOP!



Stop reading this case book now, and begin searching for leads in the directories. Continue to the next page only when you are ready to end **day 3**.



Day 3 End-of-shift Briefing

6 pm Wednesday, March 3rd, 1948

Back at the office, Jewel is as anxious as ever to talk about the case...

🔍 The following **9** items **must** have been found before you ended **day 3**. If you have missed one or more, return to searching for leads until you find all of them (if stuck, consult the hints section):

- Marker C
- Marker D
- Marker P
- Marker W
- Marker X
- Marker Y
- Document 4
- Document 5
- Document 6

🕒 **THE CLOCK IS TICKING!** You should have noted in your case log that **day 3** started at **8am** and ended at **5pm**. If you have *not* found all of the required items listed above by **5pm**, you enter **overtime**. In overtime there is no limit to how many leads you may visit, time does not advance, and your day ends once you find all of the required items.

After you finish this end-of-shift briefing you will be ready to begin wrapping up the case. Go to [Conclusion \(p.90\)](#).



STOP!



The case is nearing an end. You will have another chance to search for leads, but in the meantime, turn to: [Conclusion \(p.90\)](#).

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



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

1-0712

Cumberland Hotel Staff, Day 3

If you have previously acquired **Marker A**, then go to [7-9261](#) on [p.72](#).

- Otherwise, If you have previously acquired **Marker Z**, then go to [4-7494](#) on [p.55](#).
- Otherwise, go to [8-8141](#) ([p.77](#))



Time advances 30 minutes.



1-1381

Department of Finance ([6-5810](#) on [p.63](#)) contd.

The tax records for ownership for the Convent of the Sacred Heart come back to the same address in Italy. Return to [6-5810](#) ([p.63](#)).



1-1726

Larchmont Mid-Town Taxi Service ([7-4777](#) on [p.70](#)) contd.

I'm not sure what to ask the taxi company about, and as it turns out, they don't have any suggestions.



1-1787

Epilogue ([p.96](#)) contd.

"I don't know how, but it looks like you brought this one in under budget. Maybe all my lectures on saving money are starting to pay off. You starting to pay attention to my advice, is that it?"

"Jewel, I always listen to you, You're like the sister I never had."

"You do have a sister, Jack."

"Yeah, but she lives in New Jersey."

Jewel rolls her eyes to the ceiling and turns around and heads out the door. "Maybe you can afford to take me out to dinner now." she says.



You have gained **Marker O** . Please note this in your case log.

Return to [Epilogue](#) ([p.96](#)).



1-2227

Deadline on Day 3 ([Hint for Marker P](#) on [p.116](#)) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: Focus your attention in the Carnegie Mansion neighborhood, where the packages are coming from.



1-2380

The E.51st St. Church ([1-3563](#) on [p.33](#)) contd.

The large alcove entrance to the church would be a good place to observe the apartment building across the street, but I've no idea what I'd be looking for.



1-2791

Phoenix Safe Company

128 E. 86th St, CM

The Phoenix Safe Company shop is hard to miss: Painted on the large glass window is a figure of a strange looking bird, with white feathered wings outstretched and surrounded by bright orange flames. The name of the shop in large orange letters above it. But inside it's small – just a showroom and a door that's ajar to a small back room. On the wall of the showroom there's a big ornate wooden crucifix. Through the doorway to the back room I can see a smaller one mounted on the office wall, as well as a large black floor safe. But I can't see all the way inside to tell if there's anyone in there. In the showroom, at the front desk, is a well-dressed old man with thinning white hair and a big smile. He seems genuinely excited to chat about locks and safes.

I introduce myself and look around the showroom a bit, thinking about whether we could use a safe for the office.

“Let me ask you something,” I say. “How hard would it be to get into a hotel room door? How long would it take?”

“I suppose it depends,” he says, “on whether it's the Waldorf Astoria or some rinky-dink hotel, and on whether you wanted it done properly or it was a rush job.”

“Could I hire you to open a hotel room door for me?” I ask.

There's a long pause and he seems to be sizing me up, then he takes a step backward and says “Well, only if you're the hotel manager.” Behind him I see a younger gentleman peer out of the back room doorway, brushing back his long brown hair.


“Everything OK out there, Pop?”

“You sure you're a P.I.?” the old man asks.

“Well, that's what it says in the phone book.”

“A comedian too, huh?” and he gives a big grin.

We both chuckle, and I head out.

 You have gained **Marker P**. Please note this in your case log.

 Time advances 30 minutes.



1-2956

Financial District Precinct ([8-1410 on p.74](#))
contd.

Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

“Any thoughts on where I should be focusing at this point?”

“Well for sure you should retrace the steps of your victim on the morning of the theft if you haven't done that already, and then you clearly need to try to follow up on this Gorski guy.”



1-3563

The E.51st St. Church

455 E. 51st St, TB

If you have previously acquired **Marker M**, go to [4-5329 \(p.54\)](#)

- Otherwise, go to [1-2380 on p.32](#).

 Time advances 30 minutes.



1-4114

A Contract is a Contract

"I know where your book is, Mrs. Browning, and I suppose a contract is a contract. As no one has disputed that the book belongs to you, I'm going to tell you where it is. But I'm not happy about it."

"I couldn't care less how happy you are, Mr. Deverell. Now where is my book?"

I rip off a sheet of paper from the notepad on my desk and jot down the address of the Phoenix Safe Company, then slide it over to her. "I'm pretty sure you'll find it in the floor safe in the back office."

"You're *pretty sure* I'll find it there, are you?"

"Yeah, pretty sure."

"Well, go get it then, Mr. Deverell – that's what I'm paying you for."

"No, Mrs. Browning, you've paid me to find the book, and I've found it. And now I'm done with this whole mess. You can settle up with Jewel out front."

Mrs. Browning folds the note in half, and stares at me with a blank expression. Jewel breaks the silence.

"Mrs. Browning, if you'll come with me I'll get you a list of outstanding expenses. Will you be paying the remainder of your bill by check or cash?"

Mrs. Browning gives Jewel a disgusted look, then slowly opens her purse and puts the note inside, snapping it shut. "You'll have to sue me for the remainder of that bill," she says to me. Then she smooths down her jacket and brushes past Jewel without another word.

"That fucking bitch," I say under my breath.

"Jack! Language!" barks Jewel.

"Meh... That fucking *dame*..."

 You have gained **Marker N** . Please note this in your case log.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**

- Return to [Epilogue \(p.96\)](#)



1-4219

Empire Pawnbrokers

148 Forsyth St, BO

I check out the pawn shop carefully but there's no sign of the missing jewelry or anything even similar.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



1-4441

River House Apartments

435 E. 52nd St, TB

There's no doorman or maintenance guy on duty at the River House Apartments, and there are no public mailboxes.

If you have previously acquired **Marker M**, go to [6-3181 on p.62](#).

- Otherwise, go to [2-8330 on p.44](#).

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



1-4626

Hint for **Marker A (p.109)** contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: Check taxi cabs in the area.



1-4981

Maria F. Arteaga

1545 Madison Ave, SH

I find Maria Arteaga hanging up laundry in a small house front in Spanish Harlem. She looks tired, and she doesn't stop hanging clothes when I introduce myself..

"Thanks for talking to me, Maria. I'm sorry to bother you at your home, it's just that I'm in a bit of a hurry. Can you tell me anything about the fare you picked up on Tuesday night, around midnight, near the park?"

She remembers the late night fare from Tuesday. Big giant man with hairy hands and a bushy beard, with a thick black head of unruly hair.

"At least 6 and a half feet tall, I'd say."

"A big boy, huh? Was he talkative?"

"No, just told me he wanted to be dropped off at the Cumberland Hotel. He had an accent, Indian I think? Does that help?"

"Hmm... I'm not sure," I say. "Anything else?"

"Well, he told me his name."

"He told you his name?" I repeat, shocked.

"Well, I introduce myself to everyone who gets into my cab. I say 'Greetings, friend, my name is Maria Ateaga, and I'll be your driver today, and what's your name?' And nine times out of ten they'll tell me their life story, or ask to hear mine."

"And this guy?"


"Well, he just said his name and then clammed up. Let me think... What did he say his name

was again... Choku or Chako, something like that. Not American, that's for sure."

"Thanks, that's helpful. Anything else you remember?"

"Not really," she says. "Except that he smelled something strange. I couldn't quite place it... like cloves and rose petals mixed together."

That's when I feel the hairs on the back of my neck stand up.

 You have gained **Marker Z**. Please note this in your case log.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



1-5409

Deadline on Day 3 (Hint for Marker X on p.124) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: Speedy Citywide Parcels is in the Carnegie Mansion neighborhood.



1-6875

E. 51st St. Church (4-5329 on p.54) - not day 2

The large alcove entrance to the church would be a good place to observe the apartment building across the street on Tuesdays when the guy normally comes to pick up the mail.



1-7000

Classic Hats and Headwear

161 E. 82nd St, CM

I spot the same logo from the bottom of the hat box on the window of Classic Hats and Headwear.

“This a chain shop like Adam Hats, or this the only one?” I ask the shopkeep, a well-dressed middle-aged man with dirty-blond hair.

“One of a kind, sir – there’s no better hat shop in the city.”

“I don’t suppose you also sell rare books, do ya?”

“Sir?”



Time advances 30 minutes.



1-8062

17th Precinct (8-6591 on p.77) contd.

We ask around the 17th Precinct for any scuttlebut on the neighborhood. We’re told it’s a quiet place with very little crime.



1-8345

Financial District Precinct (8-1410 on p.74) contd.



Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

“Any thoughts on whether I might be missing anything important?” I ask.

“Just to make sure you’ve dotted all your i’s and crossed all of your t’s,” he says, then reaches for a cigar on his desk as he continues:

“You’ve described tailing this Wyckoff guy from his bookstore. It sure sounds like he spotted you right before he got to his final destination. I hope you were able to figure out where he was likely going.

I’m not sure it would help in that case, since he was on foot, but you have remembered to talk to taxi companies in your neighborhoods of interest, yeah? Those can sometimes strike gold, especially when you’re dealing with rich people who may want to avoid public transportation.

And I know you like to have hard and fast proof for everything, Jack, but sometimes in a case like this the best you can do is circumstantial evidence that puts the right person at the right place at the right time – so to speak.

Now about your murders: if you haven’t identified the culprit by name, well, it may mean there’s no way to do so... On the other hand, it may be that you can, if you can locate people who interacted with him, and get enough pieces of identifying information out of them.

If you can get a good description from someone who saw him, it’s possible you can reach out to a governmental office that could put a name to a face. Then maybe you can figure out how he connects to someone else in your case.

Now regarding the whereabouts of the book, let me see those notes you got.”

I hand him the notes and he chews on his cigar, thinking.

“The one that stands out to me as being a little strange is this last one.” He hands it back to me and continues, “Something about this one feels a bit odd. Not like it’s a code or cipher, but more just oddly worded.”

“All the notes sound odd to me,” I say, “like this guy had a screw loose.”

“Well, they’re definitely from a fanatic; I’m just not sure they’re from a murderer. Whoever’s sending these seems to view you not as a threat or rival, but more as a confidant.”

“Any thoughts on the stolen jewelry?” I ask.

“Well, assuming they’ve just stolen it to sell it, you may have a hard time putting eyes on it. They’re likely to keep it under wraps until it’s safe to dispose of. But you may be able to get a good idea who was involved just by talking to suspects and observing them closely – looking and listening for ‘tells’ – slip ups that suggest they know something more than they’re saying.”

“Thanks,” I say. “I appreciate the talk, chief.”

“Anytime,” he says.

-
- You may now return to the conclusion and answer questions for no further penalty: Go to [Conclusion \(p.90\)](#).
 - Or

Mark 5 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

, and resume searching for leads before returning to the conclusion.



1-8786
NYC Department of Motor Vehicles (DMV)
366 W. 31st St, CS

- If you are missing previously acquired access to **Document 4 (Letter Found at Afanasyev Residence)**, go to [6-3705 on p.62](#).
- Otherwise, go to [3-4801 on p.48](#).

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



1-9561
Times Square Precinct
50th St & 6th Ave, TS

I check in with some old friends at the Times Square police precinct, and they confirm the broad strokes of Mrs. Browning’s story. Namely that she filed a report on items stolen from her hotel room on Monday morning, and that I was one of several people the detectives recommended if she actually wanted to try to get her items back.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



1-9825
Goud, R. - Apt. 3d
435 E. 52nd St, TB (apt. 3d)

The door to Apt. 3d is opened by an elderly woman with curlers in her hair. A shirtless man in his boxers stands behind her, his thinning hair a tangled mess.

“Oh, come in, come in, dearie,” she says, “it’s in the bathroom.”

“What’s in the bathroom?” I say, taking off my hat, and smoothing down my hair.

“The toilet,” she says.

“Oh, that’s OK, I’ve seen one before.”

The old man behind her scrunches up his face and gives a little “feh” gesture with his hand.

“Actually, ma’am, I’m hoping you can tell me something about your neighbor in 3c – a Mr. Gorski.”

“Eh, no one lives there,” grunts the old man from the back, waving his arm in a gesture he seems to be awfully fond of.

The old woman in curlers leans in to talk to me, her voice taking on a conspiratorial tone. “There’s something very strange about that apartment, dearie. Someone comes by every Tuesday morning to get the mail, like clockwork.”

“Oh? What do they look like?” I ask.

“Well... I haven’t seen them myself. I like to stay inside. But I hear them,” she taps her finger to her ear, “through the door, you see. Every Tuesday, like clockwork. They unlock the door, they go in, they collect the mail, and then they leave. Only takes them a minute – just like clockwork.”

“Thank you very much, dearie.” I say.



You have gained **Marker M** . Please note this in your case log.



Time advances 30 minutes.



2

2-0387

Speedy Citywide Parcels

129 E. 94th St, CM

If it is **before day 2**, there is no reason for me to be here, so I leave.

If it is **after day 1**, go to [4-9377 \(p.56\)](#), then continue below.

If it is **day 3**, go to [8-5816 \(p.76\)](#)



Time advances 30 minutes.



2-0514

Room 713 of the Cumberland Hotel

I head up to room 713 of the Cumberland. That strange smell hits me again as I leave the elevator, but it's gone – or I get used to it – by the time I reach the room.

Mrs. Browning opens the door as I'm in the middle of knocking. She sees the box in my arms and takes it from me without speaking.

"You found it," she says.

"Well... not exactly," I demur. She doesn't really hear me.

She excitedly unwraps the book on the counter and moves her hands across it, seemingly relieved.

"This is your book?" I ask.

"I.. Think so.. " she says, opening it, the relief settling into her voice. But then after a few more seconds: "Well... wait..."

She starts flipping through the pages. "No, no, this isn't right!"

That's not what I wanted to hear.

"What's wrong, Mrs Browning?"

"It's not my book. It's *not* my book."

She shoves it roughly aside, disgusted.

"You're quite sure?" I ask.

She looks at me for the first time with real anger. "It's not my god damned book. What are you trying to do, Mr. Deverell? Did you think I wouldn't know my own book? Did you think I would thank you and crawl away back home? Find my god damned book!"

I'm taken aback by her reaction, just as another wave of the strange smell hits me from the bedroom. I try to snap out of it. "I'll keep looking," is all I can think to say, then, "Don't worry. I'll find your book."

That seems to break through, and I can see tears starting to well up in her eyes. "I need that book back, Mr. Deverell. It's all I have left of my family."

"I'll find it," I say, as I pick up the 'wrong' book and see myself out.



You have gained Marker U . Please note this in your case log.



Time advances 30 minutes.



2-0656

Central City Taxi ([2-3482 on p.40](#)) contd.

I talk to the cabbies about the guy who was stabbed in the subway and I'm told that he was

taken to Beth Israel hospital in the Gashouse district.



2-2536

NYC Department of Parking Enforcement
(7-2889 on p.68) contd.

I waste some time trying to think of a reason to go inside, and then leave.

- Otherwise, if this is your first visit, go to [4-2312 on p.52](#).

I take a number and a seat. 30 minutes later I hear my number called, and finally I'm under window 15 talking to a heavily-perfumed middle-aged woman. I make the mistake of telling her that I'm a PI looking for information on Constantine Afanasyev. Sometimes I forget I'm no longer a cop. She tells me she can't give me any information on him without a warrant. Rookie mistake.



2-3383

Cumberland Hotel

Bway at 54th, TS

If it is **day 1**, go to [3-9767 \(p.50\)](#)

If it is **day 2**, go to [7-7810 \(p.72\)](#)

If it is **day 3**, go to [2-8416 \(p.44\)](#)



Time advances 30 minutes.



2-3482

Central City Taxi

156 E. 45th St, TB

If you have previously acquired **Marker S**, go to [2-0656 on p.39](#).

- Otherwise, go to [8-6388 on p.77](#).



Time advances 30 minutes.



2-4174

Contd. from [8-0109 on p.74](#)


I sweet-talk the receptionist at the check-in desk into letting me go up to the room of Mr. Kornacki, the subway attendant who was attacked on Tuesday, by telling her I'm a friend of the victim. Eh. it's not too far off from the truth.

In his hospital room, Mr. Kornacki looks much improved from when I last saw him, and he grasps my hand weakly when he recognizes me. He seems to think I saved his life. I don't tell him he's wrong.

I have to lean in close to hear his short, whispered words, but he does his best to tell me what he remembers.

He was attacked by a large, swarthy man – at least 6ft tall. He doesn't remember what he was wearing, but definitely not a full suit. The man had tried to rush past him through the turnstile to the platform without paying, and the attendant had blocked his path. The fee went up to a dime last year, he added, and some people were very unhappy about it. Somehow I doubt that was the issue. Then, before Kornacki knew what had happened, he saw a flash of a blade and felt his shirt covered in blood.

I ask him if he recalls any strange smell, but he can't remember. The man ran past him and onto the uptown platform. "It's only a dime..." he finally says, shaking his head.

 You have gained **Marker B2** . Please note this in your case log.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



2-4258

Wyckoff's Rare Books (2-8549 on p.44) contd.

Wyckoff's Rare books is one of those New York bookstores that feels like it's out of a movie. It has a spooky feel, with antique light-bulbs and a maze of 10ft-high floor-to-ceiling bookshelves, all cramped into a footprint that can't be more than 20ft by 20ft.

I find the proprietor, an old white-haired gentleman, limping down one of the rows with a large blackened tome in his hand and searching for a place to put it. It looks heavy, but he doesn't seem to be having any trouble carrying it. He finally shelves it next to another large book – this one red, with what looks like a child's drawing of a skull on the cover.

"You must be Mr. Wyckoff," I say.

He looks me up and down as if sizing me up. "And who are you?" he says.

"I'm Jack Deverell, Mr. Wyckoff. I've been hired by a Mrs. Browning to help locate a lost book. I'm told you met with her on Sunday to appraise it. An old Bible."

"*An old Bible!* Ha! Is that how she described it? Heh... well, I guess it is an old Bible after all."

"What can you tell me about it? Was it authentic? How much was it worth?"

He gives me a long look which might be mistaken for disgust. "How much was it worth? Who are you? You're not the client. It's not your book. You don't know anything about it."

"What about some jewelry of hers, some of ruby earrings, a necklace, and a bracelet? They're missing from her hotel room – any chance you walked off with them accidentally?"

"You can fuck right off out of my store."

“Whoa,” I say. “Take it easy there, we’re working for the same lady.”

“I’m not working for anybody – she hasn’t paid me yet. She’ll burn before I see a cent.”

“What does that mean?”

“Fuck off, you don’t know.”

“Mr. Wyckoff, where were you Sunday morning around 8am?”

“Fucking your wife, you vermin.”

“I’m not married.”

At this point he calms himself down, then licks his finger and draws a large round circle in the air in front of my face. “Now you can *really* fuck off.”

I can see this is going nowhere, so I thank Wyckoff for his hospitality and then leave.

Playing a hunch, I cross 3rd Avenue and enter a shop with a window facing Wyckoff’s Rare Books. Wyckoff himself comes limping out of his bookstore and flips the sign on the door from Open to Closed, then heads south on 3rd Avenue.

He’s walking pretty fast for a guy with a limp, but it’s not like I’m going to lose him, so I take my time and let him get half a block away before lighting up a cigarette and starting to follow him.

He continues south where 3rd Avenue turns into the Bowery, then turns left on Houston, and then right on Chrystie. For a minute I panic when I think he’s going to head into the train station on Delancey, and I close my distance. But he keeps going until he hits the entry to the garden park, then hangs a left and goes down Grand Street.

Then, something stupid happens. He gets almost to the corner of Allen Street, and as

I’m reaching into my pocket to get another cigarette, the old guy suddenly turns around in a full circle and spots me looking right at him.

I’m caught off guard, and I hesitate before making a poor pretense at window shopping. But I can see from the corner of my eye that he’s looking right at me.

Eventually he heads into a real estate office on Allen Street. Five minutes later he’s headed back uptown the same way he came.

I convince myself that maybe he didn’t recognize me after all, and waste another 30 minutes following him back up to the bookstore, where he turns the sign from Closed to Open and doesn’t emerge again.

 You have gained **Marker W**. Please note this in your case log.

 **Time advances 60 minutes.**



2-4289
The Bowery Pawnbroker
300 Bowery, BO

They don’t even seem to carry jewelry in the Bowery Pawnbroker.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



2-5113
Deadline on Day 3 (Hint for Document 4 on p.106) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: The local police Carnegie District police precinct may have more information about the murder.



2-6123

I Don't Feel Right About It

"I'm afraid I'm not going to be able to recover your book, Mrs. Browning. It's obvious that something shady is going on here, and I don't want to end up an accessory in... whatever it is. Jewel will help you settle up your account."

Mrs. Browning seems to freeze in place – staring at me open-mouthed. After a while she catches herself and opens up her purse to get out a cigarette. She makes me wait while she takes her time retrieving a lighter and lighting it, then takes a deep breath.

"I don't suppose I could convince you to change your mind? Perhaps if I doubled your fee?"

"I'm afraid not, Mrs. Browning. It's not really a matter of money... more a matter of dead bodies."

"Pfft... Dead bodies... The world is filled with dead bodies, Mr. Deverell." She takes another drag. "Once they're dead, they don't matter much, do they?"

"Umm... I'm not sure I follow."

Mrs. Browning waves off the idea with a hand gesture, and puts out her cigarette in the ashtray on my desk. "You know where it is, though, don't you? The book?"

"Yes, ma'am, I believe I do."

"And did you... Well, have you looked inside it?"

"No, Mrs. Browning, I haven't actually had the chance."

"Well then, I guess our business is concluded." She brushes off her jacket. "Of course I won't be paying your bill – that goes without saying."

"You did say it," pipes up Jewel from the corner.

"I will, however, be suing your office for breach of contract. You can expect to get a letter from my solicitor in the morning."


"Of course," I say. "Jewel will show you out."

"I'll show myself out," she says, and walks right past her. I stand with Jewel at the door as we watch Mrs. Browning join a large gentleman in the back of a waiting cab.

"That fucking bitch," I say under my breath.

"Jack, language," says Jewel, not looking at me.

"That fucking *dame*..." I mutter.

 You have gained **Marker E**. Please note this in your case log.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**

- Return to [Epilogue \(p.96\)](#)



2-7768

Convent of the Sacred Heart

4 E. 91st St, CM

If you are missing previously acquired access to **Document 5 (DMV Parking Ticket Print-out)**: I walk around the outside of the building looking for something to tie this place into my case, but find nothing.

- Otherwise, go to [8-2900 on p.75](#).

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



2-7937

17th Precinct ([8-6591 on p.77](#)) - after day 2

At the precinct house we're filled in on some details of the attack on the subway attendant, though there aren't many.

No witnesses, no apparent motive. He wasn't robbed, and the cash box was untouched. The victim is being treated at Beth Israel hospital and is in critical but stable condition, scheduled for surgery tonight. He hasn't made a statement yet, but may be well enough to talk by Wednesday afternoon.



2-8330

River House Apartments ([1-4441 on p.34](#)) contd.

I loiter around the building a bit but decide it's time to leave when I start getting nasty looks from residents.



2-8381

Rizzo, C. - Apt. 3e

435 E. 52nd St, TB (apt. 3e)

No one answers the door to apartment 3e.

 Time advances 30 minutes.



2-8416

Cumberland Hotel, Day 3

- If you want to talk to the hotel staff, go to [1-0712 \(p.32\)](#)

- Otherwise, if you wish to call up to Room 713, go to [7-1693 \(p.68\)](#)

 Time advances 30 minutes.



2-8549

Wyckoff's Rare Books

60 3rd Ave, EV

- If it is day 1, go to [6-1314 on p.60](#).
- Otherwise, go to [2-4258 on p.41](#).



2-8568

Deadline on Day 3 ([Hint for Marker X on p.124](#)) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: The name of the delivery service was "Speedy" something.



3

3-0506
Klitnick and Brother Ice Cream
590 Lexington Ave, TB

I could use an ice cream bar, but a quick glance through the glass front door tells me my guy isn't here.



3-0523
Day 1 End-of-shift Briefing (p.16) contd.

Mark 2 culture checkboxes in your case log.

With a little spare time on my hands, I head down to the Hippodrome in Times Square and catch a late night showing of *Out of the Past*. I'm on my own as Jewel has got other plans. Robert Mitchum's pretty damn good, though I'll take Bogey every time. Then there's Jane Greer... Now why don't I get clients like that. Half way through the movie though, my thoughts keep returning to my case.



Return to [Day 1 End-of-shift Briefing \(p.16\)](#).



3-1409
Deadline on Day 1 (Hint for Marker G on p.113) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: Find Gorski's apartment, then use the reverse directory to identify the neighbors on his floor, and visit them.



3-2608
Wannemaker and Son Rare Books (3-5394 on p.48) contd.

Ulrich Wannemaker, the proprietor of Wannemaker and Son, stares in awe when I show him the book.

“My God,” he says, turning the pages almost reverently. “It’s magnificent.”

“It’s *real*?” I ask, unable to hide my surprise.

“It’s an Octavo King James Bible. The best one I’ve ever seen.”

“And it’s authentic? Nothing strange about it?”

He takes my question seriously, and studies it carefully for several minutes before pronouncing his verdict. “No doubt about its authenticity. And I don’t see anything unusual about it other than its pristine condition. It’s been extremely well cared for, The hand-colored plates are exquisite. I don’t think a finer copy has ever been found. Where on earth did you get it?”


“It’s a long story,” I say. “Could you estimate its value?”

“I really couldn’t say. I’ve never heard of one in this condition coming up for auction.”

“A ballpark figure?”

“Well... Maybe \$5,000?”

I take off my hat and whistle. He closes the book, and we both stare at it for a long while.

 You have gained **Marker W2** . Please note this in your case log.



3-2616

Epilogue (p.96) - Return it

I reach out to a friend I trust, someone highly-regarded among the upper-class religious crowd. After a couple of weeks he tells me he’s made contact with the original owner

of the book, and I hand it over to him. A couple of days later I get an anonymous phone call. The voice on the other end says three short words before hanging up: “God bless you.”

Frankly I would have preferred a finder’s fee.

 You have gained **Marker E** . Please note this in your case log.

Return to [Epilogue \(p.96\)](#).



3-3228

Beth Israel Teaching Hospital (8-0109 on p.74) contd.


I ask about the subway attendant but I’m told he’s still in surgery and they expect him to be under anesthesia until morning.



3-3745

Epilogue (p.96) - Sell it

I reach out to a contact I have at an auction house up town, who I know won’t ask questions. The book never comes up for auction, of course, but my contact sells it to a local collector for a thousand bucks – or at least that’s what he tells me it sold for. We split the proceeds and I end up with 500 dollars. That’s a hell of a lot less than it would have gotten at a public auction, but then there’d be too many questions asked. I can’t help but wonder if I made the right decision.

 You have gained **Marker J** . Please note this in your case log.

Return to [Epilogue \(p.96\)](#).



3-4452

Cremonesi's Pawnbroker

72 Allen St, EV

The bell rings over the door of Cremonesi's pawn shop on Allen Street. It's a dark, dusty, cramped one-room store. There's a man standing behind a counter at the far end of the room, facing me. An old guy, maybe 70 years old, with a thick head of white hair combed down in a bowl cut. There's also a younger guy sitting down next to him staring at the floor. Late 20s maybe, short brown hair cut in a similar style. Maybe these guys are cutting each other's hair. There must be a back door too, since I hear it closing behind someone leaving.

I take my time working my way to the back, looking through the worthless junk and occasional military souvenir. The old man is standing over a cabinet of jewelry. I take a quick scan – nothing made of rubies, but a few odd items like a silver necklace with what looks like a razor blade in the center, and a gold bracelet with a pentagram charm.

"I'm looking for a ruby bracelet that someone may have brought in recently."

"I don't know nothing about it." says the old man.

"I'd like to see your records," I say.

"Get lost, you – I don't got to show you nothin. I'm a taxpayer. I ain't done nothin wrong."

"It may be stolen," I tell him, "You don't want to be selling stolen merchandise, do you?"

"God damn you vermin! Always harassing me! Always trying to lock up Cremonesi! 50 years trying to lock me up! I tell you I ain't seen them. Now get out of my store,

you scoundrel, before I wallop you over the head and sell your fillings!" And with that, he reaches behind him and grabs a broom from some dark shadow.

"OK, OK," I say. "Take it easy." I'm actually kind of surprised the old man knows what a broom looks like. Deciding I've heard enough, I back out the way I came in.

 You have gained **Marker C** . Please note this in your case log.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



3-4660

Beth Israel Teaching Hospital (8-0109 on p.74) contd.

I sweet-talk the receptionist at the check-in desk into letting me go up to the room of the subway attendant who was attacked on Tuesday, by telling her I'm a friend of the victim. I try not to remember how I left him to bleed out in the station.


In his hospital room, Mr. Kornacki looks grave. He seems to think I saved his life. I don't tell him he's wrong.

He's wheezing and struggling to talk, and I'm not sure I should even let him try. But I lean in to hear what he has to say.

"It's only a dime..." he says, shaking his head, "All this over a dime?"

"Just get some rest." I say. "You'll be OK."

Then I head back to the office for a drink and hope I'm right.

 You have gained **Marker B2** . Please note this in your case log.



3-4686
Beth Israel Teaching Hospital ([8-0109 on p.74](#)) contd.

I walk around the hospital trying to remember what I was looking for but give up after a few minutes.



3-4801
NYC Department of Motor Vehicles (DMV) ([1-8786 on p.37](#)) contd.

After a grueling wait, the DMV desk tells me that Constantine's car was impounded last week for failure to pay parking tickets. But they don't handle parking tickets at this office, so there's nothing more he can tell me.

 **Time advances 60 minutes.**



3-5394
Wannemaker and Son Rare Books
868 6th Ave, TL

If you have previously acquired access to **Document 2 (Note with Hat Box)**, go to [3-2608 on p.45](#).

- Otherwise, I have nothing to ask about.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



3-6476
Consulate of India ([5-6094 on p.58](#)) contd.

I happen to know one of the security guys who works at the India Consulate, a retired cop named Jeffrey Haykin. I have to wait for nearly an hour for him to come downstairs, but that probably works in my favor as he feels bad for making me wait so long.

I describe my guy to him, give him my best guess at a name – Choku or Chako, or something similar – and tell him this guy is too violent to have avoided a criminal record.

Jeff heads back upstairs, and a half-hour later he's back with a name.

“Choka Bahandari. He's a bad dude. Served time in India for animal abuse and some kind of ritualistic killing, before some batshit crazy rich white lady bribed someone at the jail and the next thing you know he shows up in the US.”

“Thanks, Jeff, I owe you one.”

“Be careful, Jack,” he calls out to me, “this guy is dangerous.”

 You have gained **Marker A** . Please note this in your case log.

 **Time advances 60 minutes.**



3-6861


Hall of Records

31 Chambers St, CC

I look up the birth certificate for Walenty Gorski.

He was born in 1902, in Poland. That would make him 45 or so, sounds about right.

Only problem is, I also come across his death certificate, from 1944. Looks like he died in the war.

 You have gained **Marker H2** . Please note this in your case log.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



3-7042

New York Public Library - Rare Manuscripts

476 5th Ave, Room 212, TL

If you have previously acquired access to **Document 2 (Note with Hat Box)**, go to [8-3076 \(p.75\)](#).

- Otherwise, go to [8-8018 \(p.77\)](#)

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



3-8845

Carnegie Mansion Taxicabs ([5-0470 on p.57](#)) contd.

I'm not sure what to ask the taxi company about, and as it turns out, they don't have any suggestions.



3-9729

Jump the turnstile and follow the train

I call out towards the steps – “Help! I need some help down here! A man’s been injured.” Then I take off my tie and give it to the man, motioning that he should put it around his neck – but he’s in shock, he’s not hearing anything I’m saying. I hear footsteps coming down the stairs, and decide I’m not much more good to him now.

I jump the turnstile and rush through into the doors of the uptown IRT just as they’re closing. The train pulls out of the station, and I can hear some faint screaming from the platform.

I sit down and try to calm my breathing and regain my wits. What just happened? I don't think I was spotted by my guy, but even if I was, why would he have attacked this attendant? Was this just a coincidence?

I look around for my guy in the tan suit. Everyone looks suspicious and malevolent, and I'm having trouble concentrating. Eventually I do spot him, calm as can be, reading a paperback at the end of the car without a care in the world.

By the time we get to Lenox Hill, my breathing has slowed down. At 86th Street my guy gets up and heads to the door. I look for signs

he knows he's being followed, but he seems oblivious. If this is the guy who cut the throat of the subway attendant, his veins are filled with ice water.

I head to the same door, determined not to lose him again – but there's a small crowd of people between us, and as the doors open he's first to exit, while the lady in front of me struggles with her shopping cart.

By the time I get out of the door I've lost sight of him, but I pick up my pace towards the exit as the train pulls away, and it won't be hard to spot him once we get up to street level.

There's nowhere for him to go but up.

Then suddenly I'm slammed hard from the left. Feels like I walked in front of a train, and for a minute that's where my brain goes. But then I'm over the edge of the platform and onto the train tracks, my ankle twisting as I fall. I hit my head hard on one of the rails.

My vision swims, and for a second that strange, exotic smell fills my nostrils. I feel myself black out for a moment. Seconds later I come to with blood pounding a drumbeat in my head, struggling to stand up, stumbling to pick up my hat which lies a few feet away.

A small crowd has gathered on the platform, yelling to me, and a muscled young man is reaching down to help me up off the tracks.

I drag myself painfully onto the platform, my head still throbbing. I touch it gingerly and wet blood smears my fingers. The ankle's sore as well, but it doesn't seem to be broken and it still holds me – just – as I hobble towards the exit. Should probably go to a doctor to get both of them checked out, but I don't have the time or the money.

I press a handkerchief to the cut until it stops bleeding, then brush off my pants and do my best to get my bearings. Back on the street I

suck in the clear air gratefully, but there's no sign of my guy.

 You have gained **Marker R**. Please note this in your case log.

 **Time advances 60 minutes.**



3-9767

Cumberland Hotel, Day 1

- If you want to talk to hotel staff, go to [7-4102 on p.69](#).
- Otherwise, if you wish to call up to Room 713, go to [6-5938 \(p.63\)](#)

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



4

4-0618

Cumberland Hotel, Day 2 (7-7810 on p.72) - talk to hotel staff

I get to the front desk of the Cumberland hoping to find the guy who was working early morning yesterday.

"I'm looking for someone who was on duty early yesterday morning, would that be you?"

"Yes sir."

"Could you tell me if Mrs. Browning left her room yesterday morning?"

"Yes, she came down from her room around 7:30 am, dressed in all black, and asked where she could get a sandwich. I told her that the hotel restaurant might be able to make her one at 8am, but she seemed in a hurry so I suggested a deli on 7th Avenue. I'm not sure where she went, but she was back by 8am or 8:30am."

"And she was alone when she left? And when she came back as well?"

"I believe so. I don't remember seeing anyone with her."

"And no one came by asking for her while she was out?"

"I don't believe so."

"Well you were the only one on duty, right? You would know if someone came by looking for her, yeah?"

"Yes, sir - Until 9am I was the only one on duty and couldn't leave my station unattended; so

if anyone came by before then, I would have known about it."

"Very good. Can you tell me if Mrs. Browning is in her room now?" I ask.

"I believe she is, sir."

"And has she had any visitors today?"

"She has not."

"And no one has called for her?"

"No, sir."

I thank him for his help, and am just turning to leave when a thought seems to occur to him.

"Umm... Actually, you know, now that I think about it... There was something a little unusual that happened just before 8. A man in overalls came in and walked right past me to the elevators. I normally would have stopped him, because he didn't look like a guest, and it seemed a little early for maintenance work, but he seemed to know where he was going so I didn't think much of it."

"Could he have been going to Mrs. Browning's room?"

"Well, I don't think so. He'd be going the long way around if he was."

"Can you remember what this fellow looked like?"

"Let's see... Blue overalls and work boots. Brown hair, slicked back. Maybe in his 20s? He may have had glasses... I'm sorry, I can't remember."

I pass him my card. "If you think of anything else, give me a ring."

- Return to [7-7810 \(p.72\)](#)



4-2030

Hint for Marker Q ([p.117](#)) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: Where might he be staying?



4-2312

NYC Department of Parking Enforcement ([2-2536 on p.40](#)) contd.



Time advances 30 minutes.



4-2526

Chief Medical Examiner ([4-7384 on p.55](#)) contd.

I loiter around the medical examiner's office trying to pick up on any gossip or rumors, but there's nothing.



Time advances 60 minutes.



4-2821

Central Cab Coordinator
625 8th Ave, HK

We trek all the way to the NYC Central Cab Coordinator office, and then realize we don't really have anything to ask about – if we catch a lead involving a taxi we're probably going to have to stop by a local neighborhood cab company.



Time advances 30 minutes.



4-3054

Deadline on Day 2 ([Hint for Marker V on p.121](#)) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: Find a good place from which to observe Gorski's apartment building; you may get ideas by visiting the building lobby.



4-3470

Hint for Marker W2 ([p.123](#)) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: Perhaps the New York Public Library will have an expert to point you in the right direction.



4-3737

New York Public Library - Culture & Religion
476 5th Ave, Room 225, TL

If you have previously acquired access to **Document 2** (**Note with Hat Box**), go to [8-3076 \(p.75\)](#).

- Otherwise, go to [8-8018 \(p.77\)](#)



Time advances 30 minutes.



4-4984

Chief Medical Examiner (4-7384 on p.55) contd.

When I was a hotshot NYPD detective I'd have just waltzed into 255 Greenwich Street and headed downstairs to meet with Tomas Gonzales, the chief medical examiner for New York City, to look at the body and hear a preliminary autopsy report from the man himself. As a PI, though, the best I can do is try to sweet talk the gal at the front desk – Mary, who knows me from my days on the force.


“How are you doing, Mary? Long time no see.”

“Jack, it's good to see you landed on your feet. That wasn't right what happened to you.”

“Water under the bridge,” I say. Not quite true, but maybe if I say it enough I'll believe it myself one day. “Mary, can you give me something on that murder in Central Park? I'm working a case that the victim was involved in.”

She looks around a little before drawing me closer. “I don't know much, they're still working it. But, I know the guy was stabbed a bunch of times in the back. Lots of blood, they think he died quickly. But also, it seems like the killer did something weird. Carved some kind of symbol in his back after he killed him. That's all I know.”

“Thanks, Mary, I owe you one.”

 You have gained **Marker M2** . Please note this in your case log.




4-5063

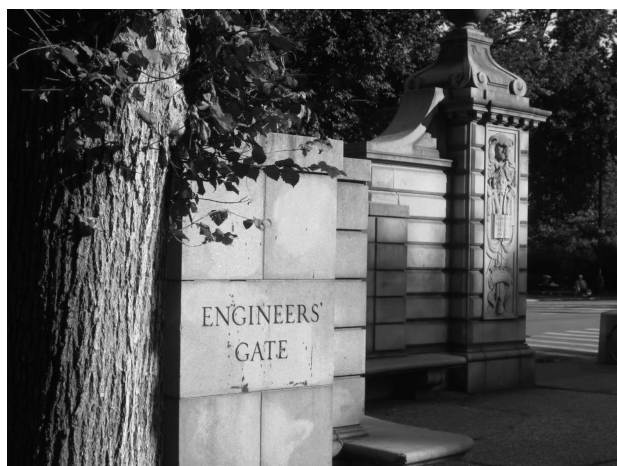
Central Park - Engineer's Gate

I can still see faint signs of the blood where the body must have lain, stretching out from

a bench by the entrance to the park, like a dried river bed. I look around for anything that might have been left behind that the cops from the Carnegie District precinct may have missed.

Under the bench I spot a small note, and pick it up.

 You have gained access to **Document 6 (Note Found at Murder Scene)**, which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 87](#). Please note this in your case log.



 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



4-5224

Day 2 Late Night Leads (p.23) - Late Night at the Natural History Museum

Probably it's the connection to our case, but I find myself genuinely curious about the exhibit of controversial religious books. Jewel and I hop the train to 79th Street on the Upper West Side.

The midnight gala event at the museum is a pretty ritzy affair. I'm not sure how Jewel managed to get us tickets at the last minute,

but she's resourceful like that. As we're walking up the steps we see mayor Fiorello La Guardia, already inside shaking hands with someone, his pudgy face and rotund body exuding unmistakable charm.



The Museum of Natural History is one of my favorite places. It never ceases to put me in a contemplative mood. Dozens of dimly-lit rooms, with giant life-sized dioramas of cave-men and dinosaurs, pottery and tablets from the beginning of civilization, and sparkling gemstones the size of your head.

Jewel seems just as interested as I am, and we leisurely walk to the religious book exhibit, separated by only a few feet of space but a million years of daydreaming.

The controversial book exhibit itself is mildly interesting. I'm half-expecting to see a copy of Mrs. Browning's book on display, but no dice. There's a big section discussing religious books from different cultures, and how each one was treated as blasphemous and sacrilegious by others, despite their common themes. And there's a section of shockingly vibrant paintings of Hindu gods that defy description. I make a note to myself to dig out my oil paints when I get home.

There is a section on controversial Christian Bibles, but they seem to be mostly about misprinted editions. The "Wicked" Bible, otherwise known as the "Sinner's Bible", was pub-

lished in 1631 in London, where they accidentally left out the word "not" from the sentence "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Ouch. Most copies were destroyed, making it highly valuable. But there's no hint of any controversy related to Mrs. Browning's book.

"Pretty fascinating stuff, huh, Jewel?"

Jewel doesn't hear me; she's lost in thought. We wander around a bit more in silence, then part ways and head to our respective homes.

Mark 3 culture checkboxes in your case log.

 You have gained Marker O . Please note this in your case log.

Return to [Day 2 Late Night Leads \(p.23\)](#).



4-5267

Deadline on Day 3 (Hint for Document 6 on p.108) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: The radio station tells you where a murder occurred up down near central park.



4-5329

E. 51st St. Church

If it is **day 2**, go to [6-2961 on p.61](#).

- Otherwise, go to [1-6875 on p.35](#).

 Time advances 30 minutes.




4-5795

Epilogue (p.96) - Forget all about it

I take a deep breath, and then walk slowly from behind my desk to pick up the heavy tome.

“Jewel, you and I are going to forget all about this book,” I say, as I pick it up and slide it into the bottom shelf of my bookcase on the wall, next to my dog-eared copy of a Study in Scarlet.

“What book?” says Jewel.

 You have gained **Marker K**. Please note this in your case log.

Return to [Epilogue \(p.96\)](#).



4-7129

Deadline on Day 3 (Hint for Marker D on p.III) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: Her statement and the hotel staff should give you a general idea of where she must have eaten. Use the directory to search for a place around there. She only got sandwiches so it's probably not a restaurant.



4-7384

Chief Medical Examiner

245 Greenwich St, CC

If it is **day 1**, go to [4-2526 on p.52](#).

If it is **day 2**, go to [8-9045 on p.78](#).

- Otherwise, go to [4-4984 on p.53](#).



Time advances 30 minutes.



4-7494

Cumberland Hotel Staff, Day 3 (1-0712 on p.32) contd.

I describe the big swarthy guy to the man at the desk, who does kind of remember someone like that checking in recently, but is otherwise pretty unhelpful.

“Do you have any idea how many rooms there are in this hotel?” he says. “If you have a name I can look them up, but short of that I’m afraid I can’t help you.”

“Would you mind ringing up to room 713 for me?” I ask.

“Certainly, sir,” says the man at the reservation desk. But there’s no answer.

“She’s not answering,” he says.

“Do you know if she went out?”

He looks to his left at another clerk, who shakes her head, “No sir, I don’t believe she did. Perhaps she’s just in the bath?”

“Thank you.”

- If you want to head upstairs anyway, go to [7-1693 \(p.68\)](#)



Time advances 30 minutes.



4-7835

Day 2 Late Night Leads (p.23) - Late Night Drink at the Cumberland Hotel

I take a seat at the Cumberland Hotel bar and order a whiskey, neat. Nothing fancy about

the bar, but it does offer me a discreet view of the lobby from where I'm seated.

There's a girl to my left who looks like she might have been a dancer in another life. She's too tan to be a New York native, so I ask her what she's doing in the city. She tells me she's traveling with her husband, and just like that, a man I recognize pulls up alongside her.

"Come on, Jenny, we'll be late," he says.

"OK, Bill, I'm coming," she says.

It's Bud Abbott. He looks shorter in real life. I look around for Lou but he's nowhere to be seen. I try to hear what they're saying as they move off, but all I pick up is something about Coney Island.

The rest of the evening is uneventful, and at around 12:45 am I call it a night and pay my tab. As I'm heading out, I almost get knocked over by someone hurrying the other way – big hulking guy with light-brown skin and a big bushy beard.

Mark I culture checkbox in your case log.

Return to [Day 2 Late Night Leads \(p.23\)](#).



4-7978

New York Public Library - Supernatural & Occult

476 5th Ave, Room 210, TL

If you have previously acquired access to **Document 2 (Note with Hat Box)**, go to [8-3076 \(p.75\)](#).

- Otherwise, go to [8-8018 \(p.77\)](#)

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**




4-9377

The nice thing about the small startup delivery services is that they haven't bought into the paranoia about privacy. Ask nicely and with a bit of authority, and more often than not, they will tell you everything they know.

Unfortunately in this case it's not much. The package was a walk-in, and they paid with cash. No return address given. The guy behind the counter does remember the fancy calligraphy on the plain brown box, though, and remembers what the guy who brought it in looked like:

"Short, balding, wire-rim glasses. Left heading south. Is that helpful?"

"Very helpful," I say.

 You have gained **Marker X**. Please note this in your case log.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**

- Return to [2-0387 \(p.39\)](#)



5

5-0470
Carnegie Mansion Taxicabs
1432 Lexington Ave, CM

If it is **day 1**, go to [6-6055 on p.65](#).

- Otherwise, If it is **day 2**, go to [3-8845 on p.49](#).
- Otherwise, If it is **day 3**, go to [8-8706 on p.78](#).

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



5-2297
First Stop Pawnbrokers
309 Mott St, BO

I check out the pawn shop carefully but there's no sign of the missing jewelry or anything even similar.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



5-4089
Iyona's Real Estate at 63 Allen St.

Mrs. Iyona recalls the old guy with white hair who came into her real estate office earlier:

"Well.. He looked around a bit, confused, then asked me what kind of real estate I handle. I told him that I handle all kinds and asked him if he was looking to buy, sell, or rent. He said he'd rather sell his store to the devil than sell it


to me. That's a strange thing to say, don't you think?"

"I do."

"Are *you* interested in purchasing some real estate?" she asks.

"I wouldn't mind a vacation home in Florida," I say.

"I'm afraid I can't help you with that" she says, and I head out.

 **You have gained Marker R2 . Please note this in your case log.**

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



5-4329
Gorski, Walenty - Apt. 3c
435 E. 52nd St, TB (apt. 3c)

The door to apartment 3c is small and cheap, hollow core and painted white. I guess it's a bad habit that my mind is always figuring how hard it would be to break down a door. A small handwritten card taped to the door says "**Gorski, Walenty**".

I knock a few times and listen, but there's no sign of any activity.

There's a mail slot near the bottom of the door, so after I look around and see the hallway is clear, I go down on the balls of my feet and push open the slot and look in. Place looks pretty empty. A chair sitting in the hallway and an empty table. Nothing on the walls. Pretty suspicious when you think about it. I stand in front of the door for a minute considering my options... Can't really bust down the door on a hunch. I wonder if maybe a neigh-

bor or doorman would know anything about the occupant.

 You have gained **Marker F**. Please note this in your case log.

 Time advances 30 minutes.



5-5008

Deadline on Day 2 ([Hint for Marker S on p.118](#)) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: They must have dipped into some entry or exit to something and made their escape. Retract your steps and look for where they may have been heading to... You must have given up the trail too soon.



5-5717

Deadline on Day 3 ([Hint for Marker Y on p.125](#)) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: Use the reverse directory to identify the buildings he spent his time at.



5-5723

Deadline on Day 1 ([Hint for Marker M on p.115](#)) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: Find Gorski's apartment, then use the reverse directory to identify the neighbors on his floor, and visit them. One of them will surely have information about who is accessing his apartment and when.



5-6094

Consulate of India

458 12th Ave, HK

- If you have *not* previously acquired **Marker Z**, stop reading now, and return here after you have.
- Otherwise go to [3-6476 on p.48](#).

 Time advances 30 minutes.



5-6096

Gorski, T.

4186 Broadway, WH

Apparently Gorski is a pretty popular name. Unfortunately after a brief talk with the resident I can see this isn't the Gorski I'm looking for. Still, knocking on doors is part of the job, and I'm bound to find him eventually.

 Time advances 10 minutes.



5-7903

Deadline on Day 3 ([Hint for Document 5 on p.107](#)) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: The DMV is not always the most helpful place, but they may suggest someplace else you could go for more information.



5-8382

West 48th Street Pawn

25 W. 48th St, TS

No sign of the missing jewelry and the proprietor seems offended with the idea that he would ever accept stolen items.



Time advances 30 minutes.



6

6-0216

Deadline on Day 1 ([Hint for Marker F on p.112](#)) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: You are looking for a Polish guy named Gorski who lives in an apartment building; if in doubt visit all Gorskis in the directory until you find someplace suspicious.



6-0780

NYC Department of Parking Enforcement ([7-2889 on p.68](#)) contd.

I make a U-turn, head back into the DMV and take a number. Another 30 minutes later and I'm at window 7, in front of a cute blond in curls who's chewing bubble-gum.

"Hello," I say, in my best Russian accent, taking off my hat. "My name Constantine Afanasyev." I have a hard time with the last name, but Bubble-Gum doesn't seem to think that's strange. I push over the document I found at Constantine's apartment. "I would like to pay fee."

Bubble-Gum girl looks over the letter, then at me, then back at the letter, then responds as if talking to a small child.

"It looks like your car has been impounded for failure to pay your tickets."


"I will pay," I say. "Where was car?"

"One moment, wait here, please." She heads back into the open-air labyrinth behind her,

and returns with a piece of paper.

"These are your most recent tickets," she says, handing me a machine printout. "Everything from this year before the car was impounded. We don't have details for the previous years. You owe \$130.32. You can pay now by check or cash."

"I will come back," I say, pocketing the printout.

 You have gained access to **Document 5 (DMV Parking Ticket Printout)**, which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 86](#). Please note this in your case log.



6-1314

Wyckoff's Rare Books ([2-8549 on p.44](#)) contd.

There's a sign on the door in red marker that says "Closed. Visiting family. Will be open on Tuesday."

 **Time advances 10 minutes.**



6-1783

Epilogue ([p.96](#)) contd.

Jewel scrunches up her face and drops the bills on my desk.

"You realize there's no one to pay these overtime bills, right? Mrs. Browning certainly isn't going to pay them. You're not on the force anymore, Jack, you have to be more careful about costs."

I push around the bills on my table – looking for what, I don't know. Return to [Epilogue \(p.96\)](#).



6-2712

Lumby, N. - Apt. 3b

435 E. 52nd St, TB (apt. 3b)

The door to 3b is answered by an older gentleman with a receding hairline, wearing shorts and a tank top.

“I don’t want any,” he says.

“You haven’t even heard what I’m selling,” I say.

“What are you selling?”

“I’m actually not selling anything, I’m curious if you know anything about your neighbor, Gorski, in 3c?”

“Don’t know him. Never seen him. Pretty suspicious if you ask me. But then I work nights, so who knows. But I’ll tell you one thing, I have seen someone suspicious lately hanging outside of the building, by that church across the street. Just loitering and looking suspicious. I have half a mind to call a cop.”



You have gained **Marker G** . Please note this in your case log.



Time advances 30 minutes.



6-2864

Museum of Natural History

200 Central Park W., UW

If it is **before day 2**, there’s nothing that catches my interest in the museum today so I leave.

If it is **after day 1**, go to [8-2248 on p.75](#).



Time advances 30 minutes.



6-2961

E. 51st St. Church ([4-5329 on p.54](#)) - on day 2

I settle into the darkened alcove of the 51st St. Church, with a good view of the River House Apartments. I’ve got a supply of coffee and cigarettes, but I’m hoping this won’t be an all day affair. The only problem with the place I’ve chosen is I’m getting occasional nasty looks from passers-by. One big guy across the street looks like he’s fixing to come over and heave me out of my hidey-hole, but then thinks better of it when he sees I’m settled in with my coffee and won’t be easy to dislodge. I guess it’s true that they don’t take kindly to loitering in Turtle Bay.

Meanwhile I’m looking for someone that matches Gorski’s description – short, balding, with wire-rim glasses. Then I just have to figure out what to do if he shows up to pick up his mail.

An hour in, I see someone head to the entrance who looks out of place. It’s definitely not Gorski. He’s wearing a tan suit and hat. Clean shaven. Tall and skinny, with a pencil moustache. There’s something odd about the way he’s carrying himself, though – he’s not walking like he’s heading home, he’s walking like he’s just making a quick stop.

A couple of minutes after coming in the front door, he’s out again, stuffing envelopes into his jacket pocket. Bingo. I don’t know who this guy is, but there can’t be much doubt he’s just gone and collected Gorski’s mail for the week. I decide to tail him.

He heads back down 52nd Street, the way he came. He’s on the north side of the street, and

I'm across the street on the south side, maybe 500 hundred feet behind him – half a block away. Not many people on the street this far east, but if he keeps going west I'm going to have to close some ground if I don't want to lose him.

Sure enough he keeps heading west, across 2nd Avenue, and then right past the 17th Precinct, where he doesn't skip a beat. I'm trying to pick up my pace but he's still a couple hundred feet in front of me, and when he gets to Lexington he crosses the street against the light, then turns left, and I lose sight of him.

I jog to the corner as inconspicuously as I can in a suit and hat, and look to the left, but I don't see him. He can't have gone far – but where did he go?

 You have gained **Marker V**. Please note this in your case log.

 **Time advances 60 minutes.**



6-3076
9th Precinct
321 E. 5th St, EV

I ask the sergeant at the front desk for any rumors regarding people related to my case, but he's got nothing.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



6-3181
River House Apartments (**1-4441 on p.34**)
contd.

I take in the scene around the apartment building. Sure enough, I can see the East River only a couple dozen feet away – a rare case of truth in advertising. Of course, why you'd want to live near the East River is another question.

Not much traffic around here and it's all pretty exposed, except that across the street to the south I see a large dark alcove that looks like it's a side entrance to the church. Might make a good place for a stakeout.



6-3528
Gorski, I.
400 E. 88th St, YV

Apparently Gorski is a pretty popular name. Unfortunately after a brief talk with the resident I can see this isn't the Gorski I'm looking for. Still, knocking on doors is part of the job, and I'm bound to find him eventually.

 **Time advances 10 minutes.**



6-3705
NYC Department of Motor Vehicles (DMV)
(**1-8786 on p.37**) contd.

I waste some time in front of the DMV trying to think of a reason to go inside, and then leave.



6-5191
Carnegie Delicatessen
854 7th Ave, TS

The famous Carnegie Jewish Delicatessen, known for its giant sandwiches, is hopping. I

know the owner, Milton, and I shoulder my way through to him.

“How’s the pastrami, Milton?”

“Wait here,” he says, and disappears behind the counter to bring up a slice from some private reserve. “This is the good stuff,” he says. “You want I should make you a sandwich?”

“Actually, I’m hoping for some information.”

“Oh?” he says, putting down the pastrami absentmindedly.

“Can you remember a woman who may have come in Monday morning around 8am? She’d have been alone, dressed nicely in a black outfit.”

“Turkey on whitebread, and Roast Beef on thick-cut rye.”

“*Two* sandwiches, you sure about that?”

“Two sandwiches. She ate the one small one at a table over there, and took the other with her to go. And there’s something else.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah. I think there was someone watching her. Older guy with white hair. He was watching her through the window, and I even went outside to ask him if there was something I could help him with. He wasn’t mean or anything, he had a big smile, and he just said ‘no’ and crossed the street. But then he kept watching the building until she left.”

“Thanks, Milton, you’re the best.”

“What about that pastrami, you want me to slice you half a pound?”

“Not today, Milton. I’ve got places to go.”

Mark I culture checkbox in your case log.

 You have gained **Marker D** . Please note this in your case log.



 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



6-5810
Department of Finance
52 Centre St, CC

I look up property records for Gorski but find nothing.

If you have previously acquired **Marker F**, go to [8-8904 on p.78](#), and then return here.

If you have previously acquired **Marker Y**, go to [1-1381 on p.32](#), and then return here.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



6-5938
Room 713 of the Cumberland Hotel

I take the elevator to the 7th floor of the Cumberland, and remove my hat before knocking on the door of 713.

Mrs. Browning opens the door, wearing heels and a black dress. She seems perhaps a little surprised to see me.

"I didn't expect to see you so soon," she says, turning her back to me and retreating into the room. I follow her in. "Have you found it already?"

"No, no. I just thought I should come and take a look at the scene of the crime, as it were. May I?" I gesture to the room.

"Of course."

I start by taking a look at the door and its lock. Standard hotel fare – nothing fancy, and it certainly hasn't been forced. The lock does look a little scraped up and it seems like there might be a little bit of oil around the lock face, but it's hard to know how old that might be or if it means anything. There's certainly no obvious signs of breaking and entering.

I begin to walk aimlessly around the room, taking it all in, hat in hand. Mrs. Browning leans against the room bar, a drink in her hand. She doesn't offer me one.

"It's just you then? You came into the city alone, yesterday?"

"The day before yesterday."

"And you weren't concerned about traveling alone with such an expensive item? You weren't worried that you might be robbed?"

"I've never had any trouble before. I prefer to travel inconspicuously."

She doesn't really seem like the inconspicuous type to me, but I don't press the issue.

"And when they came to look at the book... It was here in the main room?"

"No, it was in the bedroom," she says, pointing. I head in.

There's a slightly strange smell in the room – something like smoke, but a little more exotic. It tickles my throat a bit. I can't quite place it.

I look out the windows. It's a long way down, and no ledge.

"You said the book was taken while you were across the street for breakfast, yeah?"

"Yes."

"And where did you leave the book when you left the room?"

"It was in my suitcase, in the closet." She indicates the bedroom closet. "Under a hat box, and other things."

"And the men who came to look at it, did they see where you kept it?"

"No."

"And you said they also took some jewelry?"

"Yes, a set of ruby earrings and a matching ruby necklace and bracelet. From the nightstand, here." She points.

"They were sitting on top of the nightstand, or in the drawer?"

She thinks for a moment. "Inside the drawer."

"You're *sure*?"

"I am sure."

"Is it possible that the jewelry was taken earlier, while the book was being examined? Did you leave either of the men alone in the room for any period of time?"

She thinks for a moment. "I don't think so... I suppose I might have left them alone in the room briefly while I went to make a drink or to have a cigarette."

"And the two men you told me about, those are the only men who've been up in your room since you've been in the hotel?"

She narrows her eyes at me before answering.
“Yes.”

“Is there anyone else you can think of who knows you’ve come to New York to have the book appraised, and knows where you’re staying?”

“No. Certainly not.”

“Hmm...” I pace around the room for a few more quiet minutes, thinking and tapping my hat against my hand.


“Can I offer you a drink, Mr. Deverell?”

“No, no, I should be going. I’ll stop by tomorrow and give you an update.”

“Very well. Would you be so kind as to ring up beforehand – I don’t mean to seem rude, but a lady sometimes needs time to get her face on.”

“Of course,” I say apologetically, noticing a harshness in her eyes that I hadn’t seen earlier. “I’ll be in touch.”

I head out to the elevator, troubled by the strange lingering smell from the bedroom, which seems to be following me down the corridor.

 You have gained **Marker T**. Please note this in your case log.

 **Time advances 60 minutes.**

6-6055 Carnegie Mansion Taxicabs (5-0470 on p.57) contd.

I’m not sure what to ask the taxi company about, and as it turns out, they don’t have any suggestions.



6-7205 Carnegie District Precinct (7-7572 on p.72) - after day 2

The Carnegie precinct looks like a cushy detail for cops wanting to enjoy the second half of their careers. Back when I was a cop, I wouldn’t be caught dead working in such a sleepy neighborhood. The decor looks like they aren’t hurting for money either.

I look around on the off-chance that I recognize someone, but no such luck, so I tell the officer on duty that I’m a PI and may have some information about yesterday’s murder at the Engineer’s Gate in Central Park. He directs me to the detectives’ room up the wide polished marble staircase.

The detective in charge of the case has his own office, and not a small one. He’s eating a sandwich with a knife and a fork. He sees me staring at his plate.

“My dentures are acting up,” he says, pointing to his mouth with his fork, as if that explained it. “What do you know about my murder?”

“Was he a tall guy, tan suit, pencil-thin moustache?”

“Yeah, what do you know about him?”

I decide that he doesn’t need to know about Mrs. Browning and her book, and just tell him that I think it’s likely he was killed by the same guy who cut the throat of the subway attendant at 51st Street.

“Did you identify the body?” I ask.

Dentures pauses with the fork half-way in his mouth and peers up at me. This guy’s going to make me work for it.

“Was it by any chance a Walenty Gorski?” I ask.



“No. Who’s Gorski?”

I lean closer and give him my best “we’re on the same team” look. “Tell you what: I’ll share what I know if you give me the name of the victim. It’s going to be in the paper by tomorrow anyway.”


After a bit more back-and-forth he tells me that the dead guy was Constantine Afanasyev, resident of East Village. He was found face-down outside of Central Park, at the Engineer’s Gate entrance. He had a large buck knife in his lower back, and was stabbed several times. Was probably dead within minutes.

They think he was killed late last night. He didn’t have Gorski’s mail on him, just a wallet with a few bucks, some change, a driver’s license, and some weird notes that they couldn’t make sense of – written in a foreign language, they think. I ask to see the notes and he tells me I’d have a better chance getting a date with Lana Turner.

“We’re still waiting on an autopsy from the Chief Medical examiner, but it looks like this guy was dead within minutes of the attack – didn’t even get a chance to run.”

“Any idea what he was doing uptown?” I finally ask.

“You tell me,” he says, forking in another square.

 You have gained **Marker B** . Please note this in your case log.

 **Time advances 60 minutes.**



6-7401
New York Public Library
476 5th Ave, TL

The New York Library is a virtual warehouse of information. Please see your updated Research Guide / Errata for an updated directory of individual departments.

- Ancestry Records #2-4500
- Circulation Desk #4-2384
- City History #1-8347
- Culture & Religion #4-3737
- Fiction #1-6610
- General Reference #2-4982
- Maps #8-5503
- Periodicals #6-4164
- Rare Manuscripts #3-7042
- Science #4-7981
- Supernatural & Occult #4-7978
- World History #2-4059



6-7827
Rockefeller Institute Hospital
York Ave at 66th St, LH

I ask around Bellevue hospital but there doesn't seem to be anything here for me.

 Time advances 30 minutes.



6-8051
Carnegie Mansion
2 E. 91st St, CM

I walk around the perimeter of the Carnegie Mansion, taking in the beautiful landscaping and intimidating brickwork of the main house. Eventually I catch the eye of a groundskeeper and beckon him over to talk. He says the family have been out of town for the last two weeks, and it's just been the groundskeepers on the property since then.

 Time advances 30 minutes.



6-8117
Deadline on Day 3 ([Hint for Marker P on p.116](#)) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: Based on the hotel staff statements, is it possible a professional was hired to access the hotel room – maybe a locksmith or someone similar?



6-8266
Epilogue ([p.96](#)) - Turn it in to police

Fearing I'll change my mind if I sleep on it, I pick up the book and head out to the local precinct. Thirty minutes later, it's done,

and I'm walking home empty-handed. Jewel greets me at the door with the bottle of whiskey from the bookshelf, and two glasses. "Don't think about it," she says.

"It hurts," I say.

"I know, Jack, I know." And we both drink.

 You have gained Marker L . Please note this in your case log.

Return to [Epilogue \(p.96\)](#).



6-8669
Deadline on Day 2 ([Hint for Marker S on p.118](#)) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: If you lost track of them, retrace your steps, you probably just lost their trail somewhere.



6-9195
A1 Carriage and Cab
Back Alley of 55 John Street

The A1 cab company dispatcher has no information to help our case.

 Time advances 30 minutes.



7

7-0592

Hint for Marker A (p.109) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: Think about where the killer struck and how they may have left the scene of the crime.



7-1427

Bellevue Hospital

462 First Ave, GD

I ask around Bellevue hospital but there doesn't seem to be anything here for me.

 Time advances 30 minutes.



7-1693

Room 713 of the Cumberland Hotel

I decide to take the stairs to the 7th floor of the Cumberland, to give myself time to think about how much I should tell Mrs. Browning of what I've discovered – or how hard to press her on some lingering questions.

As I near the landing, I think I hear her voice berating the hotel help. But it's quiet in the hallway, and when I make the long walk to room 713, I can see under the door that the lights are off. I knock. No one answers. I spend a few minutes standing there listening for activity, then give up and head back downstairs.

- Go to [2-8416 \(p.44\)](#)

 Time advances 30 minutes.



7-1778

Turtle Bay Elementary

345 Park Ave, TB

Something tells me my guy doesn't belong in an elementary school, and anyway the place looks locked down. There's a nun sitting with her back to the door – no one's getting in and out without her moving.



7-2889

NYC Department of Parking Enforcement

50 Centre St, CC

- If you are missing previously acquired access to **Document 4 (Letter Found at Afanasyev Residence)**, go to [2-2536 on p.40](#).
- Otherwise, go to [6-0780 on p.60](#).

 Time advances 30 minutes.



7-3229

Room 713 of the Cumberland Hotel

If it is **day 1**, go to [6-5938 \(p.63\)](#)

- Otherwise, If it is **day 2**, go to [2-0514 \(p.39\)](#)
- Otherwise, If it is **day 3**, go to [7-1693 \(p.68\)](#)



Time advances 30 minutes.



7-4001

Larchmont Mid-Town Taxi Service (7-4777 on p.70) contd.

I'm not sure what to ask the taxi company about, and as it turns out, they don't have any suggestions.



7-4030

Afanasyev, Constantine

332 E. 11th St, EV

The building at 332 E. 11th Street is just one of many row houses here, stretching nearly the entire block, all painted a peeling white. There's a round buzzer mounted on a square of wood to the right of the door; a label below it bears the name "Afanasyev", with two small hand-drawn crucifixes on either side. I ring the doorbell but get no answer.

I think long and hard about breaking the door in, but it looks solid.

Then I notice the edge of an envelope just peeking out from under the door frame. I open my pocket knife and use it to pull the letter out.



You have gained access to **Document 4 (Letter Found at Afanasyev Residence)**, which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 85](#). Please note this in your case log.



Time advances 30 minutes.



7-4102

Cumberland Hotel, Day 1 (3-9767 on p.50) - talk to hotel staff

The Cumberland Hotel is an elegant-looking square 12-story building on the corner of Broadway and 54th Street. I ask the front desk if I can speak to someone who was on duty this morning, and get directed to a middle-aged woman who's checking in an elderly couple.

When she finally hands them off to a bellhop, I ask her if she remembers Mrs. Browning. She does, and confirms she checked in on Saturday afternoon.

"And can you tell me if she checked in alone?" The woman consults a book briefly, and confirms that Mrs. Browning checked in alone on Saturday.

"Did you see her this morning?" I ask.

"I haven't seen her today, but I wasn't on duty early this morning. The staff member that was will be here all day tomorrow, you could ask him then. But I do remember she had several visitors yesterday. A short, balding gentleman, and an older, taller gentleman."

"One last question. I'm sure you're aware that Mrs. Browning had an expensive item stolen from her hotel room while she was out getting breakfast. Have you talked to the maids on duty? Is there any chance one of them lifted it and is too scared to admit it?"

"I don't see how," she says. "The maids hadn't even come in when she reported her items missing, and someone would have noticed if one of them had come in early."

"Anyone else who would have a key to the room?"

“Only the clerk on duty at the time – and me of course, but I certainly didn’t enter her room.”

“Thank you for your help. By the way, how’s the restaurant here?”

“Best in the city.” she says mechanically, with zero enthusiasm.

 You have gained **Marker H**. Please note this in your case log.



7-4172

Financial District Precinct (8-1410 on p.74)
contd.

Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

“What do you think? Where should I start?”

“Well...” he says, “I’d say on your first day, make sure you check out the scene of the crime with your own eyes, and try to talk to the people that may have been granted access to it. In addition to hotel staff, it sounds like you’ve got two main suspects at this point, so maybe try to at least visit both of them and see what they’re all about. I wouldn’t worry too much about the book itself for now – focus on the people and the rest will follow.”



7-4777

Larchmont Mid-Town Taxi Service
145 W. 43rd St, TS

If it is **day 1**, go to [1-1726 on p.32](#).

- Otherwise, If it is **day 2**, go to [7-7018 on p.71](#).
- Otherwise, If it is **day 3**, go to [7-4001 on p.69](#).

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



7-5135

Stay and help the subway attendant

I pull out a cloth handkerchief and take off my tie, and try to tie it around the wound in the attendant’s throat. He’s in kind of a panic, and fights against me moving his hands, but eventually we get it on and his hands have something to press against. It’s a pretty deep cut and he’s lost a lot of blood already. I’m not sure he’s going to make it.

“Can you stand up?” I ask him. But he’s in shock and he’s not walking anywhere on his own two feet.

I call out towards the steps – “Help! I need some help down here!” Then I put my arms around the guy’s torso and lift him up. The motion jolts a fresh stream of blood out of his neck.

I carry him up the steep steps as quickly as I can, which is to say not quickly at all, blood dripping the whole way. When we get to the top, I walk him over to the curb and lay him down against the light pole. There’s a crowd forming now, people gasping and holding their hands to their mouths, but no one actually doing anything to help.

I step into the street and hail a cab on Lexington – thankfully the street is filled with them. I lift the man into the cab, push him to the end of the seat and hand the cabbie a five dollar bill and tell him to take the guy to a hospital. He heads off south and I watch him go, still in shock. I probably should have gone with them, but I’m not thinking clearly.

Standing there staring down Lexington I try to

calm my breathing and regain my wits. What just happened? I don't think I was spotted by my guy, but even if I was, why would he have attacked this attendant? Was this just a coincidence?

 You have gained **Marker E**. Please note this in your case log.

 **Time advances 60 minutes.**



7-5766

Deadline on Day 3 (Hint for Marker C on p.110) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: There are several neighborhoods of interest in your case, including Times Square, the Lower East Side, the Bowery, and Carnegie Mansion. Look for pawn shops in those areas.



7-6051

Central Park Precinct
85th St Transverse, CP

The central park precinct isn't much of a precinct at all, and looks like it's mostly for show. A place for tourists to stop in and file reports on park pickpockets or con artists. I guess if I'm interested in a crime that occurred on the outskirts of the park It's going to be handled by the closest neighborhood precinct next to the park.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



7-6553

Epilogue (p.96) contd.

"Well... It could be worse," says Jewel.

"Hey, that's *my* motto," I say.

"Har har," says Jewel.

"It could be worse... Does that mean we've got enough money in the kitty for me to take you to the movies?"

Jewel turns around and heads out, saying over her shoulder, "You've got enough saved for *one* ticket, Jack. Let me know how it ends." Return to [Epilogue \(p.96\)](#).



7-6591

Wyckoff, Talmadge
229 E. 11th St, EV

The front door at 229 E. 11th Street is painted blood-red, with an ornate brass knocker shaped like the skull of an animal in the center. Below it is a four-inch-tall uppercase "W" hand-painted in black calligraphy.

I knock and no one answers. I can't say I'm not a little relieved.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



7-7018

Larchmont Mid-Town Taxi Service (7-4777 on p.70) contd.

I'm not sure what to ask the taxi company about, and as it turns out, they don't have any suggestions.



7-7443

Financial District Precinct (8-1410 on p.74) contd.

Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

“Looks like I’m making progress but I’m not sure where to focus my efforts – any ideas?”

“Well, for sure you should track down both of the dealers and figure out as much about them as you can – or at least until you know who you are dealing with. Then there’s the issue of the stolen jewelry. It’s hard to know if it’s central to your case or not, but you should definitely chase down the details and try to put a bow on that – at least figure out who’s involved even if hard proof and recovering the jewels is outside the scope of your work. Maybe track down those packages as well – might give you a few more clues about who’s behind this whole thing.”

“What about these stabbings – I’m sure they’re related to my case.”

“Well then, track down the victims and see what you can learn about them. Where did they live? Where did they work? Etc. I always tell you to focus on the people, the rest will fall into place. And have you got a theory about how the book was taken? Seems to me you need to develop a theory for who could have taken it and how, even if their motives are unclear. Remember, Jack, you cut your teeth in financial crimes; sometimes a motive is as simple as pay for hire, so It wouldn’t hurt to try to follow up that angle and knock on a few doors.”



7-7572

Carnegie District Precinct
82nd St & 3rd Ave, CM

If it is before day 3, advance time 1 hour, then leave.

- Otherwise, go to 6-7205 on p.65.



Time advances 30 minutes.



7-7810

Cumberland Hotel, Day 2

- If you want to talk to hotel staff, go to 4-0618 on p.51.
- Otherwise, if you wish to call up to Room 713, go to 2-0514 (p.39)



7-8530

Deadline on Day 3 (Hint for Marker C on p.110) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: Ask yourself who might be using this pawn shop...



7-9261

Cumberland Hotel Staff, Day 3 (1-0712 on p.32) contd.

Sometimes I’ve found that in these situations it’s better to give someone an instruction, rather than ask a question and risk them getting cold feet.

“I need the room number of Mr. Choka Bahandari. It’s an emergency,” I tell the man at the reservation desk.

A few minutes later, he’s found the information – Bahandari’s in room 701. He checked in on Saturday and he’s still in the hotel.

 You have gained **Marker Q**. Please note this in your case log.

“Would you mind ringing up to room 713 for me?” I ask.

“Certainly, sir,” says the man at the reservation desk. But there’s no answer.

“She’s not answering,” he says.

“Do you know if she went out?”

He looks to his left at another clerk, who shakes her head, “No sir, I don’t believe she did. Perhaps she’s just in the bath?”

“Thank you.”

- If you want to head upstairs anyway, go to [7-1693 \(p.68\)](#)

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



7-9323

Adamski, B. - Apt. 3a

435 E. 52nd St, TB (apt. 3a)

No one answers the door to Apartment 3a.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



7-9386

Lori, Carlo

757 3rd Ave, TB

No one answers the door at the duplex on 757 3rd Avenue. But I see a little old lady hanging out of the balcony next door.

“Would you happen to know Father Lori?” I ask.

“Aye. He lives in that apartment there but he’s not been home in a week. Whatcha be wanting him for?”

“Could you tell me what he looks like?”

“Whatcha be wanting him for, I said.”

“I’m with the church,” I say, as if that should be good enough.

“That don’t mean nothin’ to me!”

I don’t really have time for this.


“Dear God,” I exclaim, “You know this man’s mother is on her deathbed. I need to find Father Lori right away! Are you going to help me or not?”

“Oh. Well, why didn’t you say so? He’s a short fella, about this high,” and she holds her hand in the air out of her 2nd-story window. “He’s bald, and he wears glasses.”

“Thank you for your cooperation” I say.

“Will his mother be alright?” she asks.

“I certainly hope so,” I say as I head off.

 You have gained **Marker C2**. Please note this in your case log.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



8

8-0109

Beth Israel Teaching Hospital
281 First Ave, GD

If you are missing previously acquired **Marker S**, go to [3-4686 on p.48](#).

If it is **before day 3**, go to [3-3228 on p.46](#).

- Otherwise, If you have previously acquired **Marker E**, go to [2-4174 \(p.40\)](#)
- Otherwise, If you have previously acquired **Marker R**, go to [3-4660 on p.47](#).



Time advances 30 minutes.



8-0845

Deadline on Day 3 ([Hint for Document 5 on p.107](#)) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: Try the Department of Parking Enforcement; his parking tickets may show where his car was normally parked.



8-1410

Financial District Precinct
Nassau & Liberty, FD

I make my way up the steps at Nassau & Liberty to my old home precinct to ask my old chief if he has any advice for me.

It's clearly going to affect my reputation if I ask for help, but maybe that's a price I'm willing to pay... Or I could just leave and try to figure things out myself.

If it is **day 1**: Go to [7-4172 on p.70](#).

If it is **day 2**: Go to [1-2956 on p.33](#).

If it is **day 3**: Go to [7-7443 on p.72](#).

- Otherwise, if it's late night on day 3 and you want assistance answering the questions at the conclusion of your case, go to [1-8345 on p.36](#).



Time advances 30 minutes.



8-1631

W.M. Muller
242 Sixth Ave, GV

The storefront window in front of 262 Sixth avenue holds displaycase after displaycase of round marbles in all colors, each one with a dark spot in the center – a bit like eyes. Takes me a moment to process what I'm looking at, then I see the sign that says "ARTIFICIAL HUMAN EYES".

A handwritten card on the inside of the window says "Try our new antacid, it's good for your vision!"

I head in and purchase a tiny bottle for a nickel from the guy behind the counter. It doesn't have a label; it's just a clear glass bottle with a stopper. It tastes like chalk. I try to keep my face from frowning, but it doesn't work.

"What's the deal with the antacid?" I ask.

"Not much demand for artificial eyes," he says.

"How's the demand for antacid?" I ask.

"Eh." he says, shrugging his shoulders.

I take another swig and leave the empty bottle on the counter as I head out.

Mark 1 culture checkbox in your case log.

 Time advances 30 minutes.



8-2147
Subway (IRT) at Lexington and 86th
Lexington Ave & 86th St, CM

I pace the platform at the 86th Street IRT station, but don't notice anything interesting.

 Time advances 30 minutes.



8-2248
Museum of Natural History (6-2864 on p.61)
- after day 2

The Exhibition of Controversial books is not open to the public yet.




8-2900
Convent of the Sacred Heart (2-7768 on p.43)
contd.

The Convent of the Sacred Heart is a beautiful old building, originally built in 1914 as the residence of Otto H. Kahn, a German financier. It's currently a Roman Catholic girls' school. At least that's the idea, though it seems like it's been closed for repairs or reorganization for the last year or so.

I notice that while the main front entrance looks like it hasn't been used in a while, there's

a side entrance that looks like it gets regular use. The side door is surrounded by large white granite blocks, and looks to be made of steel, with no less than 3 locks on the door. I know the church is concerned about chastity, but this seems a little excessive. There's a small metal plate near the top lock with the initials "PSC" stamped on it.

I listen quietly for any sounds behind the door, but don't hear anything. I knock lightly. No answer. I reach for the doorknob and that's when I see it: a small smear of blood. Then I spot another near the edge of the door, and a few more drops on the ground outside.

 CHOOSE ONE OF THE FOLLOWING:

- Force open the door and enter: Go to 8-9479 (p.79)
- Leave and come back later



8-3076
Library Consultation

I show off the book to the clerks at the rare manuscripts and religion departments. Everyone is impressed, but they have no idea if it's genuine. Finally one of them recommends I bring it to Wannemaker and Son Rare Books, who will surely know about it.

 Time advances 30 minutes.



8-3358
Deadline on Day 3 (Hint for Marker Y on p.125) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: Use his parking ticket history to identify the buildings where he spent most of his time.



8-3872

Subway (IRT) at Lexington and 51st
Lexington Ave & 51st St, TB

 You have gained **Marker S** . Please note this in your case log.


I almost walk right past the stairs down to the IRT station at Lexington and 51st, but I can see it's where my guy must have gone. Damn it. He's got a couple of minutes on me now, and I can hear a train in the station. If I'm lucky the train is pulling in. If I'm unlucky... Well, I guess there's next week.

I hurry down the steps into the subway, and I can see the uptown train is just pulling into the station. Lucky. If I hurry I can just make it.

I reach into my pocket for a dime and look around for the attendant. I don't see him. I'm just thinking about jumping the turnstile when I catch something out of the corner of my eye.

Off to the side of the station, there's a guy sitting on the ground with his hands around his throat. The first thing that comes to my mind is that it's my guy, but it's not – it's the attendant. And there's blood leaking out between his fingers and quietly pooling onto his pants.

I look at the man, then back over my shoulder where I can see the train just coming to a stop.

 You have 60 seconds to choose ONE of the following options:

- 1. Stay to help the attendant - go to [7-5135 \(p.70\)](#)
- 2. Or jump the turnstile and get onto the train - go to [3-9729 \(p.49\)](#)



8-5701

Hint for **Marker Z (p.126)** contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: Once you determine their nationality you may be able to find a government office that has info on them.



8-5816

“Hey, it's you again,” says the guy at the City-wide Parcels counter. “You know, you could save me a drive if you want to come pick up your own packages.”

“You dropped off a letter this morning. Same sender as yesterday? Short guy, balding, wire-rim glasses?”

“That's the one. He seemed pretty rattled this morning – was waiting for me when I opened up, checking over his shoulder the whole time.”

“And he didn't send any other packages or letters to anyone else?”

“Well, I couldn't tell you if he did. But no, he didn't.”

It takes me a minute to process that before I say goodbye and head out. I make a mental note to myself that if I come back here again,

I'm going to have to bring this guy a box of chocolates.

 You have gained **Marker X**. Please note this in your case log.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**

- Return to [2-0387 \(p.39\)](#)



8-6264

Lehigh Safe & Lock Company

59 E. 54th St, TS

Mr. Lehigh does not seem like a particularly talkative fellow. I dance around the topic of opening up hotel door locks, and he assures me that it would be easy to do, but he's not getting involved in anything illegal. Only a hotel manager could authorize it.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



8-6324

Deadline on Day 3 (Hint for Marker P on p.116) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: There are several neighborhoods of interest in your case, including Times Square, the Lower East Side, and Carnegie Mansion. Look for locksmiths in those areas.



8-6388

Central City Taxi ([2-3482 on p.40](#)) contd.

I'm not sure what to ask the taxi company about, and as it turns out, they don't have any suggestions.



8-6591

17th Precinct

51st St & 2nd Ave, TB

If it is **before day 3**, go to [1-8062 on p.36](#).

- Otherwise, go to [2-7937 on p.44](#).

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



8-8018

Library Consultation

I ask around if anyone is familiar with the Octavo King James Bible. One of the clerks comes back with some color brochures from a recent collection, including photos of the Bible that look similar to the photo Mrs. Browning gave me. I do a little research into the book. The King James Bible has been printed millions of times in many forms.

The Octavo King James Bible that Mrs. Browning owned seems like it might be worth up to several thousand dollars, given its apparent condition.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



8-8141

Cumberland Hotel Lobby

"Would you mind ringing up to room 713 for me?" I ask.

“Certainly, sir,” says the man at the reservation desk. But there’s no answer.

“She’s not answering,” he says.

“Do you know if she went out?”

He looks to his left at another clerk, who shakes her head, “No sir, I don’t believe she did. Perhaps she’s just in the bath?”

“Thank you.”

- If you want to head upstairs anyway, go to [7-1693 \(p.68\)](#)



Time advances 30 minutes.



8-8359

Deadline on Day 3 ([Hint for Document 4 on p.106](#)) contd.

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Hint: Once you identify the murder victim you should be able to locate his house and visit it.



8-8706

Carnegie Mansion Taxicabs ([5-0470 on p.57](#)) contd.

At first I’m not sure what to ask the taxi dispatcher about; then a thought strikes me.

“Did you guys happen to pick up anyone late last night, somewhere around 90th and 5th, off the park?”

The dispatcher goes through his book and I can see his finger stop on an entry. “What do I get if I tell you we did?”

“My eternal gratitude,” I say with a smile. Sometimes a little charm goes further than a dollar.

“A passenger was picked up last night on 89th Street and Madison Avenue at 5 past midnight.”

“And where’d he go?”

“Let me see... Looks like corner of 54th street and Broadway. That any help?”

“Sure is,” I say. “I owe you one.”

“I don’t suppose you could describe the passenger?” I ask, as I put my hat back on my head.

“Sure can’t,” he says. “Though you could come back tomorrow and talk to Maria Arteaga – she’s the cabbie who picked him up.”

“Thanks again,” I say. “I just might do that.”



8-8904

Department of Finance ([6-5810 on p.63](#)) contd.

I get an idea: As a long shot, I look up the property records for Gorski’s apartment at the River House Apartments. Turns out Apartment 3c is a condominium and comes back as owned by a Reverend Carlo Lori. Tax filing address listed as a place in Rome, Italy.



You have gained Marker P2 . Please note this in your case log.

Return to [6-5810 \(p.63\)](#).



8-9045

Chief Medical Examiner ([4-7384 on p.55](#)) contd.

I loiter around the medical examiner's office trying to pick up on any gossip or rumors, but there's nothing.

 **Time advances 60 minutes.**



8-9427

Lewkowitz Jewelry

288 Grand St, BO

I browse the counters of Lewkowitz Jewelers but find nothing that catches my eye. The little old lady who works there seems to have quickly sussed out that I'm not the buying type, and doesn't even bother to look up from reading her paper.

 **Time advances 30 minutes.**



8-9479

Inside the Convent of the Sacred Heart

I think about heading to a callbox and calling it in, but my hand is on automatic and I'm testing the door knob before I know it. To my surprise, it turns easily and I gently open the door.

"Hello?" I say, half-heartedly.

Inside the side entrance to the Convent of the Sacred Heart is a scene of chaos. The room looks like some combination of a scullery, a kitchen, and a study area. There are sinks, pantry supplies, and large tables and benches.

But the whole place has been trashed. The doors of the cabinets that fill the walls are all flung open, their contents lying on the floor in heaps. Boxes of papers and supplies have been

dumped everywhere. Either some hooligans were in here trying to wreck the place, or someone was in here looking for something they couldn't find. I'm betting on the latter. I notice some yellowed letterhead with the school watermark on it: "CSH".

I walk around downstairs and it's more of the same – every drawer and cabinet flung open and their contents dumped on the ground.

Eventually I come to a little office whose light is still on, and whose door appears to have been kicked in. Its hinges just barely cling on to a door frame that's been dislodged.

"Hello? Is anyone there? My name is Jack Deverell, I'm a Private Investigator. I'm armed." And with that I kneel down and retrieve the Smith & Wesson revolver in my ankle holster. It's my backup gun, but lately I've been walking around without my main sidearm.

I push on the office door and it slowly swings open. Then I'm hit with that familiar exotic smell.

On the small desk, face up and lying lengthwise, is who I'm betting is the man known to Mrs. Browning as Walenty Gorski. Not that she'd recognize his face anymore. It's all mashed up and bloody, like a raw steak. But he's short and balding, and he's got a round head. I look around for his wire-rim glasses and finally locate them on the floor, a mangled mess.

His shirt is torn and I can see the odd angles of broken ribs under the skin. His mouth and eyes are open, and there's a large pool of congealing blood under his head.

I go to check his pockets, but then notice they're all ripped open. Guess someone beat me to it. The desk drawers are all tossed like the others.

I spend a few more minutes surveying the

scene to ensure I'm not overlooking anything, making sure there's no hidden cubby holes or lock boxes, and then finally retrace my steps out of the building – wiping down the door frames so I don't accidentally get myself mixed up in a murder investigation.

 You have gained **Marker Y** . Please note this in your case log.

 **Time advances 60 minutes.**



8-9798

Gorski, U.

226 W. 21st St, CS

Apparently Gorski is a pretty popular name. Unfortunately after a brief talk with the resident I can see this isn't the Gorski I'm looking for. Still, knocking on doors is part of the job, and I'm bound to find him eventually.

 **Time advances 10 minutes.**



DOCUMENTS

STOP!



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

Document 1

Photo of Mrs. Browning's Book

Photograph of the Octavo King James Bible that Mrs. Browning shows us.



Document 2

Note with Hat Box

Note found inside hat box parcel holding the book that was sent to our office for Mrs. Browning on Tuesday:

God forgives the sinner with a flawed heart, but not the sinner who communes with evil. We are returning the word of God, if you will have it. Repent and be rewarded.

Document 3

Letter from Mystery Sender

Letter delivered to our office on Wednesday:

Dear Detective,

You may not yet understand, but you will. My calling is righteous and only GOD can judge my trespasses and deceptions. The book you seek is evil, but it is safe now, protected by the angels. You must stop searching for it. Wicked are the words, and wicked is the witch who wields it. She must not be allowed to regain it. It is safe now. Even if she and her devils find me and put me to the rack, it is safe now. And if I should fall, you must deliver it, not to the witch but to my master. He will know what to do.

Document 4

Letter Found at Afanasyev Residence

Letter found at Constantine Afanasyev's residence

Feb 27, 1948

Car Registration: "6K 45 47"

Model: 1935 Hudson, 2-door

Registered owner: Constantine Afanasyev

Towed from: 331 East 11th st., curbside

NOTICE: This letter is to inform you that your car has been impounded by the New York City Parking Enforcement Office. You may reclaim your car by paying your overdue fines before February 1st, 1949. If your car is unclaimed at that date, it will be auctioned off to the highest bidder, with all proceeds going to the City of New York.

Document 5

DMV Parking Ticket Printout

Parking Ticket Summary

Car Registration: "6K 45 47"

Model: 1935 Hudson, 2-door

Registered owner: Constantine Afanasyev

Recent Parking Violations are as follows:

Jan 05 - 6 East 91st St.

Jan 17 - 4 East 91st St.

Jan 25 - 333 East 11th St.

Jan 30 - 4 East 91st St.

Feb 14 - 5 East 91st St.

Feb 19 - 4 East 91st St.

Feb 25 - 331 East 11th St. [CAR IMPOUNDED]

Document 6

Note Found at Murder Scene

Note found at Engineer's Gate off Central Park

Front:

"Tuesday mail pickup: Gorski, Walenty - 435 E. 52nd St (apt.3c)"

Back:

"God protect you from the devils and their helpers -- keep eyes in the back of your head. They still hunt for the desecrated thing."

Document 7

Sketch of Mrs. Browning

Jack's sketch of Mrs. Browning.



END

STOP!



Do **not** turn the page until you are ready to begin wrapping up your case.


Conclusion

10 pm Wednesday, March 3rd, 1948

When I get into the office, Jewel is sitting cross-legged on her desk eating Chinese take-out food, cold sesame noodles and dumplings.

“Jack, I think it’s time to wrap this case up. Mrs. Browning just called and she’s furious that you haven’t found the book yet. She said she’s coming in bright and early tomorrow morning and you better have something for her. You know what you’re going to tell her?”

I pick up a dumpling with my chopsticks and dip it into the soy sauce, enjoying the salty ocean taste. “I’m not sure...”

 You will have two more opportunities to resume searching for leads before the end of this case. This is your first opportunity to do so, and your last opportunity to do so without acquiring demerits. If you do wish to resume searching for leads at this point, consider yourself to be in overtime on **day 3 (Wednesday)**. Proceed to the next page to answer final questions only when you have finished searching for new leads.



STOP!



Proceed only when you are ready to answer questions.



Questions

Read and answer the following questions. You may re-reread any previously visited leads to refresh your memory but you may not visit new leads at this point.

Q1. Why was the book stolen in the first place, by whom, and how did they get their hands on it?

Q2. If someone did break into Mrs. Browning's hotel room, how did they do it and how did they know when it would be safe to do so? If it was an inside job, then who was the inside person? Or was the book never actually stolen?

Q3. Who has it now? Where is it? How do you know? If we assume Mrs. Browning's Book will never be recovered, and no one will ever confess, how might you go about proving who removed it from the hotel room?

Q4. What about the train station attack and the murder near the park. The cops are breathing down my neck, wanting to know what our case has to do with them. How do the knife attacks relate to the case we're investigating? Can you provide the police with the killer's full name and current location?

Q5. What about the theft of Mrs. Browning's jewelry? Do we know who took it, and why, and where it is? And most importantly, what's your evidence?

Secondary Questions:

Q6. Who is Gorski? What's his role in all this? Is he working alone, and if not, who else is involved?

Q7. And what about the book that was delivered on Tuesday – Mrs. Browning doesn't seem to want it. Is it real?

- a) It's fake and not worth anything
 - b) It's real and worth a fortune
-

! You must now answer the questions above. *After* you answer them, you may, for the last time, resume searching for new leads in an attempt to improve your answers. If you wish to do so, consider yourself to be in overtime on **day 3 (Wednesday)**.

After you have finished searching for new leads for the last time, return here to *revise* any of your answers to the questions above. However, for every answer you change, you will score the **average** score of your original and revised answer.

NOTE: If you'd like some additional help and assistance thinking through the questions, you may choose to make a trip to your old police precinct in the Financial District for some last minute advice, though it will cost you some demerits. If you wish to do so, go to [8-1410 \(p.74\)](#).

Proceed to the epilogue on the next page only when you have recorded your final answers to the above questions.

Tip for completionists: The following optional markers are discoverable: **Marker A**, **Marker Q**, **Marker W2**, and **Marker Z**.



STOP!



Once you have answered all questions on the previous page(s) you may continue to the next page.



Epilogue

Read and resolve each section of the epilogue below in turn.

DIARY - Thursday, March 5th, 1948

Mrs. Browning turns up at the office Thursday morning, demanding a progress report on her case. Jewel shows her in and lingers by the door to hear what I'll say.

"Where is my book, Mr. Deverell? Have you located it yet? What's taking so long?" she says, speaking the way only women born into privilege or good looks can.

"It's a little complicated," I say, taking a deep breath and standing up.

CHOOSE ONE OF THE FOLLOWING:

- a) "I know where your book is, and I suppose a contract is a contract. As no one has disputed that the book belongs to you, I'm going to tell you where it is. But I'm not happy about it." go to [1-4114 \(p.34\)](#), and then return back here.
- or b) "I'm afraid I'm not going to be able to recover your book, Mrs. Browning. It's obvious that something shady is going on here, and I don't want to end up an accessory in... whatever it is. Jewel will help you settle up your account." go to [2-6123 \(p.43\)](#), and then return back here.

NEW YORK TIMES - Monday, March 9th, 1948

District Attorney Frank S. Hogan has today announced the arrest of Choka Bahandari, an Indian national, for last week's violent murder of Constantine Afanasyev, and the arrest of Mrs. Clarice Browning of Salem, Massachusetts as an accessory after the fact. The charging documents describe how Mr. Bahandari attacked Mr. Afanasyev outside of Central Park after following him from his place of work, the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Early reporting suggests that Mr. Bahandari was operating at the behest of Mrs. Browning, whose background and occupation remain unconfirmed.

NEW YORK TIMES - Wednesday, March 12th, 1948

New developments emerged today in the case of last week's Central Park stabbing of Constantine Afanasyev. Rumors continue to circulate about the two suspects who have been charged with the murder, Mr. Choka Bahandari and Mrs. Clarice Browning. Reliable sources have told the Times that the two are well known in Salem, and are rumored to be members of an underground religious organization long banned in the state of Massachusetts. Mrs. Browning's family allegedly has long-standing ties to occult and satanic churches in the state, dating back several generations.

DIARY - Friday, March 20th, 1948

It's been two weeks since the case of the Missing Book, and Jewel taps on the glass pane of my office door as she opens it and walks in. I can see she's got a stack of bills in her hand, and we're about to do the weekly ritual of going over company finances.

"How do we look, Jewel?"

- If you have gone into overtime on no more than one day, go to [1-1787 on p.32](#), and then return here.
- Otherwise, if you have gone into overtime on two days, go to [7-6553 on p.71](#), and then return here.
- Otherwise, if you have gone into overtime on all three days, go to [6-1783 on p.60](#), and then return here.



NEW YORK TIMES - Monday, March 30th, 1948

A date has been set in the murder trial of Clarice Browning and Choka Bahandari, who stand accused of the ritualistic stabbing murder of a worker from the Convent of the Sacred Heart. The suspects had not released any statement to the press at the time of going to print. The trial is set to begin on May 3rd. In a shocking twist, the district attorney has revealed that the two are being charged with an additional murder.



DIARY - Saturday, April 3rd, 1948

It's been a month since the case of the Missing Book, and I've been sitting here for the last 30 minutes, staring at the pristine edition of the Octavo King James Bible sent over by the folks who stole Mrs. Browning's copy. It's worth thousands and I still haven't decided what to do with it. I buzz Jewel, and the two of us spend a few more minutes staring at it together. She's like the Sphinx, that one; she doesn't let on what she's thinking.

CHOOSE ONE OF THE FOLLOWING:

- a) Put the extremely valuable book on the shelf and forget all about it. Go to [4-5795 on p.55](#), and then return here.
- b) Reach out to a contact and sell it anonymously, then pocket the cash. Go to [3-3745 on p.46](#), and then return here.
- c) Put out some feelers and try to return it to the original sender. Go to [3-2616 on p.46](#), and then return here.
- d) Hand it over to the police as evidence. Go to [6-8266 on p.67](#), and then return here.



NEW YORK TIMES - Monday, May 3rd, 1948

Opening statements were delivered today in the murder trial of Clarice Browning, the leader of a banned occult church from Salem, Massachusetts, and her accomplice Choka Bahandari. District

Attorney Frank Hogan laid out the facts of the case: In early March of this year, Mrs. Browning arrived in the Cumberland Hotel in Manhattan, carrying with her an occult book she intended to have appraised and then sold. To a shocked courtroom, he described the book as a rare and sacrilegious text: a corrupted variant of the Octavo King James Bible, produced in 1600 by an underground group of dissident monks, with a dozen or more additional hand-illustrated pages of pornographic, satanic, and occult imagery. The one-of-a-kind Bible was purchased by Mrs. Browning's ancestor, and had only ever been rumored among occultists to exist.

Mr. Hogan described the chain of events as follows: Mrs. Browning used her contacts in the occult underworld to locate two potential dealers for an appraisal of the Bible. One of these, a Mr. Wyckoff, allegedly robbed Mrs. Browning of valuable jewelry while briefly left alone with the book in her hotel room. The jewelry was recovered from the pawnshop of a Mr. Cremonesi, who has since pleaded guilty to receipt of stolen goods.

As I read this I think back over my interactions with Wyckoff and Cremonesi, how the two of them used some of the same odd vernacular, and how Cremonesi had slipped up when denying he had seen the stolen jewelry. Not to mention how Wyckoff had been steps away from the pawn shop before he spotted me and turned back.

The other dealer, going by the name Walenty Gorski, was in truth an agent for an underground Catholic organization whose stated purpose is to remove sacrilegious texts from distribution. It appears this organization, operating locally out of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, had become aware of the book's existence and sought to steal it.

The organization used the Phoenix Safe Company, owned by a sympathetically aligned religious family, to burgle the hotel room of Mrs. Browning and steal the book. Father and son, both trained locksmiths, allegedly worked together – one monitoring the whereabouts of Mrs. Browning while she left her hotel room for breakfast, and the other picking the lock of her hotel room door in order to obtain the book. Witnesses at the Cumberland Hotel and the Carnegie Deli were able to positively identify both men. It is unclear whether the ultimate aim was to acquire the book in order to dispose of it, or simply to remove it from circulation.

When Mrs. Browning discovered that the book had been stolen, she hired a private investigator to track it down, but directed her accomplice Mr. Bahandari (who had secretly checked into a separate room of the hotel) to conduct a parallel investigation, and to recover the book by any means necessary.



NEW YORK TIMES - Tuesday, May 4th, 1948

The prosecution today continued their case against Clarice Browning and Choka Bahandari, describing how Mr. Bahandari had managed to locate an employee of the Sacred Heart Convent, Constantine Afanasyev. Mr. Afanasyev had been hired to pick up mail from the Gorski residence, which was used by the organization as a kind of front from which they could safely conduct their clandestine operations. Afanasyev was apparently followed to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and murdered nearby.

In a shocking disclosure, the district attorney described a second, previously unreported murder of another Sacred Heart employee, believed to be the book appraiser known to Mrs. Browning as Walenty Gorski. This man appears to have been tortured in an attempt to force him to reveal the location of the stolen book.

The prosecution has not yet identified the dead man, but they have confirmed that the real Gorski died several years ago. It now appears that the Sacred Heart offices, along with the apartment where Gorski's mail was delivered, were being used as a front for their clandestine operation; fake identities were also used to protect their members. The motive behind these actions remains unclear, as does the method by which they made contact with Mrs. Browning. District Attorney Frank Hogan has hinted that charges may be forthcoming at a further date.

There seems to be no dispute that the satanic book had been hidden all along in a floor safe at the Phoenix Safe Company; however, a warrant executed last month failed to recover the book, and its current whereabouts are unknown.

I realize as I read this paragraph in the paper that the mysterious note we received on wednesday mentions the word "safe" an inordinate number of times... I guess the guy was hoping I would protect the book if anything happened to him. Either that or the guy had a screw loose and didn't even realize what he was saying.

Police believe that the Sacred Heart is part of a larger organization, possibly run by the reclusive and politically-connected Reverend Carlo Lori, who appears to be the registered owner of many of the group's real estate properties. Police have declined to elaborate or discuss whether an active investigation is ongoing.

It was revealed in court today that this religious organization sent Mrs. Browning a genuine and highly valuable *unadulterated* copy of the Bible in exchange for the stolen book, in an effort to dissuade her from trying to recover the stolen edition. The whereabouts of the replacement book are currently unknown.

The private detective originally hired to locate the stolen book was none other than Jack Deverell, whose storied and controversial career in the NYPD has been the subject of many articles in the Times. Mr. Deverell could not be reached for comment, but a statement released from his office today said simply that he would not discuss any details of the case due to client confidentiality and the general lack of integrity on the part of the New York press core.



NEW YORK TIMES - Monday, May 10th, 1948

A shocking end today to the double-murder trial of Clarice Browning and Choka Bahandari. Both were expected to take the stand today in their own defense, but were found deceased in their separate jail cells, apparently of self-inflicted cyanide poisoning. As of yet there is no word on how the two could have obtained access to the poison. Investigations are ongoing.



Final Scoring

To calculate your final score for this chapter, assess each of your earlier answers (see [Conclusion \(p.90\)](#)) and assign them a score from 0 to the maximum listed. NOTE: Do *not* give yourself full credit if you missed some subtle clues or details:


- Q1. Max score of 20: _____
- Q2. Max score of 20: _____
- Q3. Max score of 20: _____
- Q4. Max score of 20: _____
- Q5. Max score of 20: _____
- Q6. Max score of 10: _____
- Q7. Max score of 10: _____

Total score for all questions: _____

Subtract 1 point for each demerit you received during the course of the case: _____

- If you have previously acquired **Marker Z**, add +3 points.
- If you have previously acquired **Marker A**, add +3 points.
- If you have previously acquired **Marker Q**, add +3 points.

Final score: _____

 Remember that if you *changed* any of your answers to a question after visiting new leads, you score the average of your original and revised answer.



Legacy Campaign Updates

Keep the case log sheet for this case with your campaign notes; you will need to keep track of your total score as well as all accumulated checkboxes for each chapter.

Additionally, record in your campaign log sheet the following information for this case:

If you have previously acquired **Marker E**, record “+1 compassion”

If you have previously acquired **Marker R**, record “+1 ruthless”

If you have previously acquired **Marker J**, record “+1 financial”

If you have previously acquired **Marker K**, record “+1 eccentric”

If you have previously acquired **Marker L**, record “+1 lawful”

If you have previously acquired **Marker N**, record “+1 duty”

If you have previously acquired **Marker O**, record “+1 jewel”



Behind the Scenes: Postscript from the Author

I hope you have enjoyed this case. I tried to make this one a little tricky with a variety of obstacles that you would have to figure out to follow up on leads.

One of the elements of the case that was most tricky was the way you were supposed to figure out that Wyckoff stole the jewelry. Here is what I tried to do:

When you tail Wyckoff from his shop, he spots you at the end. He made it to just right across the street from a pawn shop, which is meant to connect him to it. The especially tricky part, however, is that he is right at the boundary of neighborhoods, and the pawn shop is in the next neighborhood over (Lower East Side).

You may in fact discover that pawn shop, as one player did, while investigating the dead body of Constantine, which may lead you to wrongly think he was the one who stole the jewelry.

There are, however, two more clues to connect Wyckoff to the pawn shop. First, Wyckoff and Cremonesi, the pawn shop owner, have a similar disposition, and both use the words “vermin” – I suspect they are good friends. More damning, however, is that when we question the pawn shop owner, we mention “a stolen bracelet”, when in fact it was several items that were stolen. He says “I haven’t seen **them**.” A little slip-up on his part that tells you he’s our man.

As a side note, early playtesters suffered trying to find the pawnshop because I accidentally put two more pawn shops on the same block as where Wyckoff turned around, and in the neighborhood where he was walking. Ouch.

Another subtle element is in the third note you get. If you study it you will note that the word “safe” is used many times – that’s meant to clue you in that he’s stashed it at the Phoenix Safe Company in the floor safe that is mentioned. The old man and the kid with long brown hair that work there are the same people who were watching and breaking into Mrs. Browning’s hotel room on day 2. The old man follows her to Carnegie Deli while the kid gets into her hotel room. You’ll note that the PSC logo on the Sacred Heart Convent is from their locksmith shop.

I had some spirited debates with playtesters about whether the clues to Phoenix Safe company were strong enough or too subtle. In response I made some later changes to make it both a little bit easier to connect the Deli witness to the Phoenix guy, but also added a question that asked the players how they would prove it if they had to – my hope is that that question will spur some debate (the answer is that you could try to get the deli and hotel people to id the phoenix father and son).

One more subtle element is tracking down the name of the killer, who works for Mrs. Browning. To do so you’ll have to visit the taxi company serving the neighborhood where the murder took place. The taxi company gives you the name of the driver and tells you to come back tomorrow when she gets in... but your case doesn’t last 4 days, so you’ll have to visit her yourself. She’ll tell you his nationality and his first name. With that you could go to the Indian Consulate and find out his full name. And with that you can revisit the hotel to get his room number. Note that this was meant to be a non-essential part of the mystery that only advanced players would be able to find.

I have to admit that a trip to the Indian Consulate is not the first thing that I would have thought to do. So many consulates, so little time.

The last bit of bonus mystery for advanced players relates to the real identity of the man known as Gorski and the larger organization behind him. If you visit the Property & tax records office (6-5810): NYC Department of Finance (see Research Guide), you will learn the name of Reverend Carlo Lori, whom you can visit to confirm that he is the man behind the operation (and the man pretending to be Gorski).

I should note that there is a fair amount of disagreement on the part of early playtesters regarding the difficulty of the case and whether there is sufficient evidence for players to answer the questions about who took the book. To me it feels like it's a hard case but that there are enough clues to make an educated guess. What do you think?

I hope you enjoyed the moral and other choices you faced. Which choices did you make, and why? There are no right or wrong answers. You might be wondering about the instructions to record things in your "Campaign Log". This case occurs somewhere in the middle of a long campaign planned for High & Low, with legacy elements where your decisions in one case may carry over to another. Whether that campaign gets finished remains to be seen.

One of the mechanical aspects of the case that underwent lots of debate was the use of the markers to "gate" your progress between days, to make sure you had seen certain things each day. The basic idea of doing this has always been a key part to High & Low, to help make the multi-day structure work. Essentially this process ensures that players have seen critical leads so they have a reasonable chance of solving the case at the end, and that they don't miss a critical lead that will make the experience unpleasant. This was originally implemented in this case by having the player answer end-of-day questions that asked about certain things and sent them back into the field if they hadn't found them. Afterwards I had the idea of using the conditional markers (e.g. "mark letter A"), which are already used to check certain conditions, as checks between days. This works mechanically, and we added a kind of time deadline to add some tension and reward efficient players – though I hope it will not serve to discourage players from investigating everything. An in-game hint system was added to help players that feel stuck and don't know what to do.

I'd love to hear what you thought of the case and any bugs you found. You can contact me at jessereichler@gmail.com or stop by the Co-op For Two YouTube Channel or Discord server (link on YouTube "About" page).

If you're interested in making your own case for the High & Low system, stop by boardgamegeek.com and reach out to me – the materials are all available and I'd love to see more cases made.

Special thanks to Debbie Levy for editing, and to early beta testers Dispaminite, Rocky Helton (who made his own case!), Jonathan Warner, Nicola Salmoria, and all the others in the High & Low Discord roundtable for talking through ideas.

-Jesse Reichler, February 20, 2024



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 Document 4

Deadline on Day 3

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Jewel: “The killing on Tuesday night - have you visited the local police precinct to ask them about it?”

If you are still stuck, go to [2-5113 on p.42](#).

If you are still stuck, go to [8-8359 on p.78](#).

If you still need help, as a last resort Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [7-4030 on p.69](#)



Hint for Document 5

Deadline on Day 3

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Jewel: “The DMV may have information about the murder victim’s car – perhaps that can help you find out where he spent time.”

If you are still stuck, go to [5-7903 on p.58](#).

If you are still stuck, go to [8-0845 on p.74](#).

If you still need help, as a last resort Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [6-0780 on p.60](#)



Hint for Document 6

Deadline on Day 3

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Jewel: “Was the killing uptown on Tuesday night related to our case? You must have visited the crime scene, right?”

If you are still stuck, go to [4-5267 on p.54](#).

If you still need help, as a last resort Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [4-5063 on p.53](#)



Hint for Marker A

Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

It is possible to discover the full name of the killer.

If you are still stuck, go to [7-0592 on p.68](#).

If you are still stuck, go to [1-4626 on p.34](#).



Hint for Marker C

Deadline on Day 3

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Jewel: “I guess you could visit the local pawn shops to look for signs of the stolen jewelry?”

If you are still stuck, go to [7-5766 on p.71](#).

If you are still stuck, go to [7-8530 on p.72](#).

If you still need help, as a last resort Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [3-4452 on p.47](#)



Hint for Marker D

Deadline on Day 3

Mark 1 demerit checkbox in your case log.

Jewel: “Did you manage to figure out where Mrs. Browning had breakfast?”

If you are stuck, go to [4-7129 on p.55](#).

If you still need help, as a last resort Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [6-5191 on p.62](#)



Hint for Marker F

Deadline on Day 1

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Jewel: “You found Gorski’s house or apartment?”

If you are still stuck, go to [6-0216 on p.60](#).

If you still need help, as a last resort Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [5-4329 on p.57](#)



Hint for Marker G

Deadline on Day 1

Mark 1 demerit checkbox in your case log.

Jewel: “Did you talk to Gorski’s neighbors?”

If you are still stuck, go to [3-1409 on p.45](#).

If you still need help, as a last resort Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [6-2712 on p.61](#)



Hint for Marker H

Deadline on Day 1

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Jewel: “I assume you’ve checked with the Cumberland hotel staff?”

If you still need help, as a last resort Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [7-4102 on p.69](#)



Hint for Marker M

Deadline on Day 1

Mark 1 demerit checkbox in your case log.

Jewel: “You sure you talked to all of Gorski’s neighbors?”

If you are still stuck, go to [5-5723 on p.58](#).

If you still need help, as a last resort Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [1-9825 on p.37](#)



Hint for Marker P

Deadline on Day 3

Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Jewel: “We need to think how someone could have got into the hotel room.”

If you are still stuck, go to [6-8117 on p.67](#).

If you are still stuck, go to [8-6324 on p.77](#).

If you are still stuck, go to [1-2227 on p.32](#).

If you still need help, as a last resort Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [1-2791 on p.33](#)



Hint for Marker Q

Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Once you know the full name of the killer, you may be able to talk to someone to identify their location.

If you are still stuck, go to [4-2030 on p.52](#).

If you still need help, as a last resort Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [7-9261 on p.72](#)



Hint for Marker S

Deadline on Day 2

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Jewel: “I know you were going to stake out Gorski’s apartment. Did you spot someone? Did you lose track of them?”

If you are still stuck, go to [6-8669 on p.67](#).

If you are still stuck, go to [5-5008 on p.58](#).

If you still need help, as a last resort Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [8-3872 on p.76](#)



Hint for Marker T

Deadline on Day 1

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Jewel: “You’ve met up with Mrs. Browning at her hotel room to check out the scene of the crime, yeah?”

If you still need help, as a last resort Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [6-5938 on p.63](#)



Hint for Marker U

Deadline on Day 2

Mark 1 demerit checkbox in your case log.

Jewel: “You’ve met with Mrs. Browning to get her reaction to the book that arrived, right?”

If you still need help, as a last resort Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [2-0514 on p.39](#)



Hint for Marker V

Deadline on Day 2

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Jewel: “You need to figure out how to put eyes on someone who might be accessing Gorski’s apartment. Maybe try a stakeout of the building?”

If you are still stuck, go to [4-3054 on p.52](#).

If you still need help, as a last resort Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [6-2961 on p.61](#)



Hint for Marker W

Deadline on Day 3

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Jewel: “Did you manage to track down Wyckoff, the book appraiser?”

If you still need help, as a last resort Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [2-4258 on p.41](#)



Hint for Marker W2

Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

There must be a way to verify the authenticity of the book that was sent to us.

If you are still stuck, go to [4-3470 on p.52](#).

If you still need help, as a last resort Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [3-2608 on p.45](#)



Hint for Marker X

Deadline on Day 3

Mark 2 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Jewel: “Remember the delivery service that brought the package yesterday? What was it called again?”

If you are still stuck, go to [2-8568 on p.44](#).

If you are still stuck, go to [1-5409 on p.35](#).

If you still need help, as a last resort Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log, then visit one or more of the following leads where this item is obtained:

- [4-9377 on p.56](#)
- [8-5816 on p.76](#)



Hint for Marker Y

Deadline on Day 3

Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

Jewel: “So, did you figure out where Constantine was working?”

If you are still stuck, go to [8-3358 on p.75](#).

If you are still stuck, go to [5-5717 on p.58](#).

If you still need help, as a last resort Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [8-9479 on p.79](#)



Hint for Marker Z

Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log.

It is possible to talk with someone who got the first name and description of the killer.

If you are still stuck, go to [8-5701 on p.76](#).

If you still need help, as a last resort Mark 3 demerit checkboxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [1-4981 on p.35](#)

