

## Laura Bow 2: Dagger Of Amon Ra.

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## Introduction

“Huuurrrkk! Ack!”

PS There is still time to correct this most grievous misunderstanding, Mr. Carter. The Dagger of Amon Ra must be returned to Egypt.

PC Stay out of my way, or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life.

PS Surely you can find a way to accommodate everybody's wishes.

PC Who are you to tell me what I can do with my own property?

PS YOUR property?! What authority do you have...

PC The authority of the Egyptian Antiquities Service. So, if you don't like it, I suggest you waddle on back to Egypt and complain to your own government.

PS (TRYING DESPERATELY TO CONTROL HIS TEMPER) Would it not be better to work this out diplomatically?

PC This isn't a case for diplomacy. It's a case for your acceptance of the situation.

PS It is not just MY acceptance at issue, Mr. Carter. Frankly, some of our people are quite upset...moved to take drastic measures, if need be.

PC Are you THREATENING me, you malodorous little man?

PS Mr. Carter, there are some who would rather fight back than allow their country to be stripped of its national treasures.

PC Any fat savage who lays a finger on my exhibit, or threatens ME, will find himself in deep trouble. Do I make myself clear?

PS As clear as the water of the oasis, Mr. Carter.

AC Be careful with that steamer trunk, young man! It's exceedingly valuable!

SD It sure is heavy, Mr. Carrington. Have you got gold bars in here or something?

AC The contents of my trunk are not your concern. Now, be a good lad and take it to my taxi. The Countess is waiting.

New Orleans -- One Week Later

JB (WORRIEDLY) Are you sure you've got everything?

LB Yes, Daddy.

JB You've got Sam's address at the paper?

LB Yes, Daddy.

JB You've got the money I gave you?

LB YES, Daddy! Don't worry!

JB Put some money in your shoe. New York's a big city, and there's a lot of crime there.

LB Look, I'm going straight to the paper. What could possibly go wrong?

JB Let me give you a little more money, just in case.

LB (SHE REALIZES HE'S MERELY DELAYING THE MOMENT WHEN SHE WILL LEAVE, SO SHE'S SAD BUT BEING FIRM.) Dad, I've got to go.

JB Godspeed, Laura. Call me as soon as you get there.

LB I'll be fine, Dad. I'm going to make you proud of me.

JB I already am, honey.

IR Excuse me, dear. Are you a secretary?

LB Actually, I'm starting a new job as a reporter for the New York Daily Register News Tribune. My name's Laura Bow.

IR How nice. I'm Irmgaard. Is this your first trip to the big city?

LB Am I that obvious? How could you tell?

IR By the way you keep glancing out the window, dear. I did the same thing the first time I came to New York.

The tall buildings, the people rushing around; it was all so exciting. Then I stepped off the train and got mugged.

LB How awful!

IR It's the New York Experience....

IR Thank you, dear. You're very kind. I've enjoyed travelling with you.

LB Do you need any help getting home?

IR No, dear. I'll be fine. Thank you.

LB You're sure you'll be okay?

IR Yes! Thank you! Goodbye!

LB Goodness gracious! My suitcase!

MU Can ya spare a dime, Miss?

LB Certainly, sir. I'm always ready to help those who are less fortunate.

MU Well, that's just peachy! Gimme ALL your money, then!

LB Excuse me?

MU Hand it over!

LB This seems VERY unfair....

MU Welcome to New York, kid.

LB I'm not going to let a little bad luck ruin my day! Hello, New York! Laura Bow has arrived!

LB My destiny awaits! Nothing can stop me now!

LB I really want to thank you for hiring me, Mr. Augustini.

SA For HIRING you? I don't even know who you ARE!

LB I'm Laura Bow. I believe you know my father, JOHN Bow.

SA Ah! John Bow's daughter! Now I remember. How is he?

LB He's fine, and he says hello. He wanted to know if you still had that newspaper clipping on your wall about the explosion of the Hindenberg Building in New Orleans.

SA Yes! Your father was the first cop on the scene of the explosion, and he let me into the wreckage so I could cover it for the paper. I rescued Rupert Hindenberg from his burning office, wrote about it, and made a name for myself as a reporter. I owe John a lot for that. Think YOU can handle being a reporter for a big city paper?

LB I'll do my best, sir.

SA We usually just hire men for this job. It's rough out there. And you're kind of...small.

LB I can do it, Mr. Augustini. Just give me a chance.

SA All right. As a favor to my old pal, John. But I'll be keeping a close eye on you.

LB Thank you, sir.

SA For your first assignment, I want you to write about a burglary. Some kind of a fancy knife was stolen from the Leyendecker Museum. I'll arrange for you to attend the fundraiser at 7 o'clock tonight for their new Egyptian exhibit. Everyone will be there. Tell them you're covering the Society News so they won't clam up on you.

LB You won't regret it, sir. I have a nose for news.

SA Just keep your nose out of trouble. Here's your official notebook and your pencil. It already has Crodfoller's notes in it. Have the story ready by 3:00 tomorrow, or you're out of a job.

### **Trite**

That wouldn't accomplish anything.

"Questions are a burden to others,  
Answers are a burden to oneself."

In other words, you get no response.

"It is better to know some of the questions than all of the answers." -- James Thurber

Don't touch it! You don't know where it's been!

While this is an interesting approach, it serves no practical purpose.

Looks aren't everything.  
Looks can be deceiving.  
That's not the sort of thing you want to examine too closely.  
Upon close inspection, you see nothing new here.  
You get no response.  
"Well-timed silence hath more eloquence than speech." -- Martin Tupper  
"Silence alone is great; all else is weakness." -- Alfred de Vigny  
"There was silence supreme!  
Not a shriek, not a scream,  
Scarcely even a howl or groan,  
As the man they called 'Ho!'  
told his story of woe  
In an antediluvian tone."  
-- Lewis Carroll  
That would get you nowhere.  
You hear nothing of interest.

Use this icon to ask questions of other characters in the game. You may ask about anything in your notebook.

There is not enough memory available right now to show the about screen.

Click here (or press Control-C) to bring up the control panel.

Use this icon to pick something up, take something, open something, or otherwise use something.

Use this icon to leave close-ups.

To learn more about the other icons, first click here, then pass the question mark over the other icons.

Click here (or press TAB) to open your inventory.

This window shows you your currently selected inventory item. Click here to pick up the item.

Use this icon to get descriptions of things in the game.

Meanwhile...

46 Jeepers, Laura, not in front of witnesses!

You can't quit, you're FIRED!

Oops!

Bye!

Use this icon to talk to other characters in the game.

Use this icon to move your character.

This door is locked.

You don't hear anything.

This door won't open this way.

This door is already open and there's really no need for you to lock it.

You've already taken that.

Your purse is completely empty, Laura.

You ask yourself if you can handle the task set before you, then demonstrate your characteristic pluck by resolving to do your best.

You straighten out your dress. Appearances count!

It's you, Laura Bow, fresh out of college and already working for a great, metropolitan newspaper!

You think about eating the sandwich, then suddenly change your mind when you remember that you're a vegetarian.

You remind yourself of the principles of investigative journalism: research, observation, diligence and clarity.

You narrowly avoid bumping into yourself.  
You pick it up and place it in your purse.

There are no cars coming from this direction.  
Don't stray too far in The Big Apple. It's a big city, and you're not familiar with it yet.

### **Inventory**

While this IS an interesting approach, it serves no practical purpose other than your temporary amusement.

The baseball feels scuffed.

This baseball has been autographed by BOB RUTH, Babe's unknown younger brother.

Bob never made it out of the minor leagues because he was incapable of violence, and therefore would not harm a baseball by hitting it with a bat. Bob eventually quit baseball and became a successful psychiatrist.

Baseball

The lenses feel like glass. The frames feel like heavy wire.

Bifocal reading glasses.

There appears to be a fingerprint on one of the lenses, although you have no way to identify it.

Bifocals

The carbon paper crinkles when you touch it.

It's used carbon paper.

There are words typed on the carbon paper, but you can't read them this way.

Carbon Paper

The charcoal leaves a black smudge on your hand when you touch it.

A lump of charcoal from a fire.

The charcoal appears to be composed of...charcoal.

Charcoal

The cheese is firm, as if it's been sitting around awhile.

A wedge of the finest Limburger cheese. "The ultimate in cheesiness."

A closer look reveals a bit of mold on the cheese.

Cheese

It feels like thin cardboard.

An old laundry claim ticket from Lo Fat's Chinese Laundry.

A close look reveals that the ticket is two years old.

Claim Ticket

The coupon feels like it's printed on newsprint.

A newspaper coupon for a FREE SANDWICH from Luigi the sandwich vendor.

The coupon appears to be printed on yellowed newsprint.

Coupon

The blade feels cool to the touch.

It's the infamous, wonderful, not to mention stunning, gold Dagger of Amon Ra.

Unlike the gift shop daggers, this one does NOT have "Made in Pittsburgh" stamped into the blade.  
The Dagger of Amon Ra

It feels like a desk key.  
A common, everyday, ordinary key. Quite dull and boring, actually.  
Desk Key

The bone is hard, heavy, and dusty.  
The thigh bone from a young Tyrannosaurus Rex who no longer has any need for it.  
The bone is fossilized and dusty.  
Dinosaur Bone

The gown feels silky.  
A size 7, evening gown in the latest style, even though it sat unclaimed in Lo Fat's Chinese Laundry for two years. Some fashions never go out of style.  
Nice weave in the material.  
Evening Gown

It feels lacy.  
A lacy, black garter with the name, YVETTE, stitched into it. There is also a note attached.  
The note attached to the garter reads: "You can have the other garter, and much more, if you meet me at 3:00 a.m. in the Preservation Lab." The handwriting is female.  
Garter

Don't squeeze the grapes.  
A nice bunch of grapes.  
Several grapes are missing from the bunch.  
Grapes

To do something to one of your inventory items, first click [here](#), then click on the item.  
To learn about the other icons in this window, first click [here](#), then click the question mark on the other icons.  
To look more closely at one of your inventory items, first click [here](#), then click on the item.  
Click [here](#) to close the inventory window and return to the game.  
Click [here](#) to see the next page of inventory items.  
To use one of your inventory items in the game, first click [here](#), then click on the item, then click on OK. The item you select will appear in the window in the icon bar.

There's no need to turn on the lantern now.  
A Ruhmkorf Coil lantern with a hand crank on the base.  
Closer examination reveals these words on the base of the lantern:  
Ruhmkorf's Coil consists of a coil of copper wire, insulated by a silk covering, surrounded by another coil of fine insulated wire in which a momentary current is induced when a current is passed through the inner coil from a voltaic battery, charged by a hand crank. When the apparatus is in action, the gas becomes luminous, producing a white and continued light. The lantern will burn beneath the deepest waters, and safely among flammable gases.  
M. Ruhmkorf, an able and learned chemist, discovered the induction coil. In 1864, he obtained the great French Prize for this ingenious application of electricity.  
Not only that, but he was a great dancer too.

Lantern

Feels like glass.

An incandescent lightbulb. 40 watts.

The filament inside the bulb is intact.

Light Bulb

Feels like glass.

A magnifying glass, slightly scratched, but still in good condition.

A careful examination with the magnifying glass reveals this to be...a magnifying glass!

Magnifying Glass

When you poke the meat, a streamer of white liquid squirts out of it.

A slab of meat which smells ripe. Veins of rancid fat, forming abscesses that ooze copious amounts of pus, run through the decomposed cut of beef. Yum! Just like Mom used to make!

This isn't the sort of thing you want to inspect closely.

Meat

The gold feels cool.

A gold Egyptian ankh medallion with a bit of blood on it.

You see the initials, "P.S." engraved on the back of the ankh medallion.

Ankh Medallion

It's a mummy from the Ptolemaic Period whose name was Pu.

The mummy's wrappings seem to be in fair condition, but exposure to the air is starting to make them crumble.

Mummy

The cover feels like it's made of cheap leather.

It's your official New York Daily Register News Tribune reporter's notebook, with index tabs for People, Places, and Things.

The cover isn't made of cheap leather, it's made of cheap IMITATION leather.

Notebook

A notepad made of good quality paper. There's an imprint on the paper from the previous message written on the pad, but it's too faint to read.

Unreadable words are imprinted on the paper.

Pippin's Notepad

Rubbing the charcoal over the notepad has made the imprint readable:

YVETTE 8:00 EGYPTIAN RM

TUT 10:15 EGYPTIAN RM

CARRINGTON 11:00 HIS OFFICE

You see charcoal smeared all over the paper.

Pippin's Notepad

Not enough of the carbon paper comes off on the notepad to make any difference.

It feels like good quality paper.

Pippin's Notepad

You feel something engraved on the watch case.

A valuable gold pocketwatch.

A close look reveals an inscription on the watch: TO DR. ARCHIBALD CARRINGTON III, FOR YOUR YEARS OF DEDICATED SERVICE, MANY THANKS FROM YOUR STAFF AT



THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Pocket Watch

It feels flimsy.

A Press Pass. It reads: PRESS...your pants while you wait. LO FAT'S CHINESE LAUNDRY, 5858 Broadway Avenue, New York.

Up close, you see words printed on thin cardboard.

Press Pass

Feels like hair.

Long red hairs, probably human.

It looks suspiciously like red hair.

Red Hair

A small amount of grease comes off on your finger when you poke it.

A mouth-watering corned beef sandwich. Its delicate aroma indicates that it's still fresh. Yum!

You don't see any mold.

Sandwich

You really enjoy a good pastrami and press pass sandwich now and then.

Feels like a key.

A shiny key, shaped like a skeleton.

It's inscribed: "MANUFACTURED BY ACME SKELETON KEYS"

Skeleton Key

The surface feels grainy...kind of like hard salt.

Smelling salts. Phew!

The smelling salts are inscribed with the words: "ACME SMELLING SALTS"

Smelling Salts

Feels like a snake lasso.

This curious device is a lasso at the end of a pole, used for the humane capture of snakes in the wild...or wild snakes...or something like that.

It's inscribed with the words: "ACME SNAKE LASSO"

Snake Lasso

The bottle feels oily.

An empty bottle of "DR. MORIBUND'S GUARANTEED SNAKE OIL."

A bottle of "DR. MORIBUND'S GUARANTEED SNAKE OIL." It's half-full.

A full bottle of "DR. MORIBUND'S GUARANTEED SNAKE OIL."

A bottle of "DR. MORIBUND'S GUARANTEED SNAKE OIL." It's three-quarters-full.

A bottle of "DR. MORIBUND'S GUARANTEED SNAKE OIL." It's one-quarter-full.

The label reads: Guaranteed to ward off poisonous snakes...or your money back.

The directions read: Sprinkle copious amounts of Dr. Moribund's Guaranteed Snake Oil on snake. Snake will leave you alone. If snake does NOT leave you alone, Dr. Moribund accepts no legal responsibility for damage occurring to the snake's victim.

Death is a natural part of life, so when your time comes, it's best to accept it and go out gracefully.

Snake Oil

These odd-looking hairs are thicker and stiffer than those of a human being.

Odd-looking hairs, possibly from some kind of an animal.

The hairs are bristled and clearly animal in origin. They also have the faint smell of alcohol.

Animal Hairs

It feels heavy like leaded crystal.

A crystal water receptacle.

The bottom of the glass reads: MANUFACTURED BY LEYENDECKER GLASSWORKS,  
COARSEGOLD, CALIFORNIA.

Water Glass

The file feels somewhat slimy.

You read a police report on the criminal career of one Watney Little, con-man extraordinaire.

The file contains an amazing list of offenses, mostly fraud, conspiracy to commit fraud, and various degrees of larceny.

Glancing at the top of the page, you notice that the investigations were conducted by Scotland Yard. You also notice that the last entry describes Little's recent escape from Dartmoor Prison.

Clipped to the outside of the folder is a small handwritten note that reads simply, "Remember our deal." Apparently this file was provided in exchange for somebody's silence...or service.

You admire the wood pulp patterns in the paper.

Watney's File

The wire cutters are pitted and worn.

A pair of heavy-duty wire cutters.

There's a bit of rust on the wire cutters, as well as an odd bit of beige coat fabric.

Wire Cutters

Feels like sturdy wire.

A length of sturdy wire.

Looks like magnified sturdy wire.

Wire

Feels like worn leather.

A smelly old work boot.

The work boot is size 12 EEE.

Work Boot

Feels like leather.

A nice, if somewhat worn, woman's leather shoe. A petite size 6.

The heel is considered high for the 1920's, indicating that it's a custom-made shoe. The back of the heel is heavily scuffed.

Yvette's Shoe

## **Act 1**

*Being so different from the rest of the game in nature and characters (Steve Dorian and Ziggy are the only people who are on both sides of the museum), all the Act 1 locations and interrogations get this separate header.*

## **New York Daily Register News Tribune**

It looks like an old desk blotter.

Feels like an old desk blotter.

It looks like an old desk blotter.

I'm busy right now, girly. Love to help you out sometime, though, maybe buy you dinner or something.

Hey, girly, don't touch the fabric.

The man poring over a layout is Eddie Bedletter, creator of the syndicated advice column "Dear Eddie."

Unfortunately, Eddie has been divorced twice and is estranged from his rival columnist brother, so where he gets off giving other people advice on how to live their lives is an unanswerable question.

LB Aren't you Eddie Bedletter, the syndicated columnist? I'm a great fan of yours, and I've read...

EB Yeah, yeah. I'm busy right now.

LB Aren't you that rude, syndicated columnist I've heard so much about?

EB Yeah, yeah. I'm busy. Get lost.

The newspaper bulletin board displays various notices, none of which hold much interest for you.

Crodfoller T. Rhubarb sits here.

You peel up a corner of the blotter to reveal a small key.

You only find some lint under the desk blotter.

It looks like an old desk blotter.

This is now your desk. It's very old and looks like it hasn't been cleaned thoroughly in years, but it's sturdy and serviceable.

You unlock the drawer. Unfortunately, the key permanently jams itself in the lock. Let's hope you never want to lock this drawer again!

The desk drawer is locked.

There's nothing at all left in the drawer, unless you count the lint and dust in the corners.

This is the top drawer of your desk.

The drawer is open.

You can't go in there. That's the men's lounge.

You glance around curiously, but there's no sign of a ladies' lounge. This is patently unfair.

The "Gents" sign leaves little doubt as to what lies behind the door. You shudder to think of it.

The key is permanently wedged in the lock of the closed drawer.

The key is jammed in the open drawer.

Don't ask me, I'm on my coffee break.

Excuse me, I'm looking at this right now. You may look at it when I'm finished.

This is the Science Editor for the Trib. His latest report critiqued Goddard's demonstration of the first liquid fuel rocket, which traveled 184 feet in 2.5 seconds.

At the moment, he's checking to see who signed up for the three-legged race at the annual picnic.

LB I'm so excited to be a member of the Trib staff.

LB After all, I studied journalism in college (I went to Tulane) and never thought that my first job out of school would be at a paper as prestigious as this one.

LB I mean, that is unusual, isn't it?

SE I'm sorry, were you talking to me?

LB Never mind.

You couldn't have picked a worse time to ask.

Hands to yourself, please!

People are filtering in and out of the room constantly. They're apparently hard at work, and not one of them stops to give you a second glance.

LB I'm looking for the women's lounge.

37 Hey, good luck, kiddo. We've never had one. No lady's ever worked at this paper!

One notice reads, "When covering formal events, such as embassy parties, please dress appropriately. We've had complaints about reporters who refuse to dress properly at social events."

One of the notices reads, "Dr. Darwin DeLoring will be hosting a symposium: 'Jazz, The Charleston, and other Sins of our Times.' To be held in the Cafeteria next Tuesday. All repentant souls are invited to attend."

One of the notices reads, "Some of our employees have been asking for a 40-hour work week, as has been proposed by Mr. Henry Ford. This is NOT an automobile factory, this is a NEWSPAPER. News happens 24-hours a day and we need to report it."

One of the notices reads, "Stolen: one Victrola. Reward offered. No retribution will be exacted." Although your vision is excellent, it is not superhuman. Therefore, you'll have to walk over to the bulletin board to read the notices.

You already have plenty of pencils.

It's the first pencil holder you've ever had as an official member of the "Fourth Estate."

Nothing personal, but I question Sam's decision to put a novice on this assignment instead of me. I seriously doubt you're qualified, so Sam said I could test your knowledge of Egyptology.

Okay, you win. It looks like you're prepared for this assignment after all. I'll help you any way I can.

Ha! I KNEW you weren't prepared for this assignment! YOU'RE FIRED! In fact, I enjoyed saying that so much, I'll say it again: YOU'RE FIRED!

You can feel the tension in the City Newsroom of the New York Daily Register News Tribune.

This is the City Newsroom of the New York Daily Register News Tribune, New York City's second-most popular newspaper.

It's a beehive of activity, but as you look around the room, you notice with some dismay that all of the employees are male.

Up close, the newsroom is covered with dried ink, sweat, tears, blood, and history...or perhaps it's just your imagination.

The exit to the street.

You find a curiously heavy object in the trash.

There's naught but old receipts and crumpled papers in the wastepaper basket.

It's a wastepaper basket, conveniently situated next to the desk.

The window overlooks the street, but it's so filthy that it's impossible to see anything clearly.

That is, the WINDOW is filthy, not the street. Well, the street is filthy TOO, but it's the filth on the window that makes the filthy street difficult to see.

### **Crodfoller "Rube" Rhubarb**

Crodfoller T. "Rube" Rhubarb is one of the Trib's top writers. Among other things, he's in charge of writing obituaries, yet he's also extremely cheerful.

CR Laura Bains, right?

LB Laura Bow, sir. And I believe you have the advantage.

CR Crodfoller Rhubarb, ma'am, though you can call me Rube. So I suppose you've already met Sam.

LB Yes, he's very...colorful.

CR Don't let him shake you. He's tough on the outside, but inside he's got a heart of stone.

LB I'm sure he...pardon me, what did you say?

CR Never mind, just pulling your leg. Why don't you take this desk right here, and we'll get you settled in.

LB That's very kind of you. Mr. Augustini's sort of left me on my own. I have to start on this story about a burglary at the Leyendecker Museum.

LB I hope I'm not intruding. I mean, if you were working on the burglary story...

CR Miss Bow, please, it is NOT a problem. Yes, I'd started work on the story, but it's not your fault that it's been reassigned. That's just something I'll have to take up with Sam.

LB Thank you, Mr. Crod...I mean, Rube.

LB It must be so thrilling to see your byline on a story!

CR I rarely get a byline on my obituaries. I seem to be pigeonholed on the obit page.

LB Is there anything I should know about working here at the New York Daily Register News Tribune?

CR Well, first of all, we call it the Trib. No need to use the whole name; I don't think anyone in New York even remembers the whole shebang.

CR Second, don't worry about Sam. He's gruff and loud, but he's really a creampuff. Don't let him push you around.

CR Lastly, don't get too attached to any one assignment. You never know when it'll be YANKED away from you and given to some less experienced reporter with no qualifications except an "in" with the boss.

LB Ahem.

CR Sorry. Didn't mean to get peevish.

LB Anything I should know about the Police Station?

CR Well, it's usually a good source of information. It's standard procedure to check there at some point in any investigation.

CR Sometimes they just blow smoke at ya...you know, hand you the Commissioner's party line. But once in awhile they'll give you something you can actually use.

LB What can you tell me about Lo Fat's?

CR It's a place to take your laundry. That's about it, as far as I know.

LB Give me the lowdown on the 12th Street Docks.

CR "Lowdown?" You've been reading too much pulp fiction. The docks are the docks; keep away from them unless you have business there.

LB Is there anything I should know about the Leyendecker Museum?

CR Yeah, I went down there...I did get THAT far in the investigation, at least.

I met the Museum's President, a stodgy, old croaker named Archibald Carrington III. Cagey guy, didn't seem overly concerned about the Dagger.

You might see if you can get a little bit more out of him.

I also spoke with a Pippin Carter. Nasty little squirt, he acts like the world owes him a living.

Apparently he's the one who's originally discovered the Dagger in Egypt, along with some of the other junk in the exhibit.

Now, HE was hot about the Dagger. Took the whole thing like it was a personal stab at him. No pun intended.

LB Thank you, Rube, that's very helpful. Anyone else?

CR That's all I got. Wasn't on the assignment very long.

LB Where can I find this speakeasy?

CR Just ask any cab driver. They'll take you there. It's the place disguised as a Flower Shop.

LB What can you tell me about Sam?

CR He's a perfectionist. I badmouth him now and then, but...well, he's given me plenty of breaks, so I owe him a few.

LB What can you tell me about this Pippin Carter character?

CR A queer bird if ever I've met one. Kinda comes across as cultured, yet he's a loudmouth, you know what I mean?

CR He's got a chip on his shoulder the size of the Brooklyn Bridge. He'll try to cut you down. Just shake it off; that's what I hadda do.

LB What should I know about Archibald Carrington?

CR Carrington hasn't been in the States long, he's from England, but somehow, he doesn't quite come off on the level.

CR Call me stupid, but I just think the guy should be more concerned about Museum property vanishing. His first month on the job, too.

LB Have you dealt with Detective O'Riley?

CR I know he's assigned to the case. I didn't get anything out of him; maybe you'll have better luck, being a lady and all.

LB Tell me about Lo Fat.

CR The old laundry guy? What's to tell?

LB What do you know about that handsome stevedore, Steve Dorian?

CR Lose that funny look in your eye. Anybody working down at the Docks is trouble with a capital T. Don't wait 'till it's too late to find out.

LB Who is Ziggy?

CR He's what we politely call a stoolpigeon. Basically, the guy squeals for cash. Amazing that the guy hasn't had his neck broken by now.

CR Sorry, but I don't know anything about that.

LB Do you know Yvette Delacroix?

CR Cripes! How do you know about HER?

LB I heard she was...

CR Look, that was long ago and far away, okay? The room was dark and I was NOT married at the time. I don't know how you know about that, but I don't want to hear another word about it.

LB My goodness. Very well, forget I mentioned it.

LB Are you familiar with the Countess Lavinia Waldorf-Carlton?

CR Familiar with her? I don't think I could even repeat her name.

LB Do you know anything about Dr. Olympia Myklos?

CR Sorry, she's Greek to me. Heh!

LB What do you know of Dr. Tut Smith?

CR Not much. As I understand it, that Pippin Carter fellow has it in for Smith, and probably the other way around as well. I'm not sure what the bad blood is all about, though.

LB Have you heard the name John Bow?

CR Don't think so. He a relative of yours?

LB He's my father.

CR Ohh, Sam's friend. Never met him, I'm afraid.

LB What should I do with this notebook?

CR You're a reporter, for heaven's sake, surely you know to take notes.

LB But why does it have all these notes already in it?

CR Because that was MY notebook, and I was taking notes in it for the burglary investigation. It's YOUR notebook now. And I don't care to discuss it any more.

LB I found this key under my blotter, but I don't know what to do with it.

CR And here I thought you were such a bright, young girl. Why not look inside your desk drawer and see if there are any instructions?

LB What is this?

CR I'm not sure. Hand it to me and I'll take a closer look at it.

LB I found this baseball in the trash. What should I do with it?

CR Keep it, I guess, or give it away. The sportswriter who sat at your desk only had about fifty, souvenir baseballs.

LB What's the deal with this sandwich coupon?

CR I dunno, let's see it.

LB What can you tell me about this laundry claim ticket?

CR Let's see it.

LB What do you know about corned beef sandwiches?

CR Nothing. I'm a pastrami man, myself.

LB What do you know about the Dagger of Amon Ra?

CR It's valuable, it's missing, and it's Egyptian. Beyond that, I haven't been able to learn much.

LB I have a feeling 1926 is going to be a great year, don't you?

CR Yeah? You ever try writing obituaries for a living? Hardly a jolly way to spend the year.

LB Were you able to get any leads at all about the burglary at the Museum?

CR Nope, hadn't been working on the story very long. I went to see Detective O'Riley down at the police station, but he was pretty tight-lipped.

CR I was planning on talking to Ziggy down at the speakeasy; he's a stoolie, usually good for a tidbit or two.

LB Any other leads I can follow up on?

CR With due respect, Ma'am, it's going to be YOUR byline on the story, not mine.

LB Point taken, Mr. Crodfo...Rube.

LB Any advice for somebody who's brand new to the city?

CR Keep your eyes off the tall buildings; that's how muggers spot you. Don't leave your luggage alone for a moment, or somebody'll walk off with it.

And if you travel anywhere, be SURE to put some money in your shoe, just in case.

LB \*sigh\*

LB Any wisdom you'd care to pass along about Egyptology?

CR You've already proven to me you know as much about Egyptology as I do. Maybe more. I bow to your superior knowledge, Miss Bow.

LB Thank you, sir.

LB Tell me about yourself, Mr. Rhubarb.

CR What's to tell? I'm a reporter for this paper...probably since before you were born.

LB But I want to know about the REAL Crodfoller T. Rhubarb.

CR You mean there's ANOTHER Crodfoller T. Rhubarb? No two sets of parents could be THAT cruel.

LB That's okay, Mr. Crodfoller, you don't have to tell me about yourself if you don't want to.

CR Rube.

LB WHO are YOU calling a---oh...Rube's your nickname, isn't it? Sorry. I forgot.

LB Now what's the scoop on the Flower Shop?

CR You mean the speakeasy? The Flower Shop's just a cover. Look for a fella there name of Ziggy; he knows a lot and tends to talk too much.

LB Do you know Wolf Heimlich?

CR That one doesn't strike a bell. Sorry.

CR Looks like a laundry claim check to me. And an old one, at that.

CR Oh, yeah, this was from an ad we ran awhile back. Dunno if it's still good, but it'll get you a free corned-beef sandwich from one of the street vendors.

Please don't touch me, Miss Bow.

Looking closely at Crodfoller, you see a tangle of broken blood vessels in his face and, especially, his nose. Apparently the man bends the elbow a bit.

(gown) It's not my color. But thanks for the thought.

(press pass) Oh, this is what we call a "press pass." Very useful. We ran out of official press passes. This is a business card for Lo Fat's, but if you wave it in front of a cabbie, he'll take you where you want to go.

(sandwich) No thanks. That meat looks too lean for me. I like 'em fatty and spicy.

### **Tribune exterior**

It's the world famous Product Design Building.

It's a car.

The "New York Home for the Mentally Bewildered."

Whadda I look-a like, The Answer Man? I dunno about nothing except a cornna-beef sammich, which is what I gotta here!

I never met-a the guy. I'm-a too busy to meet peoples, I gotta sell these sammiches! Corned-a beef sammiches!

Sorry, lady, never been-a there. You wanna sammich or not? Hot cornna-beef sammich!

It's a nize, fresh, hot cornna-beef sammich. You-a asked for it, you-a eat it!

LU I dunno about it, lady, just that I gotta nize cornna-beef sammich here, fresh hot cornna-beef sammich. You wan' one, or no?

LB I believe I would like a sandwich.

LU Mama mia, another coupon! I'm a gonna go broke! Whatta crummy idea I had, attsa da' last time I advertise inna newspaper.

LU Take'a you sammich and get outta here before I change'a my mind.

LU Keep-a you hands off, lady.

A man selling corned beef sandwiches from a cart.

LU You-a BOUGHT the cornna-beef sammich, you-a EAT the cornna-beef sammich!

LU Hot'a corned beef! Getta you hot'a corned beef sammich!

LB Is that corned beef lean?

LU Lean'a corned beef? Dis is the leanest'a corned beef inna da city. Maybe inna da



country. So lean, the cow, she a'keep on a'tippin' over. You wanna corned beef sammich, lady?

LU Hot'a corned beef! Getta you hot'a corned beef sammich!

LB That smells wonderful.

LU Of course she smells'a wunnerful, she's a nize'a hot corned beef sammich. You wanna corned beef sammich?

LB No, I've already got a cornna-beef samm...er, I mean, a corned beef sandwich. Thanks anyway.

LU Hokay! Hey, getta you hot'a corned beef sammich here! Corned beef sammich!

LU Hot'a corned beef! Getta you hot'a corned beef sammich!

LB Mmmm, I just love the way that smells! I could stand here all day and not get tired of it.

LU Lady, you wanna smell'a da corned beef, you gotta buy a sammich. You wanna buy a corned beef or not?

LB No, thank you, I was just smelling.

LU Then'a stan' somewheres else, you'a blocking the customers. Hot'a corned beef sammich here!

It's the exterior of the New York Daily Register News Tribune building!

The imposing gothic entrance to the world famous New York Daily Register News Tribune.

This person is too busy to stop and answer your question.

It's not a good idea to walk up to pedestrians on the street and touch them. They might get the wrong idea.

Busy New Yorkers on their way to work, ignoring everyone else as they concentrate on putting one foot in front of the other.

You don't want to examine this person too closely. They might take offense.

This person is too busy to stop and talk to you.

This feels like the corner of 75th Street and Madison Avenue, New York City, home of the world famous New York Daily Register News Tribune Building, among other things.

The corner of 75th Street and Madison Avenue, New York City, home of the world famous New York Daily Register News Tribune Building, among other things.

You carefully scrutinize the corner of 75th Street and Madison Avenue, New York City, home of the world famous New York Daily Register News Tribune Building, and find a thin layer of grime on everything.

It feels like a finely-crafted sandwich cart.

A finely-crafted sandwich cart with the name, "LUIGI," printed neatly on the side.

The paint is slightly chipped on the side of the sandwich cart.

It feels like a fresh, corned beef sandwich.

One of Luigi's famous, corned beef sandwiches. It's so fresh that it makes a faint "moo-ing" sound when you squeeze it.

Crossing the street here will lead you to the police station.

A sign with the word, "TAXI," printed on it. This could have numerous meanings. However, since it does not look like a taxi itself, it probably just means that taxis will stop here if summoned.

It feels like a woody perennial plant.

A woody perennial plant with one main stem or trunk which develops many branches, usually at some height above the ground; otherwise known as a "tree."

A close inspection reveals that this is a healthy tree, despite the fact that small boys have bitten off some of the bark on the lower part of the trunk. Boys will be boys. In any case, the tree's bark is worse than its bite.

### **Taxi interior**

CAB2 Hey, toots, you can touch me any time! If youse want, I could stop at dis cheap little hotel I know. Da manager's a friend of mine. We could use one of his rooms for a couple hours, if ya know what I mean....

LB No, thank you, sir. I merely touched you by accident.

Try not to upset this driver. He looks nervous and dangerous.

Okay, toots, where can I take youse?

I doesn't talks to da passengers.

You respond to Bob's remark:

No, sir. I LOVE sitting in filth. Will you take me for a ride?

Yes, I have a problem with that! This taxi is a pig sty!

Although it's old and hard to read, it looks like a laundry claim ticket with Chinese characters on it.

CAB1 Thanks for travelling with us, madam. Have a pleasant day.

Have you read that new book by Carl Sandburg? It's "Abraham Lincoln, the Prairie Years."

Actually, it's the first two volumes of a six volume biography, and I find it quite stimulating reading.

Have you heard about that transatlantic radiotelephone conversation between New York and London?

Imagine hearing someone's voice from that distance. Modern technology...it just amazes me.

Heard about that new Air Commerce Act that was just passed? It's the one that provides federal aid for airlines and airports.

I find it unfair. The government doesn't subsidize hard-working taxi chauffeurs.

Be careful of the sticky spot on that seat. I'm always taking that 6-year-old Asimov kid over to his parents' candy store in Brooklyn.

He likes to read science fiction pulps and lick lollipops in the back seat. Intelligent kid, but kind of messy.

I had Al Jolson in this taxi last week. He's starting work on a movie, "The Jazz Singer," where you can actually hear people talking.

I don't know, I don't think it'll ever replace radio.

It reads: "TAXI OPERATOR'S LICENSE---New York Taxi Control Authority" The bottom of the license reads: "License renewed September 5, 1926." The driver's name is Rocco.

The license is sparkling clean.

You can make out part of the text through the food stains: "TAXI OPERATOR'S LICENSE---New York Taxi Control Authority." The driver's name is Bob.

Strangely, the fine print at the bottom of the license reads: "This driver has been declared a High

Risk Vehicle Operator and General Road Hazard.

Do NOT allow this driver to operate a vehicle on public highways. License revoked May 8, 1925.

Greetings, madam. I can motivate you to your destination if you can prove that you're a reporter or if you have American currency.

LB My goodness, has this taxi EVER been cleaned?

CAB2 I cleaned id out two years ago! Ya gotta problem wid dat?

No, sir. I LOVE sitting in filth. Will you take me for a ride?

Yes, I have a problem with that! This taxi is a pig sty!

CAB2 Thanks for yer critique of my lifestyle, miss. Now, GET OUTTA MY CAB!

Yeah, I'll take youse for a ride if ya got da dough or if ya can prove youse is a reporter.

But I AM a member of the Press!

I'm sorry, madam. I can only transport you if you have money or if you're a member of the Press. Prove it.

You clearly don't have what you need for a ride in this vehicle, madam. Good day.

If ya got money, I'll give youse a ride. If yer a reporter, I'll give youse a ride. Otherwise, GET OUTTA MY CAB!

Prove it.

Let's face it, toots. Youse doesn't have what youse need for a lift in my cab. Beat it!

Since garbage holds a certain fascination for you, you plunge your hand into the debris.

The seat feels sticky and you get a few unidentifiable substances on your hand, otherwise you don't accomplish much by doing this.

You just can't keep yourself from fondling the garbage, can you? However, this time you find something new among the clutter.

So, that's what germs look like at close range.

You'll have to be more specific, madam. This is a large city.

Lady, youse is already IN New York. WHERE do ya want to go? I ain't got all day.

I'm terribly sorry, madam, but the Taxi Control Board won't allow me to have a normal conversation with passengers.

Look, lady, I'm paid to DRIVE youse around town, but I DON'T like TALKING to da passengers.

I'm terribly sorry, madam, but you're not making any sense. Where do you wish to be transported?

You some kinda of tourist, lady? I doesn't know what youse is talkin' about. Tell me WHERE ya wanna go!

Looks like a nice place, but I live in my taxi, so I don't really know anything about it.

I knows where it is, but dat's all. I, uh, never leave my taxi, so I never been in dere.

Please don't touch me, madam. I don't know where you've been.

The driver is a big, rough-looking guy with a broken nose. Whatever you do, don't touch him.

To what location would you like to be motivated, madam?

I'm terribly sorry, madam, but the Taxi Control Board doesn't allow me to hold long discussions with passengers, except at my own discretion.

It feels like a New York City taxi, circa 1926.

It looks like a New York City taxi, circa 1926.

You closely scrutinize the New York City taxi, circa 1926, and marvel at the feat of engineering required to make such a durable product.

There's garbage all over the passenger section of the taxi. Some of it looks very old.  
It's New York City!

### **12<sup>th</sup> Street Dock**

You wave at the city, but no one waves back. Kind of makes you think it's a cold and hostile place, doesn't it?

The Big City, the Big Apple, New York, Manhattan Island, Planet Earth, Milky Way  
Galaxy... whatever you call it, it's your kind of town.

Although the crate listens politely to your words, it does not respond.  
The empty crate makes a hollow sound when you touch it.  
According to the label, this crate was formerly filled with grapes from Egypt.  
Although the crate listens politely to your words, it does not respond.

The dock feels like sturdy wood.  
The Twelfth Street Docks, the throbbing heart of the city's shipping industry.

You can catch a taxi over here.

Watch out for splinters.

Dock pilings. Clearly, the longshoremen here take pride in their surroundings and keep the entire dock scrubbed clean.

Touching the Twelfth Street Docks makes you feel like you have your finger on the throbbing heart of the city's shipping industry.

The Twelfth Street Docks, the throbbing heart of the city's shipping industry.

You don't want to examine the Twelfth Street Docks too closely, since you might discover the dark underbelly of life on the docks.

Ah, if only this ship could talk, imagine the tales it would tell. You get all misty-eyed just thinking about it.

You could push on this ship all day and it wouldn't move.

The nameplate on the impressive steamship identifies it as the ANDREA DORIA.

Don't bother; this is one of those know-nothing taxi signs.

It's a dirty, weather-beaten taxi sign.

To hail a cab, "use" the sign by clicking your hand on it.

It looks like a magnified, and still filthy, taxi sign.

The taxi sign refuses to comment.

Look but don't touch.

The warehouses bustle with life as exotic goods arrive from distant lands or prepare for long journeys to forgotten corners of the world. You wisely determine that it's safer to admire the warehouses from afar.

The Atlantic Ocean.

Apparently the stress is starting to get to you.

Yes, wouldn't it be wonderful if you could reach up and touch the sky?

How does that old saying go? "Red sky at night, sailor's delight. Red sky at morning, sailors take warning. Blue sky at dawn, sailors just yawn?. Blue sky at night, sailors take fright?" Or something like that....

## **Steve Dorian**

(Lo Fat) I do my own laundry.

(Rube) Did you just sneeze or something?

(Ziggy) He's some kind of a cheap hood. He used to hang around here sometimes.

(O'Riley) Sounds like an Irish name.

(Carrington) Mr. Carrington came in on the Andrea Doria. I remember because he had the heaviest steamer trunk I've ever lifted...and it smelled funny, too. Gave me a big tip. Then that rich lady picked him up in a taxi. He called her the Countess Waldorf-Carlton.

(countess) She's the rich lady that picked up Mr. Carrington.

(Pippin) Boy, do I remember that guy. He supervised the unloading of the Egyptian crates from the ship. It was a bunch of stuff for the museum and he was real protective about it.

(Smith) I also remember a fat, Egyptian guy in a funny hat who kept pestering Mr. Carter. I think his name was Tut.

(dagger) I think it was in one of those crates Mr. Carter brought from Egypt. I thought he was going to faint when one of the boys almost dropped that crate in the water.

(speakeasy) I've heard about one speakeasy called The Harlem Swinger, but that's all. They're illegal, so I don't go to those places.

(laundry) I don't know where it is. Never been there.

(museum) SD That's where Mr. Carter's Egyptian crates were going. Nice place. Ever been there?

LB Actually, I'm attending a fund-raising party there tonight.

SD Sounds like a formal party. What will it cost to get in?

LB I don't know. I'm covering it for the newspaper, so I get in free.

SD I thought the museum was closed today.

LB It is, but the party isn't 'til 7 o'clock tonight.

SD Sounds like fun. Enjoy yourself. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to get back to work.

(baseball) I think the Cardinals are going to win the World Series this year.

(sandwich) I hate corned beef sandwiches. They make me itch.

(notebook) Nice notebook.

I don't know anything about that. Sorry.

(Dorian) Steve Dorian? That's me, Miss Bow.

(New York) It's my kind of town.

(1926) So far, it's a pretty good year for me, and things are looking up.

SD This is where I work.

SD I hear Henry Ford just introduced the forty-hour work week at his auto plant. I think that's ridiculous. What are his employees going to do with all that free time?

SD Good morning, miss. I'm Steve Dorian.

LB I'm Laura Bow.

SD I think the Cardinals are going to win the World Series this year.

SD Nice weather we're having.

SD Do you always have this much trouble holding up your end of the conversation?

SD Hey, did you hear about Admiral Byrd? He just made the first successful flight over the North Pole. What a guy.

It would be rather forward of you to touch the stevedore at this point, don't you think?  
The stevedore looks a little more refined than you'd expect. He's also rather attractive.  
SD Hi.

SD Umm...

### **Police Station Exterior**

A very nice, fake-stone column.

A coupon for a Free Sandwich from Luigi.

The entrance to the Police Station.

He snores in response.

LB Excuse me, sir...

DR Don't bother me, lady! I'm sleeping!

He's out cold, but he has a tight grip on his newspaper.

A man sleeping under a newspaper. Judging by the strong smell of alcohol, you deem it wise not to  
light a match in his presence.

Drunk

He snores in response.

The lion just stares at you.

Feels like a stone lion.

A proud stone lion with a lamp on his head. The fact that he's looking east may indicate that he  
looks forward to the sunrise each day...or maybe not.

Imagine what this lion would say if he could talk.

The paper is full of old news...and a valuable coupon!

An old copy of the New York Daily Register News Tribune newspaper.

Unless the sign is lying to you, this is the Police Station.

If the lion knows the answer, he's not talking.

Feels like a stone lion.

A proud stone lion with a lamp on his head. The fact that he's looking west may indicate that he  
enjoys watching the colors of the sunset each day...or maybe not.

The stone lion doesn't respond. Perhaps it's because he's stone deaf.

Feels like the Police Department exterior.

The Police Department exterior.

A close look at the Police Department exterior doesn't reveal much more than the cleanliness of the  
local constabulary.

Feels like the sidewalk.

A spotless sidewalk, clean enough to sleep or eat on.

You can see the newspaper building across the street.

The front steps of the Police Station, kept spotlessly clean by officers who are trying to clean up the neighborhood.

A real New York street.

A taxi sign.

You could be arrested for leaving fingerprints on the clean glass, so don't touch it.  
The glass seems to be fogged on the inside so that you can't see through it.

### **Police station interior**

Careful, Sgt. O'Flaherty doesn't take kindly to citizens trying to make off with police property.  
The beautiful, mahogany counter serves a dual purpose as desk and shield.

You knock politely.

You hear the muffled response: "Come in!"

The door to a private office.

You'll never get past the Desk Sergeant.

The extensive police files, cross-indexed and updated daily, detailing the exact location and quality ranking of every donut shop in the metropolitan New York area.

This support column is also a handy place for posting notices and announcements.

OF Hey, now! Keep your hands off those notices!

WANTED BY F.B.I.: AL CAPONE. Approach with caution. Contact F.B.I. for details.

Tickets to the Policeman's Ball now available. Contact Officer Frenlee.

Needed: volunteer with aeronautic training. Opportunity for co-pilot on first Transatlantic flight (Roosevelt Field to Paris) next Spring. Contact C. Lindbergh, Hamilton-6656.

WHY WAIT? There's never been a better time to invest in the stock market. Civil servants qualify for discount brokerage services at H.R. Schwabb. Murray Hill-3173. Invest in the future of America today!

Let's be careful out there.

Please remember: as of June 15th, 1924, all Indians are now full citizens of the USA. Please respect their rights and privileges. Thank you.

Feels like the inside of the police station.

This is the inside of the police station.

If you had any doubts before, a close look verifies that this is, indeed, the inside of the police station.

The exit to the street.

LB Pardon me, could you tell me...

TE Sorry, I'm just a temporary.

It's best to keep your hands off of the civil servants. They bite.

He must be either a plainclothes detective or a file clerk.

LB Excuse me, sir.

TE Sorry, it's not my precinct.

**Sergeant Dennis O'Flaherty**

Sgt. Dennis O'Flaherty is the Desk Sergeant on duty today. He's shuffling papers, putting on a good show of looking busy while his mind is elsewhere.

(Sam) LB Is there any information you can give me about Sam Augustini, Editor of the New York Daily Register News Tribune?

OF Hoot man, he's a good, law-abiding citizen.

(Pippin) LB What do you have on a Pippin Carter?

OF I've never heard o' the fella.

(Carrington) LB What do you know of an Archibald Carrington III?

OF Can't say as I've heard of the man, Miss.

(O'Riley) LB Do you know anything about a Detective O'Riley?

OF I should hope to tell, Miss, what with him bein' the Detective on duty here t'day. His office is right over there, if you were wantin' to talk wi' him.

(Rube) LB Do you have any record of a Crodfoller T. Rhubarb?

OF <laughing> G'wan witcha, yer pullin' my leg on that one. There's no sich man, is there now?

LB I'm serious.

OF Well, I've seriously never heard of the man.

(Lo Fat) LB What can you tell me about Lo Fat?

OF Well, it usually doesn't taste as good as the fattenin' stuff.

LB I'm referring to a person.

OF Ahh, well, then I'm afraid I can't give y' any information, Miss, as I've not heard of the fella.

(Dorian) LB Is there anything you can tell me about Steve Dorian?

OF Sorry, this'd be the first time I've even heard the man's name.

(Ziggy) LB I'm looking for information about a man named Ziggy.

OF What would a lass like yerself be wantin' with scum like that?

LB Never you mind why, I'm just looking for information about him.

OF I s'pose it's no big secret, not 'round here, anyways. Ziggy's a first-class little ratfink. Couldn't cut it as a crook on his own, now 'e has to go 'round spoilin' it fer the rest of 'em. Nasty little bigmouth, though he does seem to hear an awful lot. If you're lookin' for him, he's the kind of man what hangs around speakeasies.

Not that we have any in New York City, mind you. We've got those places closed up good and tight.

(Wolf) LB What do you know about Wolf Heimlich?

OF Doesn't sound familiar to me, Miss.

(Yvette) LB What can you tell me about Yvette Delacroix?

OF Now you keep away from Yvette. I haven't seen the girl in ages and I don't plan to see her again, so you just let sleepin' dogs lie.

(Countess) LB Do you know the Countess Lavinia Waldorf-Carlton?

OF She's a very well-to-do lady and one of our finest upstandin' citizens. Never had a chance to meet 'er personally, you understand.

(Myklos) LB Are you acquainted with Dr. Olympia Myklos?

OF Dr. Myklos? You mean Doctor Olympia Myklos? Greek woman? Dark hair?

LB Yes, yes, that's the one!

OF Never heard of her, Miss. Sorry, couldn't help but pull your leg a bit there.

(John Bow) LB What can you tell me about John Bow?



OF Not much, I'm afraid. I know a lot of men named John Doe, but offhand, nobody named John Bow.

(Tribune) LB Are you familiar with the New York Daily Register News Tribune building?

OF Yes ma'am, an' a fine, upstanding building it is, too.

(Police) LB What can you tell me about this Police Station?

OF 14th Precinct, Miss, and a durned fine precinct she is, too.

(Laundry) LB Have you ever been to Lo Fat's Chinese Laundry?

OF Not me, Miss, but I'll be happy to ask me bonny wife for ya.

LB That won't be necessary, I was just asking.

(Docks) LB What should I know about the 12th Street Docks?

OF Oh, lovely place if you like rats, thieves, and roughnecks. If I were you, I'd be stayin' away from that area. Lord knows we do.

(Museum) LB What do you know about the Leyendecker Museum?

OF A very fine establishment, worthwhile seein' even if yer only in town a short while. Very educational.

LB Have you actually been there?

OF Well...

No.

But I live in this city, I'm not havin' to see all the landmarks.

(Flower shop) LB What do you know about the Flower Shop?

OF Not a thing, lassie, it's just a Flower Shop, isn't it now?

(New York) LB What should I know about New York? I've only just moved here.

OF Best advice I kin offer you, Miss, is to keep some money in yer shoe at all times.

Y'never know when y' might need some emergency cash.

(Speakeasy) LB What can you tell me about the speakeasy?

OF Now, I don't know anything about a speakeasy, not in this town. We run a clean city here. But there are some nice places where a lady like yerself kin sit and relax, and enjoy a bit o' the high life, if y'know what I'm sayin'.

'Course, some of these places are restricted, dontcha know, so you'll have to be givin' them the right sign, so's they know yer OK.

But just mention the Charleston, and you're in like Flynn, you got that now?

LB I think so. Thank you kindly, Sergeant!

OF Don't mention it. And I mean it now, don't you go mentioning it. Not to ANYone!

(coupon) LB Do you have any information about a coupon good for a free sandwich?

OF Well, only that I'd be usin' one if I wasn't on duty!

(laundry ticket) LB What information do you have about a laundry claim ticket?

OF I try not to worry m'self about little things like that, lass.

(Notebook) LB What do you know about notebooks?

OF They're very handy for takin' notes, lass.

(sandwich) LB Tell me all you know about sandwiches.

OF They're best wi' corned beef, if you'll pardon my opinion, wi' rye an' mustard, but you can also find 'em with white or wheat bread, kaiser rolls, or bagels if you don't mind chewin' cement.

(baseball) LB What do you know about a baseball?

OF I wouldn't want to be gettin' hit by one.

(desk key) LB What do you know about keys?

OF That's an obvious question, now, isn't it? Now, yer devious crooks can be gettin' by locks wi'out a key.

(press pass) LB What do you know about press passes?

OF Ah, the bain o' my existence, lettin' these snoopin' reporters in where they're not wanted.

(dagger) LB Do you have any clues as to the whereabouts of the Dagger of Amon Ra?  
OF I hain't been workin' on the case, Miss, you'll have to ask Detective O'Riley.  
(cheese) Ahh, well, I wouldn't be knowing anything about that.  
(gown) LB What can you tell me about evening gowns?  
OF Not much, Miss, but I'll be happy to be answerin' any questions you've got about knickers.

(1926) LB What does 1926 mean to you?  
OF There cuttin' the department's budget and another year of haggis and blood puddin'.  
Now aren't ye sorry ye asked?

(burglary) LB What can you tell me about the burglary at the Leyendecker Museum?  
OF I'm not coverin' that case, Miss. Why not ask Detective O'Riley about it? He's the one ye should be talkin' to.

(Egyptology) LB How conversant are you in the intricacies of Egyptology?  
OF Missy, I don't even know what yer askin' about.

(Charleston) LB What's this business about the Charleston?  
OF It's a popular dance, lass. It's also the you-know-what for the you-know-what I told you about earlier.

OF Look, Miss, I'm not in the mood to answer any reporter's questions.

LB Detective O'Riley seemed very rude. Is there any way I could talk with him again when he's in a better mood?

OF Ahh, well, and here I thought he was in such a GOOD mood today. He's a very busy fella. If'n you talked to him once today, I doubt he'll be talking to you again.

(use hand) 'Ere now, don't be touchin' the goods, lass.

(magnify) 'Ere now! Stop that!

(laundry ticket) LB Is this your claim ticket?

OF No, Miss.

No thanks, lass, I prefer arm wrestling.

(sandwich coupon) LB Here's a coupon good for a free sandwich.

OF Sorry, Miss, if I weren't on duty, this would come in handy.

That'll be comin' in handy for ye, Miss, so ye just hang onto it now.

I won't be needin' one of those, Miss, I already got one out of supply.

(sandwich) LB You look so hungry...here, take this.

OF Sure'n it's a corned beef sammich on rye! Bless ye, lassie, don't mind if I do.

Sure'n it tastes fresh, too! Mmmmm.

LB Did you lose this?

OF Not me.

(gown) I'm thinkin' I'll stick wi' my regulation uniform, if that's all right, Miss.

LB I know I always feel a little better after I've had something to eat.

OF There's no denyin' that, Miss. Now what was it you were wantin' to ask me?

LB Pardon me, I'm looking for some information.

OF Well, take yerself down to the Liberry then.

LB Pardon me, Sergeant, but I happen to be a reporter with the Trib.

OF Oh, well, strike up the band, then. Look, lassie, I've been on m' dogs all day, I ain't had m' lunch, an' I've got better things to do than to jaw with some slip of a girl reporter. G'wan witcha, now.

LB Excuse me, but I really need some information.

OF The Desk Sergeant ignores you, though his stomach growls impatiently.

### **O'Riley's office**

RR Sure and begorra, I'm Detective O'Riley. What would you be wanting then, lass?

LB I'm Laura Bow from the New York Daily Register News Tribune. I'm looking into the burglary at the Leyendecker Museum, and I understand you're handling the case. Would it be possible for me to look at your report?

RR You can't be a reporter, lass. You're a girl. The Trib only hires men.

LB I AM a reporter, sir, and you can check with my editor, Sam Augustini, if you don't believe me.

RR I thought that Crodfather guy was going to be writing the robbery article.

LB Crodfoller WAS assigned to it, but the story is mine now. Can I see that report, please?

RR It's very technical, lass. I don't think you'll be learning much from it.

LB Thank you for your concern, Detective, but I'd like to be the judge of that.

RR You're a determined girl, I'll say that much for you. Have a look, then.

LB There's only one page to this report. Where's the rest of it?

RR That's all of it right now.

LB It's rather vague, isn't it?

RR Good police work takes time, and I'm a very busy man. I haven't had time to follow up on the burglary...

...So what if a museum loses a knife? There are people being murdered left and right in this city, dropping like flies. Cars are being stolen. Booze is being smuggled into speakeasies...

...Pedestrians are being mugged, firebugs are burning down half the city, they're running out of grapes at the corner market, and I've got a headache!

...And you know who gets to investigate all the crimes in this district? ME! So, I don't need any nosy reporters hanging around telling me my reports are VAGUE, girlie!

LB Well, excuse ME!

RR Talk to the Desk Sergeant if you have any more questions. I haven't got time for you right now.

The file on the Leyendecker museum burglary is nothing more than a single handwritten page. It mentions only one stolen object, the Dagger of Amon Ra.

The burglar or burglars left no fingerprints or other clues. Their method of access to the museum is unknown.

In summary, the police are baffled about the burglary at the museum at this point. Some parts of the report seem vague. The report is signed by Detective Ryan Hanrahan O'Riley.

### **Lo Fat's Laundry Exterior**

LB 1926 is going to be a terrific year, isn't it?

BI Yeah, right.

LB So what's the word on the street about the burglary at the Leyendecker Museum?

BI Hey, what do I look like to you, a stoolie? I ain't heard nothing about it.

LB What can you tell me about Egyptology?

BI I don't know him. And if I had a name like that, I'd change it.

LB It must be wonderful to live in New York City, isn't it?

BI Fine, if you like crime and smelly air.

LB Oh, I'm sure they'll have all that cleaned up in no time flat.

BI Sure, sure, and men are gonna walk on the moon.

BI Sorry, lady, I don't think my friends are your friends, or visa-versa.

BI Sorry, never been there.

BI Lady, it's really none of my business.

LB This nifty baseball wouldn't be of any use to you, would it?

BI I dunno, let's see it.

BI Hmm, not bad. I'm not sure about this "Bob Ruth" signature, but it's not a bad imitation. Stitching integrity is about 89%. Wanna trade?

LB That's just what I was thinking. I could use that magnifying glass you boys are using.

ST Hey, scram, we're USIN' this glass!

LB Have we got a deal?

BI Okay, why not? Here ya go.

ST Hey, what a gyp! Now how're we gonna murdalize these ants?

BI Ease up, Stinky. We're almost out of ants anyway. Then we'll go to Old Man Meadows' place and bust his windows.

KID Yeah!

BI Thanks, lady. Pleasure doin' business with ya.

LB Thank YOU, young man.

BI Hey, don't touch me.

BI I SAID, don't TOUCH me! Okay?

This unruly little roughneck is merrily crushing ants by rolling a baseball over them and making falsetto shrieking sounds.

This youngster looks like a real roughneck. He appears slightly older than the other two boys, his brown hair wild and unruly, and a look of studied indifference on his face. The indifference is heightened by the nonchalant way he's burning ants with a magnifying glass.

You look at the boy through the magnifying glass, and he shrugs in annoyance.

BI Get that thing outta my face!

BI What am I supposed to do with this?

LB Eat it, little boy.

BI No thanks, lady, you eat it.

LB So what's your name, little boy?

BI Biff.

LB My, what a nice name!

LB So, do you have any interesting hobbies?

BI Killing ants, hitting baseballs through windows, and passing on my wisdom to those younger than me. What's it to ya?

LB Just asking.

BI Yeah, well, don't ask again.

If the front door has anything worthwhile to say, it's certainly keeping shut.

You see a gaudily-painted front door to Lo Fat's laundry.

Even in extreme close-up, it's still just a door.

The lanterns stubbornly refuse to answer any questions without a subpoena.

You refrain from attempting to handle the lanterns hanging above you. After all, there's no telling what an angry shopkeeper wielding a hot iron might do to a vandal.

A couple of dingy-yellow lanterns adorn the awning of Lo Fat's Laundry.

The lanterns are hanging too high above you for you to examine with the magnifying glass.

The lanterns are under strict instructions not to talk to reporters.

Only indigents stand on the street and converse with storefronts.  
You'll get street dirt on your fingers, and you won't learn much in the process.  
The front of this building is decorated in a vaguely Oriental style and painted with fading Dragon-red paint. Through the grimy window you can see an old man working behind a counter.  
Hmmm...street dirt, soot, flaking paint. Must be a New York City storefront.

The sign claims not to know anything, but it has Lo Fat written all over it.  
It's too far up, out of reach...and it's unladylike to stand on tiptoes.  
The sign reads, "Lo Fat's." This must be that Lo Fat's place you've heard so much about since arriving in New York City.  
It's too high up for you to see with the magnifying glass.  
Uh-oh, you're trying to talk to inanimate objects. That's a bad sign.

Don't touch that.  
You're in Chinatown.  
As an outsider, you can never really get a close look at the mysterious Chinatown.

Yessiree bob, they're solid buildings all right!  
There appear to be shops on either side of the quaintly-painted storefront, but none of them hold your interest.  
You inspect the buildings with the magnifying glass, but besides an extraordinary amount of filth, nothing is revealed.

There's nobody there to answer you!  
You can't possibly reach the windows from here. Fortunately, there's nothing you need to do up there.  
From below, it's impossible to tell what's behind the windows on the second floor of this block of buildings.  
They're too high up to be examined with the magnifying glass.  
You call out to the windows above, but nobody appears.

You were hoping, perhaps, to catch a falling star?  
Look! It's a bit of blue sky, uncrossed by power lines and unsullied by ugly high-rises. What's more, the sky appears blue and beautiful. New Yorkers rarely get to see such a treat.

Crossing the street will lead you to a flower shop.

After a quick glance at the dark staircase, you decide that it's potentially hazardous to your health and that there can't possibly be anything of interest upstairs.  
There's nothing the stairs can tell you that you don't already know.  
The stairs are firmly attached to the floor.  
There are some stairs leading up a dark and dangerous-looking passageway.  
They don't say anything, they just sit there and stair.

LB Well, 1926 is sure turning out to be an exciting year, isn't it?  
ST Sure is!! My next-door-neighbor's ugly dog got run over by a car, SPLAT, and then he was only like this thick.  
ST My Dad lost his job and had to start driving a cab, and he already had one accident, KRRRASH!  
ST Then I ditched school only about 50 times to see the Dodgers, WHAM!  
ST So, yeah, so far it's been a pretty good year.  
LB You wouldn't happen to know anything about the break-in at the Leyendecker Museum, would

you?

ST have an alibi, you'll never get me, copper.

LB You've got quite an imagination.

ST It's true, I swear on a hunk of bibles, I didn't do it.

LB Would you happen to know anything about Egyptology?

ST Y'mean the study of Egyptian antiquities and the ancient civilization that flourished there? Yeah, right.

LB I'm pretty new to the city, what can you tell me about it?

ST Well, see, there's these big, honkin' alligators in the sewers from kids flushin' em down the toilet.

LB Oh?

ST So ya gotta stay off of manhole covers, or else they come up and eat you in one big gulp!

KID Do not.

ST Do so.

KID Not.

ST So.

KID Nunh-unh.

ST Yuh-unh.

LB Please!! Maybe I'll just stay off of manhole covers just in case.

ST I ain't talkin'. You can beat me up and put bamboo shoots under my fingernails, but I'm not talkin', y'understand?

LB All right, all right, you needn't get huffy about it. I was just asking.

ST I ain't never been there, so don't ask.

ST I'm not telling you nuttin'. Yer pretty nosy, y'know that?

LB It's my job to be nosy. I'm a reporter for the New York Daily Register News Tribune.

ST Oh, yeah? Then what's going to happen to Ham Gravy and Caster Oyl in Thimble Theatre?

LB I don't know.

ST Then you don't REALLY work for the newspaper. Yer fulla baloney.

LB Here, I bet a strapping, young lad like you just loves to play baseball.

ST Not hardly.

ST Hey! Getcher hands offa me, lady, yer not my mother!

LB For your information, little boy, I'm not nearly old enough to be your mother.

ST Yeah, g'wan. Yer old enough to be my Grandma.

LB I'm old enough to be your older sister. Now shush.

This shabbily-dressed, dirty little boy is intently watching his friend grinding ants with a baseball. This little boy is trying to set fire to ants. He's shabbily dressed and poorly groomed. He's peering intently at the panicking ants on the sidewalk.

Under the magnifying glass, you can see that Stinky gets very sweaty under the hot-noonday sun.

ST Yuck! I don't eat that stuff. Ya got any pretzels?

LB No, sorry.

ST Then scram!

LB What in the world are you doing?

ST Leapin' lizards, lady, they're only ants.

LB But you'll smear the signature.

ST So what the hey? This ain't no real Bob Ruth signature. Ruth doesn't close the loop at the bottom of the first "B", and whorls the first stroke of the "R." You got gypped.

LB What's your name, little boy?

ST None o' yer beeswax.

LB You're quite the impertinent little boy, aren't you?

ST Yeah, well, my folks told me not to talk to strangers.

BI His name's Paul Untermeyer.

KID Yeah, but we call him Stinky, 'cuz his initials are PU!

LB So...what are you doing?

ST Giving these crummy ants a hotfoot! Wanna try?

LB Thank you kindly, some other time.

ST Your loss, lady.

The streetlamp isn't bright enough to tell you anything.

It's out of reach, which is just as well since you're not a qualified city streetlamp lighter.

A tall streetlamp stands on the far side of the street.

It's too tall and far away for you to use the magnifying glass on it.

The streetlamp remains quiet.

You'll never find the answers you're looking for in the streets.

There's no reason at all to touch the street. It's not only undignified, but it's a health hazard as well.

It's just another stretch of New York's pavement.

There are no clues to be found in the street.

Being from the genteel South, you don't speak the language of the streets of the Big City.

Don't bother; this is one of those know-nothing taxi signs.

It's a dirty, weather-beaten taxi sign.

Even close up, it's just a filthy, decrepit taxi sign.

The taxi sign refuses to comment.

LB Isn't this a great year to be alive?

KID My parents said it's just another lousy year like all the rest.

LB Say, did you hear about that burglary at the Leyendecker Museum? Pretty exciting!

KID Did anybody get killed?

LB I don't think so.

KID Then big deal.

LB Have you ever studied Egyptology? It's very exciting.

KID I like mummies. They're already dead.

LB Well, there's a lot more to Egyptology than mummies, but you're right, they're very mysterious.

KID Someday I really want to unwrap one and see what they look like underneath. I dunno.

My parents say there's no such thing as mummies that move.

LB How do you like living in New York?

KID My parents say it stinks. I dunno. I kinda like it.

KID I'm sorry, ma'am, my parents say I'm not allowed to talk about other people.

LB Did they REALLY say that?

KID I dunno.

KID I'm not supposed to talk about places I haven't been to.

LB Are you sure you're telling me the truth?

KID Yes, ma'am, my parents said so.

KID Sorry, lady, my parents say I'm not supposed to talk about anything.

LB They're very restrictive, aren't they?

KID That's kinda what I asked them, but they said no.

LB How would you like this baseball?

KID No thank you, Ma'am. My parents say baseball gives me hives.

Pardon me, Ma'am. My parents say I'm not allowed to let other people touch me.

You see a rotund, unhappy-looking boy. The other boys, who are cleverly pretending that the baseball is a giant boulder and that the ants are helpless villagers below, seem to be tolerating the boy's presence.

You see a rotund, unhappy-looking boy. The other boys, who are industriously setting fire to ants with a magnifying glass, seem to be tolerating his presence but largely ignore him.

LB Hmm. Big pores, but nice and clean.

LB Would you like this sandwich?

KID Would I?? Yes, MA'AM!!! Only...my parents tell me I'm not supposed to take food from strangers.

LB Well, your parents sound like very sensible people.

KID I dunno.

LB Now perhaps you'll have to find something more constructive to do with your afternoon than setting fire to ants.

KID That's okay, it wasn't a very good day for burning ants anyway.

LB Why not? The sun is shining and there's not a cloud in the sky.

KID So go ahead and light some yourself.

LB It's a nice day, isn't it?

KID I dunno.

LB Well, there's not a cloud in the sky and the sun is shining.

KID I guess. Makes the ants light quicker, that's for sure.

Don't ask them; they only work here.

The plants are far above street level, making them too high up for you to touch.

A few plants, strangely healthy despite the quality of the local air, dot the windows along the top of the building. It's nice to see that somebody has apparently lavished these plants with love and attention.

Not from down here, and there's no way to get up to those rooms.

The plants don't respond, but they do seem to perk up a bit in response to your pleasantly lilting voice.

## **Lo Fat's Laundry Interior**

The banner's back behind the counter. Don't go back there; Lo Fat is very territorial.

They're not really Chinese characters. Lo Fat displays them to give himself an aura of authenticity...  
...since he was actually born in Newark, New Jersey.

If the symbols are replying, they're doing so in a language you can't understand.

They're behind the counter so that nosy nannies like you can't accidentally smudge them.

Apparently Lo Fat does a good bit of hand-tailoring. The shelves are filled with fabrics: silks, wools, cottons and satins.

In another 50 years or so, these will all be replaced with snazzy, durable acetates.

You try to gab with the gabardine, but it fails to respond.

The counter is too heavy to be lifted, and there's nothing on it to be taken. But handling it does give you the opportunity to observe how nice and sturdy it is.

It's just an ordinary store counter, decorated with a dragon of cultural significance to the Chinese. If you'd taken Asian Studies at Tulane instead of Journalism 101, it might mean something to you, but you didn't, so it doesn't.

The dragon isn't talking.

There's nothing on the counter to be taken, and the counter itself is too heavy to be lifted or moved.

But it's a fine piece of craftsmanship.

It's just a typical store counter, illustrated with the hind end of a traditional Chinese dragon.



The counter remains silent, and you're speaking to the wrong end of the Dragon.

An evening gown hangs on the rack behind Lo Fat. It's a couple of years out of date, but it appears to be your size.

It appears to be a blue silk evening gown. It's hard to tell whether or not it's your size, but being a slender young thing, you don't anticipate any problems slipping into it.

It's up high and out of reach, which is fortunate since it contains the ashes of Lo Fat's dear, departed mother.

This looks like a vase, similar to -- but slightly different from -- the vase on the right.

Lo Fat's mother, whose ashes are contained in the vase, was always a lady of few words. Now that she's dead, she has even less to say.

It's out of reach, which is just as well since it contains the ashes of Lo Fat's deceased father.

This looks like a vase or an urn of some sort, similar to the one on the left.

Lo Fat's father, reduced to ashes and stored inside the vase, has been left speechless by his untimely death.

As Lo Fat himself would probably tell you, there are no quick paths to achieving enlightenment, least of all stealing a lantern.

This paper lantern casts a warm flamelike-glow over the sparse interior of Lo Fat's Chinese Laundry.

You attempt to converse with the lantern, but it -- like Lo Fat -- remains inscrutable.

Lo Fat is watching you out of the corner of his eye. There's no way you can go through the dirty laundry without attracting his attention.

Why pick through somebody else's dirty laundry?

You look over the dirty laundry, hoping to find something for the fundraiser, attractive but not too daring, and in just your size.

Unfortunately, nothing catches your eye, and even if something did, you couldn't sneak it out of the store without being caught.

This oversized cart is brimming with other people's dirty laundry.

You try to strike up a conversation with the dirty laundry, but it won't come clean.

This feels like the clean interior of Lo Fat's Chinese Laundry.

This is the interior of Lo Fat's Chinese Laundry.

You can't find a single dust speck anywhere you look!

The street is off in this direction.

### **Lo Fat**

You see an older Oriental gentleman standing behind the counter, toiling away with an industrial iron.

LF I not good person to ask about that.

LB Do you know Sam Augustini? He's the city editor over at the New York Daily Register News Tribune.

LF Sam Augustini? Ah, yes. 17 collar, 52 inch waist. Mostly soup and sweat stains. Ring around collar. Nice guy.

LB Does the name Pippin mean anything to you?

LF Yes, yes! Pippin Longstocking. My little girl read book about her. Very funny!  
Freckles, red hair.

LB I don't think that's the same name.

LF No? I thought it was Longstocking. Maybe not.

LB Does the name Archibald Carrington III ring a bell with you?

LF Not think so. Very fancy name. Not many fancy people come here.

LB Do you know Detective O'Riley?

LF Ah, Detective O'Riley, very smart man. Funny. No matter how clean I get his clothes, he always look dirty.

LB Does a man named Crodfoller T. Rhubarb come in here?

LF Yes, remember man with name like that. Extra starch, French cuffs. That all I know.

LB Who's this fellow Lo Fat?

LF You joking with me, right? \*I\* am Lo Fat, you in Lo Fat's Chinese Laundry.

LB I knew that.

LB You wouldn't happen to know a rather striking young man named Steve Dorian, would you?

LF Hmmm, no think so. He must go to other cleaners. Sound like you sweet on this Steve.

LB I'm simply investigating him.

LF Ho, you detective? Lo Fat think he see something pretty, detective lady not see herself.

LB Has Ziggy been in lately?

LF Ziggy? No Ziggy come in here, would remember name like that. Sound like good name for comic strip, though.

LB Tell me about Wolf Heimlich.

LF Hahahaha!

LB What's so funny?

LF Nothing. Wolfie funny, funny man! Take himself very seriously. Stand up straight, act like soldier.

LB What else can you tell me about him?

LF Occasional bloodstain. Never sweat. Very tidy. Only see him once in awhile.

LB Do you know Yvette Delacroix?

A small smile flickers over Lo Fat's normally inscrutable features.

LB Why...um...why are you smiling?

LF Lo Fat have "arrangement" with Yvette. Laundry for free.

LB And what do you get in return?

Once more, Lo Fat seems to smile slightly, his eyes refusing to meet yours.

LB Is it...something private?

LF Lo Fat not one to kiss and tell. Nuff said. 'Kay?

LB I won't tell anyone. I'm sure whatever it is, I've heard it before.

He whistles an unrecognizable tune and deliberately looks away.

LB Have you ever met the Countess Lavinia Waldorf-Carlton?

LF No. Have you met Chin Hwang Lee?

LB No.

LF That was fun! We play again sometime.

LB So you do the laundry for Dr. Olympia Myklos?

LF Yes. Spooky lady. All black clothes. She nice, but scary!

LF Sorry, please, that dress no longer my problem! You give it away if you like.

LB Has John Bow been in lately?

LF Not know any John Bow. Sorry. Maybe try again with somebody else. Lo Fat know many people.

LB Do you read the New York Daily Register News Tribune?

LF Seen it, not read it. Lo Fat not read American newspapers, too violent. Prefer hometown newspaper.

LB Which is?

LF Newark Bee. Very good newspaper, not like most American paper.

LB Spent any time at the Police Station recently?

LF Only one time, to report stolen bicycle. Never found. Ah, well.

LB What can you tell me about Lo Fat's Chinese Laundry?

LF Look around! You standing in it!

LB Have you ever gone down to the 12th Street Docks?

LF You kidding? Docks dangerous place! Crooks and rats there.

LB Ever been to the Leyendecker Museum?

LF Of course! Lo Fat big contributor to Museum. Two dollar every year. Some customers also work at Museum...Wolf Heimlich, security guard, very important.

LB Anybody else from the Museum ever come here?

LF Yes, yes, let me think. Woman doctor, Greek name. Um...Olympia something. McGillicuddy? Mc...Myklos, yes, that's it, Olympia Myklos.

LF Not know what she do at Museum, but she work there. She and Mr. Heimlich sometime come in together.

LB Have you been there recently?

LF Not been there in, oh, must be almost a year. Whoa, time to send in another two dollar!

LB Besides Mr. Heimlich and Dr. Myklos, are any of your other customers Museum employees?

LF Not think so. Oh, wait, how could I forget? Yvette Delacroix, very lovely lady, she work at Museum.

LB Do you know about the flower shop?

LF Lots of flower shops, which one you mean?

LB Well, the flower shop near the Tribune building, I suppose.

LF Not know of it. Not go around there very often. Sorry.

LB How do you like New York?

LF New York too big, too dirty for me. Good business, nice place to visit, but wouldn't want to live here. Unfortunately, I do! Hahahaha!

(speakeasy) LF Not know of it. Sorry.

LB I'm looking for information about the coupon in the Tribune for a free corned beef sandwich.

LF Hope coupon works for corned beef business. I make coupon for free pressing, take out ad in Tribune, business not get better. Coupon phooey!

LB What would you say if I told you I had a claim ticket for an item of laundry?

LF Not surprise me much. After all, you here in Laundry, right?

LB Now, Mr. Fat, why not let ME ask the questions?

LF Suit yourself. But cannot tell you anything about laundry ticket unless I see it.

LB What can you tell me about notebooks?

LF Lo Fat have terrific memory, not need notebooks.

LB Does a corned beef sandwich bring anything to mind?

LF Heartburn. Indigestion. That why I stay away from corned beef.

LB What can you tell me about a baseball?

LF I pretty good baseball player back in high school! .270 average, hot man, best first baseman school ever had.

LB I was actually talking about a particular baseball. One I found at the Newspaper.

LF Small, round, hard. That about it.

LB Can you tell me anything about a free pass to get your clothes pressed?

LF Lo Fat give out free pressing coupon, many month ago. Big advertisement in newspaper. Nobody use.

LB Do you still honor the coupon?

LF Yes, yes, forgot to put expiration date on coupon. By now, nobody remember anyway. Must be using coupon for something else! Hahahaha!

LB Have you ever heard of the Dagger of Amon Ra?

LF No Amon Ra come in here, not that I remember.

LB So, how's your year going?

LF Good year! Chinese New Year about to start, very exciting. St. Louis going to take pennant, no doubt about it! That very unpopular opinion around here, though.

LB Have you heard about the burglary at the Leyendecker Museum?

LF No! Burglary at Museum? That terrible, sorry to hear that.

LB Yes, isn't it? Have any of your customers said anything about it?

LF No, not hear about it until you say! What stolen? Much damage?

LB Well, a dagger was taken, but nothing else that I know of.

LF Strange! Many valuable items at Museum, funny that only dagger was taken. Go figure!

LB What do you know about Egyptology?

LF Not know what it is. Cannot even pronounce it.

LB It's the study of Ancient Egypt...archaeology, sociology, and so on.

LF You still talking English?

LB Never mind.

LB Can you think of any customers you might have who would be interested in such a thing as a valuable ceremonial dagger?

LF Not think so. My customer, very honest people. Some cranky, some strange, but not any are thieves, I don't think.

LB What else do you know about the laundry claim ticket?

LF Give out hundreds of these every week. Nothing special. Nothing to say.

LB So it's been awhile since you've been to the Museum?

LF Yes, too long. Not remember much about exhibits. Not know much about art, just know what I like.

LB Why do you live here if you don't like it?

LF Wife has relatives here, brother-in-law silent partner in laundry business. Why you ask?

LB Just curious, I guess. We reporters are snoops, you know.

LF You reporter? That hotsy-totsy! Tell me, what happen next to Ham Gravy and Castor Oyl in Thimble Theatre?

LB Sorry, I don't know, I don't work in the comic strip section.

LF Oh, punk. Too bad. Funny, funny! Read it in Chinese newspaper.

LB So this pass is good for a free pressing here?

LF Yes! You having trouble understanding concept? Bring in laundry to be pressed, bring in pass. I press for free. Got it? Good!

LB What else do you know about the Police Station?

LF Nothing! Why you keep asking? Lo Fat not criminal, never been to Police Officer Station except to report crime. Not hang out there!

LB Are you positive you don't know this Steve Dorian character?

LF No, but I tell him you looking for him if I see him. Something tell me you find him sooner or later!

LB C'mon, tell me more about Yvette. You obviously know more than you're letting on.

LF No sir, Lo Fat not want to ruin good thing!

LF Please, please! Not want to offend, but please keep hand to self.

LF Please not to touch me! My wife, very jealous woman. No hanky-panky in store, OK?

LF This claim ticket two years old today! You very lucky woman, almost give this clothes away.  
LF It'll be ready Tuesday. Hahaha! Just kidding, ancient Chinese joke.  
LB Actually, this isn't mine at all. I found this claim ticket just a little while ago.  
LB I'd feel badly if somebody were to come back for this.  
LF You worry for nothing. Nobody come in for two-year-old laundry.  
LF Lady who own this dress probably DEAD by now! Hahahaha!  
LB You're a strange man, Mr. Fat, but I kind of like you.

LF Is baseball. Nice signature! Bob Ruth, hoo boy, some right hand on that guy, too bad no have right arm. He psychiatrist now.  
LB I thought maybe this was something you could use.  
LF Do I look like baseball player to you? Not play baseball since high school. Average .270, not bad for 98-pound weakling. Hahaha!

LF What you looking at?  
LF I'm not sure, really, I'm just looking for clues.  
LF Let me know if you find any. Lo Fat love a good mystery! Hahahaha!

LF No thank you, Lo Fat not like corned beef. Prefer more traditional Chinese cuisine.  
LF Ah, yes! This certificate good for free pressing. You keep, you may need Lo Fat press clothes for you sometime.

LB Can you tell me anything about this notebook?  
LF Hmmmm...ink stains, very bad. This not come clean. You better buy new notebook!

LF No thank you, Lo Fat not hungry, especially not for corned beef. Already had too much starch today. Hahahaha!

LB Pardon me...  
LF Yes, please?  
LB I feel a little strange to ask, but I'm looking for something I can wear to a formal party.  
LB You wouldn't happen to have something like that...uh...lying about, unclaimed maybe?  
LF This not clothing store, lady. No sell unclaimed clothes. Someone come for clothes, get very angry.  
LB But surely there must be clothes that go unclaimed...  
LF Two year, then unclaimed laundry go to Salvation Army.  
LB What if I ask you very nicely?  
LF You join Salvation Army, then I give you unclaimed laundry!  
LF Hahahaha!

LB Excuse me...  
LF Yes, please?  
LB I was just wondering...um...do you work here?  
LF Yes, ticket please.  
LB Pardon?  
LF Ticket please, you here to pick up, yes?  
LB Oh...no, I'm sorry, I was just looking around.  
LF Okay, look all you want. Looking is free, laundry not so.

LB I'm sorry, Mr. Fat, my conscience just won't let me accept this gown. I simply don't think it's right to take someone else's property.  
LF Sorry, please, this dress no longer my problem! You give it away if you like.  
LF You back again? Lo Fat thinking you have hots for his body. Busy, busy man. What you want now?

### **Speakeasy exterior**

A dark and foreboding alley with brick walls on both sides. The sort of place your father always warned you to stay away from.

You respond to the man's remark.

Sorry. My mistake.

In the final moments of your life, you wonder what the world is coming to these days.

Feels like a fire hydrant.

A fire hydrant.

Feels like the exterior of the abandoned Flower Shop.

It's the exterior of the abandoned Flower Shop.

It feels like garbage. Now it'll be hard to get the smell off your hands.

It looks a lot like garbage. There must be some serious alcoholics who live nearby, because the trash is loaded with liquor bottles.

You can't reach the Moxie sign.

Drink Moxie. It's good for you.

This feels like a rough part of town with several abandoned buildings.

This is a rough part of town with several abandoned buildings. The sidewalk looks dirty.

This is certainly a grimy part of town.

It's locked.

The front door to the abandoned flower shop.

Feels like glass.

The windows of the flower shop have been painted over from the inside, as if the shop is abandoned.

We're closed! No deliveries!

Sorry. My mistake.

Let me in, or I'll scream.

Wait! I know the secret word!

Scream all you want, toots. You're not getting into this flower shop.

Secret word?

The password is CHARLESTON.

Are you deaf, lady? We're closed! Go away!

Well, why didn't you SAY so! Come on in!

Your knock on the door goes unanswered.

The battered side door to the flower shop, complete with a mail slot and a tiny window.

A Press Pass? I'll keep it for you! Now, get lost! We don't want your kind around here!

Crossing the street here will take you to the outside of LoFat's laundry.

Feels like a streetlight.  
A streetlight.

It looks almost exactly like a taxi.

A taxi sign.

You see only darkness on the other side of the window.

### **Speakeasy interior**

Don't touch the serious drinker. It's best not to disturb him.  
A serious drinker. It's best not to disturb him.

Don't touch the comatose man. It's a miracle that he's still standing and your touch might tip him  
over.  
This comatose man has had too much to drink. It's a miracle that he's still standing.

BAR I'm sorry, miss. I'm too busy to talk right now.  
BAR He's sitting at one of the tables, miss.  
Don't touch the bartender.  
It's the bartender.  
BAR Ya wanna drink, miss?  
LB No, thank you, sir. I don't drink.

The door to the Women's Lounge.

The dancers just ignore you. No cutting in here.  
Inexperienced dancers repeatedly practicing the few steps they know.  
The dancers just ignore you. No cutting in here.

Don't bother Doctor Jazz while he's performing.  
It's "Doctor Jazz," the Piano Player. This is only a temporary gig for Doc, since he normally plays  
with Jelly Roll Morton and his Red Hot Peppers.

As you touch that, you feel the broken dreams and the alcoholic haze of thousands of frenzied  
speakeasy patrons who have come here to drown their sorrows and shore up their illusions  
that tomorrow will be a better day.

You're in a speakeasy known as The Harlem Swinger. This being the time of Prohibition, illegal  
alcoholic drinks are sold here in secret.

Up close, everything in this speakeasy reeks of alcohol and tobacco smoke smells.

It would be very rude to interrupt her while she's performing.  
It's "Crooner" Jensmith, the Amazing Dancing Chanteuse.

This man is sleeping peacefully, so it would be a shame to wake him.

This is the exit, leading back out onto the mean streets of Manhattan.

You shouldn't interrupt their conversation.

They're involved in a deep conversation about President Calvin Coolidge.

They're involved in a deep conversation about F. Scott Fitzgerald's novel, *The Great Gatsby*, published in 1925.

They just ignore your rude attempt to interrupt them.

### **Ziggy**

A nervous man with shifty eyes.

LB Are you Ziggy?

ZI Who sent ya?

ZI Crodfoller? He's an old pal of mine. Whatcha want ta know?

LB Have you read that new novel by Ernest Hemingway?

ZI You mean, "The Sun Also Rises," his novel of postwar disillusion? Of course! Ernie and me go way back! He ran dat book by me before it ever got published, and I told 'im it's a real corker!

LB You don't seem very talkative, sir. Is there anything I can say to loosen your lips?

ZI I doesn't talk ta strangers, toots.

LB Crodfoller gave me the impression you'd be much more helpful, Mr. Ziggy.

ZI I ain't got all day ta shoot da breeze, toots. You got some specific questions ta ask me?

Never hoid of 'em, toots. Amscray.

(Ziggy) Dat's me. Wuz you wantin' to make sumpin' of it?

(Rube) Crodfoller? He's an old pal of mine. Whatcha want ta know?

(Charleston) Dat's today's password. And it's a great dance.

(O'Riley) Uhhh, I t'ink he's a cop.

(Dorian) Dat name rings a bell. I t'ink he works on da docks.

(Lo Fat) Dat's da guy who does my laundry.

(Pippin) Dat's da guy who found dat fancy pigsticker in Egypt.

(Carrington) Dat's da new President of da Leyendecker Museum.

Never heard dat name before, toots.

(burglary) I hoid somebody heisted dat Egyptian pigsticker from da museum. Rumor on da street is dat it was an inside job.

(dagger) Da pigsticker? Someone heisted it.

Do I look like an encyclopaedia? I don't know nuttin' about dat.

(police) What makes ya t'ink I knows anything about police stations? Ya t'ink I'm a hood or something? I gots friends in high places, toots, so don'tcha mess with me!

(tribune) Dat's where my pal, Crodfoller, works.

(docks) Dem is da docks at da end of Twelfth Street.

Why you showin' me dat?

(Najeer) Dat's da accountant from da museum. Spooky high-hat kinda guy.

(1926) LB Since this year is almost over, how do you feel about 1926?

ZI I t'ink it was a great year! I made a sawbuck on da Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey fight in Philly!

(New York) LB I'm new here. What can you tell me about New York?

ZI It's da place to be. All kinds of people come here, like one big smelting pot. Dere's even a high-class international con man in town, but I can't tell you who it is, 'cuz he'd kill me if he found out.



(burglary) All I know is dat de Egyptian pigsticker was heisted from de museum.

(Egyptology) LB Do you know anything about Egyptology?

ZI Da only Egyptian I know is an accountant named Rameses Najeer. He bugs me sometimes by asking me riddles. I can never figure 'em out.

LB What kind of riddles?

ZI Well, today Rameses came in and asked me a two-part riddle: "What's the room you leave without entering?" and "What's the room you enter without leaving?" As usual, I told him I didn't give a hoot about his silly questions, so he left.

(speakeasy) You mean dis speakeasy? It's da best in town, and I know because I've been to all of 'em.

Don't touch me, toots.

### **Speakeasy Women's Lounge**

FL If you're lookin' for your old clothes, ya won't find them. I threw them out.

You respond to the woman's remark.

Not right now, but thank you for asking.

You must be referring to someone else. My name is Laura, not Dollface.

FL Nice body, but where did ya get those clothes? Salvation Army?

Feels like a nice material.

It's an old couch.

FL Whadda ya lookin' at, kid? Ain't ya ever seen a women's lounge before?

(upon entering) FL Ya haven't seen the Countess come into the speakeasy yet, have ya? I've been waitin' here for hours.

LB The Countess?

FL Yeah. The Countess Lavinia Waldorf-Carlton. I'm supposed to meet her here.

LB Sorry. Haven't seen her. But if I do, I'll be sure and let you know.

FL Thanks, toots.

FL Hiya, Dollface. Lookin' for a good time?

FL It's your loss, toots. I'll be right here if you change your mind.

FL Va-va-voom!

Not right now, but thank you for asking.

You must be referring to someone else. My name is Laura, not Dollface.

The partition is bolted to the floor, so you can't move it. You've also decided to leave your old clothes here, just in case some poor unfortunate should come along who needs them more than you do.

The partition is bolted to the floor, so you can't move it.

A handy partition for changing your clothes in privacy. Currently, your old clothes are hanging here as well.

A handy partition for changing your clothes in privacy.

So, that's what a germ looks like.

FL How about a free back rub? Or a neck rub? If ya like, I could even do your whole body.  
FL Ya look so cute in that outfit, it makes me want to scream.  
FL I have a cramp in my leg. Could ya massage it for me, honey?

Don't start poking around randomly in here. It could be bad for your health.  
The women's lounge.  
It wouldn't be wise to look at things too closely in here.

If the water was connected, you could wash your hands here.

In this direction is the entrance to the bar.

You'd be too embarrassed to use the toilet while someone is watching you. Hold it until the end of the game.  
These look almost exactly like toilets.

Your heart soars as you see the brilliant sunlight pouring in through the tiny window.

### **Interrogate the flapper**

LB What do you know about the Countess?

FL She's a nice old broad. Loaded. She's married to some high-class museum bigwig, but she can't get enough, know what I mean?

LB No, I don't know what you mean.

FL You're pullin' my leg, right?

LB No, I'm not pulling anything. I'm not that kind of girl.

FL Well, you're tryin' to pull SOMETHIN', sister, and I DON'T like it! I'm not answerin' no more questions about the Countess!

(speakeasy) The Harlem Swinger's okay, but I seen better, if ya know what I mean....

(Ziggy) Ya won't find Ziggy in here, Dollface. This lounge is just for WOMEN, if ya know what I mean....

(filler) Ya have a sexy voice, toots, but I don't know what yer talkin' about.

(use hand on flapper) FL Oh, yes! Touch me again!

(look flapper) The flapper is watching you.

### **Interrogations**

#### **Dr. Pippin Carter**

Dr. Pippin Carter is a tall, dignified, middle-aged gentleman with a carefully trimmed moustache.

PC Young lady, if you want to ask me questions for your newspaper, that's fine, but don't just stand here trying to make small talk just so you can bask in my presence.

LB This is quite a party. Does the museum always have a big fund-raiser when they open a new

exhibit, Dr. Carter?

PC No, but they've never had such an important exhibit opening here before. And I'm an important curator, with an important salary, so the museum wouldn't have been able to keep me employed here without financial assistance.

LB You must be very important for the museum to go to so much trouble.

PC Naturally. The museum is lucky that I accepted this position as the head of their new Egyptian Antiquities department. Why, my name alone will attract more visitors and more money to the museum.

LB Any chance that the Tutankhamen exhibit will make a stop here on its American tour?

PC No. I'd hate to embarrass my relative by putting his Tutankhamen artifacts on display here. They pale by comparison to my own great discoveries, such as the Dagger of Amon Ra.

LB Of course. How silly of me to think otherwise.

PC Yes, that was rather silly of you.

(Sam) I believe he was the Emperor of Rome just after Justinian.

(Pippin) That's me, you silly girl. If you want to arrange an in-depth interview, we'll have to schedule it later in the week.

(Carrington) Dr. Carrington is a fine chap. Used to be in charge of the British Museum, you know. I ran into him several years ago when I visited the British Museum to consult with Dr. Budge.

Seems odd that Dr. Carrington doesn't remember me, but I almost didn't recognize him either. He's getting old, after all. Looks different. Memory's probably shot as well.

(O'Riley) Ah, yes. Can't say I'm too impressed with Detective O'Riley. Couldn't find a single, bloody clue about the Dagger burglary. And he has the nasty habit of chewing on grapes constantly...probably to cover up the smell of the alcohol he drinks.

(Rube) A crodfooler is some sort of miniature vegetable, isn't it? A potato, perhaps?

(Lo Fat) He runs one of the local Chinese laundries. Pretends to be Chinese so he can get more business, but he has a terrible accent.

(Dorian) Steve Dorian? The stevedore with the ridiculous name? He's the fellow who helped unload my artifacts from the steamship. If it weren't for his odd name, I would have forgotten him entirely.

(Ziggy) Rather an unfortunate name, I think.

(Wolf) Ah, yes. Heimlich's the Security Chief here. Not a particularly good one, obviously, since the Dagger was stolen right from under his nose. And he's rather too intense for my tastes.

(Yvette) That trollop sleeps with everything that moves. And some things that don't. It's only by sheer strength of will that I've resisted her advances so far.

(Ernie) Mr. Leach is a good chap. Very helpful. Keeps the place spotless and organized. If you ask me, he's the one who ought to be Chief of Security instead of that Prussian Heimlich fellow.

(Najeer) PC Of course I know Rameses. There were several of them, actually. Rameses I was Pharaoh during the Nineteenth Dynasty, from 1307 to 1306 B.C., but Rameses II made more of an impact on ancient Egypt.

From 1290 to 1224 B.C., Rameses II undertook a succession of gargantuan construction projects which left his mark on the face of Egypt for thousands of years.

His mortuary site at Thebes, the Ramesseum, contains a temple to Amon Ra, a royal palace, a mortuary temple, and several storerooms.

LB Actually, I was referring to Rameses Najeer.

PC Never heard of him.

(countess) The Countess was married to the former President of the Leyendecker Museum, Sterling Waldorf-Carlton. A good chap, but uninspired. Now she has her sights set on Dr. Carrington.

(Myklos) Dr. Myklos is rather eccentric, but she is well-educated. Received her training at one of

the better universities in Athens, Greece. She's considered quite knowledgeable in the area of hieroglyphics, but her specialty is Paleontology. She's fond of old bones.

(Smith) PC You aren't FRIENDS with that SWINE, are you?

LB Well, no, I'm not, actually.

PC Good! You'd do well to stay clear of that Egyptian PIG! That bloated MAGGOT ought to be horsewhipped and sent back to the dung-laden wasteland he came from!

LB I get the impression you don't like him very much.

PC You could say that, yes.

LB Why not?

PC I'd rather not say. Do you always pry into people's personal affairs like this?

LB It's my job.

PC You're a professional busybody?

LB I'm a reporter.

PC Same thing!

(Watney) I don't believe I'm familiar with that name. Sounds English, though.

(John Bow) A relative of yours, perhaps?

(Tribune) PC It's one of those local scandal periodicals. The term, "yellow journalism," comes to mind when I think of it, which means it's not much of a newspaper at all, really. It's more like printed chewing gum for the uneducated masses.

LB Now, wait a minute! The Tribune is a fine newspaper of the highest quality! I know because I happen to work there!

PC You've just proven my point.

LB Well, I never!

PC Maybe that's your problem.

LB I don't have to stand here and take this abuse!

PC You're right. You don't. You could just go away and make us both happy.

(Police) The police station is the last refuge for the incompetents in this city. However, if you're looking for a constable, I'd suggest one of the donut shops.

(laundry) People tell me Lo Fat's is a good place to have laundry done, but he always puts too much starch in my shirts.

(docks) That's where I arrived on the steamship, Andrea Doria. I came over with the artifacts for the Egyptian exhibit. Apparently Dr. Carrington was also on that voyage from England, but I never ran into him aboard ship. Keeps to himself a lot, you know.

(museum) With a little work, I can turn the Leyendecker into a world-class museum. But that can wait a few months until they decide to make me the President.

Dr. Carrington will have to find other employment, of course, but I'm sure some lesser museum would be happy to have him on their staff.

(New York) LB Since you're new here, what do you think of New York? Isn't it exciting?

PC I hate it. It's crowded, it's noisy, and you Americans have no concept of how the class system is supposed to work. You go around treating each other like equals, which I find very distasteful.

(speakeasy) If you're referring to the local drinking establishments, they are quite illegal, and I don't condone their existence. I do drink on occasion, but only when the finest wines are available.

(press pass) No, thanks. I already have one of Lo Fat's business cards.

(notepad) No, thanks, I already have a notepad.

(glass) It's a water glass. Just the thing if you require a drinking receptacle that holds liquids.

(1926) LB Would you say this has been a good year for you, sir?

PC Well, let's see...I made the most important archaeological discovery of all time, almost

everyone on the planet knows my name, and I've clinched a curatorial job I've been after for years. Yes, I'd say it has been a rather good year.

LB Hmm. Seems to me you might have a problem.

PC A problem? Such as?

LB Well, you've accomplished so much this year, what are you going to do next?

PC Next? What NEXT? Don't bother me with such ludicrous questions, you silly female.

(burglary) LB You must be very upset about the burglary.

PC Quite so. If I ever find out who stole my Dagger of Amon Ra, they won't live to regret it, I can assure you!

LB Oh, my. Do you have any idea who would do such a thing?

PC I have my suspicions. But I need more proof before I subject him to the full force of my wrath.

LB Have the police learned anything?

PC Those incompetents? Hardly. They couldn't even find any clues around the Dagger display.

LB Sounds like the burglar might have been a professional.

PC Perhaps. It's more likely the local constable couldn't find a clue if it jumped up and bit him on the bum.

(Egyptology) LB Since you're an expert on the subject, what can you tell me about Egyptology?

PC I don't have time to explain the intricacies of my profession to a neophyte. If you're truly interested, I'd suggest several years of difficult study on the subject at one of your better universities. Once you've finished that, you can talk to me again.

(filler) Don't bother me with such silly questions.

(repeat) You already asked me that, you silly female.

(use hand) Being a female, I'm sure you have a strong urge to touch me, but try and show some restraint.

(magnify) Stop that, you silly female!

(filler) I have no use for that.

### **Archibald Carrington III**

*of whom we find out that it's really an impostor, he is abbreviated as AC in spite of him really having a different name.*

This short, blustery man reminds you vaguely of President Roosevelt. Despite his diminutive frame, his bearing is self-assured and cocky, and his pince-nez only adds to the aura of distinguished snobbery.

LB Good evening, Dr. Carrington.

AC Good evening, Miss Bow. Good evening.

(Sam) I'm afraid I don't know the gentleman.

(Pippin) The fellow has quite an overinflated ego, but he's got a legitimate reason for it, I suppose.

(Carrington) Why, that's me, young lady, Dr. Archibald Carrington III, at your service.

(O'Riley) Oh, he's a good enough chap, for a law enforcement peon.

(Rube) I'm not acquainted with the chap.

(Lo Fat) I've never even seen the chap.

(Dorian) A stevedore? I'm afraid I don't discourse with proletarian ruffians of that stripe.

(Ziggy) Miss Bow, I find it vaguely offensive that you would even THINK that I know anyone named Ziggy.

(Wolf) He's a real pip. A genuine go-getter, that fellow. He does a jolly good job of guarding the museum. Jolly good.

(Yvette) I, um, I really haven't had much interaction with Miss Delacroix. Well, of course, she IS my assistant, so I guess I should correct myself and say that I DO have intercour...I mean, interaction, with her. But I don't know her very well, really.

(Ernie) There's a fellow who gets the job done. You can't help but admire his industriousness, ay wot?

(Najeer) Now, there's an intense personality. He doesn't look it, but there's something seething below the surface. I'm frightfully sure of it. In any case, the fellow is a fine accountant.

(Countess) Now there's a lady who truly supports the arts. A real patron, that old girl.

(Myklos) Dr. Myklos is one of the museum's most respected curators.

(Smith) What a tiresome fellow. I take quite a narrow view of fanaticism.

(Watney) I'm sure I don't know him, Miss Bow. I haven't been in New York very long, you know, and I certainly don't keep company with people like THAT.

(John Bow) I've never met your father, Miss Bow, but I've a deep respect for the minions who uphold the law.

(Tribune) I don't read the newspaper, Miss Bow. I find it eternally depressing.

(Police station) Oh, those poor chaps do their best, I suppose.

(Lo Fat's laundry) Good heavens, Miss Bow. My houseman does my laundry. I never go to public establishments when I can possibly avoid it.

(Docks) I've only been there once, but I found the docks to be full of pugilistic ruffians and parasite-infested rodentia.

(Museum) The Leyendecker is simply fantastic, Miss Bow. This is the opportunity of a lifetime.

(New York) LB Do you like New York, Dr. Carrington?

AC To be frightfully honest, at first I found it to be a bit rough around the edges. But now I'm beginning to see its somewhat primitive charms.

(Speakeasy) Miss Bow, I wouldn't be caught dead in one of those nocturnal dens of iniquity.

(Notebook) I daresay, it's a bit forward for you to go about writing things about people in that little notebook of yours, Miss Bow. Some people cherish their privacy.

(press pass) How charming.

(pocketwatch) AC I... I... Where did that come from, Miss Bow?

LB Oh, it was a gift.

AC Now, you listen 'ere you cheap...

99 ...Miss Bow, I'm, uh, sure there's something I should be doing right now. I've enjoyed our chat, but...please excuse me.

(skeleton key) That's delightful, I'm sure, Miss Bow. I have no idea what it would be used for.

(Meat) Good beef should be hung for at least a fortnight.

(wire cutters)I don't own a pair. Are you always this verbose, Miss Bow?

(dagger)There's a wonderful piece of archaeological history. It grieves me to think of it in some unaesthetic Phillistine's unwashed hands.

(snake oil) Phagh! That odor is beastly!

(lantern) I'm afraid I never spent much time learning about the anatomy of common hardware, Miss Bow.

(cheese) I try to stay away from dairy products. They give me intestinal distress.

(garter) Must we speak of such things, Miss Bow? Really!

(bone) We have many exciting paleontological specimens here, Miss Bow. Talk to Dr. Myklos if you're interested in learning more.

(snake lasso) What a bizarre implement, Miss Bow.

(ankh) Ah, yes, you'll see that symbol throughout our Egyptian exhibit. It seems to be a staple of Ancient Egyptian theology and philosophy.

(Carter's notebook) Miss Bow, I read for pleasure. I can't imagine Dr. Carter would possibly have written anything personal that I would find the least bit interesting.

(magnifier) I see you want to get a good look at our displays, Miss Bow. I have to respect that.

(bulb) What a strange, young lady you are. There are books on Thomas Edison available in every library, Miss Bow.

(waterglass) What a frightfully dull subject. Waterglasses, indeed!

(carbon sheet) I try to stay away from paperwork, Miss Bow. It makes the brain go flaccid, ay wot?

(charcoal) The museum burns coal in its furnace, Miss Bow.

(wire) Miss Bow, charming as you are, I'm sure I don't have time to discuss the properties of wire with you.

(Hieroglyphs 62)

Ah, talk to Doctor Myklos about that, if you want to know more. She translates hieroglyphs as a hobby.

(1926 63)

LB Have you found 1926 to be a good year for you, Dr. Carrington?

AC Yes, I would, Miss Bow. Frightfully good.

LB And why is that, Doctor?

AC It's not often that one gets the opportunity to head up the most respected museum in America, Miss Bow.

(Burglary 64)

LB What do you make of the theft of the Dagger, Dr. Carrington?

AC It's simply beastly. What is this world coming to, when crepuscular ruffians can invade a museum like Visigoths.

LB Do you have any idea who could have done such a thing?

AC Not at all, but if I did, I'd be tempted to teach the brute a lesson!

(Egyptology 65) Egyptology is all quite the fashion now, Miss Bow, but it's been a serious science for many years. I can recommend a number of fine books, if you're interested.

(W-C Diary) I try to avoid people's personal affairs, Miss Bow. I find them infinitely distasteful.

(Dr Carter's death)

AC Dr. Carter's demise was truly a loss to us all, despite his pushy, overinflated, headline-grabbing ego. At least he completed his work on the Ancient Egypt exhibit before he passed on.

Dedicated chap, I'll say that for him.

LB Any idea who might have wanted to kill him?

AC The man had enemies crawling out of the woodwork, Miss Bow. Practically EVERYONE'S a suspect, if you ask me.

LB Everyone? Including you?

AC Well, perhaps I should say everyone EXCEPT myself, since I was at the fundraising event when Dr. Carter was taken from us. Terrible thing, really.

I'm sure I don't know how to answer THAT, I daresay.

(repeat question) I'm really very busy, Miss Bow. I don't have time to cover the same subject twice.

(use hand icon) I say, m'lady, please be so kind as to let me alone. I do not appreciate being mauled

by people I barely know.

(use magnifier) That's more than a little rude, Miss Bow.

(meat) Really, Miss Bow, I don't find decomposition nearly as interesting as Dr. Myklos does.

(wire cutters) I really have nothing I wish to sever, Miss Bow.

(Snake oil) Please, Miss Bow, I have a delicate stomach.

(Lantern) I really have no need for that, Miss Bow. I assure you, the museum is quite well lighted.

(Cheese) No, thank you. I dislike dairy products.

(garter) Good lord, Miss Bow, put that dreadful thing away!

(bone) Try to control your violent impulses, Laura.

(snake lasso) I really have no need for that bizarre tool, Miss Bow.

(ankh) No, thank you, Miss Bow. I never wear jewelry.

(notebook) I'm sure you find that interesting, Miss Bow, but I do not.

(bulb) You're really being very silly, young lady.

(police file) Dear...God... Miss Bow, that's most inappropriate for a dinner party, wouldn't you say?

(water glass) No, thank you. I'm very particular about my hygiene.

(Carbon paper) I'm sure I don't need that, Miss Bow.

(charcoal) That would smudge my hands, Miss Bow, and unfortunately, I have to shake hands with a lot of people tonight.

(wire) No, thank you. I really have no need of it.

(filler) Thanks, but I don't have any use for that.

### **Ziggy**

*One of the few characters you can interrogate on more than one location, which is why he can be found twice. If you already talked to him at the speakeasy, the subjects you handled then will all give you the repeat line.*

This man looks like he's very low on moral fiber in his construction. His eyes dart around the room nervously, as if he's expecting someone to jump on him. His bald head reflects the overhead lighting.

LB Heard any good rumors lately?

ZI Maybe...or maybe not. What's it worth to ya?

LB Well, I don't have any money right now....

ZI Den I ain't gots no rumors for ya, toots.

(Sam) Augustini...Augustini...yeah, dat name rings a bell.

Oh, yeah, ain't he the concierge at da Plaza?

(Carrington) Da new Museum Prez? Stodgy old guy, but a fine chap. Yeah, dat's it, a fine chap.

Good man.

(O'Riley) I'll tell ya, most of the cops around this town stink. But O'Riley's different, he's okay. He really knows how to treat a mouthpiece, y'know? I made some good jack workin' for him.

(Rube) LB You've met Rube Crodfoller, haven't you?

ZI Coitenly I have! Definitely one of the most up-and-up guys I know. Keeps his nose clean, but knows how ta have a good time.

(Lo Fat) No, he ain't in my privyooliged circle of friends and acquaintences.

(Dorian) Yeah, the dockworker, I know dat guy. He ain't in my inner coicle, though. Dunno much about the joe.

(Ziggy) LB What's up with this Ziggy joker?

ZI Hey, watch yer mouth, yer talkin' to him.



(Wolf) Hmmmm, I don't tink I've heard of him.

(Yvette) Nice workin' girl. I knew her when. Now, well...now she's a big hotshot Museum whadayacallit, back then, she was a...a streetwalker, if ya catch my drift.

(Ernie) Ernie Leach? Doesn't ring a bell.

And here I wuz thinkin' I knew every leech in town!

(Najeer) Quiet guy, mosta da time. Accountant, I think. Boy, I'll tell ya, dose Egyptians know some crummy jokes.

(Countess) ZI What makes you tink \*I\* knows anything about a dame like her? Sheesh, she wouldn't even have anyting to do wit' me. I mean, I dunno anything about her. Why ask me?

LB (BLUFFING) That's odd, she seems to know you.

ZI She did? What did she say? It ain't true. Listen, dat old cow couldn't keep a secret if her life depended on it. I ain't takin' the rap for her anyways.

Now lemme alone before I calls the cops.

Or somebody.

(Myklos) That lady's scary. I been avoiding her.

(Smith) "Tut Smith?" Dat's gotta be an alias. Sounds like a Pharaoh on the lam.

(Watney) I ain't never hoid of the rat.

(John Bow) ZI Isn't dat what dey name da stiffes when dey don't have an ID?

LB I'm sorry, but I simply have to say that your pronunciation is dreadful.

ZI Hey, dat's an insult, right?

(Tribune) Ya mean da newspaper? Not me, sister. I prefer my news straight from the horse's patootie, if ya catch my drift.

(Police station) LB Have you had any contact with the police?

ZI Yeah, I spoze you could say dat. I'm sorta a freelance detective, I find things out that da police can't, den I pass along the information. For a price.

LB Sounds like a most valuable service.

ZI Oh, yeah. Dey couldn't do their jobs right widout me. Nice guys, dem cops, keeps me flush. Salts of the earth.

(Laundry) Laundry...laundry...ohhh, you mean like washin' yer clothes. No, I does that myself.

(Docks) LB You're familiar with the 12th Street Docks, aren't you?

ZI Not me, lady. Mostly your unsavoury types hang out down there.

(Museum) I know everything's not what it looks to be. But then, what is? Same wid all dese mucky-mucks. Look, appeariences can be deceivin'. Me, do I look like the brother of a famous Broadway producer? No, but I am!

(New York) Ya know, some days it's a rich smeltin' pot, but some days it's a big cesspool, but y'know, ya gotta rise to the top, like scum, and keep yer feet and yer nose clean. Dat's how I does it, anyway.

(Speakeasy) You seen it, I saw you in there before. It is what it is. Hey, I'm a philosopher!

(notebook) I don't need no notebook, I already knows everything.

(press pass) Reporterin' is sumpthin' I ain't never had no interest in, though I coulda been a journalist had I been wantin' to be.

(pocketwatch) ZI I could gets you one realll cheap, if yer interested.

LB No thanks, I was just asking. I'm not interested in purchasing any of your filthy, stolen goods.

ZI Fine! Geez! Can't blame a guy for askin', ya don't hafta bite my head off.

(Skeleton key) I like 'em.

(Steak) LB Now why do you think I would've found this meat downstairs?

ZI 'Cuz there ain't no icebox upstairs? Look, lady, these appetesers are the bunk, and there's some pretty hungry joes around here. I wouldn't be waving no steaks around, if I was you.

(dagger) Why would I know anything about dat? You must have me confused wid sumbuddy else.

(smelling salts) I got the constitutional of an ox. Never needed 'em. Wouldn't work on me anyways, my schnoz been broke a few times.

(snake oil) I got an uncle, used to sell da stuff. Me, I always figgered it was bunk.

(Lantern) Sorry, lanterns is out of my field of expertises.

(Cheese) I don't know about no stinkin' cheese.

(Garter) LB Know anything about a garter?

ZI Hey, if I knewed who DAT belongs to, would I be here jawin' witcha? No sir, not me!

(Bone) What do I look like? An archeometrist?

(ankh) LB What can you tell me about Ankhs?

ZI Well, Madamoyzl, ankhs is like anxiety or noivusness. Like, "I'm feeling a lotta ankhs about going back inna slammer." See?

LB Thank you, sir. Most helpful.

ZI Tink nuttin' of it.

(Snake lasso) Yeah, sure! Snake lassoes! Yippie-ki-yay, little boa constrictor!

(Pippin's notebook) LB What do you know about Pippin Carter's notepad?

ZI Oh, no, yer not stickin' that one on ME. I never saw that thing before in my life.

(magnifier) My peepers ain't never needed one.

(Bulb) They seem to work good for lightin' porpoises.

(Watney Little) I dunno nuttin' about it. Don't ask me.

(Water glass) Geez, don't ask me, lady, I ain't touched a drop of THAT stuff in years.

(Charcoal) LB What's the lowdown on charcoal?

ZI Glad you asked. He's gonna beat Sea Biscuit in the 3rd at Hialeah. He's a mudder.

(Hieroglyphs) Hey, what do I look like, a Doctor? All I know is, I keeps away from 'em.

(1926) LB How was your year, Mr. Ziggy?

ZI Supoib, simply supoib. First I makes a sawbuck on the Tunney-Dempsey match, now here I am rubbin' elbow grease with the hoidy-toidy. T'anks fer askin'!

(Burglary) ZI I know da dagger wuz heisted. I might even know whodunit, but I ain't talkin'.

LB If you know, why won't you go to the police?

ZI All I got is a suspicion, I got nuttin' hard. Besides, whutta the cops done fer ME lately?

LB This is in the interests of justice. Who are you trying to protect?

ZI I'm tryin' to protect ME! Now flit.

(Egyptology) LB Tell me about Egyptology.

ZI We talked about dat before, remember? I tol' ya dat crazy Egyptian riddle dat Rameses guy passed along.

(Count W-C Diary) Dat could be very valuable in da right hands, know what I means? Poisonal diaries can be real incriminating evidence. I'd hang onto it if I was youse, but dat's all I'm gonna say about dat.

(Egyptology) LB Have you studied any Egyptology?

ZI Nuttin' but what that wacko Najeer tells me, he's heavy into the Egypto-stuff. Did I tell you that riddle he told me?

LB Refresh my memory.

ZI It wuz sumptin' like, "What's the room you leave without enterin'?" and then it wuz, "What's the room you enter widdout leavin'?"

Now, dat's supposed to be some great Egyptian thing, but personally, I prefer the one about the travelin' salesman and the farmer's daughter. Heard that one?

LB Yes, thank you very much.

(Pippin Carter's Death) LB What did you have to do with the death of Pippin Carter?

ZI Hey hey hey, little lady, I wuz at the party da WHOLE TIME, so don't you go makin' any accusertory remarks. Besides, I didn't know da guy, I had no reason to off the chump. Now

buzz off!

LB You've heard of Pippin Carter?

ZI Sure, the snazzy dude what brought the pigsticker over here from Egypt. He's around here somewheres. Kind of a snotty guy, if you pardon my French.

Can't help youse with dat, toots.

(Repeat line) How many times are ya gonna ask me? I already told ya everything I know about dat.

(use hand) Tanks, toots! Touch me again!

(magnify) You see a bald, greasy, unpleasant little man with overlarge pores and a sour expression.

(meat) If ya wanna come back to my place and cook it for me first, I'd be happy to oblige.

(wire cutters) Hey, hang onto those, they could come in handy! I use my snips alla time!

(fake dagger) Wussat, onea dem fake pigstickers? Don't point dat thing at me.

(snake oil) What's dis, some kinda Eau de Snake? Don't get any of it on me, it stinks.

(lantern) Whaddaya, lookin' for one wise guy? Har har!

(cheese) No tanks, it sticks to da roofuh my mouth.

(bone) No thanks, girlie, there ain't much market for big ol' bones.

(snake lasso) Looks like one o' dem things the jockeys use.

(Ankh) I'm not takin' anything from YOU, lady. Why, this thing could be stolen!

(notebook) You keep it, lady, maybe you kin take some NOTES in it!

(bulb) So it's a light bulb. Whoop-dee-doo.

(police file) No tanks, I never look at nobody else's rap sheet. Professional courtesy, dontcha know.

(water glass) No dice, lady, get your own drink. Dis is open bar; it's every man for himself.

(carbon sheet) ZI It ain't mine, but I'll letcha in on a trade secret: dere's a way to read what's typed on dese things.

LB How?

ZI Well, I ain't gonna tell you exactly, or they'll throw me outta da Stoolie's Union. But it CAN be done!

(charcoal) Hey, yer not spozed to be walkin' around with that thing, yer gonna spoil the barbecue.

(filler) I don't handles no stolen goods no more. And dat's not very interestin' neither.

### **Yvette Delacroix**

You eye this woman with a certain amount of jealousy. Her fashionably high cheekbones, impeccably styled hair, and sultry eyes make you feel mousy and naive by comparison.

YD Bonjour, Miss Bow. How are you enjoying ze museum zees evening?

LB I find it very...stimulating.

YD You be careful walking around in zees place with ze murderer loose. Stay near ze Detective O'Riley or Monsieur Heimlich.

LB Thanks, but I can take care of myself.

YD Ah, but you'll keep saying that until ze murderer, he kills you. Please be careful...you seem like ze very nice, young woman. I would hate to see ze bad theengs happen to you.

YD Bonjour, Miss Bow. Dr. Carrington told me you were covering zees party for ze newspaper. I'm Yvette Delacroix.

LB That's right, Miss Delacroix. I'm writing the Social News column.

YD Ah, ze social news! I was theenking you were here about ze burglary.

LB The burglary? Ha, ha! Of course not. The newspaper would NEVER assign a female, cub reporter like myself to such an important story.

YD Ah, you are probably being correct, Miss Bow.

YD Miss Bow, I am not wishing to be ze rude person, but I must keep mingling zees evening unless

you have ze specific question.

(Sam) Monsieur Augustini? You know heem? I understand he's ze very powerful man at ze newspaper. I would like to meet heem some time.

(Pippin) Ah, Monsieur Pippin, he ees such a great man...and quite attractive, no?

(Carrington) YD Doctor Carrington, he ees my superior, so I'd rather not be saying ze bad things about heem.

LB What bad things?

YD He ees very strange, even for a man. Ah, but you are trying to trick me, no? Eet's best that I am not talking about heem.

(O'Riley) YD Ahh, Monsieur O'Riley, he ees magnifique! He ees so intelligent, so confident, so...oo la la!

LB I assume you've met him before tonight?

YD Oh, yes. We are...how do you say...ze old friends. And it never hurts to have ze highly-placed friend on ze local police force, no?

LB I suppose that's true. What do you think of his burglary investigation?

YD People here, zey keep saying Monsieur O'Riley...hees investigation of ze Dagger is not good. But he tries very hard. I have seen heem work. But ze Dagger thief...he eez very good, no?

LB HE? You think the burglar was a man?

YD Eet eez only ze manner of speaking, Miss Bow. Zees burglar, she could have been ze female as well.

(Rube) \*Giggle\* Ah, ze Crodfoller, I met heem only once, on ze train. Ze train was ze sleeper car, eet was dark, and I climbed into hees berth by mistake. He will always remember zat meeting, I am sure! I, unfortunately, will have forgotten it in a few months....

(Lo Fat) Ze Lo Fat, I know heem. Ze leetle laundry I take to ze cleaners, Lo Fat does eet heemself. We have ze deal he enjoys, so eet costs me nothing.

(Dorian) Ah, ze Steve, he is so beeg and handsome, no?

(Ziggy) Ze annoying leetle man? I met heem at ze speakeasy long ago, but he ees not my class of person, no? He ees of ze criminal type.

(Wolf) YD Monsieur Heimlich, he ees ze intense fellow, no? Very military, very stiff and straight. I feel very safe around heem, but I also feel uncomfortable. He patrols ze museum so much, eet ees strange ze dagger was stolen from under his nose, no?

LB Do you suspect him of stealing the dagger?

YD Who knows? I am not ze policeman. But he seemed very upset about ze burglary...maybe TOO upset, no?

(Yvette) Yes, I am Yvette Delacroix, but I am not one to be talking about myself too much, no? I am not like ze great Doctor Carter, who has so many of ze great stories to tell.

(Ernie) YD Ahh, Monsieur Leach, he ees ze very honorable man, no? Of everyone here, I trust heem most of all. Hees pay, eet ees not very good, but I will fix that when I become ze museum President someday. In ze meantime, he must do ze extra work outside to pay hees bills.

LB It sounds like you're quite fond of Mr. Leach.

YD He has many of ze problems, but he ees capable of handling zem. I help heem as much as I can.

(Najeer) YD Monsieur Najeer, he ees a funny leetle man. I see heem in many strange places in ze museum, but he ees only ze accountant for us, so I don't understand why he ees here all ze time.

LB Do you think Mr. Najeer could have stolen the dagger?

YD Why, because he ees ze Egyptian? I do not theenk so, Miss Bow, but I do not know heem so very well. He is a man, after all, and who knows how zey are thinking?

(Countess) YD Ah, ze Countess. She ees not what she seems, no?

LB What do you mean?

YD Her last husband, he was afraid of her. He told me. Zen, as I learned more, I was becoming afraid of her too.

LB Why? She seems like a nice, old lady.

YD Eet ees all ze act, no? She is ze dangerous one. Now, I sink she is after Doctor Carrington's money, since I am seeing them together so often lately.

LB I don't understand. Why is she so dangerous?

YD Just be trusting me, Miss Bow. Stay away from ze Countess. People die when she's around.

LB Oh, dear!

(Myklos) Doctor Myklos and I, we have much of ze fun together. She is very friendly. Many times we have run through ze museum chasing ze Daisy, no?

(Smith) YD Doctor Smeeth, he is very concerned about ze dagger. He has been trying to get eet back from Doctor Carter ever since he arrived.

LB Do you think he could have stolen it?

YD Perhaps eet ees possible. Zen he could have stayed around so we would not be suspecting heem, no?

LB Do you think he could have killed Dr. Carter?

YD I saw heem just before ze time of ze murder...but I did not see heem do it. Doctor Carter, he was in ze good physical shape, no? And Doctor Smeeth, he ees beeg, but he ees also ze strong one. But I am not one to spread ze rumors.

(Watney) I do not know zees name. If I have met heem, I do not remember heem. So many of ze men, and so leetle of ze time, no?

(John Bow) I do not believe I have met your father, Miss Bow, unless eet was long ago and I have forgotten. I have met so many men, eet ees hard to keep track of zem all.

(Tribune) I only read ze financial section of ze newspaper. Ze stock market, eet ees looking so good, I am going to buy some very soon.

(Police) I support ze police in every possible way I can. I have never been to ze police station, but I know many street cops and detectives, and they are all ze gentlemen to me.

(Laundry) Monsieur Lo Fat, he does some of ze laundry, but I do most of ze lacy and delicate things myself, no?

(Docks) Ze docks? Ah, zere are many of ze men down zere, and zey are so beeg and SO charming. Zey have been very generous to me.

(Museum) Ze museum, eet ees a wonderful place to work. Ze people, zey are SO friendly, and I am enjoying my work here. I intend to be ze President some day.

(24) YD Ah, ze Steve, he ees so beeg and handsome. I showed him ze Old Masters Gallery, but he kept wanting to go back to ze party for some reason. Zen I showed heem my office, and he was so kind to massage my neck for me.

LB He...massaged your neck?

YD And some of ze other sore muscles, yes. But I could not make heem stay very long.

(New York) New York, eet ees ze rough place for ze newcomer, no? So many people in ze one place, eet reminds me of Paris, but eet ees where all ze money is, no? Ze Americans, zey have so much more money than ze French.

(Speakeasy) YD Ze speakeasy, eet used to be ze good place of ze business for me, no? Zen I got zees job, so I don't have to do zat any more.

LB What kind of work did you do at the speakeasy?

YD I was ze hostess zere for a while.

LB With your appearance, you must have gotten a lot of tips.

YD Umm, I suppose you could be calling eet that. I got ze very beeg teeps.

(Notebook) Eet ees a nice notebook, Laura. Take ze good notes, and you'll be ze good reporter.

(30)

YD Doctor Smeeth, he is very concerned about ze dagger. He has been trying to get eet back from Doctor Carter ever since he arrived.

LB Do you think he could have stolen it?

YD Perhaps eet ees possible. Zen he could have stayed around so we would not be suspecting heem, no?

(press pass) Eet ees very nice.

(watch) YD Zees pocketwatch, eet ees gold, no? Very nice.

LB Have you ever seen it before, with Dr. Carrington perhaps?

YD No, ze doctor, he did not carry ze watch.

LB Are you sure? It has his name engraved in it.

YD Perhaps he kept eet in hees desk drawer? I'm sure I would have seen eet when he removed his clothes.

LB Oh, dear. You saw him remove his clothes?

YD Ahh...I meant his suit COAT, Miss Bow. He took eet off one day in hees office...when eet was very hot.

LB I wouldn't think it would have gotten that hot in here this time of year.

YD Trust me, ze doctor was very hot....

(trunk key) Eet ees a key to something, but I don't know what.

(meat) Ze meat, it does not interest me. Doctor Myklos, she uses eet to feed her bugs, I believe.

(wire clippers) Eet ees used to cut ze wire, no?

(dagger) Oh, ze dagger! So many people are interested in zat thing! I know nothing of ze weapons, but eet ees very shiny and nice, I suppose.

(snake oil) Ah, ze snake oil, eet ees much like massage oil, no? Of course, eet smell bad, so eet can only be used for ze snakes in ze basement. I won't go downstairs without my own snake oil, no?

(Lantern) Eet ees ze emergency lantern we use downstairs when ze power goes out. Very handy, no?

(cheese) Zere are many excellent French cheeses. I like ze Camembert and ze Brie most of all.

(garter) You found one of my garters? And you kept eet? How charming. I have lost so many of zem in ze museum, eet ees hard to keep track of zem all, no?

(bone) Doctor Myklos, she would be ze one to talk to about zat.

(snake lasso) Ah, ze snake lasso. Doctor Myklos has been using eet to trap ze snakes zat got loose in ze basement a few weeks ago.

(ankh) Ze ankh, eet ees ze Egyptian jewelry, no? Doctor Smeeth wears one around hees neck.

(Carter's notepad) Ze notepad, eet ees blank, no?

(magnifier) Do not look at me too closely, Miss Bow. I found ze line on my face yesterday, and I am steel upset about eet.

(bulb) Zat looks like one of ze spare lightbulbs for ze stairway.

(police file) I do not know of zees Watney Leettle. How could ze police file be found in ze museum? Maybe you found eet before you got here, and you are forgetting.

(animal hair) You should be asking ze Doctor Myklos about those. She can be identifying zem for you.

(glass) What are you doing with ze waterglass. Listening at ze doors? Ha ha! Just keeding.

(carbon sheet) LB I found some very interesting carbon paper in your office.

YD You have no RIGHT to be doing ze digging around in my garbage, Miss Bow! Zat garbage ees private, and I will not be answering ze questions about eet!

(charcoal) Ze charcoal, eet ees not very interesting, Miss Bow. I am sorry.

(wire) I do not know about ze wire. I am not ze mechanical one, no?

(hieroglyphs) Doctor Myklos, she understands those theengs. I do not, I am sorry to say. I wish I

could help.

(1926) LB Has this been a good year for you, Miss Delacroix?

YD Ah, yes. EVERY year ees a good year for me, Miss Bow. Eet ees all a matter of ze attitude, no?

LB Why, that seems like a very healthy point of view.

YD Merci, Miss Bow. You are very kind.

(burglary) YD Eet ees terrible to sink someone could break into zis museum and steal something so valuable! Monsieur Heimlich, he ees all broken up about it, although he doesn't show it.

LB How did Dr. Carrington react to the burglary?

YD Doctor Carrington, he ees ze very dignified man. Zere ees not much you can learn from hees face. He seems to have taken ze burglary very well, although he was angry with Wolf about ze poor security.

LB Do you have any idea who might have stolen the dagger?

YD Zere are many suspicious people here tonight who could have done it. Ze Countess, for example. Or ze leetle man, Ziggy. But I have not ze proof, you understand?

(Egyptology) You should ask Doctor Myklos or Doctor Smeeth about that.

(W-C Diary) LB I've seen Sterling Waldorf-Carlton's diary.

YD Sacre bleu! You are making ze joke, no?

LB No.

YD Did you READ ze diary, Miss Bow?

LB Yes. I found it quite...enlightening.

YD My poor Sterling, hees death made me so...sad. He got me ze job here in zis museum, you know.

LB I wasn't aware of that. How did you meet him?

YD At a party here in ze city. I was being paid to attend ze party as ze "hostess," so I spent some time with Sterling, who was single at ze time.

LB This was before he met the Countess?

YD Oh, yes. Eet was over one year later when Sterling met HER. He kept proposing marriage to me, but I could not bear ze thought of hees disgrace if we were married and someone found out about my...past.

LB Your past as a hostess? That sounds okay to me.

YD I suppose eet would sound okay to YOU.... Anyway, Sterling was so generous, he gave me zis job here as hees assistant...and I plan to be President some day.

LB President of the Leyendecker? That really would be something.

YD I know I can do eet. Ze men here, zey all trust me. And with Doctor Carrington out of ze way....

LB Doctor Carrington didn't treat you as well as Sterling did?

YD Well, he's only been here a short time, but...I don't sink I should be talking about zis.

(Carrington's death) YD Doctor Carrington was ze strange one. Only recently did he invite me into hees office for a long...talk.

LB About what?

YD Well, it was ze long...discussion. At first, we talked about ze museum...and my goal to be ze President instead of heem. He laughed until he was realizing zat I was serious, no? Then we spent ze night in hees office...getting to know each other.

LB All night? He must have been very dedicated to his employees, spending that much time with you.

YD Ah, he was magnifique! He acted like ze much younger man, staying up all ze night like zat! And he came to see my point of view...so I thought I had advanced my career.

LB You THOUGHT you had?

YD Well, ze next day, Archie pretended as if he was not knowing me. He didn't keep his promises!

LB Why do you think he did that?

YD He was ze MAN, no? You cannot trust zem.

(Ernie's death) YD Oh, my Ernie! Ze Icepick got heem!

LB He was killed with an icepick?

YD No! He was killed BY ze Icepick! Icepick was making ze threats about ze money Ernie owed heem from ze gambling!

LB How do you know that?

YD My poor Ernie, he told me!

(Pippin's death) YD Ah, Monsieur Pippin, eet ees so sad. Such a great man, to die in such a way makes my heart break, no? We had not talked much until zees evening when he finally had ze time during ze party. He was going to meet me after ze party so we could...get to know each other.

(Pippin's notebook) YD I see he was meeting ze Tut Smeeth this evening. I am surprised, since he hated ze man.

I see eet also mentions me and I suppose you were wondering about zat, no? Well, we were going to talk privately, but he never showed up. I waited around in ze spooky Egyptian exhibit for fifteen minutes, zen I left.

LB Oh, Dr. Carter was there all right. He was in one of the mummy cases.

YD Eet ees ze scary thought, no? Eet makes me nervous just to theenk about eet.

LB I don't suppose you saw any potential murderers hanging around?

YD Well, I saw Tut Smeeth pass by when I got there, but I didn't know where he was going. I saw no one else.

I am not knowing how to answer zees. My Engleesh, she is not so good sometimes, no?

(repeat line) You already asked me zis, Miss Bow.

(use hand) Pardonne moi, mademoiselle, but now is not ze time nor ze place. But perhaps we can play zees...how do you call it..."patty cakes"...at anuzzer time?

(use magnifier) I am hoping you like what you are seeing, Mees Bow.

(meat) I am not ze beeg meat eater.

(wire cutters) What ees that fabric stuck to those cutters? Did someone have eet een their pocket?

(fake dagger) I already have one of zese. Monsieur Heimlich bought one for me from ze museum gift shop.

(snake oil) To be careful with ze snake oil. It has ze very strong bad smell.

(lantern) Merci, Miss Bow, but zere is ze lantern downstairs if I am needing one.

(cheese) Merci, Miss Bow, but I only eat ze French cheeses.

(garter) Oh, no, Miss Bow. You found eet, you keep eet...as a memento to remember me by.

(bone) Try to control your violent impulses, Laura.

(snake lasso) Eet probably is belonging to Doctor Myklos.

(ankh) Merci, but I theenk zat ankh, eet ees Doctor Smeeth's sort of jewelry.

(notepad) I am not needing ze notepad. I have several of my own.

(bulb) You keep it. You might need eet around here. Ze lights, zey are blowing ze bulbs out all ze time.

(police file) I am having no use for zat. Try ze Detective O'Riley if you want to return it.

(hair) Some kind of hair, no?

(red hair) Your hair, eet ees falling out, at so young an age? You should be taking more care of yourself, Miss Bow, then you will be attracting more of ze men, and zey will be doing many things for you then, no?

(water glass) I prefer ze wineglass unless I am listening at ze doors, no? Ha ha! Don't take me seriously, I am just making ze joke.

(carbon sheet) You have no RIGHT to be doing ze digging around in my garbage, Miss Bow! Zat garbage ees private, and I will not be answering questions about eet!



(charcoal) Ze charcoal, eet ees not very interesting, Miss Bow. I am sorry.  
(wire) Merci, but I am not needing ze wire.  
(filler) Merci, Miss Bow, but that ees not something I am needing.

### **Countess Lavinia Waldorf-Carlton**

You see a short, elderly woman, dressed flamboyantly (and, you suspect, expensively) and sporting a grotesque amount of makeup. In fact, when she speaks, you notice small flecks of base coat chipping off of her jowls and tumbling onto her furred collar.

LB Good evening, Countess.

WC Good evening, Miss Bow.

LB Hi, I'm Laura Bow, and I'm covering this event for the Tribune's Society News column.

WC Good EVENING, Miss Bow. I'M the COUNTESS Lavinia Waldorf-Carlton. PLEASE be sure to spell my NAME right in your STORY.

(Sam) I haven't had the pleasure of meeting him, but he sounds simply CHAHMING. I imagine a man who runs a newspaper must be quite wealthy, Mmmm?

(Pippin) Ah, truly a man of great ambition and integrity, mmmm?

(Carrington) WC Dr. Carrington? I...what about him? I know very little about the man.

LB Now, that's odd. I could have sworn Mr. Dorian said that you met Dr. Carrington in a taxi when he arrived on the Andrea Doria.

WC 'Ere, so what if I did, I mean! I mean, yes, I did meet him that night. Our families are, uh, old allies, from the time of the War of the Roses. I felt obliged to meet him upon his arrival. Noblesse Oblige, you understand.

(O'Riley) Well, to tell you the truth, dear girl, I find him to be a crude, uncultured ruffian!

(Rube) Oh, I DO enjoy a bit of crodfoller with my tea!

(Lo Fat) I'm sure I've never met him, Miss Bow.

(Dorian) What a LOVELY boy. He has such CHAHMING manners. And he's SO handsome, mmmmm?

(Ziggy) He seems a perfectly DREADFUL little fellow. Let's not discuss him.

(Wolf) Oh, Mister Heimlich is simply DREADFUL! I think his tiny taste of authority has gone to his little HEAD, don't you, Miss Bow?

(Yvette) I am not interested in DISCUSSING that little TROLLOP.

(Ernie) Well, I DO wish they wouldn't let the HANDYMAN in during social functions. He's not even DRESSED properly!

(Najeer) Oh, he's a DAHLING little man. Just DAHLING.

(Countess) Why, that's me, silly child! Countess Lavinia Waldorf-Carlton.

(Myklos) My, she is...unusual, isn't she, dear girl! I can't STAND that horrid ferret of hers. I'm sure it hates me.

(Smith) My, my, my, what an INTENSE gentleman he is. Why, he's practically OBSESSED with the dagger.

(Watney) I--I--I'm sure I don't know anyone by that name, Miss Bow. Quite, QUITE sure.

(John Bow) I've never met your father, dear girl. He's a POLICEMAN, you say? How...delightful.

(Tribune) I'm afraid I haven't read your newspaper, dear girl. I try to avoid the news. I find it distressing. We live in SUCH terrible times...

(Police) Well...they have a job to do, I suppose. Heh heh.

(Laundry) Oh, heavens, my dear, my laundry is done by my MAIDS!

(Docks) The docks are dreadful, rough places, Miss Bow. Simply DREADFUL!

(Museum) I think the Leyendecker is simply DIVINE. Don't YOU?

(New York) New York is simply CHAHMING, Miss Bow. It has so much culture...for an American city.

(Speakeasy) Miss Bow, you must be sure to avoid such dens of iniquity. They can only ruin a young lady's reputation.

(Notebook) Oh, you jot everything down! How very industrious of you.

(Press pass) Well, isn't that CHAHMING! A little reporter!

(Pocketwatch) WC EEEEEEEEEEEK!!!

LB I--I beg your pardon, Countess?

WC 'Ere now, where did you get your mitts on THAT!?! ANSWER ME!!!

LB I...I...I...

WC Ahem! I really don't think that belongs to you, Miss Bow. I suggest you give it to me for safekeeping.

LB No, I don't believe I can do that, Countess.

WC Miss Bow! I said--oh, I suppose you're right. Heh heh.

LB Are you always this upset by pocketwatches, Countess?

WC Why, yes, dear girl. I've always had a DREADFUL fear of them. Heh heh.

(key) Oh, how very odd. It's really rather cute!

(meat) Good heavens, Miss Bow, what a dreadful subject.

(wire cutters) Oh, I never use such rude implements, Miss Bow. Those are for common people.

(dagger) Oh, I'm simply DEVASTATED that it was stolen before I got a chance to see it. It's supposed to be simply DIVINE.

(work boot) I try to avoid labor and laborers of all kinds, dear girl.

(snake oil) Eek! What a perfectly BEASTLY substance!

(lanterns) Oh, I don't know a thing about lanterns, dear girl. I try to stay out of dark, frightening places, don't YOU?

(cheese) I only eat Brie, my dear. It's good for the constitution.

(garter) Proper young ladies do NOT talk of such things, Miss Bow!

(bone) Oh, dear. I find bones quite distressing, Miss Bow.

(snake lasso) Oh, dear, what in the world could THAT be?

(ankh) Why, isn't that one of those DAHLING little Egyptian thingies?

(Pippin's notebook) Oh, I'm sure there's nothing on that to concern US, Miss Bow.

(magnifying glass) It's wise to observe what goes on around you, dear girl. I ALWAYS do.

(bulb) Well, isn't that illuminating. Ha ha ha.

(police file) WC Ack...Urk...

LB I beg your pardon, Countess?

WC I said, get that away from me, you silly child! I DETEST common criminals!

(animal hair) Animal hairs? REALLY!

(red hair) Well, I suppose they could have come from that DREADFUL O'Riley, or that ADORABLE Mr. Dorian.

(water glass) Well, I've seen many glasses tonight, dear girl. It IS a party, you know.

(carbon sheet) Oh, I never have to look at things like carbon paper. I let my accountants get their hands dirty.

(shoe) Oh, I'm sure I don't know anything about missing shoes, Miss Bow.

(charcoal) Dirty, nasty stuff. I try to avoid it at all costs.

(wire) What an odd thing to ask about, dear girl.

(hieroglyphs) Oh, could that be some of that CUTE little Egyptian writing? How CHAHMING!

(1926) LB Countess, has 1926 been a good year for you?

WC Ye--No, dear girl, it's been absolutely HORRID. My DARLING husband Sterling died this year, you know. I don't know WHAT I'll do without him.

LB I'm terribly sorry to hear that, Countess.

WC Well, aren't you the sweet little thing. Thank you, my dear.

(Burglary) LB What do you make of the theft of the Dagger of Amon Ra, Countess?

WC Oh, it's HORRID! Simply HORRID! What sort of creature would make off with a priceless work of art, I wonder?

LB Do you have any ideas about who it might have been?

WC Oh, my, NO! I try not to associate with dreadful people, dear girl.

(Egyptology) LB Do you know much about Egyptology, Countess?

WC Only a little, dear girl. I find it quite diverting.

(WC diary) LB I saw an interesting diary in Dr. Carrington's wall safe. It belonged to Sterling Waldorf-Carlton, your former husband.

WC My dear Sterling's DIARY? What did you do with it?

LB I left it in the safe for the police to find.

WC You didn't READ it, did you?

LB Yes, actually, I did. It had some interesting things to say about YOU....

WC LIES! All LIES! I LOVED that man! I STILL love him, despite what he did to his Will. Dear Sterling made me a RICH woman...or he's GOING to as soon as the Will problems are cleared up.

LB Sterling seemed to think you wanted to kill him for his money.

WC Lies! Nonsense! Lies!

LB Apparently Yvette is afraid of you, too. Sterling mentioned her in the diary.

WC YVETTE? That little trollop? So, THAT'S who he was seeing behind my back! SHE must be the one who made him start CHANGING his Will!

LB I don't know. I just know what I read in his diary.

WC Ohhh...I'm starting to feel FAINT....

LB Perhaps you should lie down somewhere and compose yourself. We'll talk more later.

WC Yes...good idea....

LB And don't try to leave the museum tonight. I'm sure Detective O'Riley would be interested in hearing what I know about you.

WC I'm SURE he would, girl. Don't worry...I'm sure WE'LL talk some more.

(Eddie's death) WC I'm SURE I have no IDEA who could have killed him.

LB Then you DENY any involvement in his death?

WC I'm NOT denying ANYTHING, my dear! The man was a common WORKER, don't you know? I'd have no REASON to have ANY contact with him at all.

(Carter's death) He WAS rather a good-looking fellow, don't you think? Of course, I was at the PARTY when he died, surrounded by WITNESSES, but I've already TOLD Mr. O'Riley about all that.

(Ziggy's death) LB Do you know anything about the circumstances of Ziggy's death?

WC Ziggy's...er...no, no, I'm afraid I DON'T know a THING about that DREADFUL little man.

I SIMPLY don't know HOW to answer THAT, my dear.

(repeat) I bore rather easily, dear girl. DO let's move on to another subject, mmmmm?

(use hand) Please, my dear! Let's keep our hands to ourselves, shall we? Decorum, my dear, decorum is the order of the day.

(magnify) Please, Miss Bow, you're being rude!

(meat) Eeek! How simply HORRID!

(wire cutters) Miss Bow, proper young ladies DON'T carry common tools about with them.

(fake dagger) Why, THANK you, dear girl! Let me take a closer look...

(boot) Miss Bow, PLEASE take the DREADFUL object away!

(snake oil) EEK! What a perfectly BEASTLY smell!  
(lantern) I'm sure I wouldn't know what to do with that, Miss Bow.  
(cheese) Oh, no thank you, dear girl. I only like Brie.  
(garter) Miss Bow, REALLY!  
(bone) Try to control your violent impulses, Laura.  
(snake lasso) I'm sure I don't know what to do with such a thing, Miss Bow.  
(ankh) No, thank you, Miss Bow. It's not quite my style, you know.  
(Pippin's notebook) I'm sure that's absolutely FASCINATING, but I don't really have time to read it, dear girl.  
(bulb) You ARE an odd girl, Miss Bow. But so CHAHMING.  
(police file) OH! OH! Give me that, Miss Bow, I'll take care of it for you...  
(animal hair) Wild animal hair! Oh, I may faint...  
(red hair) Is that HAIR, Miss Bow? How DREADFUL!  
(glass) No, thank you, dear girl.  
(carbon sheet) Look out, Miss Bow, it will turn your hands BLACK!  
(shoe) Er, it's CHAHMING, dear girl, but it isn't MINE.  
(charcoal) Eek! Don't get that near my gown, please!  
(wire) WHATEVER would I do with that, silly girl?  
(filler) I have no use for THAT, Miss Bow!

### **Olympia Myklos**

A severe, conservative, middle-aged woman with an intelligent look in her eye.

LB Good evening, Doctor Myklos.

OM Oh, good evening, Miss Bow.

(Sam) Mister Augustini? I have only met him once or twice, at social affairs. He seems to be very competent, that one.

(Pippin) Doctor Carter is an odd one, if you ask me. He is so very interested in gaining personal glory. He doesn't seem to fully understand the beauty of what he has discovered. Why, the Amon Ra artifacts are a symphony, a tribute to the wonders of death. Ahh!

(Carrington) OM Doctor Carrington is a quiet one. I don't see him very often. I'm certain, however, that he must have a poetic soul.

LB What makes you say that, Doctor Myklos?

OM I have seen him walking amongst the dead, in the Egyptian exhibit late at night. I cannot blame him. It's better than moonlight on headstones... Aaaahh.

(O'Riley) Ah, yes, Detective O'Riley. I can't say that I'm overly fond of that one. He has little respect for the wonderful things in the museum, and he is too firmly rooted in this life. I do not believe that he likes the dead at all, can you imagine?

(Rube) I am sorry, but I don't know what a "crodfoller" is. Ah, is it some sort of pastry?

(Lo Fat) Oh, yes, he runs the laundry down the way. He always manages to keep the pleating in my silk shrouds just right.

(Dorian) Ah, the young stevedore, Steve Dorian? He is a charming young fellow. I imagine he has some wonderful scars from working on the docks. Mmm!

(Ziggy) An odd little fellow, that one. He reminds me of one of the specimens in my dried rat collection.

(Wolf) Aaaah, Wolf. He has some lovely scars, doesn't he? Just between us girls, I think he's dreamy.

(Yvette) I find Yvette to be a charming, young lady. Some people around here don't appreciate her...zest for life, but I find her quite refreshing.

(Ernie) I don't know Ernie very well, but he seems like a nice fellow. He never kills spiders, so my

little Daisy can eat them.

(Najeer) Mister Najeer is a very quiet one, isn't he. And so polite.

Sometimes I wonder about him, though. I see a certain light in his eyes...like Daisy's, when she's about to kill a spider.

I think I like Mister Najeer.

(Countess) I don't know if I trust that one. She screamed when she saw my beautiful dried rat exhibit, and cried out like a baby when my ferret, Daisy, bit her ankle. Foolish woman!

(Myklos) Me? How sweet of you to ask about me, my dear. Well, I consider myself a simple woman. Just an echoing museum, a few hundred dead things, and a ferret for company, and I could be happy for the rest of my life.

Well...with a little male companionship from time to time, that is. Ha, ha!

(Smith) OM Ah, yes, Mr. Smith is a well-respected Egyptologist. He truly loves the dessicated bodies of his ancestors, you know. I think he is a good man.

LB Do you think it's possible that he stole the Dagger?

OM Possible? Most definitely. Probable? Most unlikely. If he had stolen the Dagger, he would be on the first ship back to Egypt.

Then again, perhaps he is too clever for that. Or he's lingering behind to wreak his bloody revenge, ha ha!

(Watney) No, I certainly don't know anyone like that. I wish I did!

(John Bow) No, I'm afraid I don't know Detective John Bow. He is your father? That's nice. I admire the police. They get to spend so much time with the sick and the dead. And in New Orleans, yet, with those beautiful cemeteries!

(Tribune) OM The Tribune is an excellent paper. You are most fortunate to be employed there, Miss Bow.

LB Oh! Why, thank you, Doctor Myklos!

OM Stick with the Tribune, my dear, and you will almost certainly go far. Their article on dysentery in the Herdanos of Spain was simply marvelous.

(police) Oh, I find the police fascinating. They spend all their time trying to stop crime and murder, and yet they shoot people themselves. Interesting, isn't it?

(docks) I love to walk along the docks on a moonlit nite, and feed carrion to the rats. Such friendly, little fellows.

(museum) The Leyendecker is my home now. I never want to leave it. Its musty hallways and creeping shadows are in my very blood.

Can you imagine spending an entire lifetime, drifting through the land of the dead? That opportunity is mine, and I treasure it.

(New York) LB How do you like living in New York, Doctor Myklos?

OM Well, I had always heard it was a city rife with crime and danger and murder. So far, I have not been disappointed.

(speakeasy) Yes, I am aware that many people enjoy going to such places. I personally do not. I find them too noisy, and the people are too lively. I would like to get a good, close look at some of those hedonists' livers, however. That bootleg alcohol is quite strong.

(notebook) Ah, you are wise to carry a notebook, my dear. One never knows when one may see or hear something that will change one's life forever.

(press pass) How charming, you brought your press pass. I imagine it has allowed you to see many wonderful things, like murder scenes and accidents!

(watch) OM What a lovely pocketwatch. Time is such a wonderful thing. It is the backbone of entropy, and the end of us all. That is, if we even live that long, ha ha!

LB Does the watch look familiar to you?

OM Oh, my, yes. Watches such as those are quite popular these days. I have seen many men carrying them.

LB But have you noticed anyone in particular carrying this watch, Doctor Myklos?

OM No, my dear. I try not to look at people that carefully. Living people, anyway, ha ha!

LB Do you notice anything unusual about this watch?

OM Well...It isn't working. Perhaps it just needs to be wound. Or perhaps it has simply worn out, reached the end of its functional existence, as we all must do someday.

(key) LB Doctor Myklos, have you ever seen a key like this one?

OM Well, isn't that beautiful! No, I don't believe I have. A key shaped like a skeleton! It must open something wonderful, my dear.

LB Do you have any idea what that wonderful thing might be?

OM No...but I certainly wish I did!

(meat) Oh! That is wonderful, wonderful! Are you going to watch it decay? It would be most educational for you, my dear. The life cycle of a maggot to a fly to a dried husk on your window sill is truly a beautiful thing.

(wire cutters) Ah, yes. A young woman never knows when she will need a pair of wire cutters. I carry some myself.

(dagger) The Dagger is a thing of great beauty. I believe you could sever an ox's spine with it. But all that glitters is not gold, my dear. You should see my Aztec sacrificial knife. The priests could carve a victim's beating heart out with that beautiful treasure, and hold it up for him to see before he died!

(boot) What a fascinating piece of footwear. Did it come from an accident victim? Perhaps from a disinterred corpse?

LB I certainly hope not.

(snake oil) Snake repellent oil, hmm? I have no idea why someone would want to repel such charming little creatures. Of course, we have hordes of those lovely cobras running around loose in the basement, so the oil might keep you from stepping on one and harming it.

(lantern) My that's a very nice-looking lantern. I carried one much like it when I explored the Caves of Howling Death in Tibet.

(cheese) How cute. Look at the tiny little, mold colony. In time, it will totally consume the cheese, then die itself of starvation.

(garter) Oh, my, that looks like one of Yvette's garters. Did she give it to you, my dear? She is a very friendly, young lady.

(bone) What a beautiful dinosaur bone! It is nicely fossilized, so you could probably use it to crush someone's skull. How I love bones. They are both the structure of life, and death incarnate.

(lasso) How lovely, a snake lasso! Tell me, do you capture the little creatures for pets, or do you eat them? I have some delicious recipes.

(ankh) Oh, you have an ankh. The Egyptian symbol of life. Well, to each her own, I suppose. I don't much care for the things myself.

Oh, wait, is that a spot of blood on the little thing? Ah, that makes it different! Charming, charming!

(Pippin's notepad) Hmm, I see that Mister Carter was keeping a notepad. He was probably keeping track of every imagined slight and injury he received from the Museum and its curators. Ha, ha!

(magnifier) You are wise to carry a magnifier, my dear. You miss so many of the good things if you don't look close enough. Imagine, never seeing pores, or lice, or fungus spores!

(bulb) You carry a lightbulb with you? You aren't afraid of the dark, are you, my dear?

(police file) OM How interesting, a police file. Has the perpetrator ever murdered anyone?

Oh, he has! How simply delightful. Do you know the fellow personally?

LB No. I'm trying to find out who he is.

OM What a pity.

(animal hair) Why, could those be warthog hairs? Where on earth did you get them? Were you petting our stuffed warthog family, by any chance? Oh, don't be ashamed, Miss Bow. I pet them too.

Hmm, they smell a bit like alcohol.

You haven't been playing with our little friends in the alcoholic lab, have you? Ha, ha, they are cute!

(glasses) A pair of bifocals? Aren't you awfully young to be going blind? Ha ha, just a little joke. I don't need bifocals yet, myself, but someday, I will dissect one too many tiny creatures, and that will be it. Bifocals for me.

(red hair) How delightful, you have a hair sample! Do you have a skin sample to go along with it, my dear?

(glass) Did you know that bacteria can survive on the rim of a glass for three days, my dear?

(carbon sheet) Ah! Remind me to take you to the Etruscan Death Mask exhibit. You could get some fine rubbings with that carbon paper. Death mask rubbings make such wonderful decorations, you know.

(shoe) That looks like one of Yvette's shoes. She's always leaving them all over the museum. Last week, we found her brassiere in Rex's jaws, ha ha!

(charcoal) Did you know that if the people of India had only possessed a few tons of charcoal, they could have incinerated twice as many widows last year, and still had time to cremate their dead? So I hypothesize, at any rate.

(wire) That looks like the kind of wire we use to hang up our heavier suspended exhibits, Miss Bow. I hope none of them have fallen on anyone, ha ha!

(hieroglyphs) These are hieroglyphs, my dear. The Egyptian alphabet. They had a much more elegant system of writing than the one used by your people or mine. In the early system, a single hieroglyph could express a complete concept.

(1926) LB So, Doctor Myklos, has this been a good year for you?

OM I would sayyyy... Yes. Very good. I came here from Greece just a short time ago, and look at me now. Curator at the largest private museum in New York!

LB I'm happy to hear that, Doctor Myklos. Tell me, have you noticed anything unusual at the museum lately?

OM The whole museum is unusual, my dear. We are surrounded by dead things. Just walk around for awhile, and breathe in its wonderful atmosphere. Why, the whole place smells of... death. Ahh!

LB Umm...I just may do that. Have you ever noticed any dead things that, well, don't belong?

OM My dear, every dead thing belongs. Dead things are our friends.

(burglary) LB Doctor Myklos, do you have any idea who would want to steal the Dagger of Amon Ra?

OM Ha! Very funny! Everybody, silly girl! It's a priceless artifact. Not only that, but it is said that the blade is an unknown alloy that can slice through bone like butter. Mmmm!

LB Um, I suppose that was a silly question, after all. Let me rephrase that. Do you know of anyone with any particular motive?

OM Well, Tut Smith and Rameses Najeer both wanted it very badly, to return it to their homeland. But they are both so upset, it hardly seems possible that they could have done it. Then again, perhaps they're just fine actors, ha ha!

(Egyptology) LB You are an expert in Egyptology, aren't you, Doctor Myklos?

OM Well, yes, I suppose I am. I have been fascinated with the ancient Egyptians since I was a tiny girl. They loved death like you Americans love baseball.

(W-C Diary) Ah, words from beyond the grave, eh? The dead man left his story behind.

(Garrington's death) Poor Doctor Carrington. He certainly had an interesting death, didn't he? I hope I expire in an equally unique fashion when my time comes.

(Ernie's death) It's unfortunate that Ernie died, but his body IS nicely displayed on that Mastodon, don't you think? Makes quite a nice exhibit, actually.

(Pippin's death) I think Doctor Carter is quite fortunate to have crossed into the Underworld. Now,

he can finally meet Amon Ra in person. I'm sure if he'd had the choice, Doctor Carter would have WANTED to die the way he did. In a way, it sums up his entire archaeological career.

(Yvette's death) Yvette's death was quite...unexpected...but it holds a certain charm in the way the killer plastered her body and placed it on display. Now her dead, but perfect, form can be enjoyed by thousands of museum patrons, not to mention those who...loved her.

(Ziggy's death) Ah, he's the odd, little fellow who lost his head, yes? He must have been VERY unlucky to have been walking under that Pterodactyl at the moment it broke loose from its mount on the ceiling. Imagine, being the only human ever to die from a Pterodactyl bite!

(filler) I'm SURE I DON'T have an answer for THAT, Miss Bow.

(repeat) But we have already discussed that, my dear. Let's move on to a fresh topic, shall we?

(use hand) Was there something you wanted, Miss Bow?

(magnify) If you look closely at my neck, you will see the scars from the night my pet wolverine tried to kill me. How I miss little Fluffy!

(meat) Oh, that's very kind of you, Miss Bow, but I have had quite enough to eat this evening.

(wire cutters) Oh, thank you, my dear, but I have my own.

(dagger) Oh, how beautiful. You must have given in to temptation and bought one of our lovely replicas, yes?

(boot) It's very attractive, but I just don't have any place to put it.

(smelling salts) Ah! That was refreshing!

(snake oil) OM Ah, what a heady smell! It makes me feel frisky. Have you seen Yvette lately?

LB No, why do you ask?

OM Oh...it can wait, I suppose.

(lantern) OM Oh, a Ruhmkorf! These are wonderful spelunking lanterns. Have you ever been spelunking, Miss Bow?

LB No, I can't say that I have.

OM It's wonderful, simply wonderful! Did you know that the tiger beetles who live on the cave floors can eat through your boot to your bone in under thirty seconds? They make my little dermestids look shy and retiring.

LB How...nice, Doctor Myklos.

(cheese) No, thank you. I'm between rats right now, and I'm on a diet. We must keep our girlish figures, you know. We'll all give in to gravity soon enough, ha ha!

(garter) Well, aren't you the naughty one! Yvette wears a garter just like that, but I never would have guessed you were the type, ha ha!

(bone) Try to control your violent impulses, Laura. Olympia seems to like you.

(lasso) Remind me sometime, and I'll show you how this works. There's nothing more exhilarating than catching a pit viper first thing in the morning.

(ankh) Lovely workmanship, my dear.

(Pippin's notepad) Oh, I already have a notepad. One has to have some way of keeping track of when one's dermestids are fertile, you know.

(bulb) I don't really need a light bulb, Miss Bow. I much prefer the darkness.

(police file) The file is interesting, my dear, but I'll never have time to read it. Why, I'm not even through this month's Paleontology Digest yet.

(animal hair) Oh, keep your pretty warthog hairs, my dear. Enjoy them.

(glasses) No, thank you, Miss Bow. I am fortunate enough not to need them yet.

(red hair) Hmm, this hair is rather coarse. You could weave it into a lovely mourning bracelet, you know.

(glass) No, thank you. I'm not thirsty.

(carbon sheet) You are very kind, but I already have a large supply of carbon paper. I enjoy making tombstone rubbings, you see.

(shoe) It's not mine, my dear, it's Yvette's.



(charcoal) I don't really need to incinerate anything right now, my dear.

(wire) Oh, keep it, my dear. It really wouldn't go with my collection of eighteenth century Spanish garrotes.

(filler) Thanks, but I don't have any use for that, my dear.

### **Ptahseptut Smith**

You see a rotund, ruddy-complexioned man in a fez. Despite his bulk, he moves with dignity and grace.

I'm not in the mood to indulge in idle chit-chat, Miss Bow.

LB You must be Dr. Ptahsheptut Smith. Nice gold ankh you're wearing. This is quite a party, isn't it?

PS I find it distasteful to celebrate thievery in the name of science. The artifacts in this museum's Egyptian collection do not belong here, they belong in Egypt.

LB That's only your opinion.

PS It is the truth. And the thieves who rob Egypt of its ancient treasures will find death waiting for them. Amon Ra will have his revenge!

LB I see...well...ummm...nice weather we're having....

(Sam) I do not know this individual.

(Pippin) PS You DARE to mention his name to me? He is the blasphemous temple destroyer and tomb robber who stole the Dagger of Amon Ra from Egypt! He will know the full force of the Curse of the Pharaohs!

LB The Curse of the Pharaohs? What's that?

PS The defilers of the great Egyptian tombs and temples will all die as a result of their crimes! The gods themselves will punish them! The great Amon Ra will snuff out Pippin Carter's life as easily as I can crush a dungbeetle under my shoe!

LB How will this happen?

PS Amon Ra works in mysterious ways. You will have to wait and see.

(Carrington) PS I had hoped that Dr. Carrington would listen to reason. I had made another appointment to speak with him about the return of the Dagger of Amon Ra to its rightful home, but this seems futile since it is no longer in the museum.

LB Another appointment? You spoke to Dr. Carrington once already?

PS Only by phone. He denied Egypt's claim to the Dagger. It was hoped that a personal visit would convince him of our sincerity, but the situation has changed since then.

(O'Riley) I believe he's investigating the burglary of the Dagger of Amon Ra. Perhaps if he'd stop drinking, he might have a chance at finding it.

(Rube) I still have some trouble with your language. I do not know this "crodfoller." It is some sort of a local delicacy?

(Lo Fat) I do not understand the term, "Lofat." Perhaps it's because I learned English in Egypt.

(Dorian) LB Do you know Steve Dorian? He works at the docks.

PS I don't associate with common dock workers, madam.

(Ziggy) Never heard of it.

(Wolf) Heimlich is that annoying guard who works here. His fanatical devotion to his occupation is admirable, but he seems lacking in his mental capacities.

(Yvette) PS Ahh. A delightful girl. I keep asking her if she'd like to be my second wife. She is so very...feminine. And seductive. And charming. And attractive. And...

LB Okay, okay! I get the idea.

PS You should try to be more like Yvette. Men would like you more that way.

LB Men like me just fine the way I am.

PS That's what you think. I find you quite...annoying.

(Ernie) I am not familiar with this person.

(Najeer) PS Rameses I was Pharaoh during the Nineteenth Dynasty, from 1307 to 1306 B.C., but Rameses II made more of an impact on ancient Egypt.

Rameses II was responsible for gargantuan construction projects which left his mark on the face of Egypt for thousands of years. I admire his great works and hope to emulate his feats some day.

LB Actually, I was referring to Rameses Najeer.

PS Najeer is...never heard of him....

LB Are you sure you don't know him?

PS No. I mean, yes. English is such a difficult language.

(countess) I have only met her briefly, but she seems to have a sincere concern about my problems. A charming woman.

(Myklos) Dr. Myklos is very well-educated for a woman. I would like her more if she were an Egyptian.

(Smith) I am a representative of the Cairo Museum and the people of Egypt. My mission is to recover what rightfully belongs to us, not to Pippin Carter or this pathetic museum.

(Watney) I do not know that name.

(John Bow) PS The English Longbow was a formidable weapon. The English won the Battle of Agincourt against formidable odds because they were equipped with longbows.

LB I said JOHN Bow, not LONGBOW!

PS I've never heard of a Johnbow. It must have been an American invention.

(Tribune) Never heard of it.

(police) PS So far, I find the police in your country to be very ineffective. The Egyptian authorities would have captured the Dagger thief by now...and they probably would have cut his hands off.

LB Cut his hands off?

PS It is the proper punishment for thieves. Tradition demands it. We find it very effective in our country.

(laundry) I have not been in this country long enough to discuss the merits of your laundry establishments.

(dock) I arrived there on the Andrea Doria one week ago. If I had known Dr. Carrington was aboard that ship, I would have spoken to him at length during the voyage.

(museum) This could be a fine museum if the management would return its stolen Egyptian artifacts to their proper home.

(New York) LB Since you're new here, what do you think of New York? Isn't it exciting?

PS It reminds me of Cairo, except that it's colder here and the people are obnoxious.

(speakeasy) My English is not good enough to speak easy, but I think it's improving.

(notebook) Taking notes is a typically American thing to do. In Egypt, we remember everything we need to know because our mental capacities are greater. I forget nothing.

(press pass) I already know you're a journalist.

(watch) PS Nice pocketwatch.

LB Does it look...FAMILIAR?

PS It looks like all the other gold pocketwatches I've ever seen.

LB You don't see anything special about it?

PS No.

(key) LB Does this key mean anything to you?

PS No. Should it?

LB What kind of a lock do you think it opens?

PS How should I know? I'm a scientist, not a locksmith!

(meat) I prefer mutton myself.

(wire cutters) I'm not a common worker. I only handle highly-specialized archaeological tools.

(dagger) Ah, the Dagger. Such a great loss to my country. First to have it stolen from the Temple, then from Egypt, and now this. When will it end? When will it return to its rightful place?

(boot) LB Does this boot look familiar?  
PS It's too small to fit my large and manly foot.

(smelling salts) They have a strong smell.

(snake oil) Snake charmers sometimes use the oil to control their snakes. I've heard that cobras enjoy a good massage with snake oil, but I've never tried it myself.

(lantern) Ruhmkorf lanterns are often used in archaeological excavations. They're reliable sources of light, and they're very safe.

(cheese) Although I have much fondness for food of any kind, you have a strong smell of cheese about you which I find very distasteful. Perhaps it is your natural smell, in which case I am sorry if I offend.

(garter) Hmm. It looks like one of Yvette's garters. How curious that you have it in your possession. She gave me one just like it.

(bone) Dinosaur bones do not interest me. They are not Egyptian in origin.

(lasso) I do not know what that is. A plumbing device of some sort?

(Ankh) LB What happened to the pretty, gold ankh you were wearing at the party?  
PS I have no idea. I seem to have lost it.  
LB Hmmm....

(Pippin's notepad) I don't care about the scribblings of that son-of-a-camel! I'm sure whatever he wrote is a lie!

(magnifier) It should come in handy for examining things. However, I would warn you to be careful about what you choose to examine.

(bulb) Lightbulbs can be quite useful in dark rooms, assuming there's a light socket with one in it nearby.

(police file) I'm completely uninterested in reading that file.

(animal hair) Looks like animal hair.

(bifocals) I have no need of special glasses. My eyes are as sharp as a hawk's.

(red hair) Obviously, those hairs are not from a proud Egyptian head, which would be covered with flowing BLACK hair.

(water glass) I can get my own drinks, thank you.

(carbon sheet) It does not look useful. Someone has already typed on it.

(shoe) It's a woman's shoe. Probably too small for your big foot.

(charcoal) The topic of charcoal is not something that I find interesting.

(wire) Why are you wasting my time with this?

  

(hieroglyphs) Hieroglyphs are the ultimate form of written communication. To know them is to know the power of Thoth, who created them for the people of Egypt. It is truly a language of the gods.

(1926) LB Would you say this has been a good year for you, sir?  
PS No. The great treasures of my country's past are leaving Egypt in a flood greater than the Nile.  
LB As I understand it, artifacts only leave your country with the approval of the Egyptian Antiquities Service.  
PS Bah! The Antiquities Service is a tool of the British. If they want to steal something, they steal it, just like the ancient tomb robbers. But they will pay, just as the tomb robbers paid whenever they were caught.  
LB That almost sounds like a threat.  
PS I, Ptahsheptut Smith, do not threaten. I merely carry out the will of the great Amon Ra.

(burglary) LB Have you heard anything about the burglary?

PS No.

LB Do you have any idea who would want to steal the Dagger of Amon Ra?

PS It has already been stolen once...from Egypt.

LB I can see I won't get anywhere with you on this topic.

(Egyptology) LB Since you're an expert on the subject, what can you tell me about Egyptology?

PS The study of ancient Egyptian history is of the greatest significance. Many of our modern religious customs originated in the ancient world. The time of the great pharaohs, and of the great Egyptian gods, was the peak of human civilization.

Our modern society is a mere shadow of its former glory when compared to the pinnacle of human development reached by the ancient Egyptians. They knew the truth, and the truth was Amon Ra, he led Egypt to world domination.

LB Aren't you exaggerating just a teensy bit?

PS I would not expect you to understand. You are not an Egyptian. And you are a woman.

LB What's that supposed to mean?

PS I grow tired of this topic. Speak of something else if you wish to continue our conversation.

(W-C Diary) That holds no interest for me.

(Pippin's death) PS You DARE to mention his name to me? He is the blasphemous temple destroyer and tomb robber who stole the Dagger of Amon Ra from Egypt!

LB Did you kill him?

PS Miss Bow! I am shocked that you would ask me such a thing! Amon Ra snuffed out Pippin Carter's life as punishment for his crime, and that's all I have to say on this matter!

(Yvette's death) PS Her death is a great loss to all mankind. She was femininity incarnate. She would have made a suitable second wife for me if she had accepted my generous offer of marriage. I wept when I learned of her demise.

LB Yes, yes. But did you kill her?

PS As I've said before, Miss Bow, I find you quite annoying. You could have learned a lot from Yvette about how to be a female.

LB Well!

Ah, now that's a question worthy of the Great Sphinx. Unfortunately, I, myself, cannot answer it. You already asked me that, you silly female.

(use hand) Madam, although your beauty eclipses even that of the crystal blue waters of the Nile, I am afraid I must insist that you refrain from handling the goods.

(filler) Bah! I have no use for that.

### **Rameses Najeer**

This snappily-dressed man looks like an accountant, but there's an air of mystery about him as well.

LB Good evening, sir.

RN Good evening, Mith Bow.

LB Good evening, sir. My name is Laura Bow.

RN I am Rameses Najeer, Mith Bow. Pleathed to make your acquaintanthe.

(Sam) I'm afraid I do not know Mithther Auguthtini. I live a very quiet life, and I do not know very many famouth people

(Pippin) A thouthand curtheth on that man! He defiled the tombth of my thacred anthethtorth for

hith own perthonal glory! He doethn't care a fig for what'th right and what'th wrong. Hith own evil deedth will catch up with him, though, jutht wait and thee.

(Carrington) I have heard a great deal about Mithter Carrington, but I do not know him very well. We have only thpoken once or twithe, but he theemth like a cultured, charming fellow.

(O'Riley) To be perfectly honeth, I do not care for Mither O'Riley. I do not think he theeth the beauty in ancient Egypt. He ith thomewhat blunt in hith approach to otherth ath well. I thuppothe that ith jutht part of hith job, however.

(Rube) Crodfollerth? No, thank you, I try to rethtrict my intake of thugar. It hath a bad effect on me.

(Lo Fat) I'm afraid I do not know the gentleman. I lead a rather tholitary life, jutht me and my little family.

(Dorian) Mithter Dorian ith a very healthy-looking, young man. Hith mother mutht have eaten well.

(Ziggy) I do not know Ziggy very well, but he maketh me uneathy. Hith eyeth remind me of a jackal'th. I met him briefly at the party, then avoided him the retht of the time.

(Wolf) I find Mithter Heimlich to be motht intimidating. He theemth to enjoy looming over people.

(Yvette) Mith Yvette ith a charming young lady, and tho friendly! She theemth genuinely interethed in Egyptology. We had a long dithcuthion about tombth one time....

(Ernie) I do not know Mithter Leach very well, but he theemth to be a dethent, hard-working fellow.

(Najeer) Why, I am Rametheth Najeer, Mith Bow. I am an accountant, and a proud father of two and a half.

(countess) RN The Counteth ith quite a colorful lady. She theemth to enjoy life to the fulleth, doeth she not? Jutht between you and me, she thcareth me a little.

LB Why is that, Mister Najeer?

RN Well...She'th jutht too enthuthiathtic for me, I thuppothe.

(Myklos) Doctor Mykloth ith a brilliant individual, but she ith thertainly a little thtrange. Ah well, we all have our foibleth, don't we, Mith Bow.

(Smith) Mithter Smith ith a very intelligent fellow. We have become friendth, of late. I alwayth enjoy the company of one of my countrymen.

(Watney) I do not know him. I do not athothiate with thuch people.

(John Bow) John Bow ith your father? I have never had the pleasure of meeting him. I have never been to New Orleanth, you thee. That much humidity doeth not agree with me.

(Tribune) I enjoy the Tribune very much, Mith Bow. I read the finathial page every morning of my life.

(police) The polithe are utheleth. It ith not the polithe who will uncover the theif of the Dagger. It will be hith own evil deedth, turned back on him like an angry cobra.

(laundry) I perthonally do not uthe that laundry, Mith Bow. I go to an Egyptian laundry on 44th thtreet. They are wonderful with linenth.

(docks) Oh, dear, the dockth are very rough platheth, Mith Bow. I thtay away from them. I would thuggeth that you do the thame. Attractive young ladieth like yourself are the favorite prey of the jackalth who prowl there at night.

(museum) The Leyendecker ith a beautiful mutheum, Mith Bow, but I do not approve of the dethpoiling of my anthethtorth' tombth, much leth the wanton dithplay of their bodieth and their perthonal effecth.

(New York) LB Do you like the city of New York, Mister Najeer?

RN Well, it ith a very lucrative plathe for an accountant to thet up shop, but the thity ithelf ith rather large and frightening.

(speakeasy) I wouldn't know, Mith Bow. I am a family man, and I do not frequent thuch thcandelouth platheth.

(notebook) I thee you carry a notebook. I carry one, too, in cathe I thould think of thome

particularily exthiting mathematical formula at an inconvenient time.

(press pass) How nithe, you have a preth path. It mutht take a lot of energy to be a reporter, Mith Bow. I fear I am jutht not thociable enough for the job. I'll thtick with accounting.

(watch) RN What a nithe pocketwatch. I alwayth carry a timepieth, mythelf. I think it ith important to be aware of the passage of time.

LB Have you ever seen this watch before, Mister Najeer?

RN No, I can't thay that I have. Then again, I am not particularly obthevant of other people. I tend to keep to mythelf.

(key) LB Mister Najeer, have you ever seen a key like this one?

RN No, I don't believe I have. How intereththing. It mutht open thomething very thpethial.

LB Would you have any idea what that would be?

RN No, Mith Bow, I'm afraid I don't.

(meat) We eat very little beef in Egypt, Mith Bow. I have never really developed a tathte for it.

(wire cutters) I do not own a pair of wire cutterth, Mith Bow, and I don't know who would. Potibly Ernie Leach?

(dagger) The Dagger of Amon Ra ith a radient jewel, the thymbol of the living, beating heart of Egypt. Without it, the thoul of my country will never be at peathe. It'th theft ith a terrible tragedy.

(boot) I'm afraid I have no idea of whoth boot that may be, Mith Bow. I do not perform manual laborth mythelf. I have weak lungth, you thee.

(smelling salts) My beloved wife Ithith carrieth thmelling thalth. She ith very delicate, and hath a weak conthtitution. She fainth every time she theeeth a mouthe, and our neighborhood hath many rodenth. Tho, every time she hearth thqueaking, she utheth her thmelling thalths, jutht in cathe.

(snake oil) Oh, yeth, thnake oil ith very common in my country. Little thcoolchildren put it on their ankleth in the morning, to keep the cobrath from following them.

(lantern) I know very little about lanternth, Mith Bow. I do not believe dethecrating the tombth of my antheththorth, and I have never enjoyed thpelunking.

(cheese) I find you Americanth like your cheethe, much sharper and oilier than we Egyptianth. I enjoy thome nithe crumbly feta, or a little goat cheethe, but I do not care for Cheddar. Ethpecially not moldy cheddar.

(garter) Mith Bow! Could we thwitch the converthation to a leth...delicate thubject, pleathe?

(bone) Boneth? Big boneth? I'm afraid I don't know much about any kind of boneth, Mith Bow, big or thmall. Perhaphth you should dithcutth your bone with Doctor Mykloth.

(lasso) That ith for catching thnaketh, ith it not? How intereththing. It would be very utheful in Egypt. We have quite a cobra problem.

(ankh) The ankh? Ah yeth, the ankh ith the Egyptian thymbol of eternal life. It ith a holy thymbol to many of our people.

(Pippin's notebook) I am not intereththted in anything that belongth to that horrible man, Mith Bow.

(magnifier) How intereththing, you carry a magnifier. Are your eyeth poor? I am very nearthited, mythelf. It came from yearth of looking at tiny little numberth.

(bulb) Pardon my intholenth, Mith Bow, but ithn't it a little thtrange to carry a lighbulb on your perthon? Are you perhaphth afraid of the dark?

(police file) I do not care to know the detailth about the thocking deedth of criminalth, Mith Bow. I am prone to nightmareth.

(animal hairs) Animal hairth? I do not know much about animalth or their hairth, Mith Bow. Moth animalth make me thneeze uncontrollably.

(bifocals) Bifocalth? You them very young to need bifocalth, Mith Bow. I mythelf do not need them yet. I conthider mythelf fortunate. Perhaphth you thould try reading with a little brighter light.

(red hairs) Red hairth? I do not know anyone with red hair, exthept for Mithter O'Riley and that young fellow Thteve Dorian.

(glass) Thometimeth I carry a waterglath with me ath well, Mith Bow. One had to be sure to drink enough water in the wildth of Egypt, and I never quite got out of the habit.

(carbon sheet) Oh, yeth. I uthe carbon paper in my profethion ath an accountant quite often. It ith a very utheful thubthtanth.

(shoe) Could that be one of Mith Yvette'th thoeth? She alwayth theemth to wear high heelth.

(grapes) Yeth, I have notithed that Mithter O'Riley doeth eat many grapeth. Perhaphth he hath thome Greek anthethry. I do not care for grapeth, mythelf. I much prefer a nithe, thweet date.

(gown) That ith a lovely gown, Mith Bow. I haven't theen one like it for theveral yearth.

(charcoal) Charcoal, hmm? It ith rather unuthual to find a lump of charcoal lying about a mutheum during a fundraithing fete. Perhaphth it wath dropped by the handyman.

(wires) I have little knowledge of wires, Mith Bow. I am an accountant.

(hieroglyphs) Thethe are Egyptian hieroglyphth, Mith Bow. They are the ancient Egyptian alphabet. They are beautiful, are they not?

(1926) LB Mr. Najeer, would you say that 1926 has been a good year for you?  
 RN Well, yeth, I would have to thay tho. Bithneth in America ith booming, and many people need an accountant. I have not wanted for work and my beloved wife Ithith ith thoon to deliver our third child. I thuppothe I am ath happy ath a man thould be.  
 LB Congratulations on the upcoming blessed event, Mr. Najeer! What are your other children's names?  
 RN Well, there'th Horuth and Amon, and the new baby thall be named Anubith, after the withe and jutht Lord of the Dead.  
 LB Oh, how...lovely. But what if the child is a girl?  
 RN The name thall be Anubith either way. It ith a wonderful name for either a boy or a girl.

(burglary) LB Mister Najeer, would you have any idea who might have stolen the Dagger of Amon Ra?  
 RN No, but whoever did thould be boiled alive! He thould be fed to hungry crocodileth! Hith guth thould be thtrung from the pyramidth! He thould...Oh...excuth me. I get a little pathionate on the thubject.  
 LB Quite all right, Mister Najeer. I understand.

(Egyptology) LB Are you an Egyptologist, Mr. Najeer?  
 RN No...not profethionally. I have alwayth been intereththted in the hithtory of my country, and made a point of thtudying it. I am particularly intereththted in ancient Egyptian religionth.

(W-C Diary) I don't know anything about that. Thorry.

(Carrington's death) RN I have heard a great deal about Mithter Carrington, but I do not know him very well. We have only thpoken once or twithe, but he theemth like a cultured, charming fellow.  
 LB Well, you won't be getting to know him any better, because he's dead now.  
 RN No! I thpoke to him briefly at the party! Thay it ithn't tho!  
 LB Yeth, it'th true! Sorry...I mean, yes, it's true. Someone impaled his body on a stuffed porcupine.  
 RN Thocking! Thimply thocking!  
 LB I don't suppose you'd have any idea who might have wanted to kill him?  
 RN Well, it wathn't ME, if that'th what you're getting at! I'd gueth the murderer wath the thame perthon who thtole the Dagger of Amon Ra.  
 LB Oh, really? And why is that?  
 RN Well...I don't know, but it theemth reathonable. Maybe that thifty-eyed Ziggy fellow had thomething to do with it.  
 LB Perhaps...except he's dead too. Hmmm....

(Ernie's death) RN I do not know Mithter Leach very well, but he theemth to be a dethent, hard-working fellow.

LB Well, he USED to be, but now he's DEAD.

RN Horrorth! That'th terrible! The whole thtaff ith dropping like flieth!

LB Of course, you know NOTHING about the murder?

RN Not a THING, Mith Bow. Not a thing. I'm jutht a thimple accountant.

LB Of course. Hmm....

(Pippin's death) RN A thouthand curtheth on that man! He defiled the tombth of my thacred anthethtorth for hith own perthonal glory! He doethn't care a fig for what'th right and what'th wrong. Hith own evil deedth will catch up with him, though, jutht wait and thee.

LB Apparently they already did. He's DEAD, as I'm sure you already know.

RN Oh...that'th right. I forgot....

LB Odd thing for you to have forgotten, since you clearly HATED the man.

RN Well...HATE ith thuch a thtrong word. I think we merely had an academic differenthe of opinion....

LB Hmm. And INNOCENCE is such a strong word. Perhaps you're LYING to me, sir. Just a moment ago, you were showering CURSES on the man!

RN Well, I DO tend to get a bit carried away at timeth...but it wath jutht a manner of thpeech.

LB A manner of speech? Hmm. I think I've just run rings around you logically.

RN I don't like your attitude, young lady. You have a very thuthpiciouth nature.

LB Of course. That's why I'm such a good reporter! I'll be keeping my EYE on you, Mr. Najeer....

(Yvette's death) RN Mith Delacroix ith a charming young lady, and tho friendly!

LB And she's stiff as a board right now. Someone killed her and turned her into a statue.

RN No! Oh, no! What'th the world coming to thethe dayth? You can't even thpend the night in a mutheum any more without thome crazed murderer roaming the hallth!

LB Yes, it's a sad world we live in, Mr. Najeer. DID YOU KILL HER?

RN No! I...didn't even know her that well!

LB Do you have an alibi for the time of her murder?

RN Well, I don't know what time it happened, but I've thpent all night in the bathement!

LB Do you have any witnesses who can verify your presence in the basement?

RN No, because I didn't exthpect the Thpanith Inquithition! And you're not a polithe offither, tho I refuthe to anthwer any more of your thilly queththionth about Mith Delacroix!

(filler) I'm thorry, but I don't with to dithcutth that, Mith Bow.

(repeat) We have already dithcutthed that, Mith Bow. Let uth move on to newer thubjecth.

(use hand) Pleath, Mith Bow, I'm a married man!

(magnify) Pleathe do not thcrutinize me tho theverely, Mith Bow. You are making me nervouth.

(meat) Pleathe, Mith Bow, I'm already feeling a little queathy.

(wire cutters) Be careful with thothe thingth. They look dangerouth.

(dagger) Thith couldn't potherly be the real thing, could it, Mith Bow? Oh, you bought one of the reproductionth from the gift shop.

(boot) No offenthe, Mith Bow, but that'th dithguthting.

(smelling salts) My wife utheth thmelling thalth, but I do not. Thank you anyway.

(snake oil) I have the occathional mouthe in my home, Mith Bow, but I do not have a problem with thnaketh. Thank you anyway.

(lantern) My goodneth, what a large lantern. Very nithe, I thuppothe.

(cheese) No, thank you. I do not care for Wethtern cheetheth, and the mold would irritate my allergieth.



(garter) Mith Bow, PLEATHE! You are embarrathing me!  
(bone) Try to control your violent impulses, Laura.  
(lasso) My cobra catching dayth are behind me, Mith Bow.  
(ankh) It ith motht beautiful, Mith Bow. You mutht be certain to return it to it'th rightful owner. I'm thure he would be motht grateful.  
(note book) No, thank you. I have one of my own.  
(bulb) I do not need it, Mith Bow. I am already illuminated.  
(police file) I am not intereththted in that odiouth perthon, Mith Bow.  
(animal hair) Mith Bow, that'th really rather repulthive.  
(bifocals) No, thank you, I have my own.  
(red hair) My, you Americanth are thtrange. No thank you.  
(water glass) No, thank you, I'm not thirsty at the moment.  
(carbon sheet) Thank you, but I have plenty mythelf.  
(shoe) Mith Bow, what would my wife thay?  
(grapes) That ith very grathiouth of you, Mith Bow, but I am not hungry at the moment.  
(charcoal) Forgive me if I do not touch that. I do not wish to get my handth dirty, you thee.  
(wire) No, thank you. I have no need for wire.  
  
(filler) Thankth, Mith Bow, but I don't need that.

### **Detective Ryan O'Riley**

You see a tall Irish gentleman with red hair who acts like a cop.

RR I don't have time for idle chat, lass.

LB How are you, Detective O'Riley?

RR Just fine, lassie. You're lookin' lovely this evening.

(Sam) Now, there's a man who doesn't know his head from a hole in the ground. Sure and begorrah, anyone who would allow his paper to print letters criticizing the police force is downright addled.

(Pippin) That fella is just too big for his britches, that's all I have to say. Someone ought to take him down a notch or two.

(Carrington) He's got too many brains, that one. He thinks he's better than us all.

(O'Riley) Why, that's me, silly girl, Detective Ryan Hanrahan O'Riley, at your service.

(Rube) He's the wee pest who likes to hang around the station house. In fact, I thought he was supposed to cover this so-called event. Oh, well, no big loss.

(Lo Fat) That man is a few cards short of a full deck, but he always presses me pants just like me sainted mother used to do.

(Dorian) He seems nice enough, but I wouldn't trust anyone who works on the docks. They're pretty rough company for a wee lass like you.

(Ziggy) That man is a human weasel. Stay away from him, lassie.

(Wolf) He's not much of a security guard, if you're asking me. How could I trust a man who allowed a thief to waltz right in here and steal one of the exhibits, if he didn't do it himself? He hasn't even got an alibi for the night of the burglary, since he was here alone.

(Yvette) Now, there's a lovely girl. A real lady, don't you know.

(Ernie) Oh, he's an okay fella, I suppose. I haven't spent much time with the man.

(Najeer) I don't like that wee fellow. I think he's light in his loafers, don't you know.

(Countess) Now there's a slippery old bat. If she's royalty, then I'm Rudolph Valentino.

(Myklos) That woman is downright unnatural, Miss Laura. I'd stay away from her if I were you.

She keeps askin' me if I've got any scars, don't you know?

(Smith) There's an odd one. The man comes over from Egypt to get his precious dagger back, then someone steals it. Quite a coincidence, if you ask me. And he doesn't have much of an alibi.

(Watney) That's a dangerous character, lassie. You'd best stay away from him. He eats little girl reporters like you for breakfast.

(John Bow) I think I've heard of your father... over in New Orleans, isn't he, lass? They say he was pretty good, for one of those Southern boys.

(Tribune) RR The Tribune is a hotbed of yellow journalism, young lady. You should find yourself a better place to work. Have you considered being a secretary?

LB Detective O'Riley, the Tribune is a fine, upstanding paper. And no, I don't want to be a secretary--but it would be none of your business if I did!

RR Temper, temper, missy. I thought you reporters were supposed to stay objective, ha ha!

LB Objective doesn't mean without opinions or loyalties, Detective.

RR Well, all I have to say is I'd like to see you in the middle of a catfight, lassie. You'd win, claws down!

(police) New York's police force truly is the finest in the world, and don't you forget it, lassie!

(Laundry) They're pretty good. They always put just enough starch in me shirts.

(docks) The docks are dangerous places, lassie, infested with as many cutthroats as there are rats. I'd stay away from there, if I were you.

(museum) It's all right, if you like that sort of thing. I think it's a waste of time, meself. I'd rather be down at the pub, knockin' one back with me buddies.

(New York) LB Do you like living in New York, Detective O'Riley?

RR Begorra, yes, girl. 'Tis truly the land of opportunity. Just look at me!

(speakeasy) Mark my words, lassie, I'll have every one of those dens of iniquity closed up by the end of this year!

(notebook) Oh, you've got a little notebook. Isn't that cute! Well, if you solve the mystery of the missing letter opener, we'll make you an honorary police girl! Ha ha ha!

(press pass) I hate those things. I can't believe those wee cards allow you nosy reporters to interfere in our investigations all the time. It's ridiculous.

(watch) That's a nice pocketwatch you've got there, Miss Laura. 'Tis a shame it isn't running. Have you tried winding it?

(key) Lassie, that's just one more bizarre thing in this totally bizarre place. I have no idea what it is, and I really don't want to know.

(meat) What's a nice girl like you asking about a piece of flesh for?

(wire cutters) Young girls like you should be concerned with finding a husband, not asking silly questions.

(dagger) It's an oversized letter opener, if you ask me.

(boot) Now, that's downright repulsive, lassie. Why would I know--or WANT to know anything about a smelly, old workboot?

(smelling salts) They're not so popular now, but lots of ladies used to carry that nasty stuff around with them. I think they fainted just so some fella would catch them, ha ha!

(snake oil) Selling snake oil is what this ridiculous museum is all about, ha ha!

(lantern) Now, what possible use could a little slip of a girl like you have for a big old lantern like that?

(cheese) Oh, I do like a nibble of cheese from time to time... but I'm not feeling terribly hungry right now. Come find me later.

(garter) I appreciate a good garter as much as the next man, lassie, but are you sure this is an appropriate subject?

(bones) Bones. Don't talk to me about bones. I've seen enough of the bloody things to last me a lifetime.

(lasso) What on earth is that weird thing? You are a strange one, girl.

(ankh) RR And where did you find that thing, then?  
LB I found it in the Egyptian exhibit.  
RR You wouldn't be disturbing the evidence at the crime scenes now, would you, lass?  
LB Well...  
RR I certainly hope not, because I'd have to be putting you away for tampering with evidence.  
LB Oh, I certainly wouldn't want to tamper with evidence, sir.  
RR I should hope not.

(Pippins notebook) Lass, I've better things to do than read the notes of some silly old pottery-chaser who ended up with a letter opener in his chest.

(magnifier) So, do you suppose you're gonna find lots of important clues with your little magnifying glass, missy? Let me know if you find anything important. Ha ha ha!

(bulb) Scared of the dark, are you, little girl? I don't blame ya. New York can be a rough town, don't you know.

(police file) That's police business, girl, and you'd best keep your little nose out of it.

(animal hair) I don't know much about animal hairs, lass.

(bifocals) I don't know about such things, lassie, I'm still a young man.

(red hair) My hair's been this red since the day I was born. That Steve lad, his hair's almost the same color as mine, as well as some of the other people here. It's a regular carrot-top convention.

(glass) Do you always carry a waterglass around, lassie? Were you lost in a desert as a girl?

(carbon sheet) I'd rather not be here at all, lass, much less answering questions about something as silly as carbon paper.

(shoe) That charming Miss Yvette said she was missing a shoe. Perhaps it's hers.

(grape) I love grapes, lass. They're good for your constitution, and your circulation too. I wouldn't be without them. There's some who would tell you one kind of grape is better than another, but I don't care; I eat every kind, seeds and all.

(charcoal) Ninety percent of the furnaces in New York burn coal, missy. That's hardly anything to be writin' home about.

(wire) What on Earth do you want to know about wire for, lassie?

(hieroglyphs) Don't try to read those Egyptian squiggles, lass. They'll rot your brain.

(1926) LB Detective O'Riley, has 1926 been a good year for you?  
RR Oh, most definitely, lass. I've put away more criminals this year than you'll ever see in your whole life.  
LB Hmm... that makes it both a bad year AND a good year, doesn't it, detective? I mean, if there were that many criminals on the loose to begin with, we must be in some sort of crime wave!  
RR You see it your way, lassie, and I'll see it mine.

(burglary) RR If ya ask me, missy, they're blowin' the whole thing out of proportion. Begorra, you'd think that something important had been stolen!  
LB You don't consider a priceless Egyptian artifact to be important?  
RR Listen, girlie, if I chased down every petty theft that occurred within the nastier segments of the population, I'd be workin' thirty hours a day!  
LB I would hardly call the Leyendecker museum a "nasty segment of the population," Mr. O'Riley. And if you're referring to our Egyptian visitors, shame on you. And don't call me girlie.  
RR By my father's whiskers, you're a fiery one, Miss Laura. All right, I won't call you girlie...little lassie.

(egyptology) LB Do you know anything about Egyptology, Detective O'Riley?  
RR Enough to know it's a bloody waste of time. Sifting through all those old bones and

rotting tombs...better to let the dead rest, don't you know.

(W-C diary) See here, lassie, that's someone's personal property. You shouldn't be reading that sort of thing.

(Carrington's death) LB I guess you've examined poor Dr. Carrington's body?

RR You shouldn't be so interested in dead people, lass. You're startin' to sound like that spooky Olympia woman.

LB It's my job.

RR It could be your LIFE.

LB What do you mean?

RR We've got a killer running around loose in the museum, don't you know? If you keep poking your nose into his business, he may not like it.

LB Then you think he'll kill again?

RR Certainly. If he thinks you're on his trail, he might want to be covering his tracks by killing you.

LB Oh, dear.

RR So, I suggest you keep your pretty little head out of his business...and MINE.

(countess death) LB Have you studied the body of the Countess since she died?

RR Of course, lass. That strange Olympia female came to get me. She said the Countess asked for me when she was dying. The odd part was how happy Olympia seemed to be about the old bat dying on her office desk.

LB Did you find any clues?

RR No. That killer, he's a tricky one.

LB You haven't found any evidence at all?

RR No. It's like someone's been getting to the murder scenes ahead of me and removing any evidence that's worthwhile. That's what makes me think the killer is so clever about not leaving clues behind. All I'm left with is the body.

LB Surely you've found clues on the bodies?

RR Look, kiddo, do I go around telling you how to do your job? You've been a constant pain in me side all night, and I'm really getting tired of it, don't you know? Now, stay out of police business or you'll find yourself in the slammer counting your toenails for entertainment!

(Ernie's death) LB Have you had a chance to examine Mr. Leach's body yet?

RR Yes. The poor sod drank a wee bit too much, is my guess. Judging from the strong smell of alcohol on his body, he was on quite a bender when he died. Probably poured alcohol all over himself.

LB You think he drank himself to death?

RR The man had a lot of personal problems, I understand.

LB You're saying he drank himself to death, then hurled himself up onto the mastodon tusks?

RR Don't be ridiculous, lass. Obviously, he climbed up on the tusks BEFORE he drank too much!

LB Ah...I see....

RR I've seen it happen before. I like a wee bit of a nip now and then meself.

LB Isn't that illegal?

RR You're telling ME what's illegal, missy?

LB Oh, well, I didn't mean to offend you....

RR Hmph!

(Pippin's death) RR Someone got tired of the man's big ego, would be my guess.

LB Any idea who might have killed him?

RR Anyone who ever met him. Did you talk to the man? He was so full of himself, there wasn't space for anyone else to be in the room with him.

LB How do you think he died?

RR You discovered the body, you silly girl. He died because someone stuck a dagger in his chest, which tends to do that to a man.

LB What happened to his body after you examined it?

RR The Coroner was at the party. Maybe you met him. When he left, he took Dr. Carter's body with him, ego and all.

(Yvette's death) LB Have you had a chance to examine Miss Delacroix's body?

RR Yes.

LB Any idea who killed her?

RR We've got a museum FULL of suspects, lass. EVERYONE seems to have enjoyed her company, if you know what I mean. And I do mean EVERYONE!

LB Well, if everybody LOVED her, so to speak, why would someone want to kill her?

RR If there's one thing I've learned, there are as many motives for murder as there are words in the dictionary.

LB What I'd like to know is how the killer managed to plaster her so fast.

RR Well, I'm starting to think there are two murderers at work here. They could have used fast-drying plaster, but doing all that work and moving her body would have been easier with two people.

LB Any clues as to who those killers might be?

RR Can you keep a secret, lass?

LB Sure!

RR Maybe I shouldn't be saying this, but I'm getting a wee bit suspicious about Olympia and that Heimlich fellow. They're both a bit on the strange side, if you ask me. She's a bit too fond of dead things, and he's got more books on torture than the public liberry.

LB You really think they could have done it?

RR I've been a cop for a long time, lass. Investigating a homicide successfully uses as much of a cop's intuition as it does physical evidence. And I've got a strong feeling about those two.

LB You don't suspect anyone else?

RR I suspect everyone. Even YOU. Maybe you're trying to make a name for yourself as a reporter by killing people and writing about it.

LB That's ridiculous!

RR I'm trying to make a point, lass. EVERYONE has a motive, if you learn enough about them....

(Ziggy's death) LB Have you had a chance to examine Ziggy's body?

RR Which piece? Ha ha! Ah, it's a little cop humor there.

LB Very amusing.

RR I've got to have a sense of humor about me job. You think I ENJOY examining detached portions of people I've met?

LB Well, no, I suppose not.

RR Bloody right I don't. Whoever killed that Ziggy fellow must have been trying to make a point. First he nails the man's body to the floor with a pterodactyl, then he cuts his head off for display.

LB I suppose it was a bit flashy for the average murder.

RR There's nothing average about this killer. He's a crafty one. It's almost as if he's toying with me.

LB Why would he do that?

RR Maybe it's a warning to us not to interfere. Or maybe the killer is just a complete loon. A clever loon, but still a loon.

(dagger) LB Sir, I think I've found the Dagger of Amon Ra.

RR Sure you have, lass. And I've been getting pots of gold from the little people.

LB This is no joke, detective. I really think I've found the dagger.

RR Have you now? And where did you find it?

LB In an alcohol vat under some warthogs.

RR Sounds to me like you've been taking a wee nip of the alcohol, lass.

LB I can prove it! I've got it right here in my purse!

RR Have you now? Let's be seeing it, then.

(filler) Sure and begorrah, the next thing you'll be asking me is where the little people keep their pots o' gold! I can't tell you anything about that, lass.

(repeat) I'm a busy man. Don't take up my time by asking the same question twice.

(use hand) Don't you be touching me now, lass.

(magnify) Don't look at me like that, lassie, you're makin' me nervous!

(meat) I do like me stakes rare...but no, thank you, I'm watching me waistline.

(wire cutter) You're a violent, little girl, aren't you?

(dagger) RR Very interesting. I know it's a gift shop dagger, but it almost looks real. Mind if I borrow it, then?

LB Well, no, I guess not...

RR Thanks so much. I'll be getting it back to you later, then.

(boot) Nice girls shouldn't play with things like that. You don't know where it's been.

(smelling salts) Phew! Take that away, lassie, it's makin' me queasy!

(snake oil) Watch it, lass, my stomach isn't very happy right now. I think I ate a bad grape.

(lantern) I don't intend to go exploring dark places, lassie, and you shouldn't either.

(cheese) Oh, I think I'll just stick to my grapes.

(garter) That's charming, but perhaps you should save it for a more discreet location...

(bone) Try to control your violent impulses, Laura.

(lasso) I don't need that thing, lass. I don't even know what it is!

(ankh) I don't wear jewelry, lassie. I think it's a wee bit... peculiar, if you know what I mean.

(notebook) I'm sure your notes are a wealth of information, but I'm conducting me own investigation me own way.

(bulb) Thank you, but I'm bright enough as it is, ha ha ha!

(police file) That's official police property, lass. Give it here!

(animal hair) No, thank you, lass.

(bifocals) No, thank you, lassie. My eyes are perfectly fine.

(red hair) What, do you think I can stick it back on? Ha ha ha!

(glass) I'm not thirsty, lass, but thank you anyway.

(carbon paper) I don't need that, girl.

(shoe) That's not mine. I think it belongs to Miss Yvette.

(grapes) Thanks, lass, but those don't look too fresh.

(charcoal) What would I be wanting with that, then?

(wire) I won't be needing that.

(filler) Lass, I've not got any use for that.

## **Steven Dorian**

*Along with Ziggy, he's the only one who can be interviewed both inside and outside the museum.*

The stevedore looks a little more refined than you'd expect. He's also rather attractive.

It's Steve Dorian, dressed nattily in a tuxedo and an old pair of work boots. His eyes sparkle when he looks at you.

Steve has a lump on his head, his rumpled tuxedo has black smudges on it, and he's looking rather tired. However, his eyes still sparkle when he looks at you.

LB Are you having a nice evening, Mr. Dorian?

SD Well, it's much, much better with you nearby.

(Sam) I'm afraid I don't know the gentleman. I don't get out much.

(Pippin) That particular gentleman is a little too full of himself for my liking. I suppose he has reason to be, though, being a famous archaeologist and all.

(Carrington) I don't know anyone that important, Miss Bow. Oh, wait, I saw him on the docks. He came in on the Andrea Doria. He had the biggest, heaviest trunk I've ever seen! You know, it smelled kind of funny, too.

(O'Riley) Oh, he's a decent fellow, I think, but sometimes I wonder if he drinks a little.

(Rube) Excuse me? Are you having trouble with your throat, Miss Bow? Maybe you should drink a glass of water.

(Lo Fat) I've never met the fellow. I do my own laundry, Miss Bow.

(Dorian) Why, that's me, Miss Bow. Steve Dorian, stevedore and student? Remember?

(Ziggy) Oh, that dimestore hoodlum used to lurk around the docks all the time. I haven't seen him in a long while.

(Wolf) Oh, he's an okay joe, I guess. He sure takes his job seriously.

(Yvette) SD Um...She's a lovely girl, Miss Bow, but she makes me just a little nervous.

LB Oh, really? You think she's lovely, do you?

SD Uh...well, sure. A man would have to be blind not to see that. Right?

LB I think she wears a wig. She looks cheap.

SD Her hair looks real to me.

LB How come she makes you nervous? You're big enough to take care of yourself.

SD Well, she's kind of...pushy, if you know what I mean.

LB No, I'm afraid I don't. And I don't think she's your type.

SD Umm...could we talk about something else?

LB I suppose so, since this topic seems to make you nervous.

(Ernie) Now, there's a nice fellow. Honest and hardworking. I have the feeling that if he's your friend, he's your friend for life.

(Najeer) He's a studious gentleman, isn't he. I wish he had been there to help me when I was taking trigonometry, ha ha!

(Countess) She's some really rich lady. I saw her on the docks one day. She met Mister Carrington, as a matter of fact.

(Myklos) Isn't she a charming lady? A little eccentric, but I think that's colorful, don't you?

(Smith) Oh, he's that hot-tempered Egyptian fellow who was shouting at Dr. Carter that day on the docks. He seems nice enough now. Maybe Dr. Carter just said something to set him off that day.

(Watney) I've never met the fellow, Miss Bow. I try to avoid elements like that.

(John Bow) I've never had the pleasure of meeting your father, Miss Bow.

(Tribune) That's a fine paper, Miss Bow. I try to buy a copy for my mother now and then, when I can. She loves to read the advice columns.

(Police) I really admire the police. They put their lives on the line, just to keep us safe.

(Laundry) I do my own laundry.

(Docks) Oh, working at the docks is just a temporary thing. I'm going to support my mother and myself as an artist someday, as soon as I graduate with my art degree.

(Museum) The Leyendecker is one of my favorite places in the whole world. I've never seen so many wonderful things in one place before.

(New York) LB Do you like living in New York, Mister Dorian?

SD I suppose so. But I've never lived anywhere else, so I don't have much to judge by!

(Speakeasy) I know some folks like to, but I NEVER go to places like that, Miss Bow!

(notebook) You carry a notebook, hmm? I carry a sketchbook sometimes. I used to, anyway. The boys at the dock tease me about it.

(press pass) I've never met a woman with a press pass before, Miss Bow. I'm imPRESSED. Ha ha. Sorry about that; it's what I get for spending so much time at the docks. Affects your brain after a while.

(watch) Lots of fellows carry pocketwatches these days. I see lots of passengers with them.

(key) LB Have you ever seen this key before, Mister Dorian?  
SD No, Miss Bow. It certainly is strange!

(meat) Be careful with that stuff. Meat that's left out for more than two hours can go bad.

(wire cutters) Be careful with those, Miss Bow. Those things are dangerous. You could put an eye out.

(dagger) It's supposed to be beautiful beyond belief. It's too bad we can't see it. I helped unload it from the Andrea Doria, but Dr. Carter wouldn't let anybody take it out of its crate.

(smelling salts) You don't strike me as the kind of woman prone to fainting, Miss Bow.

(snake oil) Snake oil? Does it come out of snakes?

(lanterns) That's a fine brand of lantern, Miss Bow. It'll get you through many dark nights.

(cheese) I'm afraid I don't know my Gouda from my Brie, Miss Bow.

(garter) Umm...I don't know anyone who wears those, Miss Bow.

(bone) I don't know much about bones, Miss Bow, but I'm sure one of the curators could help you.

(lasso) What in the world is that? Is it some kind of gardening tool?

(ankh) That's one of those Egyptian symbols of life. We learned about them in Art History.

(Pippin's notepad) I wouldn't know what a fellow like that would write in his notepad.

(magnifier) I suppose your magnifier helps you in your investigations, Miss Bow? You're the most remarkable woman I've ever met.

(bulb) A lightbulb? You're certainly prepared for anything, aren't you?

(police file) Good grief! This fellow has a spotted past, doesn't he! I don't think I'd care to meet HIM.

(animal hairs) Those look like some kind of animal hairs. They probably came from the Natural History part of the museum.

(glasses) I'm saving up money to buy my mother a pair of bifocals. She has trouble reading sometimes.

(red hair) Why, those are almost the same color as my hair!

(glass) Miss Bow, if you're thirsty, I'll go get you something to drink. You don't have to carry that glass around.

(carbon sheet) Sometimes I use that stuff to make double copies of my notes. That way I can study at home, and have a set of notes to look at on my lunch hour at work.

(shoe) You found a woman's shoe somewhere loose in the museum? How odd, Miss Bow.

(grapes) I like grapes.

(gown) That's a beautiful evening gown, Miss Bow. Of course, it wouldn't be half so pretty if it wasn't on you.

(charcoal) Most of the ships that come into the harbor burn coal.

(wire) That looks like some strong wire. It probably held up something heavy.

(hieroglyphs) Oh, those are hieroglyphics. Egyptian writing. I think they're really interesting, don't you?

(1926) LB Has 1926 been a good year for you, Mister Dorian?  
SD Yes, Miss Bow, it has. I'm enjoying my Sophomore year of college very much.  
LB You're attending college? What's your major?  
SD Art. I hope to be a famous painter someday.  
LB That's wonderful, Mister Dorian.  
SD Aw, it's no big deal.



(burglary) LB What do you make of the theft of the Dagger, Mister Dorian?

SD I think it's awful, Miss Bow, just awful.

LB Who do you suppose could have done it?

SD I have no idea who could have perpetrated such a terrible thing. I just hope they get what's coming to them, that's all.

LB So do I, Mister Dorian.

(Egyptology) LB Do you know much about Egyptology, Mister Dorian?

SD I'm afraid I don't. I wanted to take a class in it this semester, but I couldn't quite manage it.

(W-C's diary) I don't know anything about diaries, Miss Bow. Sorry.

(Pippins death) That particular gentleman was a little too full of himself for my liking, but I don't want to speak ill of the dead. My mother always told me that if I couldn't say something nice about someone, it's better to say nothing at all.

(filler) Uhh, I'm afraid I don't know how to answer that, Miss Bow. Sorry.

(repeat) Shall we move on to a new subject, Miss Bow? I'm afraid my expertise is limited.

(use hand) Your touch makes me tingle all over, Miss Bow.

(use hand) Don't touch me right now, Laura. I'm bruised all over.

(magnify) If you look too closely, Miss Bow, you might see right through me...and into my heart.

(magnify) Don't look at me too close. I'm not at my best right now.

(meat) No, thank you. I prefer my steaks well done.

(wire cutters) Be careful, Miss Bow. I'd hate to see you get hurt with those things.

(dagger) SD You don't have to steal my heart at knifepoint, Laura. It already belongs to you.

LB Oh...my...

(boot) Hey! My boot! Thank you, Miss Bow!

(smelling salts) Phew! That stuff is strong!

(snake oil) Oh, boy! That smells worse than the docks on a sultry summer day!

(lantern) Now, that's a fine lantern. Top quality, Miss Bow.

(cheese) Well, I am a little hungry...but no, thank you, Miss Bow. I can wait.

(garter) SD My goodness, Miss Bow, that isn't yours, is it?

LB Are you sure you don't recognize it?

SD Well, I guess it belongs to Miss Delacroix.

LB So, you DO recognize it!

SD No...I just saw her name stitched on it.

LB You must have sharp eyes...or something....

SD Umm...yeah...I guess....

(bone) Try to control your violent impulses, Laura. Steve seems to like you.

(lasso) Gosh, Miss Bow, I really wouldn't know what to do with it!

(ankh) Well, isn't that something! It probably belongs to one of those Egyptian fellows.

(notebook) I'd be honored to read your writing sometime, Miss Bow.

(bulb) No, thank you, Miss Bow. I have some at home.

(police file) If it's all the same to you, Miss Bow, I'd rather not get mixed up with a fellow like that.

(animal hair) What strange hairs! Maybe Doctor Myklos' ferret is shedding.

(bifocals) Oh, no thank you, Miss Bow. I don't think they'd match my mother's prescription.

(red hair) Why, those could be mine! But I don't think I can put them back, ha ha!

(water glass) No, thank you, Miss Bow. I'm not thirsty right now.

(carbon sheet) No, thanks. I have some of my own.

(shoe) SD Yve---Miss Delacroix lost her shoe?

LB You're sure it belongs to Yvette Delacroix?

SD Um...well...I think so. It's pretty small. Could be yours, I suppose, but I don't think it would fit Dr. Myklos or the Countess.

LB I didn't realize you were an authority on women's shoes....

SD Well...I'm not. But I notice things.

LB Like women's feet, for example.

SD Um...sometimes, yeah. I guess so.

LB You have any idea how she might have lost a shoe?

SD Er...maybe she took it off?

LB Or maybe someone took it off FOR her....

SD Or maybe it fell off?

LB Or maybe she got excited and KICKED it off....

SD Um...I wouldn't know about that.

LB Hmm. Of course not....

(grapes) Oh, no, thank you. Not right now.

(charcoal) No, thank you, Miss Bow. I don't really need it right at the moment.

(wire) My! That is some tough wire! It looks like the cables we use to move crates around on the docks, only a lot thinner.

(filler) Umm...no thanks, Miss Bow. I don't need that.

### **Wolf Heimlich**

You see a very tall Security man in a military-style uniform. His badge identifies him as "Wolf Heimlich" and his appearance suggests that he has never smiled in his life.

LB Good evening, Mr. Heimlich.

WH Good evening, Fraulein Bow. Ven are you leaffing?

LB I expect to be staying a while, actually.

WB Do not linger in ze halls, und DO NOT TOUCH ZE EXHIBITS! If I find you touching anything, I vill pop your heart out through your throat!

(Sam) I do not know him. My whole world is zis museum, Miss Bow.

(Pippin) He did not care for ze museum. He vished he could keep his finds. But zey belong to ze Leyendecker, and VE INTEND TO KEEP ZEM, DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?!?

(Carrington) WH He is a goot man. He lets me do mein job. I just hope he lets me take care of ze filthy art thieves, ven zey are finally discovered. Zey vill vish zey had never been born!

LB Dr. Carrington is doing all he can about the theft, then?

WH OF COURSE HE IS! Just wait until I get my hands on zem. I'll haf ze chance to perform my Heimlich Death Maneuver once more, if I'm lucky.

(O'Riley) He iz a bumbling fool who does not care about zis museum. I do not need his help. I do not need anyone's help, least of all YOURS!

(Rube) I do not indulge in nasty French paztries, Miss Bow. Zey are bad for my figure. A military man must maintain his stamina through proper exercise und diet.

(Lo Fat) He iz ze man who does my laundry when ze German laundry ist closed. Of course, ze German laundry iz NEVER closed, since it is manned by sturdy German, laundry people who need NO sleep.

(Dorian) He vorks on ze docks. He has red hair. He has no zcars on his face. I do not trust him.

(Ziggy) Vat an irritating little man. He reminds me of a zmall, yappy dog. I would like to tie him in a knot and bounce him out ze door, but he iz under Dr. Carrington's protection. Perhaps he haz money he iz givink to ze museum.

(Wolf) WH Zat iz me, Wolf Heimlich. Do you know how I got these zcars on my face, Miss Bow?  
LH No...  
WH Ze little ones, my father gave me, teaching me to duel vith ze saber. Ze big ones I got at Heidelberg, duelling vith my friends. How I miss zem!  
LB Your friends?  
WH You rub zalt in ze fresh cuts to make zem heal vith ze bigger scar, did you know zat?  
LB Um, no I didn't, Mr. Heimlich. That's fascinating.

(Yvette) Fraulein Delacroix is a charming, young lady. She luffs the museum...and she iz a vork of art herzelf. I admire vomen who take good care of zere bodies as we military men do.

(Ernie) Ernie zeems a dezent man. He alwayz remembers to lock ze doors and vindows at night. I like zat. Ze only problem iz he keeps losink ze keys afterwards.

(Najeer) I do not trust him. I do not know why he's here. I sink he iz an art thief! Zey are everywhere!

(Countess) I do not trust her. I do not trust you. I do not trust ANYONE!

(Myklos) Dr. Myklos iz a fine voman. She is truly dedicated to ze security of ze Leyendecker.

(Smith) He vanted ze Dagger all along. He probably ztole it. I zhould kill him right now, but I have no effidenze!

(Watney) I do not know him, but if I did, I vould practice my Heimlich Death Maneuver on him! Criminals zhould not be allowed to live! Zey could all be ART THIEVES!

(John Bow) I do not know your father, but I'm sure my father could beat your soft, American father in a duel.

(Tribune) I do not read ze paper. My only concern is zis museum.

(Police) Ze police are useless. I vill find ze dagger myzelf.

(Lo Fat's Laundry) I haf my vashing done at ze German laundry on 39th street.

(docks) I enjoy ztrolling ze docks at night, Miss Bow. I like to practice headlocks on ze local thugs ven zey try to mug me.

(museum) I live, breathe, eat and zleep to defend zis museum. It is my father und my child. I luff it. DO NOT TOUCH ZE EXHIBITS!

(New York) I do not read ze news. Nothing outside zis museum concerns me.

(speakeasy) I do not indulge in zuch ridiculous things. I haff better things to do than zit und drink ze alcohol, which taints ze bodily fluids.

(notebook) I do not like you vandering around and writing things. You are perhaps taking notes on vat you vould most LIKE TO STEAL? IS ZAT IT?!?

(press pass) Zat may impress zome people, Miss Bow, but it does not impress me. It got you into ze party, but I vill not let you znoop all over MY MUSEEUM!

(watch) WH Vere did you get zat? Zat iz a man's vatch. I do not sink you are a man, Miss Bow, ARE YOU? Did you STEAL zat watch? ANSWER ME!  
LB Uh, no, I didn't steal it! I swear!  
WH If I find out you did, you haf HAD IT, Fraulein Bow! I VILL NOT TOLERATE ILLEGAL ACTS IN ZIS MUSEEUM!

(key) Fraulein Bow, keep your key to yourself. Iff it iz a key to your room, you do not interest me. I know it does not fit into anything in zis museum, and I won't haff you zticking it anyvere you please!

(meat) Dr. Myklos zometimes has meat for ze many creatures she brings into ze museum. Perhaps it is hers. VERE DID YOU GET IT?

(wire cutters) Vy do you vant to know about vire cutters? Are you planning on STEALING MY PTERODACTYL?!?

(dagger) Ze Dagger iz a priceless vork of art, and I VILL get it back! I VILL GET IT BACK, DO YOU HEAR ME?

(boot) I know nossink about zis zo-called vorkboot, Miss Bow. I sink you imagined it.

(smelling salts) I do not use smelling salts. I never faint. Not even when I'm standing in a POOL OF MY OWN BLOOD, WHICH I HAV DONE MANY TIMES, MISS BOW!

(snake oil) I do not need snake oil. I do not fear snakes. I do not fear anything. Ze snakes fear me.

(lantern) I know nossink about lanterns. I do not need one. I can see in ze dark.

(cheese) We use cheese in our mousetraps around ze museum. How I luff to hear zat znap, zat zqueak! Zen I shoot zem just to make sure zey are KAPUT!

(garter) I do not often consider such foolish things.

(bone) There are many bones in ze museum, Miss Bow. Ask Dr. Myklos how zey clean ze flesh from zem sometime. It is most fascinating.

(snake lasso) Zat looks like a snake lasso. Dr. Myklos could tell you for certain. I just use my hands to capture ze snakes. Zey fear me, so zey will not bite me.

(ankh) Zat is an Egyptian symbol, Miss Bow. Where did you see it? Haff you been snooping around ze museum? HAF YOU?

(Pippin's notebook) I do not care what zat English dumkopf has written on his little notepad. If he had a good German memory, he would remember everything.

(magnifier) Fraulein Bow, you are far too nosy. Keep zat glass to yourself, unless you wish to study my scars.

(bulb) Haff you never seen a lightbulb before, Fraulein Bow? Did you have a strange childhood?

(police file) I do not care about this ridiculous man's criminal past. He isn't here. If he was, I would pop his heart out with my famous Heimlich Death Maneuver.

(animal hair) There are many hairy creatures in this museum, Miss Bow, and I would suggest that you NOT PULL OUT THEIR HAIR! I would throw you out now if I could, you nosy American female!

(glasses) I consider weak eyes a sign of poor, moral character.

(red hair) Red hairs? I do not trust people with red hair...and that INCLUDES YOU! In Bavaria, zey were once thought to be werewolves. I just think zey are ART THIEVES!

(water glass) I do not need a drink. I only drink water after it's been boiled. Germs, zey are ze tiny enemies, you know. We must protect our bodily fluids from ze invaders!

(carbon sheet) I know nossink of carbon paper, Miss Bow, nor do I want to.

(shoe) I do not know about any missing shoe. I am a protector of fine art, not footwear.

(grapes) I think ze man eats so many grapes to cover up a drinking problem. Drinking is a weakness. I hate weakness.

(evening gown) Der evening gown is der proper attire for this fundraiser, but never, never appropriate before seven o'clock p.m. Is dat understood?

(charcoal) Why do you want to know about charcoal? Are you planning on BURNING DOWN ZE MUSEUM? VELL, ARE YOU?!?

(wire) Many of our exhibits are hung with wire. Did you know that you could garrote someone in a matter of moments with a bit of wire?

(hieroglyphs) That is Egyptian writing. If you want to know what it says, talk to Dr. Myklos.

(1926) LB Has 1926 been a good year for you, Mr. Heimlich?  
WH Why do you want to know, Fraulein Bow?  
LB Well, um, I'm just curious, I guess.  
WH You know what they say... curiosity disembowelled ze cat!  
LB I don't think that's exactly what they say, Mr. Heimlich.

(burglary) LB Mr. Heimlich, how do you suppose the thieves got past you? Wasn't the dagger supposed to be heavily guarded?  
WH OF COURSE IT WAS GUARDED! I haff no idea how zey got ze dagger! Zey must haff drugged me. Zey must haff hypnotized me. Zey must haff been GHOSTS!  
LB Mr. Heimlich? Are you all right?  
WH That must be it. Zey were ghosts. I couldn't haff possibly missed zem. I couldn't haff. I

COULDN'T HAF!

LB Mr. Heimlich...

WH Oh, Mutter, I'm zorry I let you down. I'm zorry zey got your paintings. Please, try to paint again, wherever you are. Please...

LB I'm sorry if I upset you.

WH My Mutter, she was so heartbroken when her paintings were stolen from ze museum in Germany. It vas her first exhibition...she vas so happy until....

LB Um, perhaps we should change the subject.

WH Zsubject? Vat zsubject? Vat are you talking about, you zilly girl?

LB Oh, never mind.

(Egyptology) LB Do you know anything about Egyptology, Mr. Heimlich?

WH Only zat I am zwoon to protect everysing in zis museum. AND I INTEND TO DO ZAT, ZO DON'T GET ANY FUNNY IDEAS!

(W-C's diary) I haf no interest in zome dead Englishman's diary.

(Carrington's death) He vas a goot man und I vill miss him. Ven I find ze COWARD who shtuck him on ze PORCUPINE, zey vill VISH zey had never been BORN!

(Ernie's death) Ernie vas ze dezent man, und ven I FIND ze murderink COWARD who DROWNED him, zey vill be CRUSHED in my powerful hands!

(Yvette's death) Fraulein Delacroix vas ze charming, young female who had many of ze good qualities. Ven I find ze killer in zis museum, zey vill know ze true meaning of FEAR! Zey vill be KAPUT!

(Ziggy's death) Zat irritating little civilian iz better off kaput! He reminded me of a zmall, yappy dog, always trailing after ze goot Doctor Carrington! His name zounded German, but I sink he vas ze impostor! I neffer trusted him, und he vas probably an ART THIEF anyway!

Fraulein, if anyone vill be conducting ze INTERROGATION here, it vill be ME, not YOU!

(repeat) You already asked me zat. Do not vaste my time, fraulein, or I vill become irritated. For all I know, you are distractink me vile art thieves are doing zere work in ze museum!

(use hand) ACHTUNG! Mein body ist completely VERBOTEN to you! Nicht gefingerpoken!

(magnify) Vat are you looking at? ZTOP ZCRUTINIZING ME ZIS INSTANT!!!

(Meat) Zat raw meat iz most tempting, but I do not eat during vorking hours.

(wire cutters) Be careful vith those. You might damage one of ze exhibits.

(fake dagger) NEFFER point a veapon at me, Fraulein Bow! Not even a toy like zat! My highly trained reflexes could kill you in three seconds if I wanted to! THREE SECONDS! Und I am considering doing zat right NOW!

(boot) Zat is most interesting, but I don't haff any use for it.

(smelling salts) Ze zmill of zat is most exhilarating, Fraulein Bow, but I don't vant it.

(snake oil) Zat zsmells most interesting, but I do not require protection from snakes. All snakes fear me.

(lantern) I do not need zat. I see perfectly in ze dark like ze wolf I am named after. Lanterns are for ze veak fools who vish to become TARGETS in ze darkness!

(cheese) No sank you. I neffer eat ven I'm on duty.

(garter) If zis is some sort of bribe or nasty proposition, I AM NOT INTERESTED!

(bone) Wolf is obnoxious, but try to control your violent impulses, Laura.

(snake lasso) I do not vant zat. Giff it to Dr. Myklos.

(ankh) Vere did you get zat? Zat is not yours. YOU ARE AN ART THIEF, ARE YOU NOT?!?  
CONFESS!

(notebook) I haff no need for making ze notes, Fraulein Bow. I haff ze perfect German memory.

(bulb) I do not vant a lightbulb, Miss Bow. Give it to Ernie.

(police file) Giff it to Herr O'Riley. I do not vant it.  
(animal hair) Vat am I zupposed to do vis zat? I haff plenty of hair.  
(glasses) I do not need glasses. My eyes are as sharp as a bird of prey's.  
(red hair) I do not vant your hair!  
(water glass) I do not need a vater glass. I haff my own, danke.  
(carbon paper) I haff no use for zat.  
(shoe) Vat vould I do vith a voman's shoe? Vat sort of man do you SINK I AM?  
(grapes) No sank you. Grapes are for veak, pitiful Irishmen and little ferrets.  
(charcoal) Vat do you sink I am, zome kind of FIREBUG?  
(wire) I haff my own supply, sank you.  
(filler) An attempt at BRIBERY, perhaps? Wolf Heimlich CANNOT be BRIBED!

Ze gift shop ist CLOSED! You must leave at VONCE!

Back to ze rotunda, Fraulein. Zee rest uf ze Museum ist off-limits, und you are zpooking der masterdons.

Achtung! Tourists are not allowed in zis room at zis time! You are disturbing ze paintings! Raus! You leaf now! Mach schnell!

Vat are you doing in Dr. Myklos' office? You must leave, NOW! If I find you've taken anything, you vill be severely punished und shot!

I'm sure Miss Delacroix vould be most interested to know you've been znooping around her office, Fraulein Bow. GET OUT NOW!

ACHTUNG! Zis President's office ist VERBOTEN! Leave NOW or DIE!

ACHTUNG! Zis ist NOT ze public part of ze museum! Zis area is VERBOTEN to you and all of your kind! Leave now, before you force me to SHOOT you!

ACHTUNG! Zis is a dangerous laboratory und you should not be in here! You could end up floating face-down in one of ze alcohol tanks! Move!

Zis is a PRIVATE LABORATORY, Fraulein Bow, and you haff no business being here. I just hope you haf not destroyed any of Dr. Myklos' experiments. If you haf, you vill be SHOT! LEAVE NOW!

Vat are you doing in Ernie Leach's private office? You haff no business here. Zere ist no newspaper story in zis room! GET OUT! ZIS MINUTE!

ACHTUNG! You are in my office, Miss Bow! VY IS ZIS?!? If I find you haff disturbed vun dust mote, I vill POP YOUR HEART OUT THROUGH YOUR NOSE! GET OUT!!!

### **Ernie Leach**

*With my poor memory for names, I often refer to this lovely character as Eddie. Sorry Ernie!*

What are you looking at?

I already answered that for you once, Miss Bow.

LB Hi, Mr. Leach. Can you let me out of this museum? I don't like it in here. People keep dying.

EL Sorry, Miss Bow, I seem to have lost my door keys.

LB Oh. I find that very disturbing.

EL Me too. I can't even let MYSELF out of the building. We're ALL staying here until I find those keys.

(Sam) Actually, I've never met the gent.

(Pippin) If that fella were any more full of himself, he'd rise up and float away like a hot-air balloon. The way he carries on, you'd think he discovered Atlantis.

(Carrington) Well, I don't see the gent too often. We working class folks don't see the Big Guys too often, y'know what I mean?

(O'Riley) Oh, I guess he's an okay fella, for a cop. I do wish he'd stop leaving those grape stems all over the place, though.

(Rube) Crodfoller? Is that one of those fancy French pastries?

(Lo Fat) I've never met the fella.

(Dorian) Oh, he seems like a nice enough fella. I don't know him too well.

(Ziggy) Now, there's a weaselly little fella. I've heard he's a stool pigeon. That's a dangerous way to make a living!

(Wolf) EL That fella gives me the willies. He's always hangin' around, looking over my shoulder with those suspicious eyeballs of his. Also, to tell you the ugly truth, I just haven't trusted the Germans since the war. That Kaiser guy was a real high hat.

LB You fought in the Great War, Mister Leach?

EL Yes I did, Miss Bow. I came back with a plate in my head and a chest full of medals, and then I couldn't get a job to save my soul.

LB I'm sorry to hear that.

EL Oh, don't let it bother you, Miss Bow. I'm just jawin'. I'm doing fine now.

(Yvette) Yve--Miss Delacroix is a wonderful lady, Miss Bow. A delight to work for.

(Ernie) Why, that's me, Miss Bow, Ernie Leach. I thought you reporters were supposed to have good memories.

(Najeer) He's a quiet, little fella. I think he does some accounting for the museum. Seems nice enough.

(Countess) The Countess is quite a colorful old dame, isn't she? I can't help liking her.

(Myklos) Doctor Myklos is a strange bird, but she's a decent sort all the same. I see her a lot at night, workin' late. Sometimes she invites me in for coffee. She certainly is taken with the plate in my head! She must have looked at the scars a dozen times.

(Smith) Well, he's an intense sort of a gent. He's all bent out of shape about this dagger business and he hangs around Dr. Carter a lot. He looks ready to blow a blood vessel to me.

(Watley) No, I can't say I've ever met the man.

(John Bow) I don't know your daddy, Miss Bow, but I'm sure he's a good fella.

(Tribune) That's a pretty good paper you work for, Miss Bow. I read through it every morning at breakfast.

(police) Our local cops are okay, I guess. They never give me too much of a hard time. I've heard there are some bad apples on the force, though. At least it isn't as bad as Chicago.

(laundry) I don't go to a laundry, Miss Bow. I wash my own clothes. It saves a few pennies.

(docks) I'm not fond of the docks, myself, Miss Bow. I did a short stint over there, a couple years back. I got treated like a dog, and nearly got squashed flat by a huge crate of oranges one time. No, thank you!

(museum) At first I wasn't sure I'd like it here in this big, spooky, old place. But it was so peaceful at night, and there are so many interesting things everywhere. I really enjoy it now.

(New York) LB Do you like New York City, Mister Leach?

EL New York's my home, Miss Bow. I was born and raised here, and it's in my blood. Sometimes I think I'd like to go somewhere else, where life is a little slower, but to tell you the truth, I don't think I could ever really leave.

(speakeasy) Well...a lot of people think those places are the cat's pajamas. I used to go to them a lot, right after I got back from the war. I don't so much any more.

(notebook) I guess most of you reporter sorts keep a notebook, right Miss Bow? Be kind when you write about me!

(press pass) I imagine that press pass lets you go all sorts of interesting places, Miss Bow.

(watch) EL Now, that's a snappy pocketwatch.

LB Have you ever seen this watch before, Mister Leach?

EL This particular watch? No, I sure haven't.

LB Do you notice anything unusual about it?

EL Other than the fact it's not running, no, I don't, Miss Bow.

(key) LB Mister Leach, have you ever seen this key before?

EL No, I can't say I have. It sure is strange!

LB Do you have any idea what it might open?

EL No, I don't, but you might ask Doctor Myklos. It looks like something she would appreciate.

(meat) You found a slab of meat lyin' around in here? It probably belongs to Doctor Myklos. Sometimes she keeps live critters around to study. She had a whole pack of pine weasels one time...

(wire cutters) Well, I've got wire cutters in my toolbox, Miss Bow. They come in handy.

(dagger) That's one fancy pig-sticker! I hope they find it soon.

(boot) I have a pair of work boots, but that one isn't mine.

(snake oil) Snake oil? Isn't that what those traveling Medicine Shows used to sell to rubes? You don't look like a rube, Miss Bow.

(lantern) That's a high-quality lantern. My cousin Bobby uses one just like it. He works in a mine in Pennsylvania.

(cheese) I don't eat much cheese myself. I'm more of a meat and potatoes man.

(garter) Now, where did you get that, Miss Bow? Maybe you should put that away.

(bone) Oh, this whole place is full of bones, Miss Bow. If you want to know what it is, ask Doctor Myklos.

(lasso) What in the world is that? I don't have anything like that in my tool kit.

(ankh) I'm not sure, but I think it's one of those Egyptian symbols. They've got a million of 'em.

(Pippin's notepad) Yeah, I've noticed old Pippin carrying a notepad around. He probably wrote down some nasty comments for future reference.

(magnifier) Well, isn't that interesting, Miss Bow. I guess you reporters have to look carefully for your clues, ha ha!

(bulb) That looks like the kind of lightbulb we use here in the museum. Don't tell me I left it lying around!

(police file) Good lord, that fella has a rap sheet a mile long! I hope I never meet up with him.

(animal hair) Those look like some kind of animal hairs to me. Maybe some kind of a pig. My Grandma lives upstate, in Glens Falls, and she has pigs.

(bifocals) My dear old Grandma wears those. She says they help her read better, but I think she wears 'em to keep a sharper eye on Grandpa!

(red hair) Red hairs, huh? They might have come from our new stuffed baboon family.

(glass) You don't have to carry a glass around with you, Miss Bow. You can get a drink any time you want from the refreshment table.

(carbon sheet) I don't have much use for carbon paper. You might ask that Rameses fella. He's a bean counter, he probably uses it.

(shoe) It looks like one of Miss Delacroix's shoes. You might ask her about it.

(charcoal) Hmm, we burn charcoal in the Museum furnace, Miss Bow. It might have come from there.

(wire) We use heavy gauge wire to hang our "suspended exhibits," as we call them. It's gotta be strong, so none of those prehistoric birds land on some tourist's head.

(hieroglyphs) Hey, that's some of that Egyptian writing. I've seen it in the Ancient Egypt exhibit. Dr. Carter sure is proud of that display.

(1926) LB Mister Leach, has 1926 been a good year for you?

EL Yes and no, Miss Bow. Times are tough. But at least I've got this job at the museum. That's more than a lot of folks have.

LB Do you like your job here at the museum?

EL Yes, I do. This sort of work doesn't really tax my brains, if you know what I mean. It



gives me time to think.

LB Think about what, Mister Leach?

EL Ha, ha! You sure act like a reporter, Miss Bow.

(burglary) LB Mister Leach, do you have any idea who might have taken the Dagger of Amon Ra?

EL I sure don't. Well, I halfway wonder if it wasn't one of those Egyptian fellas. Ha, ha, they probably think I took it!

LB Was the Dagger well guarded?

EL Oh, sure, it was locked up tighter than a vi-- tighter than a drum. Somebody really pulled a fast one.

(Egyptology) LB Do you know much about Egyptology, Mister Leach?

EL No, Miss Bow, I really don't. I think it's very interesting, though. I picked up a book about it in the museum shop, but I haven't had time to read it yet.

(W-C Diary) That doesn't interest me, Miss Bow. Sorry.

(filler) I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about, Miss Bow.

(repeat) Miss Bow, we already talked about that, and I don't have too much time.

(use hand) Don't touch me, lady.

(magnify) Don't look at me so close, Miss Bow, I'm not that much to see!

(meat) No, thanks. I like my meat cooked.

(wire cutters) I've got some of my own, Miss Bow. You be careful with those. They're awful sharp.

(dagger) Hey! Don't point that at me, I'll give you all my money! Ha ha ha!

(boot) No, thanks, it's not my size, and I've got more than one foot! Ha ha ha!

(smelling salts) Phew! That woke me right up!

(snake oil) Oh, lord! That smells awful!

(lantern) Well, isn't that a beauty. That sure is one nice lantern.

(cheese) That's awful sweet of you, Miss Bow, but I'm really not hungry.

(garter) Miss Bow! Put that away, someone might see it!

(bone) Try to control your violent impulses, Laura.

(lasso) Oh, I don't really need that.

(ankh) Now, that's a pretty thing. Looks Egyptian.

(notebook) No, thank you. I don't need one.

(bulb) Oh, I've got a whole cupboard full of them. You can keep that one.

(police file) No, Miss Bow, I don't want to get involved in that.

(glasses) Oh, no thanks, Miss Bow. My eyes are fine.

(red hair) Did those come out when you combed your hair, Miss Bow? You seem kind of young to be losing your hair.

(glass) I've got a coffee cup of my own, Miss Bow.

(carbon paper) No, thanks. I don't use it all that often.

(shoes) Why, that looks like one of Miss Delacroix's shoes!

(grapes) No, thanks. I'm not too hungry right now.

(charcoal) I don't think the furnace is going to miss that one little lump of charcoal. You can keep it

(wire) Oh, you keep it. The museum won't miss it.

(filler) I don't need that, Miss Bow.

EL Good evening, Miss Bow.

LB Good evening, sir.

EL I'm Ernie Leach. I know you're a reporter, and Dr. Carrington says you can stay to talk to the staff as late as you need to.

I have the door key, so let me know when you want to leave, and I'll let you out. Dr. C. has a key too, but it'd be better if you use mine so we don't disturb him.

LB Thank you, Mr. Leach.

EL Sure thing, miss.

### **Daisy Ferret**

It's Olympia's ferret, Daisy.

LB Hello, little ferret.

DF Squeak squeak squeak hi squeak chuckle chuckle squeak squeak!

LB Squeak SQUEAK squeak chuckle chuckle squeak!

DF SQUEAK chuckle chuckle loonie chuckle squeak!

Squeak squeak chuckle squeak!

(Carrington) Squeak squeak squeak dead squeak squeak!

(O'Riley) SQUEAK SQUEAK SQUEAK SQUEAK SQUEAK!

(Wolf) ZQUEAK ZQUEAK zqueak zqueak ZQUEAK!

(Yvette) Squeak squeak squeak nice! squeak chuckle chuckle chuckle!

(Myklos) Squeak squeak squeak Mom squeak chuckle squeak!

(boot) Squeak squeak squeak phew! dig! squeak wuuuuuhhhh.

(cheese) Squeak squeak squeak cheeeese SQUEAK squeak!

(grapes) Squeak squeak squeak YES! Chuckle chuckle.

(filler) Squeak squeak squeak chuckle squeak squeak!

(repeat) You already asked me that. Squeak squeak!

(use hand) Daisy will furiously flash across the floor on fleet ferret feet if you try to catch her.

(magnify) It looks like a ferret.

(Meat) Squeak squeak no thanks squeak wuuuuuhhhhh!

(boot) Squeak squeak squeak phew! dig! squeak

(smelling salts) Squeak! Wuuuuuuuhhhhh!

(oil) Squeak! Wuuuuuuuhhhhh!

(grapes) SQUEAK squeak squeak chuckle squeak!

### **Museum locations**

*This includes numerous occasions that can only be visited on day 5: judging from the writing for it, it was intended that you could visit these without feeling the pressure of a masked man chasing you.*

### **Museum exterior**

Considering that this car is parked right out in front of the museum, it probably belongs to an important staff member, so it's not a good idea to fool around with it.

A parked car. Note the sleek lines of this late-model automobile!

When you were a mere tot, you thought you'd be able to touch the sky when you grew up. Now you know better, but your futile attempt makes you wonder if there's still a child somewhere inside you who is dying to get out...or maybe you've just lost your mind.

Looking at the mighty, cumulonimbus cloud-formations in the sky, you're reminded of your

childhood, when your father would sit beside you on the grass in front of your house, smelling the scents of summer, and looking for familiar shapes among the clouds.

You can't quite put your finger on it.

The impressive dome over the museum rotunda. Its shape reminds you of something, but you can't put your finger on it.

The entrance to the museum is framed with impressive marble columns. This is exactly the sort of architectural touch that seems so popular these days.

The fountain is too busy fountaining to respond to your question.

Feels like water.

A fountain.

The fountain is too busy being a fountain to talk to you.

The lawn feels as if every blade of grass has been individually trimmed by hand.

A neatly-manicured lawn which shows the individual attention of a concerned gardener.

A marvelous, leaded-glass window.

The famous Leyendecker Museum, named after Ignatz Leyendecker, who financed the construction of the museum as a tax dodge. Ignatz made his fortune in the late 1800's by defying the Banana Embargo and smuggling bananas into the country disguised as miniature squash.

The exterior of this museum was hand-painted.

This looks so wonderful, you just wanted to reach out and touch it, right? Don't bother.

Jeepers! Look at that! This perfect building in this idyllic setting...why, it just makes you want to sit down and paint the scene so that you can always remember it!

Don't bother looking at that too closely.

Feels like a clean sidewalk.

An impeccably clean sidewalk.

Touching the steps is an interesting experience, but certainly not as fulfilling as climbing them to the museum entrance.

Steps leading up to the museum entrance.

A busy New York street.

This is the taxi that brought you here.

The tree considers your question, but you're going to die of old age if you choose to wait for a response.

It feels like...a tree!

It's definitely a tree. Possibly a larch.

The tree has nothing to say to you, but it appreciates your attempt at communication.

### **Museum door**

The fabric is soft and silky.

You see that the fundraising party will begin at 7:00 P.M.

What a fine warp and woof.

Exceptionally attractive Ionic columns!

The door is locked.

WH Excuse me, Fraulein, but zis affair is by invitation only. Your papers please!

The museum doors are large and beautifully crafted.

The large museum doors are even more impressive at close range.

WH Please, Fraulein! Ve are barely knowink each other!

There is a tall, imposing gentleman guarding the door. He appears to be wearing a German military uniform.

He's a man of many scars.

WH Danke, Fraulein. I'll return zis pass when you are leafink. Enjoy yourself zis evenink.

WH I am zorry, but I haf no time to talk, Fraulein. I am ze Chief of Security, you understand. I haf much responsibility.

WH Zis affair is by invitation only, Fraulein. Your papers, please.

so impressed by the entrance to the famous Leyendecker Museum that you can barely restrain yourself from reaching out to touch it.

This is it! The entrance to the famous Leyendecker Museum.

Yes, this is definitely the entrance to the famous Leyendecker Museum.

This leads back to the sidewalk.

A lovely stained-glass window.

### **Rotunda**

The archway that leads to the rest of the museum.

It's a fine column of rare, black-travertine marble, quarried in the high Himalayan moutains.

According to legend, these multi-ton blocks of marble were carried down to civilization on the backs of trained Nepalese frogs.

Nepalese frogs are very large.

The marble is very shiny and smooth.

The Rotunda continues to the east.

The semi-happy party-goers just ignore you entirely, considering themselves high above your social standing. Since you're not a recognized member of the "in" crowd, you might as well be a ghost as far as they're concerned.

Don't touch the semi-happy party-goer.

It's a semi-happy party-goer.

That would be rude.

LB Hi! I'm Laura Bow!

Being snobbish, high-society types, these party-goers just ignore you entirely. You're simply not a part of their social circle.

These plants feel "ferny."

Potted specimens of the amazing, giant, air-fern, Fernus Giganteus Maximus.

Yes, they're definitely ferns.

You can almost feel the emptiness of this room at night, filled just a short time earlier with the

hubbub of voices during the fund-raising party. Now, only Rameses II remains, silent as always, looking out upon the world as he has done for the last two thousand years.

You can almost feel the low level of excitement in the room. Many of these party-goers have attended hundreds of fund-raising events, seeing the same people, eating the same food, talking about the same things, and generally leading very dreary high-society lives.

It's the center of the Leyendecker Museum Rotunda, dominated by the colossal bust of the Pharaoh Rameses II.

As you study everything in this room, you feel like you're being watched...then you realize that the enormous eyes of Rameses II seem to be scrutinizing your every movement.

The front doors to the museum are thisaway.

The museum doors are locked.

The food and champagne look good, but you're trying to stay on a diet, so you make the wise decision to leave them alone.

The buffet tables are heaped with food, champagne, and water.

The tablecloth is dusted with bread crumbs and stained with grease, champagne, grape juice, and water.

You'd like to reach out and touch the Rameses bust, but decide it would be improper to touch the exhibit.

It's a colossal bust of the Pharaoh Rameses II, discovered at the Ramesseum, his mortuary temple on the Nile's West Bank opposite present-day Luxor. The complete Rameses statue stood nearly 60 feet tall and weighed more than 1,000 tons.

Presumably, Rameses was not this large in life, although many people have stated that Rameses had a big head.

Looking at a small portion of the big head really doesn't do justice to the immense size of the statue, but you can see that the bust was sculpted with extreme care, almost as if the sculptor's life depended on it...which it did.

Don't be greedy. You don't need another water glass.

Neatly stacked water glasses. Some are full, some are empty. As a wise man once said, "Even empty water glasses have their uses."

The Rotunda continues on to the west.

It's the center of the Leyendecker Museum Rotunda, dominated by the colossal bust of the Pharaoh Rameses II.

It's an alcove occupied by a very impressive urn that contains the ashes of the deceased architect of the Leyendecker Museum, Arvin Slatherlord Loudermilk III. The extra-large size urn had to be specially built to accommodate Loudermilk's massive ego.

You see the name, Arvin Slatherlord Loudermilk III, engraved on the urn in the alcove.

It's a bench.

It's a marble bench.

The Rotunda extends to the east.

The happy party-goers just ignore you entirely, considering themselves high above your social standing. Since you're not a recognized member of the "in" crowd, you might as well be a ghost as far as they're concerned.

Don't touch the happy party-goer.  
It's a happy party-goer.

It's a buffet table loaded with food.  
The food is free of bugs, if that's what you were worried about.

It's an alcove occupied by a giant urn. The giant urn is occupied by the cremated remains of Ignatz Leyendecker, who financed the construction of the museum.  
The urn is engraved with the name of Ignatz Leyendecker.

It's the doorway to the Gift Shoppe.

The fanatically-happy party-goers just ignore you entirely. Not only are they high-society snobs, but they're so intent on pretending to have a hysterically-good time that they don't even notice you.

Don't touch the fanatically-happy party-goer.  
It's a fanatically-happy party-goer.

LB Hi! You're having such a good time, I thought I'd introduce myself. I'm Laura Bow of the New Orleans Bows.  
The fanatically-happy snobs just ignore you entirely. They're having so much fun, you're sure they're putting on an act to impress their friends.

This is the eastern portion of the Leyendecker Museum Rotunda.  
To the west, you can see more of the Museum rotunda.

### **Museum Gift Shoppe**

Fearful of breaking it, you decide not to touch it.

You can't reach the tops of the shelves. You'll never know if they're dusty or not.  
You can't see the tops of the shelves. You are suddenly consumed with a burning curiosity about whether or not they're dusty.

They are ancient books from Mesopotamia. You're surprised the paper held up for this long.  
Goodness, those books must be at least 3,000 years old. One appears to be a cookbook. That one looks like a book on etiquette. What does this one say? The Book of the Dead? Hmm, all cultures must have one.

You squint at the partially-exposed, first page of the Book of the Dead. You took Mesopotamian 101 for your language requirement at the University, so you decide to practice. The first page says:  
Nosferatos, Alememnon, Conda. Weegie, Conda.  
That translates out to: "My Fish Dances in the Parking Lot"?!  
Well, maybe not. Your Mesopotamian is rustier than you thought. You decide not to read the rest of the page.

These are replicas of early twelfth-century, Celtic, insect-trapping pottery.

Laura, you'd never steal!  
It's the cash register.

This is the counter where the counter counts the money.  
Hmm, nice and clean.

You can't touch the daggers on display in the locked case.  
It looks just like the Dagger of Amon Ra. Isn't it beautiful!  
The dagger shows Pittsburgh's high degree of craftsmanship.

My, the floor is cold. No wonder they put a rug on it.  
How lovely, a black-onyx floor! That must have cost the museum a fortune.

That looks like a Peruvian footed-vessel. It has a picture of a bat painted on the inside of the bowl.  
The bat on the inside of the bowl is smiling!

WH Fraulein! Zis Gift Shop is closed! You should not be here!

LB Oh, I'm sorry. The door was unlocked.

WH UNLOCKED! My assistant will be disciplined harshly for zis mistake!

WH Please rejoin ze party now, or I will be forced to injure you.

What a beautiful painting of the mask of Tutankhamen. You wish you had the money to buy it.

It's an ancient, Argentinian, gall-stone bowl.

You think about examining the gall-stone bowl more closely, but decide against it. You don't really want to know.

They appear to be broken pots of some kind; probably authentic artifacts. Or, maybe someone just dropped them.

They still look like broken pots.

These appear to be copies of ancient, Egyptian artifacts. They seem to be nicely crafted.

On each piece, you can see a tiny stamp that says: Faux Egyptian Artifacts, Crafted With Care by Hakim Rashad Hassan Ali Bozorg and Sons.

This appears to be the Museum's sale shelf. Some of the items still have Christmas tags on them. The tags say; "Christmas, 1916". Oh, dear!

These are food containers from New Guinea. You wonder what they used to hold.

Hmm, the food containers are labelled. They say: "Fruit, Grain, Pickled Elbows, Dried Toes..."  
You decide not to read any more.

These vessels appear to be replicas of seventh-century, Welsh, condiment pots, made for export to Ireland.

There's an inscription on each of the pots which reads: "These vessels were made by Welsh craftsmen. We make better castles than you do, and our flag has a griffin on it."

These are replicas of fifth-century, Norman, bathroom vessels. The Normans were ahead of their time.

I've seen quite enough of those, thank you.

These odd-shaped vessels were crafted by the Squishy People of South America. They were very artistically inclined, it would seem.

There's a tiny card next to the pots which reads: The Squishy People, so named for their love of mud, were a tribe of artists. They lived in relative peace with their neighbors, the Gallery People, until the Gallery People demanded too high a percentage of cashews for selling the

Squishy People's work for them.

In a community huff, the Squishy People moved to Greenwich Village, New York, where they dwell to this day.

It's a replica of the famous bust of Nefertiti. You've always wondered if the paint wore off, or if the queen really had white eyes.

Some native craftsman did an excellent job of painting the bust. You can barely make out the signature...

It says, "Painted with Pride by Sam the Sham". Hey, that's not an Egyptian name!

It's the museum's "bargain version" of the bust of Nefertiti. It doesn't look that bad, except for the huge nose.

Somebody was painting outside the lines.

This pot was made by Tlongit, a Weezneck who didn't believe that purple pots protected anyone from moose. He was considered a renegade.

The tiny card next to the pot says: "Tlonget was trampled to death by a herd of 40 angry moose."

This shelf holds ancient Haitian feather jars. The tablet next to the jars looks Egyptian. Hmm, it bears some sort of inscription.

The tablet says: "She who reads this cursed tablet is doomed to be eaten by a thousand-voracious scarabs."

Oops!

The big, blue pots are ancient-Sicilian, ceremonial cookie-jars. The little, brown pots are ancient-Sicilian, ceremonial olive-holders.

These pots were evidently used in the worship of the goddess Tolhousia Pimentosis.

These lovely vessels are from all over the Orient. Aren't they beautiful!

Some of the vessels have birds on them, some have butterflies, and some have bamboo. How exotic, most of them were made in Hong Kong!

This is a replica of the pottery made by the Weezneck Indians of southern Ontario. All their pottery was purple, because they believed that moose are terrified by purple things. They used to set the purple pots all around their campsites to ward off potential attacks by angry moose.

It didn't work.

What a nice, smooth glaze on that pot.

You can't touch the daggers on display in the locked case.

It looks just like the Dagger of Amon Ra. Isn't it beautiful!?!

The dagger shows a high degree of craftsmanship.

This is a piece of cheese found in the wreckage of Pompeii. It was buried under tons of volcanic ash, and eventually it turned to stone. In the mid-eighteen-hundreds, it was found by a cheesemaker named Zorba, who painted it red and used it as his shop sign.

t's too bad the cheese is painted. Now you'll never know if it was gouda, or baby swiss.

Be careful what you touch in here. If you break it, you've bought it.

This would appear to be the Museum gift shop. Wonderful and fascinating artifacts line the walls.

The cases are filled with treasures; replicas of some of the beautiful things found in the Leyendecker.

This room certainly deserves a close examination, but not right here.



Hmm, nice weave.

What a beautiful Art Deco rug. You almost hate to walk on it.  
The rug is nice and clean.

This case holds beautiful, museum replicas.

It's a painting of the Pharaoh Uberspameton hunting geese in the springtime with his hounds and his son, Nyet.

The Rotunda stretches off in this direction.

### **Mastodont Exhibit**

You've failed the copy protection! I'm so ashamed by this turn of events that I refuse to go any further.

Now is a poor time to be reassembling this skeleton.

The museum staff have labelled this a "Struthiomimus," literally "Ostrich Mimic."

In every respect, it appears to be untampered-with and normal.

Sorry, Rex is the only talking prehistoric creature in the Museum.

It's cold, hard, and rough. The molars seem to be well-affixed.

From here, you can see the mastodon's molars.

The mastodon skull appears as normal as a prehistoric skeleton can be. The teeth show no evidence of cavities or other orthodontic disorders.

If the mastodon has any clues to offer, it ain't talking.

The floor is cold, hard, and dirty...no place for a young woman's fingertips!

The cold marble floor peers back at you, almost mockingly, giving up none of the secret machinations it has seen in the past few hours. Oh, if only floors could speak!

Even an exacting examination of the floor turns up nothing out of the ordinary.

Please do not touch, mar or steal the exhibits. Thank you!

Ah, a very nice specimen of Eohippus, somewhat flatter than it appeared in real life.

As you carefully examine the fossilized remains of the Eohippus, you cannot help but reflect on how brief our lifespans are in relation to the age of the Earth.

You sigh heavily at the existentialism of it all. Then you return to your investigation.

It says nothing. Either it's long dead or it simply doesn't want to get involved.

Although you're not supposed to touch the exhibits, your investigation forces you to make some compromises. However, your physical inspection of the mastodon reveals nothing.

This is a Mastodon, one of the early mammals. Technically, the Mastodon is not a dinosaur at all, but since they date back to prehistory, they're included in the exhibit.

This particular example of the order Proboscidea is the *Mammut americanus*, or North American Mastodon. The chief feature which distinguishes this shaggy beast from the Elephant and the woolly mammoth are its molar teeth.

Under close inspection, you can see that this pile of bones could indeed be assembled to resemble the skeleton of a mastodon. Determining whether or not the reproduction is at all accurate is beyond your expertise.

Sorry, it's dead.

And even if it weren't, it wouldn't tell you anything you wanted to hear.

Please do not touch, smear or abscond with the displays. Thank you!

This is an Archaeopteryx.

Correction: this USED to be an Archaeopteryx.

Even in closeup, this is nothing more than a fossilized Archaeopteryx.

If it could talk, which it can't, it would probably be saying, "Help, I'm millions of years old and I can't get up!"

This feels like part of the Mastodon Exhibit.

This is the Mastodon Exhibit.

A close examination verifies that this is part of the Mastodon Exhibit.

Despite its fearsome teeth, you touch the skull of the prehistoric creature. You discover nothing.

This is an Eryops skull. Such a large-capacity mandible and teensy-capacity cranium!

In every apparent respect, this is a perfectly normal million-year-old chunk of a prehistoric creature's endoskeleton.

If it could talk, it would be saying, "Come closer, soft little human, and I'll whisper something in your ear."

The Dinosaur Exhibit continues in this direction, leading to the room with the great, hanging Pterodactyl.

You yank firmly on the rigid support. Yep, it's rigid and firm.

These rigid supports help shore up the delicately-assembled tuskulature.

A rigid-metal structure, held together with standard 1/4" lug nuts, dirty but in perfectly good shape.

The wall is smooth and cool...rather like some of the gentlemen you've met recently.

There's nothing particularly exciting about this stretch of blank wall.

You methodically examine the wall, but you turn up no clues.

### **Pterodactyl exhibit**

They're part of the diorama; you can't take the baby Triceratops.

In this diorama, two baby Triceratops are emerging from their eggs. Viewing this quaint, domestic scene causes a slight twinge right in your maternal instincts.

Under your closest scrutiny, they're still nothing more than models of baby Triceratops.

The ceiling is very high in this room. Beyond the hanging Pterodactyl is a metal catwalk.

This door leads to the Mastodon section of the Dinosaur exhibit.

You go over the doorway inch by inch, but find nothing.

You can't take the eggs.

The eggs, like the plot, have hatched.

Although the eggs look authentic from a distance, up close they appear fake.

The Pterodactyl is too far overhead for you to reach.

Suspended overhead by thin wires, the Pterodactyl frozen in mid-swoop presents a most horrific tableau.

Looking at the Pterodactyl from here through the magnifying glass is pointless.

You fingers play gracefully over the contours of the Pterodactyl Exhibit room.

You're in the Pterodactyl portion of the Dinosaur Exhibit.  
Even up close, the museum room exudes an atmosphere of quiet studiousness ...with a slightly sinister undertone.

It's neither valuable enough, useful enough, nor artistic enough for you to bother taking it with you.  
It's a painting of a Spinosaur. The painting is accurate and workmanly, with little regard for nuance or emotion.

It's a very BIG painting of a Spinosaur.

The Struthiomimus is just an innocent bystander in this mystery. Please don't disturb it.  
A fairly accurate model of Struthiomimus, or "Ostrich-mimic."

Up close, this is an impressively realistic model. The animal's hide appears to be either very real or a spectacular fake, and the stitch marks are beautifully hidden. You find nothing that arouses your suspicions.

The male and female Triceratops look every inch the proud parents.  
Looking carefully, you determine that the models in the diorama are very well-made.

This doorway leads to the Medieval Armor exhibit.  
You look closely, but the doorway is clueless. Hopefully, this isn't the case with you, too.

### **Tyrannosaurus Rex Exhibit**

Don't be greedy. You can't fit more than one of these huge bones into your little purse.  
A sign on this dinosaur bone display says: "PLEASE TOUCH." Either these bones feel lonely, or the museum wants you to learn more about the bones by coming into close personal contact with them.

The remaining bones are too small to hold your interest.  
The dinosaur bone is fossilized, but you can still make out the porous structure of the calcium.  
Ooooooh....

This dinosaur feels like a sauropod. You're not sure how you know that. Perhaps your father told you what sauropods felt like when you were a child.  
A small sign identifies this dinosaur as an IGUANODON, which means, "Iguana Tooth." However, from the Tyrannosaurus Rex's point of view, this dinosaur could be identified as, "dinner."  
An Iguanodon, up-close and personal.

Although you're tempted to touch the painting, you think better of it.  
A fine painting of a mighty BRONTOSAURUS, the "Thunder Lizard." This huge creature, with its tiny brain, is currently the subject of a controversy...  
Dr. Earl Douglass, from the Carnegie Museum of Natural History, believes that current Brontosaurus displays have the wrong heads mounted on their skeletons.  
However, Dr. Othniel Marsh, who originally discovered the Brontosaurus, believes that the heads on current displays are correct. Only time, and more fossil evidence, will conclusively prove which of these esteemed gentlemen is correct.

It's an oil painting.

The room feels touched by your actions.  
This room contains a marvelous dinosaur exhibit.  
A-HA!

It's a room!

Welcome to the Leyendecker Museum dinosaur display. My name is Rex, and I'd like to tell you about myself. I'm a type of dinosaur known as Tyrannosaurus Rex, which means, "King of the Tyrant Lizards."

Although I was not the largest type of dinosaur, I was the largest PREDATOR ever to walk the earth. Some of my friends were 40 feet long and weighed 8 tons, with teeth that were 6 inches long. Your modern elephants don't weigh more than 6 tons.

I lived between 250 and 65 million years ago, during a period known as the Age of Dinosaurs, also called the Mesozoic Era. The first complete skeleton of a Tyrannosaurus Rex was found just 24 years ago, in Montana, in 1902.

Although there were many meat-eating dinosaurs, I was considered the best killing-machine who ever lived. Speaking of which, I'm feeling a bit hungry. Would you like to volunteer to be my next meal?

The sign says: "PUSH BUTTON TO HEAR REX SPEAK."

A metal button embedded in a wood sign on a pedestal.

It feels like fake, leathery, reptile skin. Now, keep your hands off the displays.

It's a Tyrannosaurus Rex. His name is Rex. Isn't that clever?

It looks like an admirable reconstruction of fake, leathery, reptile skin.

You don't want to touch Rex's mouth. His teeth look sharp.

Rex has large, mean-looking teeth. His big mouth is a dark and empty hole of no particular interest, which reminds you of that obnoxious math professor you had at the university.

Rex's teeth are in excellent condition, but his gums look fake.

## **Armor Hall**

The steel armor feels smooth and cool.

Up close, the suit of armor looks scratched.

An Italian suit of armor, circa 1470. The plates are skillfully modelled. The helmet is of a type known as a "salade," introduced in Italy and Germany.

The salade helmet was elongated and pointed in the rear, normally worn with a neck and face defense called a "mentonniere."

The mentonniere's lower section was fastened to the breastplate and protected the neck while the hinged upper part cupped high enough to protect the chin, nose, and cheekbones.

The steel is very shiny.

The armor of Galiot de Genouilhac (1465-1546), distinguished member of one of the great feudal families of France, who served as a warrior under Charles VIII and was Master of Artillery for Louis XII and Francis I.

The structural features of the Genouilhac armor, dated 1527, indicate that it was made by an armorer who knew every trick of the art.

The helmet and colletin offered complete protection for the head, and every surface is curved to deflect arrow, lance, and sword.

The helmet also has vision slits, ample for sight yet narrow enough to prevent a weapon from entering. The helmet is reinforced with a forehead plate and a rondel in the nape of the neck---a weak spot in the human anatomy.

It's clear that the closed Genouilhac helmet could not be dislodged by an opponent's weapon.

This is fortunate, since combat was vigorous and it was essential to keep one's armor on to avoid the inconvenience of losing a limb...or one's life.

The armor of Alessandro Farnese, Duke of Parma, circa 1570. It was made by Lucio Piccinino, Master Armorer of the Renaissance. Elaborately decorated, this fine suit was presented to Archduke Ferdinand of the Tirol in 1579, who kept it at Castle Ambras.

Looking closely at the helmet, you see the stamped mark of the armorer, Lucio Piccinino. By the depth of the stamp in the metal, you can tell that it was marked while the steel was still hot.

Surviving examples of Fourteenth Century armor are rare. This armor is from Chalcis, circa 1400, showing a decorative fabric covering riveted to the plates. It has a fine globose brigandine with a deep skirt built of large, shaped plates.

The sword belt is studded with gems, nicely complementing the mirror-like finish of the armor.

A fine example of Maximilian armor, made in Germany in 1505. The steel has a characteristic silvery color. Maximilian armor was first used in Milan, which set the fashion for all Europe in matters of dress and armor.

The surface fluting gave increased strength without extra weight.

Maximilian armor, Germany, circa 1514. Made for a man about six-feet, four-inches tall, with a chest measurement of fifty-four inches. Knights came in all sizes, and some suits of armor were for knights seven-feet tall.

The armor bears the mark of Seusenhofer, armorer to the court of Emperor Maximilian, who was familiar with the hardening of steel so that it could not be pierced by a crossbow bolt.

The armor of Anne de Montmorency, Constable of France, worn at the Battle of Saint-Quentin on August 10, 1577. Thin and comparatively light, fifty pounds, it was worn by a man of sixty-four years, which was quite old for that time.

This armor is a three-quarters fighting suit. Its illustrious occupant met his death at the siege of Saint-Denis in 1567, at which time the armor came into the possession of the first Earl of Pembroke, who led the English knights into battle.

The helmet bears the monogram of Anne de Montmorency, Constable of France, who was a companion to five kings of France.

The helmet on this Italian suit of armor, circa 1460, is interesting because it's a "barbute," which lacked protection for the lower part of the face.

The barbute is sometimes called the "barbute-sallet" because, like the Fifteenth Century sallet, it doesn't enclose the whole head, offering most of its protection to the top.

Unlike the barbute, however, the sallet is often characterized by a reinforced forehead plate and an elongated, pivoted nape defense.

It is, however, difficult to differentiate between the barbute, the sallet, and the basinet. The shallow barbute resembles the sallet, while the deep barbute resembles the basinet.

Then again, who really cares?

The helmet bears the stamp of the Venetian Republic, the lion of St. Mark, impressed near the lower-right front border, implying that it belonged to the Arsenal of Venice.

There are a few spots of blood on the floor.

The blood is red and almost dry. There seems to have been a struggle here.

While it was fun to lock the door, you think better of it at this time, since it might annoy the museum staff.

An authentic wood door from an authentic English castle. Although weakened by its extreme age, the door and its locking bolt seem sturdy enough to repel any invaders who might storm the Leyendecker Museum.

The chest feels like wood...and you get a small splinter in your finger when you rub your hand over the carvings.

An empty chest from the Fifteenth Century. Although the carvings on the exterior are crude, cut into the wood by someone with little talent or ability for wood carving, the chest now resides in a museum...simply because it's old.

Kind of makes you stop and think, doesn't it?

The carvings on the chest depict gnomes leaping through shrubbery.

Seems rather strange to be petting a dog wearing armor, doesn't it?

A house pet tastefully prepared for battle in Sixteenth Century armor.

A close look at the armor reveals a heraldic device of a fierce beaver rampant on a chevron above the motto: "Forward." A small label indicates that this Scottish dog armor belonged to Lord Balfour, First Earl of Fife.

A heraldic flag of the late Twelfth Century, decorated with fleur-de-lis.

Flags existed well before the development of heraldry but, by the time that heraldry was becoming systematized, some flags were so large that they were mounted on wagons in order to be displayed and transported.

This striped heraldic banner belonged to Sir Hors D'Oeuvres, the French Baron of Beef. His family motto, on the upper part of his banner, was: "Hors de Combat" which, although it sounded fierce, actually meant, "Out of the battle."

This was not a family known for its fierce warriors, although it did produce several excellent interior designers.

The first banner of the Earl of Scarborough-Fair, the upper portion of which is decorated with sprigs of parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme.

Their family motto was: "Murus aeneus conscientia fana," which translates to: "A found conscience is a wall of brass."

Don't ask what it means.

The banner of the Marquess of Stafford. The motto, on a scroll at the top of the flag, reads:

"Frangas non flectes," which means, "You may break, but shall not bend me."

The Marquess of Stafford was considered a very stubborn and inflexible person.

The banner of the Earl of Roslyn, who placed the following Latin motto over his family crest:

"Illeso Lumine Solem," which means, "View with sight unhurt the meridian sun."

After he wrote the motto for his banner, the Earl of Roslyn went blind from staring at the sun too much.

The banner of the Viscount Maynard. While some mottoes were battle cries or expressions of loyalty, others referred to a badge device or crest associated with the bearer's family.

The motto on this flag is: "Manus justa nardus," which means, "The just hand is like a precious ointment." This is a reference to the hand appearing in their coat of arms, as well as to their family name.

This is one of several flags of the Baron of Winchilsea-on-Avon, who could never make up his mind which banner he preferred. Their family motto was: "Nil conscire sibi," which translates into English as: "Conscious of no guilt."

Apparently they were only guilty when they were unconscious.

Mottoes could be constantly changed or abandoned at the pleasure of the arms bearer. This banner, identified with the English Baron of Bath, shows signs of having had its motto changed several times.

Some of the Baron of Bath's motto attempts translated as: "Take a Bath," "We enjoy a hot Bath," "We need a Bath," and "Don't forget to wash behind your ears."

After thirty years of indecision, they finally settled on: "You need a Bath," which declared their view of how much the King needed the support of their family.

The Earl of Carlisle's motto at the top of this flag reads: "Volo non valeo," which means, "Willing, but not able."

This unique banner, which belonged to the Earl of Cholmondeley, bears the motto: "Virtus tutissima caffis," which means, "Virtue is the surest helmet."

Unfortunately, the Earl didn't live very long after he came up with this motto. He lost his mind when a common footsoldier kicked him in the head after he fell off his horse. He was wearing full plate armor, except for his helmet.

His friends had warned him about not wearing a helmet, but the Earl was known to be quite headstrong. Addled by the blow to his head, the Earl walked straight into the River Thames. Since plate armor doesn't float very well, the Earl of Cholmondeley immediately sank to the bottom of the river and was never seen again. In fact, he's probably still there.

They're too high for you to reach.

They're too high for you to magnify.

There is a door with a transom in the distance.

This leads to the north end of the Medieval Armor exhibit and, beyond it, the Egyptian exhibit.

A painting of "The Black Prince as a Fierce Baby" by Ed Boticelli, circa 1560. The cheap wood frame is by the Leyendecker Museum, circa 1925.

The suit of armor feels like cold steel and it sounds hollow.

The suit of armor is empty.

No matter how closely you look, you see nothing at all in the suit of armor.

The entrance to the Ancient Egypt exhibit.

The doorway to the Dinosaur exhibit.

The room seems to give gently under the pressure of your fingertips ...but no, it's just an illusion...as are so many other things in life.

This is the Medieval Armor Exhibit in a representation of an English castle's Great Hall.

You note with awe the incredible amount of minute detail in the construction of the room.

This doorway leads to the Life Mask exhibit.

Feels like NICE material!

A rare, Seventeenth-Century, English tapestry which tells the story of Teutonic warrior cockroaches that crossed into England from Germany and besieged the castle of Roachford-on-Essex.

Although the cockroaches managed to storm the castle walls after a ninety-day siege, the knights of the castle managed to squash the invaders when they reached the castle's Inner

Keep.

Since that great battle, the castle of Roachford-on-Essex has been free of cockroaches.

Unfortunately, it has also been free of humans...

...One year after the great battle, everyone in the castle died of the Plague. Shortly afterward, the castle fell into disrepair and sank into the swamp.

Nice warp and woof in the fabric.

It's too high for you to reach.

A round, periwinkle-blue window, of a type often called a "rose" window.

It's too high for you to examine with the magnifying glass.

Chalcis armor, circa 1400. This specimen is unique, since surviving examples of Fourteenth

Century armor are quite rare. It seems to be guarding the door.

The Chalcis armor has a mirror-like finish. Someone took good care of it.

Maximilian armor from Germany, circa 1514. Very impressive.

The armor bears the mark of Seusenhofer, armorer to the court of Emperor Maximilian.

The armor of Anne de Montmorency, Constable of France, worn at the Battle of Saint-Quentin in 1577. At fifty pounds, it was comparatively light. This was necessary since its occupant was sixty-four years old.

The helmet bears the monogram of the Constable of France, Anne de Montmorency.

A sturdy chair, probably placed there by Ernie at the request of one of the museum docents who wanted a place to sit down while answering questions about the exhibit.

Nice wood grain pattern. Probably real wood.

The battle flag of the Earl of Roslyn.

The battle flag of the Viscount Maynard.

One of the battle flags of the Baron of Winchilsea-on-Avon, whose family motto was: "Conscious of no guilt." Nobody trusted him.

One of the battle flags of the Baron of Bath, who changed his family motto several times.

Translated from the Latin, some of his early mottoes were: "Take a Bath," "We enjoy a hot Bath," "We need a Bath," and "Don't forget to wash behind your ears."

After thirty years of indecision, the Bath family finally decided on: "You need a Bath," which declared their view of how much the King needed the support of their family.

This leads to the celebrated Egyptian Exhibit.

It's the exit to the Ancient Egypt exhibit.

The whole room is cold to the touch. Must be the stone and metal that predominate the area.

This is the rear portion of the Medieval Armor exhibit hall, a masterful reconstruction of a Great Room from an English castle.

The room itself is totally without a clue.

More examples of Medieval armor may be found in this direction.



The transom is too high for you to reach while standing on the floor.  
It's the traditional sort of hinged transom that can be opened and closed for ventilation. It seems to have a lot of dust on it, as if it hasn't been used in a long time.  
It's too high to view it with the magnifying glass.  
There's a thick coating of dust on the transom.

The door is locked. When you touch the doorknob, you get a heavy coating of dust all over the palm of your hand.  
It's an unmarked wood door with faded flecks of white paint on it.  
On close inspection of the door, you see two heavily faded words that were painted on the door at eye level, although some of the letters in the words are totally unreadable: "EM\_L\_YE\_S  
O\_\_Y".

### **Life Mask Exhibit**

The head is attractive, but you'd never stoop to stealing.  
What fine craftsmanship!

The floor has a pleasing geometric-pattern on it.

The head looks like that of a North American Plains Indian. You've read many exciting stories about the American Indian.

This appears to be the head of an Eskimo. You wonder if they really do use every part of a seal.  
A head from Algeria. Imagine!

This head is from Arabia. Your thoughts are suddenly filled with Tales of the Arabian Nights.  
The South American head has strong, regular features.

It's the head of an Australopithecus man. Poor little fellow! The plaque says there were animal tooth marks in his skull.

It's the head of an Australian Aborigine. He looks elemental and wise.

The head is a lifecast of a denizen of Central Africa. You suddenly remember that the Africans developed bronze casting techniques hundreds of years before the Europeans.

The head is from Brazil. It reminds you of your Great-Aunt Marjorie who went to Brazil to treat her brain fever, and never came back.

This head is from England. You ponder whether or not he always looked so grim.

This head is French Canadian. You wonder if French Canadians are anything like Creoles and Cajuns.

This head is from the Cape region of Africa.

This head is from China. You'd love to visit China someday.

It's the head of a Cro-Magnon man. My, how people have changed.

This head from Greenland somewhat resembles the head from Alaska.

This head is from India. You close your eyes, smelling the incense, hearing the temple bells...

This person lived off the Ivory Coast. How exciting!

This head is from Japan. You wonder if he was a Samurai.

The plaque says that this is The Missing Link. Well, he's hardly missing if he's right here on the wall!

The head is from Mongolia. You've heard that the Mongols would have taken over the world, if their ponys' legs hadn't been so short.

This head is from the Mozambique area of Africa. How exotic!  
It's the head of a Neanderthal man. He looks so brutish!  
The Panamanian head looks a little worried.  
It's the head of a Ramapithecus man.  
A head from Eastern Europe. You think of Romania, Turkey...Gypsies!  
This head is from the Russian Steppes.  
This is the head of a Smeltdown Man. You've heard rumors that Smeltdown Man just may be a hoax.

You gently palpate the room, and the diagnosis is normal.  
This is the Life Mask exhibit. You haven't seen this many dead-looking, expressionless faces since your accounting class at the university.  
Seems to be covered with a paint-like substance. Probably paint. Appears to have been applied quite some time ago. Hmmmmm.

This leads to the Medieval Armor exhibit.

## **Egypt Exhibits**

You've already done enough damage for one day. Leave it alone.  
LB Oops.

Congratulations! You've cracked the case of the Dagger of Amon Ra.  
It looks remarkably like a glass case in the shape of a pyramid. A small card informs you that this case contained the famous Dagger of Amon Ra, which is now missing.  
This is the space formerly occupied by a pyramid-shaped glass case, which some clumsy tourist has knocked off its pedestal. The broken remains of the case are on the floor.  
On the top of the pedestal, you see two imprints. One imprint is in the shape of the Dagger of Amon Ra, while the other imprint is where the edge of the glass case used to rest before you broke it.  
Although there are a few scratches on the glass case, there are no signs of forced entry into the display. There aren't even any fingerprints.

Don't touch the shards of glass. They're sharp. You might cut yourself...or you could put an eye out...or any of a number of other things could happen that your mother warned you about when you were little and everything in your life was dangerous.

Don't touch the sharp pieces of glass. You might cut yourself.

You touch the glass case, leaving a smudged fingerprint.

The mummified corpse of Amenophis III, also known as Amenhotep III, or Memnon by the Greeks.  
He built large temples to Amon Ra, both at Karnak and at Luxor.

In the fifth year of his reign, Amenophis marched into Nubia to quell a mighty rebellion. He also ruled over the Mesopotamians, since his kingdom was quite large.

We also know that Amenophis was a mighty hunter who slew 102 lions during the first 10 years of his reign...in his spare time.

Now he's dead.

You closely examine the glass case, revealing the scratches caused by a few clumsy tourists, but nothing else of interest.

The placard says: "This is a granite stele depicting Horus and Thoth, found in the Temple of Amon Ra. This stele was modified during the reign of the pharaoh, Akhenaten, then restored

during the reign of Tutankhamen."

At close range, you see large words on paper.

When you give the pillar a push, the only effect you have is to move a few molecules of stone, which seems rather dull, so you stop doing it.

An Egyptian-style pillar.

A close look shows you grainy limestone.

In a clever attempt at realism, the pyramid is constructed of limestone. The surface feels rough when you touch it.

This pyramid is a model of the Great Pyramid of Cheops (Khufu) as it appears today. Originally, the entire surface of the pyramid was covered with smooth, polished limestone. This covering has worn away over time to reveal the stepped surface we see now.

The base of the Great Pyramid covers 13 acres and was built with over two million stones to a height of 480 feet. Construction took 30 to 50 years.

A close look at the pyramid shows you the grainy texture of limestone, which you find highly educational.

You can't take that. It's museum property.

This is part of the Ancient Egypt exhibit.

This is a magnified part of the Ancient Egypt exhibit.

The Medieval Armor exhibit is in the room to the South.

Don't touch the exhibit.

This is a granite stele depicting Horus and Thoth, found in the Temple of Amon Ra. This stele was modified during the reign of the pharaoh, Akhenaten, then restored during the reign of Tutankhamen.

The granite is cracked.

The stele feels like it's made of granite.

A sepulchral stele found in a tomb of the Sixth Dynasty. It tells the story of Una, born during the reign of King Teta, who served under Teta's successor, Pepi. Una died during the reign of King Mer-en-Ra, "full of days and honor."

The granite is cracked.

The Egyptian exhibit extends westward from here.

The glass in the window is cool to the touch. Since the window is sealed shut, you are unable to open it.

A sturdy window that looks out on the city of New York.

The glass is smooth and clean. No dirt, fingerprints, or scratches are visible.

This is the Ur-Uatchti, a winged solar disk with two uraei---the goddess Nekhebet on the right, and Buto on the left. According to one myth, Horus assumed the form of the solar disk to protect himself from the evil god Set.

The winged disk is too high to see clearly through the magnifying glass.

Ironically, there's a gold ankh medallion, the ancient Egyptian symbol of life, resting in the pool of blood.

A close look reveals the initials, "P.S.", inscribed in the back of the bloody ankh.

You lightly touch the blood with your finger. It's wet.  
There's a pool of blood on the floor.  
It's definitely blood. Most of it is still liquid, but some of it is already starting to dry.

To the other half of the Ancient Egypt exhibit.  
Don't touch that footprint. You could smear it and ruin the evidence.  
There's a narrow red footprint from a woman's high-heeled shoe on the floor.  
Apparently the shoe's owner stepped in some of the blood. It apparently belongs to a dainty foot.

The previous occupant seems to have vacated this mummy case.  
A mummy coffin built during the XIXth Dynasty. Inside and outside, both coffin and cover are decorated with large figures of gods, vignettes and inscriptions from the BOOK OF THE DEAD, as well as emblems and decorations painted in bright colors.  
A close look reveals brightly-painted scenes of the deceased playing a board game with Amon Ra, water skiing with the goddess Sekhmet, and drinking at a tavern with Thoth, the god of wisdom.  
In essence, these painted scenes served the purpose of candid family photos, even though they never actually happened. Armed with these "snapshots," the deceased could try and con his way safely through the Underworld to meet the gods themselves.  
Usually the gods had good memories, and would never remember meeting the deceased, whose soul would then die of embarrassment.

The mummy case is sealed shut, as it has remained for over 2,000 years.  
An outer mummy coffin, whose cartouches identify the occupant as Hatshepsut, the female pharaoh, daughter of Thothmes I. The inner coffin is located to the right of this one.  
The exterior of this coffin is gilded and inlaid with lapis lazuli in a pleasing esthetic pattern.

A peek into the mummy case reveals that Pippin's body has been removed.  
An inner mummy coffin which was contained in the exterior mummy coffin to the left. Identified from the cartouches on both coffins, the occupant was probably Hatshepsut, the female pharaoh, daughter of Thothmes I.  
Hatshepsut built the magnificent tomb-temple at Deir-el-Bahri and ruled for 20 years with her lover, Senmut.  
At her death, Hatshepsut's successor tried to erase all memory of her by destroying her statues and obliterating her name from her various monuments.  
The mummy coffin is made of gilded wood painted with bright, colorful scenes from Hatshepsut's life.

It's relatively smooth for a limestone column.  
A minor column from the Temple of Amon Ra; one of the few not decorated in gold.  
The column is made from limestone, possibly from the quarries at Aswan, Egypt, according to the small, descriptive card at the base of the column.

The papyrus crinkles when you touch it.  
This placard describes the full translated text on the Rosetta Stone, which still resides in the British Museum.  
In summary, the text records the decree made at Canopus, by the priesthood, in honor of the Pharaoh Ptolemy III, Euergetes I, who reigned from 247 to 222 B.C.  
The decree discusses the great benefits which the pharaoh had conferred on Egypt, and states what festivals are to be celebrated in his honor, concluding with orders that a copy of the decree, in hieroglyphics, demotic, and Greek, shall be placed in every large temple in Egypt.

To maintain a sense of realism, the watermark says that this Rosetta Stone text was printed on papyrus, the equivalent of the paper of ancient Egypt. Apparently it was cheaper than printing the translation on a piece of black basalt.

The limestone has a rough texture.

A model of the stepped pyramid of Saqqara, believed to be the oldest Egyptian pyramid.

Construction of this pyramid was decreed by the Pharaoh Zoser of the Third Dynasty, and built by the architect, Imhotep, who is probably the most important builder in Egyptian history.

Originally, the structure was a simple mastaba of coarse rubble cased with white limestone above a square pit, but was later heightened into a stepped pyramid with six levels.

With a nice touch of authenticity, the model was built of limestone.

Although it's made of limestone, this pyramid has a smooth surface texture.

The stepped pyramid of Goffhotep, built during the Fourth Dynasty and located near Oakhurstia, the ancient Egyptian capitol on the Nile River.

Known for his strange ideas, the Pharaoh Goffhotep had this pyramid built in such a way that it was honeycombed with rooms that could be rented out to travellers, thereby paying for the awesome costs of its construction.

Popular as a resort destination, the Goffhotep Pyramid Hotel was renowned for its revitalizing qualities. The hotel's public relations department promoted the energizing powers of the pyramid shape, emphasizing the way cosmic forces were channelled through every room in the hotel.

An ancient hotel brochure, printed on a sturdy piece of papyrus, declares that an overnight stay at the Goffhotep Pyramid can "bring the dead back to life," which helps to explain the numerous mummies found in the pyramid by modern archaeologists.

While the Goffhotep Pyramid Hotel was an interesting experiment, it never recouped the massive costs of its construction. While it was moderately popular among the tourist trade, sophisticated travellers preferred rooms with windows, which the Goffhotep did not have.

The Goffhotep Pyramid Hotel is made of rough limestone. A tiny sign reads: "Budget rates. An ankh on every sleeping mat. Free cosmic forces in every room. Approved by the Amon Ra Travel Association."

Now you're just grasping at straws.

You're in the Ancient Egypt exhibit at the Leyendecker Museum.

This is a magnified piece of the Ancient Egypt exhibit room.

The highly-polished surface feels smooth and cold to your touch.

The card identifies the slab of black basalt as the Rosetta Stone. Hieroglyphs and letters from the English alphabet are clearly engraved on the stone.

The Rosetta Stone was found by a French artillery officer among the ruins of Fort Saint Julien, near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile River, in 1799. It came into the possession of the British Government after the capitulation of Alexandria.

The Rosetta Stone, currently on loan to the Leyendecker Museum, is the key to modern translations of ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs into English text.

You notice that half of the Rosetta Stone seems to be missing from the display, replaced by a small card that reads: "Artifact 310 removed from display for research on 9/1/26 by O.M."

## **Great Masters Room**

When you touch the painting, you smear a bit of the paint as if it's still damp!

The white marble bench feels cold. You recall from your physics class that marble has a low-specific temperature.

A marble bench, provided so that patrons can sit and ponder the amount of culture oozing through the air of this room.

The bench is made of highly-polished, white Carrera marble.

You're not that tall.

You marvel at the stylish, architectural embellishments which festoon the border where the wall meets the ceiling.

It's too high to see with the magnifying glass.

Feels like a painting by Anonymous Bosch, who was known for the distinctive texture of his canvases, among other things.

A typical lighthearted painting by Anonymous Bosch, called "A Heartwarming Story," depicting dead humans being tormented by skeletons and demons in Hell.

The oil paint on the canvas is old and cracked, but you can still see the characteristic brush strokes of Anonymous Bosch, who painted with human bones instead of brushes.

Although you're an over-achiever, you're definitely reaching too high this time.

It's too dark up there to see the high-vaulted ceiling clearly.

It's too high to see with the magnifying glass, much as you'd like to.

It feels like a painting by Anonymous Bosch. Now that you've touched it, a little voice in the back of your mind reminds you that the oil from your finger could eventually DESTROY the old painting. Whoops.

An authentic re-creation, at least in Bosch's mind, of happy-go-lucky skeletons tormenting a dead king named Graham. They appear to have stolen a key from the king, which one of them is placing in their treasure barrel.

Inspecting the painting carefully, you note the bloody quality of the red pigment and recall that Bosch was known for the use of human blood in his paintings.

Nice try, but it won't work.

With careful use of the Dagger, you manage to pry the skeleton key off the Bosch painting without any serious damage.

Jeepers! The shiny key on the painting even FEELS real...probably because it is. Although you have a natural attraction to shiny objects, this one is firmly attached to the painting and obviously can't be removed by hand.

It's an actual skeleton key glued to the painting as if it's being held by one of the skeletons. That Bosch was a stickler for realism!

This skeleton key is inscribed with eerily articulated markings; the weird orthography of a long, dead tongue. It offers no clue as to what it unlocks. Pandora's Box, perhaps?

The Snake Oil would only damage the painting without removing the key.

With careful use of the wire cutters, you manage to remove the skeleton key without damaging the Bosch painting.

The glint doesn't glint when you hold your finger on it.

One of the skeletons in the Bosch painting appears to be holding an object that glints in the light.

The skeleton key is firmly affixed to the Bosch painting with glue. You are unable to pry it off with your fingers, managing only to chip one of your fingernails.

Anonymous Bosch was known for the realistic look of his paintings, and this is a fine example.

Here, a skeleton is holding a skeleton key over a barrel, which appears almost three-dimensional as it shines in the light.

On close inspection, you see that the shiny skeleton key is, in fact, real. That Bosch, what a master he was! Who else would have thought of gluing a real key to the surface of one of his paintings?

Don't touch the nudes.

One of many paintings in Michelangelo's "Battle of the Nudes" series.

You closely inspect the nudes in Michelangelo's paintings, admiring his studies of the human form.

These paintings were completed while he was still learning his trade as the apprentice to a great artist you've probably never heard of.

This leads to the Mastodon exhibit.

"Musings on Cyberspace" by John Wentworth, the Flemish Master, painted in 1533.

At close range, you notice the strong smell of oil paint. Despite the age of the painting, it seems to be in marvelous condition, as if it were painted only yesterday.

"Art is Work" by Fra Bobetto Gleasoni, painted in 1492, commissioned by Queen Isabella to keep him busy finding a new way to paint instead of discovering the New World, so that Christopher Columbus could do it instead.

Examining the painting carefully, you notice that some of the strong-smelling paint looks smeared.

"Trouble on Two Legs" by Dennis Lewis, date unknown. Painting discovered in an attic near Bordeaux, France, hidden behind a case of chocolate.

A close look makes it clear that this artist was fond of chocolate. There are chocolate chips embedded in the paint.

"Two Brothers Drinking in a Tavern" by Rick Morgan, Dutch Master, 1444.

The swirling brush strokes are characteristic of the Morgan school of painting. The cracking of the paint is characteristic of age.

"Cart Before the Horse" by Suzetto Livengoodoni, 1481.

Although the paint is old and cracking, the spirit of the artist can still be seen in the bold strokes made by the paintbrush.

"Portrait of a Young Man" by Marciello Fleming, Italian Master, 1550.

It's amazing that you can still smell the slight odor of oil paint on this canvas, as if it were painted only a week ago. Perhaps the previous owners took excellent care of the painting to preserve its delicate beauty.

This makes you feel like you're in the Old Masters Gallery.

This is the Old Masters Gallery.

You magnify the importance of the Old Masters Gallery.

It's one of seeming billions of ballerina sculptures that were made by Degas, who was something of a ballerina-fancier.

The features of the ballerina are accurate to the tiniest of details.

A fine example of neo-quasi-Italian Renaissance sculpture by Alberto Ravioli. Sculpted in 1525, the humanoid statue is called, appropriately enough, "Ruminations on Death and Dismemberment".

The humanoid sculpture is not accurate to the tiniest of details. In fact, you aren't even sure what the details are. Alberto Ravioli was still new at sculpting when he created this particular figure.

It's an expensive work of art on display in a museum. Your father would be appalled if he knew you wanted to touch it. Overcoming your temporary insanity, you change your mind.

There's something on the painting that glints in the light.

It appears to be a shiny key in the hands of one of the skeletons. Bosch was a master of realism.

To the Hall.

### **Sculpture Hall**

The Neopolitan arched doorways seem very appropriate for a gallery containing busts of Roman emperors.

Tentatively, you touch the cool bronze. It feels as smooth as it looks.

You feel a blush creeping over your face as you look at the perfect body of Rodin's famous Thinker. What perfect burnishing! You can't imagine how long it must take to create a thing of such beauty.

With a loud snap, the neck seam widens in front as you push back on the head. In the distance, you hear an echoing click.

The sculpture has a beautiful face. Its strong but sensitive lines remind you of Steve... It's amazing how lifelike his features are.

The head moves slightly when you push on the neck seam in front.

Looking a little closer, you detect a seam along the sculpture's otherwise flawless neck.

Yes, there is definitely a seam in the statue's neck. It seems to go most of the way around. There's a tiny hinge on the back of the neck.

It feels like it's part of the downstairs hallway.

The geometric pattern of the tiles on the floor, which remind you of a Late Roman mosaic, and the general style of the room with its marble statuary, is a definite reminder that you're in a museum.

This room is practically immaculate. Even under close scrutiny, you can't find any dust.

This exit will take you to Olympia's office.

What a handsome fellow! Let's see what the plaque says:

Caesar Augustus B.C. 63 - A.D. 14

Octavian, great-nephew and adopted son of Julius Caesar, he assumed the name Augustus after his sound defeat of Mark Antony left him supreme master of the Roman world.

He was the first of the true Roman Emperors (not counting Julius, who didn't live long enough to enjoy the title) and established the Pax Romana throughout the empire.

His wife murdered him with a poisoned fig.

He was a pretty nice fellow, for an emperor, and everybody missed him.

It's made of marble.

Oh, my. He looks dour. Let's see who he is:

Tiberius B.C. 42 - A.D. 37



Tiberius disliked most everyone, and practiced the strictest economy with funds devoted to public amusement. Consequently, most everyone disliked him.

Although he was perceived by the upper classes as a suspicious, ill-natured tyrant throughout his reign, he ruled the Empire with a firm, capable hand, and Rome prospered. He was most probably smothered by his nephew, Caligula, although no one is quite sure to this day.

Nobody missed him.

It's made of pitted marble.

Oh, dear. He looks somewhat dissipated. Let's read his plaque:

Caligula B.C. 37 - A.D. 41

Caligula started out a decent enough chap, but shortly after he became emperor, he was seized with a severe illness which unsettled his reason.

Consequently, his name has become a byword for frantic cruelties and insane imaginings.

The grotesque atrocities of his reign were ended when he was assassinated by the Praetorian Guard in a grimy tunnel beneath the Colosseum.

Nobody missed him, either.

It's made of fine, Corinthian marble.

There's a thoughtful-looking gentleman. What does his plaque say?

Claudius B.C. 10 - A.D. 54

Enthroned by the Praetorian Guard after the assassination of his odious nephew, Caligula, Claudius accomplished much for the empire.

Although weak and timid by nature, he proved to be a noble statesman. He built the famous Roman Aqueducts, and conducted a successful campaign against Britain.

His fourth wife murdered him with a poisoned mushroom.

She didn't miss him, but the rest of the empire did.

A close inspection reveals that this is not real marble. It's an imitation marble invented by Claudius Brutus Apollonius Biggus Blimpus Maximus, known to his friends as "Fattus Rotundus."

Fattus was ahead of his time, since the world was not yet ready for synthetic marble. Fattus also invented radar, but nobody knew what to do with it. Radar technology was then forgotten until World War II and Fattus never got any credit for it.

Fattus Rotundus died in obscurity, his genius unrecognized.

Feels like cool marble.

As much as you'd like to look in, you have no way of reaching the transom.

The transom makes you suspect that this door leads to somebody's office.

It's too high to look at with the magnifying glass.

The wall feels rough under your fingertips.

It's a rather attractive wall.

Upon close inspection, you determine that it is, indeed, a wall.

You hear muffled voices coming through the door to Yvette's office.

This doesn't look like the door to another exhibit. It looks like it probably leads to someone's office.

If only you knew whose...

### **Eastern Tower Circular Hallway**

The staircase is dimly illuminated by the lightbulb.

You can barely see a narrow, treacherous spiral staircase descending into the depths of the black stairwell.

Your magnifying glass isn't much good here. You ask yourself if you're just stalling...

Your magnifying glass doesn't help. It's just too dark to see.

You can feel a definite seam in the bricks. You detect a bit of airflow moving past your fingers through the seam.

There is definitely a seam in the bricks. You detect a bit of airflow, yes, you might even say a subtle draft emerging from the seam.

The seam in the bricks is very deep. The draft from the seam ruffles your hair as you examine the rough bricks.

The stone feels very clean.

The walls in this hallway are dark and foreboding.

Someone keeps the walls very clean around here.

The shiny, marble floor reflects your image, ghostlike, in its mottled surface.

The floor seems to be made of high-quality Italian marble. Of course, it's hard to tell these days, with all the new synthetics. Oddly enough, the portion of the floor near the central column is covered with fine scratches.

Backlit, you can read the words typed into the carbon paper: "Ernie, Big Al called to see if you could do some fencing for him next week. He says he'll make it worth your while to do a fast fencing job."

It's too dark to be read this way.

You've already changed the lightbulb.

There's no point in handling this burned-out lightbulb until you've got a good one to USE on it.

Ouch!

It's a lightbulb.

It's a burned-out lightbulb. Too bad, since this stairwell could definitely use some light.

It's definitely a lightbulb firmly screwed into a light socket.

It's definitely a burned-out lightbulb.

There's a door in that huge column!

Yes, it's definitely an open door.

Even with the lightbulb, you still can't see what's at the very bottom of the stairwell.

A soft, will-o-the-wisp glow flickers tantalizingly somewhere at the bottom of the black stairwell.

Your magnifier doesn't work at a distance.

This feels like the circular hallway of the museum's eastern tower.

You're in the circular hallway of the museum's eastern tower.

Aha! Upon close examination, you reveal a crucial fact which you had overlooked! This is **DEFINITELY** the circular hallway of the museum's eastern tower.

Oh, dear, the light bulb blew out. You hope someone will invent a reliable lightbulb one of these

days.

The stairs go down and down. If you were superstitious, you'd think they lead to the very Pit itself. The stairs are remarkably clean and free of dust. You deduce that they must be used by the museum staff frequently. How bizarre!

Feels like cool stone masonry.

Heavy stone masonry. Each block must weigh hundreds of pounds.

Up close, you're able to verify that these are big stone blocks.

You can barely make out the inside wall of the stairwell beyond the steps.

Don't touch the window---you'd merely annoy the cleaning staff.

The window is too dark to see through. You wonder what's on the other side...but you're almost glad you can't see it.

The windows are very clean, and very dark.

### **Yvette's Office**

The wood file drawer is locked. Yvette is the only person who can open it.

You admire the brushwork in the watercolor paint.

The file is locked. Besides, you don't have time to do any filing.

They're too high on the wall. Besides, you have no use for them.

A matched pair of crossed battle-axes left over from this room's previous occupant.

They're too high on the wall to be examined that way.

It's the door to President Carrington's office.

The door is made of mahogany.

That light isn't strong enough to make the message on the carbon paper readable.

You can't reach it, nor would you want to.

A ceiling lamp.

Stop that! You'll burn out your retinas trying to examine the light with a magnifying glass!

It feels like a wood chair.

It's a desk chair.

The chair is made of wood...and it smells like Yvette's perfume.

The surface of the desk is very clean, as if it's dusted or wiped regularly.

Everything on the desk is neatly organized. The edges of the desk are shiny, as if someone leans on them a lot.

It's a diploma with Yvette Delacroix's name on it. An advanced degree in French from Ball State University, to be exact.

The file label reads: "DEAD THINGS"  
The file label reads: "PALEONTOLOGICAL ANOMALIES"  
The file label reads: "PERSONNEL FILES"  
The file label reads: "EGYPTIAN ARTIFACTS"  
The file label reads: "MEDIIEVAL ARMOR COLLECTION"  
The file label reads: "RENAISSANCE MASTERS COLLECTION"  
The file label reads: "MACHU PICCHU FIELD SURVEY"  
The file label reads: "MUSEUM ARTIFACT RESEARCH EXCHANGES"  
The file label reads: "LIFE MASK COLLECTION"  
The file label reads: "LIFE MASK FIELD SURVEY"  
The file label reads: "TAXIDERMY RECORDS"  
The file label reads: "ALCOHOLIC PRESERVATION COLLECTION"  
The file label reads: "INSURANCE"  
The file label reads: "ACCOUNTING"  
The file label reads: "SEXUAL ECCENTRICITIES"  
The file label reads: "SHANNON RAT COLLECTION"

You touch the floor. It's fairly clean.  
A scuffed wooden floor.  
Now you're absolutely certain it's the floor.

A used piece of carbon paper.  
The typewriter keys have made clean impressions in the carbon paper, but the letters are unreadable against a dark background.  
Backlit, you can read the words typed into the carbon paper: "Ernie, Big Al called to see if you could do some fencing for him next week. He says he'll make it worth your while to do a fast fencing job."  
You can't read it this way.

Since it's missing a lightbulb now, it's pointless to waste time fooling with the desk lamp.  
It's a standard desk lamp that seems to be missing a lightbulb.  
As indicated by the stamp in the metal base of the standard desk lamp, it was made by the Standard Lamp Company of Standard, Pennsylvania.

Although the light bulb is starting to cool, it's still too hot to handle.  
OUCH! The lightbulb is too HOT to remove!  
The light bulb is off.  
The light bulb is on. You find it very illuminating.  
Don't do that! You'll burn out your retinas that way!

Since it's just a slave intercom unit, it has no buttons and can only receive messages.  
It's an intercom slave unit.  
A magnified intercom slave unit.

Nice material.  
There's a homey old Norwegian phrase stitched into this needlepoint: "An axe in the hand is worth two in the bush." Words to live by.  
Nice needlepoint stitchery with some dust stuck to it.

Better not touch it. It's sharp and dangerous.  
A paper cutter with a sharp blade.  
A paper cutter with a red blade.

The paper cutter blade looks well-maintained and sharp enough to cut through almost anything. The red stain on the paper cutter blade could be red ink...or blood. Perhaps the last person to use it had an accident?

Don't touch it! You might harm the paint!

Watercolor painting, "Predator Stalking Prey" by Yvette Delacroix, 1925.

Nice watercolor brushwork, even though it was painted during a turbulent period in the life of the artist.

You think about touching the painting, then consider the subject matter, blush, and change your mind.

Watercolor painting, "Perverse Pleasures" by Yvette Delacroix, 1926.

The marvelous, thrusting brushwork demonstrates the artist's close association with the subject, in which she obviously finds deep meaning and significance.

Fearing that you might damage the delicate watercolors in the painting, you think better of touching it.

Watercolor painting, "Purple Pollywogs Playing in Puddles" by Yvette Delacroix, 1924.

Mediocre watercolor brushwork, but subtle nuances of shading and form admirably serve to get Yvette's point across.

Don't even THINK about touching the flytrap! It's a meat-eating plant that's been getting a steady diet of red meat ever since Yvette bought it...and it's getting hungry again.

It's a Venus Flytrap.

A handwritten card attached to the plant pot reads: "TO YVETTE FROM OLYMPIA. THANKS FOR THE WILD NIGHT WITH THE MUMMIES."

Your fingers gently trail over Yvette Delacroix's office, wondering what this office would say if it could talk.

You're in the office of Yvette Delacroix, Administrative Assistant.

Close scrutiny reveals several touches added to the decor of the office by Yvette, although they are mixed in with the decor of the previous tenant, who favored the battle axe motif as an expression of her inner self.

An Art Deco rug. Yvette covered the rug with the desk because she hates the Art Deco style, even though it's very trendy right now.

Tiny dust mites are barely visible crawling around in the fibers and dust in the rug.

In this direction is the Museum Hall, where sits Rodin's "Thinker."

A table that formerly belonged to King Louis VIII of France. It fell on hard times and now resides in Yvette's office in the Leyendecker Museum.

The table bears the mark of King Louis VIII of France.

It's a transom.

It's too high.

You don't need to type anything.

One of those new "portable" typewriters. At a mere 50 pounds, you can take it anywhere! Well, you could if it was useful to you, which it isn't, so forget it.

The typewriter keys hold fingerprints that probably belong to Yvette.

It's a waste basket full of waste.

Assorted garbage fills the wastebasket: pencil shavings, torn typing paper, fingernail clippings, carbon paper, an apple core, and an empty bottle of French champagne.

## **Carrington's Office**

The mask is made from the bark of the Poison Ivy Tree, which explains why the warriors who wore these masks constantly complained about facial rashes. Unfortunately, it was the only sacred wood available to the tribes in the area.

A painting of the New York Skyline by Sterling Waldorf-Carlton, dated 1920.

A large format illustrated version of CRIME AND PUNISHMENT by Dostoevski.

It's a magnified copy of Crime and Punishment.

It's the bookcase.

The complete text of the Code of Hammurabi, the fullest extant collection of Babylonian laws.

The collected works of Knut Hamsun, Norwegian novelist. His masterpiece, GROWTH OF THE SOIL, won him the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1920.

The collected catalogs of the Smithsonian Museum.

Numerous hefty tomes on the topic of Medieval Armor.

First editions of classic literature.

You notice that this is one of the earliest translations of "Crime and Punishment" into English.

The edge of a file folder is sticking out of the book as if it has been hidden there.

By touching the pages of the open book, you feel a momentary connection with the true meaning that the author was trying to impart to you as he cast his words down the river of time to finally wash up against the shores of your eyeballs.

By reading a few lines from the book, you gather that the theme of this book is that man pays for his crimes against men by suffering for those crimes. It's amazing how much meaning you can get from a few well-chosen words.

There's a police file hidden in the book.

The book is so well-made, it looks like it will last forever.

A handwritten note attached to the police file reads: "Remember our deal."

A very big building.

The famous Spears Tower.

You'll have to take a closer look.

The President's chair.

Charcoal.

The charcoal smudges your fingers.

Carrington's desk.

A desk lamp.

Feels like a desk clock.

Locked drawers.

It's a big, locked drawer that holds no clues.

The top desk drawer is locked and shows no evidence of wrongdoing.

It's the intercom.

Judging by the buttons on the intercom, this appears to be the master unit which can send and receive.

Having already removed the charcoal, you take a moment to write your name in the fireplace ashes, just as you used to do when you were a little girl.

You put your hand in the fireplace. You remember when you were a little girl and used to burn your fingernails off. Unfortunately, except for this little trip down Memory Lane, there's no other point in doing this.

It's a fireplace full of ashes, now missing a lump of charcoal.

A fireplace built by a careful craftsman to last hundreds of years.

"Countess and Ziggy at 1:00 a.m.  
Medieval Armor display"

The note is written in a man's handwriting, probably belonging to Dr. Carrington.

A handsome desk clock.

Yes, it's definitely a desk clock. It says, "Made in Switzerland," in the fine print on the clock face, which you can barely read due to the glare on the glass.

"Countess and Ziggy at 1:00 a.m.  
Medieval Armor display"

You see two letters written in blood: "CP."

The letters, "C" and "P," are carefully written in blood on the desk, as if they were put there by the dying President Carrington.

The blackened notepad reveals an imprinted message:

"Yvette 8:00 Egyptian rm  
Tut 10:15 Egyptian rm  
Carrington 11:00 his office"

The imprinted note is revealed on the blackened pad:

"Yvette 8:00 Egyptian rm  
Tut 10:15 Egyptian rm  
Carrington 11:00 his office"

The notepad looks blank.

You see the faint imprint of an unreadable note on the pad.

As with so many other things in this museum, this phone is DEAD!

It's the only telephone in the museum.

It appears that someone has cut the telephone cord, removing any chance you might have had of communication with the outside world.

Using your remarkable powers of deduction, you conclude that this little book contains phone numbers.

It's made of leather.

PHONE NUMBERS:

T. Dargan WP-5125

R. Williams BL-4468

I. Diditt SH-0244

B. Sayff     KL-0527  
U. Hoser     LI-2077  
N. Yet       KL-4004  
E. Leach     BR-1833

The handwriting is neat and dark.

Judging by the handwriting, the phone numbers were written by the same person who made the note on the desk calendar.

The Tribal Death Mask of the Hottentots.

The Mask of El-Woopentot, the God Who Scares Hottentot Children.

Hottentot elders told stories of how El-Woopentot would jump down from the roofs of Hottentot mud huts to steal the noses off children who didn't behave properly.

Anthropologists attribute the El-Woopentot stories to tribal myth, but the ancient records reveal that many Hottentots lived their adult lives without noses. There's a moral here somewhere.

The Mask of El-Boopentot, the Hottentot God of War.

Hottentot warriors would invoke their God of War with the battle cry: "Boop! Boop-be-doop!"

This battle cry reputedly struck fear into the hearts of their enemies, who were usually the Poppentarts who lived across the river.

The War Mask of the Poppentart Tribe.

The Poppentarts would strike fear into the hearts of their enemies, the Hottentots, by wearing these masks into battle and screaming their battle cry: "Popgoes-theweasel," which translates roughly as: "Go back to your own side of the river, you Hottentot wimps."

The Hottentots hated the Poppentarts primarily because the Poppentarts kept stealing all the Hottentot women. Actually, the Hottentot women kept defecting to the Poppentart Tribe because they had better food, better villages, and men who bathed regularly.

You might say that the Poppentarts were the first Yuppies.

The night sky as seen from New York City in 1926.

You'll have to take a closer look.

A pillar that plays a supporting role.

LB OUCH! Those quills are sharp!

It's President Carrington's stuffed porcupine, Spiny Norman.

The stiff quills look especially sharp under magnification.

This feels like the office of Dr. Archibald Carrington III.

You're in the office of Dr. Archibald Carrington III, President of the Leyendecker Museum.

A careful general examination of the room with the magnifying glass reveals some of the personality of President Carrington as evidenced by his choice of decor.

It's the rug.

It's a portrait of the former Leyendecker Museum President, Sterling Waldorf-Carlton.

It might be a trick of the light, but one side of the painting seems closer to the wall than the other.

It's the base of the skylight.



Skylight supporting struts.

Since it's an unusually clear sky tonight, you can see the star, Azmidiske, in the constellation, Puppis. What a treat!

It's the characteristic twinkler known as Fomalhaut in the constellation of Piscis Austrinus! Obviously!

It's Arcturus in the constellation Bootes. Perhaps there's something out there, on a planet circling Arcturus, looking back at you at this very moment....

It's the magnificent Betelgeuse in the constellation of Orion.

It's the startling Aldebaran in the constellation known as Taurus the Bull.

Ed's Star. Some guy named Ed found it while he was lying drunk in a field one night, staring at the sky. Ed said the aliens told him he could name the star after himself, so he did.

A careful search brings you to the constellation known as Cetus, and the star known as Deneb Kaitos Ecoquestus.

You hear muffled voices coming through the door to Yvette's office.

The door to Yvette Delacroix's office.

### **The safe in Carrington's office**

You see the numbers zero through nine on the circular combination dial. It defies you to try entering a combination.

Magnifying the combination dial gives you no clues, since the dial seems relatively unused and shows no signs of wear. Nice try, though.

Not wanting to remove evidence from the crime scene, particularly when you must have broken some sort of law by opening the President's personal wall safe, you decide not to remove the diary.

It's the personal diary of former museum President Sterling Waldorf-Carlton.

Glancing through the diary and the male handwriting within, it refers to Sterling's growing fear that the Countess only married him for his money and that she could be planning to kill him.

The final entry reads: "Yvette fears her too."

It feels safe.

It's a wall safe.

The safe is made of the finest Chobham steel, strong enough to withstand any force short of major league explosives.

It won't open unless you enter a combination on the dial.

The door to the wall safe has a combination dial on it.

The combination dial on the safe door has the numbers zero through nine on it.

It's the back of the portrait of the former Leyendecker Museum President, Sterling Waldorf-Carlton.

It might be a trick of the light, but one side of the painting seems closer to the wall than the other.

### **Olympia Myklos' Office**

Dr. Myklos has many scholarly texts. You see titles such as "Common Bone Disorders of Jackals," "Parker's Annotated Encyclopedia of Decay," "Know Your Fractures," "Mummification

Techniques," "Advanced Dental Identification," and "Decomposition from A to Z."  
The books are in fine shape, and none of them are dusty. Dr. Myklos must keep current with her reading.

What an interesting array of books. Some of the titles include "Hide Preservation Techniques," "The Care and Feeding of Dermestid Beetles," "How to Raise and Train Rats," "Modern Bone Scraping," "Know Your Roadkill," and "Millipedes as Household Pets."

Dr. Myklos seems to take good care of her books.

The cages are empty, now. You can only guess at what they once held.  
You see some short, stiff, gray hairs that probably belonged to some big, hairy, gray rats.

It's Dr. Myklos' Ph.D. in Paleontology from the University of Thessalonika, Greece.  
It certainly looks genuine.

It's Dr. Myklos' Ph.D. in Physical Anthropology from the University of Thessalonika, Greece.  
It looks genuine. Why, it's even made out of sheepskin.

It says: Dr. Olympia Myklos Lifetime Achievement Award                      From the Society to Protect  
Misunderstood Inquilines  
"Thank you, Dearest Doctor, for helping people to Truly Appreciate Inquilines. You are a  
True Friend of the Rat, Mouse, Pigeon, and Cockroach."  
The Society's seal is a little, golden cockroach.

It's Dr. Myklos' double Master's degree in Paleontology and Physical Anthropology from the  
University of Thessalonika, Greece.  
The degree seems to be authentic.

It's Dr. Myklos' chair.  
Finest quality leather.

An Egyptian Cobra, of the Elapid family, Naja haje, known in antiquity as the Asp. While the cobra  
is the symbol of Egyptian royalty, this one seems to have something else on his mind. A  
label on his cage identifies him as BARNEY.  
You decide not to get that close to a creature whose venom could kill you within a few seconds.

The cage is meant to hold Barney, Olympia's Egyptian cobra.  
The mesh is small enough that a cobra PROBABLY couldn't get through...

It's the door to the cobra cage.  
It's slightly bent, as if Barney has tried to break out on previous occasions.

Dr. Myklos' desk is large and impressive.  
It looks like real mahogany.

There's an array of rare cockroaches in the display case.  
There must be at least forty varieties of cockroach in the display.

Luxurious, velvet drapes adorn the windows. They look like they would effectively block out any  
light.  
Nice nap on that velvet.

Don't touch the chalkboard. You might smear the hieroglyphs.  
A number of hieroglyphics are carefully drawn on the blackboard.  
They seem to have been drawn in chalk.

Not a good idea.  
The cobra displays one deadly fang. He seems to mean business.  
It's Barney, Olympia's pet cobra.  
You decide that's probably not such a good idea.

Feels like an intercom slave unit.  
It's an intercom slave unit.  
A magnified intercom slave unit.

A large stuffed wharf-rat. He almost looks alive.  
He has blue eyes! You wonder if his eyes were really blue in life.

A large and impressive stuffed rat.  
The rat has been beautifully stuffed. You can't see any seams at all.

The bottle says: DOCTOR MAAMOUD'S GUARANTEED SNAKE OIL.  
The Snake Oil certainly smells bad.

The jar on the bottom contains the soul of an Egyptian high priest and bears the inscription: "Add  
three cups of water and stir well."  
The fine print says: "Discard after 1,200 B.C."

This jar is labelled: "Liver Tissue, Spotted Babboon."  
Fortunately, the jar is tightly sealed.

The jar is labelled: "Cremated Remains of a Yanawanda Tribesman."  
Well, he didn't amount to much.

The giant lizards are displaying some rather uncivilized behavior.  
You decide not to get that close.

A lovely mahogany table. You try not to look at what it's holding.  
The table matches the desk.

The skull of the long extinct Horned Rhesus, known in academic circles to be the source of much  
controversy regarding it as evidence for the extraterrestrial origin of primate evolution.  
The skull is amazingly well preserved.

I PAY HOMAGE TO THEE YE LORDS OF ETERNITY RA STRONG IS THY SAIL IN THE  
WIND AS THE LAKE OF FIRE IN THE UNDERWORLD BEHOLD SHU THE  
MOTHER CREATING THE GODS  
IN SILENCE FROM HER WOMB QUICKER THAN GREYHOUNDS AND FLEETER THAN  
LIGHT LET ME NOT BE BURNT LET ME NOT BE CONSUMED LET ME NOT  
PERISH AS MY MUMMY LIES PROSTRATE IN MY TOMB

Don't touch the stuffed rat. You'll make him nervous.  
It's a rat, ready to pounce! Well, he WOULD pounce if he wasn't stuffed....  
The stuffed rat has nothing to say.

The rare Madagascan Dancing Roach.  
It almost looks like he's wearing little tap shoes... No, couldn't be.

The Peruvian Bird-Hunting Roach.  
Look at the size of those mandibles!

Touching random things in this office could be dangerous.  
This is the office of Dr. Olympia Myklos.  
That's not something you want to look at too closely...particularly in this office.

The cloth seems to be covering something up.  
It's made of Egyptian linen.

It's half of the famed Rosetta Stone.  
Trembling with excitement, you examine the ancient artifact more carefully.

Cy Pembert, a formerly successful, flax-farmer from Nebraska, apparently strayed from a museum tour many years ago. His remains were later found in a rarely-used, storage closet. Since he left no known survivors, the museum President decided to keep him on as a permanent staff member. This office is now his permanent home. The bones are remarkably clean and white. The fully-articulated skeleton proudly bears a museum VISITOR's badge.

Assorted skeletal limbs hang gracefully from the ceiling.  
Unfortunately, you can't reach that high.

The Hall is this way.

It must be a rat stand.  
The rat stand is well-constructed of the finest rat stand materials.

A magnificent view of the night sky over New York City.

OM Good evening, Miss Bow!

LB Oh! You startled me!

OM Good. It gets the blood flowing, doesn't it?

LB Well, I suppose so...

OM I see you were looking at my Snake Oil.

LB Well, I was just looking around...

OM I'm sure you meant no harm.

LB What's the Snake Oil for, anyway?

OM It repels snakes, of course. Comes in handy when I'm working in the basement. I lost a load of Egyptian cobras down there a few weeks ago, and I occasionally come across one of those little darlings.

OM Those snakes always want to bite me, but I'm sure they don't mean anything by it. It's just their way. They get nervous very easily, you know. Normally, I love to watch them kill things. My Barney will kill anything he can sink his teeth into.

LB Charming....

OM Well, I'd like to chat some more, but I've got to rush off and meet that young Steve fellow. He promised to show me his scars. See you later.

## **Basement hall**

You scratch the glass with the dagger.

The glass is already broken, so this has little effect.

It feels like broken glass.

The glass covering the alcove is smooth and cool to the touch.

You smear grape juice on the glass.

Looks like broken glass.

The glass covering the alcove is marked with the words: FOR EMERGENCY USE ONLY.

Beyond the glass is a shadowy object resting in an alcove. Perhaps it's a lantern, although you can't tell for certain.

The meat is too ripe to break the glass.

There are no locks here where you can use the key.

You scratch the glass with the wire cutters.

You admire the fine architectural touch over the doorway that shows this room was designed by the hand of a master craftsman.

It looks remarkably like a carved wooden ceiling.

Your trained eye picks out the initials, ASL III, neatly carved into the wooden ceiling.

It's smooth and cold to the touch, just as you would expect fine Italian marble to feel. The moisture from your sweaty palm leaves a damp spot on the marble which quickly evaporates.

A gleaming column of fine Italian marble, Burnt Sienna in color, topped with a Corinthian-style capital of expert craftsmanship.

Since you're the sort of person who splits hairs, you've probably noticed that the capital is a curious combination of Corinthian and Ionic architectural styles.

These pillars remind you of that class in architecture you were forced to take at Tulane University. The professor would have been outraged by such a ludicrous mixture of early Greek styles.

However, it's well known that the Leyendecker Museum was designed by a half-mad eccentric in the nineteenth century, Arvin Slatherlord Loudermilk III, so you're not really surprised by the presence of architectural anomalies.

In a way, these oddities lend a certain peculiar charm to the character of the museum.

Sometimes, a column is just a column, even when it was designed by a pillar of society such as Arvin Slatherlord Loudermilk III.

It's just a simple column. Really.

Apparently it's a doorbell.

A small button protrudes from the doorframe.

WH That door is verboten, young woman. Employees only. Remove yourself from this area.

WH This area is verboten to the public. You will leave NOW!

An office door.

The door to one of the labs.

WH Was ist los? What do you think you're doing? There is no emergency here! Nicht gefingerpoken mit der lantern!

There's really no point in using that on the meat.

You're a vegetarian. You don't want the meat any more.

It looks like meat being carried by bugs.

LB Hey, meat!

The meat doesn't respond and the bugs continue on their journey.

You give the hallway a reassuring thump. Yep, it's solid.

This is what is commonly referred to as a hallway.

Up close, you see...

...you see...

It's...

...a hall.

This leads to the stairs.

You hear muffled voices coming through the door to the Security Chief's office.

### **Security Chief's Office**

Was that a spark you just saw on this weapon, or was it just a trick of the light?

You also detect the faint smell of ozone.

When Wolf Heimlich mathematically centered this blotter on his desk, he glued it in place so that it would never be accidentally moved. As a result, you can't move it.

A desk blotter, placed in the exact mathematical center of the desk.

You admire the fine workmanship of the desk blotter. A small imprint in gold lettering reads:

"ACME DESK BLOTTERS. When you deserve the best for your desk."

While the topics of these books interest you, there are more important things you should be doing right now.

Upon close inspection, you discover that these bookshelves are occupied by...books.

You don't have time to sit down, Laura.

The interrogation chair does not look very comfortable.

There are specks of blood and tiny pieces of dried flesh on the chair, all of which are so small that you never would have seen them without your magnifying glass.

It's too far away for you to get a good look at it, but it's definitely cheese, and it definitely stinks.

A clean, highly-polished desk. Specks of dust wouldn't dare to land on it. Sitting on a raised dais, the desk dominates the room.

The desk is spotlessly clean.

It's a Thompson submachine gun, also known as a Tommy Gun!

The fine powder on the gun indicates that it has recently been fired.

Why, it's a book written by Wolf Heimlich himself. The title is: THE HEIMLICH DEATH MANEUVER.

Thinking about the title, you vaguely remember hearing about the Heimlich Death Maneuver. The killer wraps his arms around his victim's ribcage from behind, squeezes, and causes the victim's heart to pop out of his mouth. You decide not to read this.

Sitting in Heimlich's chair would be very unwise. You could get hurt that way.

It's Heimlich's chair. Don't even THINK about sitting on it.

It's an intercom slave unit which can't be controlled from here.

The intercom crackles and you hear:

Wolfie? It's Olympia. If you can hear me, meet me in the Armor room at 2 o'clock. You promised to show me your "private" scars, remember? See you there, Wolfcakes.

It's a desk lamp.

There isn't a speck of dust on this lamp.

A fine example of room lighting. By the look of the paint scratches where the light screws into the ceiling, Heimlich has probably pulled it down for use in interrogating prisoners. This is the sort of thing that annoys Ernie, since he's the one who has to put it back up on the ceiling.

Although it's a very nice spiked flail, it's not the sort of thing you'd like to carry around. Besides, you could put an eye out with that thing.

This is a type of spiked flail known as a HOLY WATER SPRINKLER, which was quite popular in medieval battles.

The name, of course, is a humorous reference to the religious device that is swung in a similar manner.

The main advantage of a flail over a common mace was that the spiked iron head of the weapon developed extra smashing force as it swung at the end of the chain which attached it to the handle.

Although the medals are shiny and colorful, there's really no need for you to touch them.

World War I campaign medals. Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany is prominently featured on many of the medals.

You have no practical use for these medals. If Heimlich saw you touching them, severe bodily injuries could result.

A variety of shiny medals. Two of them, with packs of dogs carrying birds in their mouths, are marked with the word: Reichsjagdgebrauchshundverband. Others appear to be merit badges for the German youth equivalent of the Boy Scouts.

Opening the bookcase has revealed a secret passage.

The poetry book falls open to a poem, "She Walks in Beauty," written by Lord Byron. The page is marked by a black garter with a note pinned to it.

You already have the garter and you don't have time to read the book.

This book is a collection of poetry by Lord Byron. Apparently Heimlich had it turned on the bookshelf so that the spine with the title faced the wall. Perhaps he was embarrassed to have a poetry book on his shelf?

You see nothing else of interest hidden in the poetry book.

For some reason, the spine on this book has been turned around to face the wall, hiding the title.

The title, in gold leaf print, says: "The Poetry of Lord Byron." The binding is of high-quality leather.

The room feels particularly secure.

It's the office of Security Chief Wolf Heimlich.

Even the dust in this room seems to be precisely arranged, in size order and in neat rows.

LB What a suspicious looking button. I wonder what it does. Hmm...

This bookshelf is dedicated to a complete collection of: "The Encyclopaedia of Interrogation and Torture."

This bookshelf is dedicated to the topic of Modern Weaponry.

This bookshelf is dedicated to the topic of Medieval Weaponry.

This bookshelf is dedicated to the topic of Museum Security, including such books as, "Criminals Among Us."

These are books on Art Forgery.

A series of books on: "Torture Without Leaving Scars."

How-To Books on Medieval Torture.

"Joe Bob's Weapons of the World for 1926"---the complete set of books.

This bookshelf is dedicated to the topic of Art History.

This bookshelf is dedicated to the topic of Animal Traps.

There is nothing you require on these shelves.

There are many things on these shelves, none of which interest you.

Proceeding in this direction will leave you back in the lower Museum hallway.

It's a length of wire.

A length of high-quality wire.

Maybe that wasn't such a good idea after all.

A fine broadsword imprinted with the mark of the Toledo swordmakers in Spain. It looks very sharp and deadly.

The broadsword looks like it has been sharpened recently. Unlike the other weapons on the walls, this sword appears to get regular use, which might explain Heimlich's duelling scars.

This bookshelf is dedicated to the topic of Gardening.

Apparently these Gardening books were left here by the previous tenant of this office.

You have already disarmed the trap and taken the cheese, so quit fooling around with it.

The trap is disarmed now, so it's perfectly safe. Quit fooling around with it.

The cheese-less trap has been disarmed.

You don't want to take any of these weapons. You could put an eye out with one of these things.

Part of Heimlich's antique weapons collection.

A heavy cavalry saber.

A pair of evilly-spiked ballet shoes. Ballerinas were tough in the old days.

A medieval spiked cudgel, also known as a morningstar.

A cavalry musket.

It's one of those exotic Oriental weapons you've seen before, although you can never remember the name of it.

### **Alcohol Preservation Lab**

The desk maintains a wooden expression and refuses to respond.

You leave a slight smudge of charcoal on the desk. Marking your territory?

Although the cheese would make an attractive addition to this desk, it would not prove very useful.

Since no one is looking, you quickly carve your initials on the desk where no one will see them.

Your momentary urge to smash the glass containers passes quickly as you realize that you're not a vandal.

Dust comes off on your hand when you touch the desk and the glass containers. Attempting to move the containers, you find that they are welded in place by grime.

Although the grapes would make an attractive addition to the desk, you can probably find a better



use for them.

A wooden workbench loaded with many empty glass containers that smell of alcohol, although one of them is full of an oily liquid. The desk is dusty, giving you the impression that it's not used very often.

Yes, that's definitely dust on the desk.

There are no locks on this desk where you can use the skeleton key.

Worried that there might be snakes hiding in this desk, you sprinkle a little Snake Oil around just to make sure it's safe. It seems to work, since no snakes jump out and attack you.

As much as you would enjoy sprinkling Snake Oil on the desk, your empty flask makes that impossible.

There you go, talking to inanimate objects again....

There's nothing here for you to cut. Sorry.

You smear a bit of cheese on the drain grate, but it has little effect.

Your attempt to pry the grate off the drain is unsuccessful. Forget about it.

The grate is securely attached to the drain, but a bit of rust comes off on your hand.

The drain in the floor smells of alcohol.

The drain grate has rust on it.

Don't bother. It won't fit through the grate.

You hear a distant hiss down the pipe below the grate as you sprinkle a little Snake Oil down the drain.

As much as you would enjoy pouring some Snake Oil down the drain, your empty flask makes that impossible.

An office door.

EL Interesting. I never noticed that before.

YD You never noticed what, my love?

EL You have a tattoo of the Eiffel Tower on the inside of your left thigh.

YD Ah, you are doing zees to distract me, no? But I am worried about you, my Ernie. You are so beeg and so strong, but zees Icepick fellow, he is a dangerous one, no?

EL Yeah, he's dangerous. But I'll pay him his dough. Ernie Leach always pays his debts.

YD Maybe you can do some more fencing for zees Big Al. He pays well.

EL Yeah, Big Al's a good customer, but there's only so much fencing I can do for one guy.

YD Zees Icepick might try to make ze example of you before you can pay him off. He keeps leaving ze threatening messages!

EL Don't worry, baby. Icepick knows he won't get his dough if he kills me. Maybe I can get into a hot poker game down at the Harlem Swinger and win enough to pay him off....

YD No, no, no! Ze gambling is what got you into zees mess, my Ernie!

EL Yeah, maybe you're right. But I've got bigger problems tonight. I saw something I wasn't supposed to see.

YD What?

EL You're better off if I don't tell you about it. Now, what's this on top of your Eiffel Tower tattoo?

YD I think you know what eet ees, my Ernie. You've seen it before.

EL And I always enjoy seeing it again, baby.

YD Ah, you American men are so charming!

Boy, the alcohol fumes sure are strong in here!

The strong fumes are making you dizzy.

It doesn't work.

It looks like some kind of a sprayer thing, maybe for hosing down lab specimens on the table.

Whatever it is, it doesn't work.

WH Fraulein Bow! This laboratory is dangerous and verboten to the public. You will leave now!  
WH I will NOT warn you AGAIN, fraulein! Leave this laboratory IMMEDIATELY!

Another lab door.

It's out of reach. Even if you could reach it, it would only burn your hand.  
A hanging light.

Feels like a pipe.  
A long pipe.

When you stick your finger in the empty container, you feel an oily residue on the glass. You also note that the container is too heavy for you to move, even when it's empty.  
The liquid in the container feels oily. You also note that the container is too heavy for you to move.  
The container is empty.  
The container is full of an oily liquid.  
The container is one-third full of an oily liquid.  
The container is two-thirds full of an oily liquid.  
You see an oily coating on the glass of the empty container.  
The strong smell of the oily liquid reminds you of the Snake Oil, leading you to speculate that it is, in fact, Snake Oil.  
The oily liquid has a strong smell. Phew!

The room feels remarkably well-preserved. Must be all the alcohol.  
It's the Alcoholic Preservation Laboratory.  
Whipping out your trusty magnifying glass, you make a startling discovery. This isn't an Alcoholic Preservation Lab at all! Why, there isn't an alcoholic preserved in ANY of these vats.  
Feels like a pipe.  
A short pipe.  
The specimen table and the drain feel dusty.  
The specimen table and the drain feel oily.  
A dusty specimen examination table with a drain at one end.  
An oily specimen examination table with an oily drain at one end.  
The specimen table is thick with dust. The dusty drain smells like alcohol.  
The specimen table is oily and has a strong smell as if someone poured Snake Oil down the drain.  
Nice going, Ace! You just emptied your Snake Oil down the drain!  
As much as you would enjoy pouring your Snake Oil down this drain, your empty flask makes that impossible.

This leads back into the hallway.

"VAT 1" Small marsupials are floating in the murky liquid.  
It's hard to be sure, but you think you can see a koala bear in there.

"VAT 10" Is that a unicorn floating in the murky liquid? Can't be. Unicorns are mythical creatures.  
The creature is too far away in the vat to make out any more detail.

"VAT 11" Something odd is floating in the murky liquid. It appears to be half man and half fish. Or maybe it's just a trick of the light.  
The creature is too far away in the vat to make out any more detail.

"VAT 12" Small creatures with long tails are floating in the murky liquid.

"VAT 13" Indistinct shapes are floating in the murky liquid. None of the creatures are close enough to the glass to see what they are.

You notice several dried streaks of liquid on the outside of the vat, up near the top.

"VAT 14" There's a vaguely humanoid shape floating in the murky liquid. After staring through the glass for a while, you see what appears to be white hair, or perhaps it's a large jellyfish.

Yikes! For a moment there, it looked like a puffy eyeball was staring back at you. Now all you can see is a piece of royal-blue cloth.

"VAT 2" Peering through the glass, you see a turtle floating nearby in the liquid.

"VAT 3" Very long, tubular shapes, like lengths of thick rope, are floating in the murky liquid.

"VAT 4" A bulky creature with a huge head is floating in the vat.

"VAT 5" A large, hairy creature with at least one huge claw is floating in the murky liquid of the vat.

"VAT 6" Small, furry creatures, about the size of the average dog, colored black with white stripes, are floating in the vat.

"VAT 7" Whatever is in this vat, it's HUGE, with a long neck. The liquid is too murky to see more. You see a smudged fingerprint on the side of the vat.

"VAT 8" A thick body with two long, bird-like, legs and a long neck ending in a small head, floats in the vat.

A colorful ostrich feather is resting against the inside of the vat.

"VAT 9" Tiny, furry creatures, too cute for words, are floating in the murky liquid. There are so many of them in here that their individual shapes merge together into one massive fur ball.

You hear muffled voices coming through the door to Ernie's office.

Overcome by the strong fumes, you fall into the vat. The strong alcohol blinds you. You suck vast quantities of liquid into your lungs. Since you're not a fish, this traumatic experience causes you to expire, which really ruins your whole day.

Well, look at it this way; at least your body will be preserved for study by future generations of curious scientists.

Could it be?

Yes!

It's heavy!

It's shiny!

It's real gold!

It's got a sharp point at one end!

It's...

...the DAGGER OF AMON RA!

The strong fumes are making you very dizzy....

Probing around among the disgustingly cute, but dead, koala bears floating in the vat, you are surprised to find...absolutely nothing of any interest.

Probing around in the vat with the net, you find nothing more than an ordinary dead unicorn (possibly left over from a "King's Quest" game).

Probing around in the vat with the net, you find nothing more than a Creature from the Black Lagoon.

Probing around among the floating rat corpses with your net, you are startled to find...many more

floating rat corpses. Oh well.

Other than a few stray bits of warthog, there doesn't appear to be anything else in this vat worth getting.

There's nothing among the warthogs but other warthogs.

Wielding your skimming net with authority, you probe around in the vat, completely ignoring the corpse of a king who keeps getting in the way of your search.

You poke around among the mass of dead turtles floating in the vat, enjoying the strong smell and wondering why you're here.

Poking around among the mass of dead snakes in this vat seems very similar to stirring spaghetti in a pot of water...except for the smell.

There's a dead hippo in this vat, and he's not happy. Rather than poking around his body with the net, you should probably just let him rest in peace.

Ground Sloths are very slow creatures. Since the sloths in this vat are dead, they're even slower than usual. However, you quickly come to the conclusion that probing around in this vat with a net is a waste of time.

This vat gives off the delicate aroma of alcohol mixed with skunk, possibly because it's full of skunks...and nothing else.

If you believe your eyes, the Loch Ness Monster is in this alcohol vat. Now you know why this museum has such a fine reputation for its collection of alcoholic specimens.

When you've seen one dead ostrich floating in a vat of alcohol, you've seen them all. Perhaps there's a lesson in this: Don't bury your head in the sand, but don't bury it in a vat of alcohol, either.

They're small, cute, furry, and dead. They're lemmings. The group in this vat seems to have committed mass suicide by drowning themselves in alcohol. Such are the dangers of drinking and driving.

### **Ernie's Office**

A wood beam.

Another wood beam.

Grrrr.

It's a stuffed bear.

You can't talk to me. I'm a stuffed bear.

The world's first blender, invented 50,000 years ago by a Neanderthal named Boog. Instead of a motor, it was powered by a pair of gerbils running in a crude treadmill.

impractical by the other Neanderthals, Boog's invention was forgotten until 1922, when it was re-invented by Stephen J. Poplawski of Wisconsin for the purpose of mixing malted milk shakes. At that time, the blender was known as a "Vibrator." Stephen made a fortune from it.

Boog should also have invented the first patent.

When you push the button, you hear a sliding noise off in the distance, clearly originating outside of this room.

The button is still depressed from the last time you pushed it.

This appears to be a large button on the wall.

A cursory glance reveals that this large button on the wall is depressed.

A close look reveals that this is, in fact, a large button on the wall.

A mop and a broom. Tiny locks secure them to the wall, since the cleaning man is worried about people stealing his cleaning supplies.

It's a bust of Nefertiti, Egyptian queen of the fourteenth century B.C., and wife of the Pharaoh Akhnaten.

A battered desk.

There's a faint smell of alcohol around this door.

EL Are you deaf? Read my lips! Get OUT!

YD Sacre bleu!

EL Hey, you nosy dame! Can't you see we're busy? Scram!

EL Am I going to have to spank you? AMSCRAY!

YD Maybe she is wanting to join us, yes?

EL Can't a man have any privacy in his own office? I've got a lot of problems right now, so I'd appreciate it if you'd go pester someone else.

EL Miss Bow, I've got a lot of problems right now. Please leave me alone.

EL This is a private office, Miss Bow. Please leave.

LB Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Leach! I thought this was just a storage room. I'll leave now.

EL Miss Bow! I've warned you before! This is my PRIVATE office! Understand?

LB Er...uh...I was just helping Olympia look for her ferret. Yeah, that's it! Here, little ferret! Here, girl!

EL The ferret's not here! Get out!

EL MISS BOW! Do I need to call SECURITY to get you out of here? AMSCRAY!

LB Umm...I...I'll see you later!

Two interesting skull specimens from early humans who don't need them any more.

The intercom crackles and you hear:

OM Ernie, it's Olympia. The release valve in number 13 seems to be jammed. Take a look at it when you have a chance.

One of those newfangled intercom units.

A collection of Anasazi polychrome pottery from the cliff dwellings at Mesa Verde in Colorado.

It's a light. Without it, this would be a very dark room.

A mop, complete with bucket. Apparently they haven't been used for a while, since they're stuck to the floor.

An interesting shell specimen, formerly belonging to a Leaping Nautilus. The Leaping Nautilus was rather an unsuccessful creature, since it is now extinct. Obviously, this one is a mere shell of its former self.

EL Something I can do for you, Miss Bow?

EL I'm sorry, Miss Bow, but I'm kinda busy right now. Is there something I can help you with? If not, I've got work to do.

A wood display pedestal. Currently, nothing is displayed on it.

A fine, stuffed example of the African Giant Pouched Rat, also known as the Gambian Pouched Rat.

Found from Gambia in the west to the Sudan and Kenya in the east and southwards to the Transvaal. Nearly three feet long. Discovered by R. Meinertzhagen, who tracked this rat for years before cornering it in a sleazy bar in Kenya.

Ernie's private boxed collection of World War I souvenirs.

Wampeters, foma, granfaloons, and assorted oddments.

Best to leave this room right where it is. Otherwise, Ernie won't be able to find it when he comes looking for it.

This is the storage room that has been converted to an office for Ernie Leach.

Up close, you can see that somebody wasted a lot of good storage space in here, with some rather inefficient placement of the storables.

A rare skeletal specimen of the sabre-toothed jackalope, discovered high on the frozen slopes of Mount Everest.

Extinct for over 20,000 years, scientists speculate that this jackalope was in the process of climbing the highest peak in the Himalayas when it died suddenly of arthritis.

An old toolbox.

You see lots of dust. In fact, it looks like a colony of dust bunnies. The museum is currently financing a study of the mating habits and courtship rituals of the American Dust Bunny, *Dustlepus Domesticus*.

Ernie's index to the stored items in the alcohol vats.

#### CURRENT VAT CONTENTS---ALCOHOLIC PRESERVATION LAB

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### **Mammalogy Laboratory**

You have no reason -- or the slightest desire -- to touch this skeleton.

A skeleton lies in the trunk, its bones picked clean by the Dermestid beetles. They've efficiently removed every last shred of flesh, making the skeleton nearly impossible to identify.

It looks like the third, fourth and fifth cervical vertebrae have been twisted. This indicates a fairly violent strangulation. Other than that, there are no abnormalities that catch your eye.

These boxes contain nothing of interest.

Stacks of dusty boxes litter the floor.

A careful inspection of the boxes reveals nothing out of the ordinary.

The cabinet is empty; all the equipment is out on the workdesk.

There's an old cabinet on the wall, decorated only by a few cobwebs and a layer of dust. A detailed visual inspection of the cabinetry reveals nothing untoward.

The canister is clearly empty and too heavy to be moved around. An empty canister stands in the corner, offering no clue as to what it once contained. Even under a magnifying glass, the label proves too worn and faded to reveal the former contents of the canister.

OM Oh! Good evening, Miss Bow!

LB Hi, Dr. Myklos. I'm sorry if I startled you.

OM Oh, that's okay. I enjoy being startled. And please call me Olympia.

LB Okay, Olympia. You enjoy being startled?

OM It gets the blood flowing. I love it.

OM I was just trying to find Daisy, my ferret. She usually has the run of the museum, but it's time for me to feed her.

LB And you think she might be in here?

OM Well, she's been spending a lot of time in here lately, for some reason. She probably likes the unusual smells. Who knows?

LB Can I help you look for her?

OM Thanks, but I'm sure I can find her. Would you mind leaving me for a while so she'll come out of hiding?

LB Certainly. Sorry to disturb you.

It's nailed shut. Besides, you have no desire to confront the contents.

The word "Gorilla" has been stencilled across the label of this large crate. Somebody's crossed out "Gorilla" and scrawled "Sasquatch" underneath. Curator humor.

Under close inspection, you find several gorilla hairs protruding from the thin cracks between the slats. Not much of a packing job, but nor is there anything suspicious about this.

The crate is nailed shut, which is just as well since you have little use for selected Hippo portions.

The word "Hippo" has been stencilled on this crate's label, but somehow you find it difficult to believe that there's a whole hippo in this box.

You examine the crate carefully, but discover nothing of importance.

This crate is sealed. But you're not missing anything; the contents are unpleasant and hardly useful.

The word "Wildebeest" is stencilled on the crate's label. You're not quite curious enough to open up the crate and see what a Wildebeest looks like.

Going over the crate inch by inch with the magnifying glass, you fail to find anything of significance.

None of the equipment appears useful to you in your present investigation.

There's an array of lab equipment scattered around the top of the table.

Even under the magnifying glass, there is no evidence of anything unusual on or around the desk.

Don't take it with you; it'll always be here for your reference.

The poster outlines basic dissection and preservation techniques. You scan it quickly, just in case you decide to make a change in your career.

No hidden messages or clues are revealed by your thorough examination of the dissection poster.

It's the door leading back to the Alcohol Preservation Lab.

Despite your diligence with the magnifier, you find nothing noteworthy on either the door or the doorknob.

It's the door to the Mammalogy Lab's cold storage locker.  
The cold storage locker is now empty.  
Aside from the usual dings, dents and bits of rusty, flaking chrome, there are no unusual details to be found on the locker door.

Lugging the contents of this crate around with you would only hinder your investigation.  
The crate is stencilled, "Wild Dingos." You hate to think of how many Wild Dingos are stacked up in that crate.  
Seems to be nothing more than a solidly built crate.

The light is too inconveniently situated for you to take.  
The light casts a sickly, clinical glow over the cluttered Lab.  
Don't do that; you could burn out your retinas.

It won't open because it's rusted shut.  
It's the lower meat locker, which seems a bit rusty.  
Yes, that's definitely rust on the door. It's particularly bad around the edges.

It's a cold storage locker, basically a heavy duty icebox for preserving specimens and Dermestid snacks.  
The surface of the meat locker is none too clean, with a few indeterminate smears and encrusted substances, but nothing readily identifiable.

You have no use for a sack of plaster.  
It's a sack of plaster, sometimes used for making molds.  
It's too high up for you to examine with the magnifying glass, but fortunately there's nothing tell-tale on the sack of plaster.

Have you ever wondered what it'd be like to BE a Mammalogy Lab? Well, now you know how it feels.  
This is the Mammalogy Laboratory.  
Your most thorough scrutiny reveals only some dust on the lens of the magnifying glass.

You can neither move nor remove the shelf.  
The shelf is crammed with mammalogy equipment.  
You examine the shelf minutely, but you see nothing out of the ordinary.

Best to leave them alone. You wouldn't want one of them tumbling down upon you and crushing the life out of you.  
Shelves line the walls of the lab.  
Under close scrutiny, you find that the shelves are simply shelves.

The tools are meant for esoteric activities such as gutting thickly-furred mammals. Therefore, you have no use for them.  
There's an odd assortment of tools hung on the wall. Some of the more hideous-looking implements are probably used for the practice of taxidermy. None of them appear particularly useful to you.  
You examine the tools closely for such giveaways as bone fragments or clumps of human hair, blood or skin. To your relief, you find nothing.

This trunk is locked.  
The trunk has a nametag identifying it as part of Carrington's personal luggage. Beside it is another



sticker emblazoned with the logo, "Andrea Doria."  
You find plenty of scratches, dents, and gouges, but nothing unusual for a steamer trunk.  
There is no need to re-lock the trunk.

It appears to be a gold pocket watch.

## Act II: Eavesdropping

WC If you want to know MY theory about it, I think it WAS stolen by an Egyptian. No offense to YOUR people, Mr. Najeer, but I think there's a secret sect of Egyptian Sun Worshipers who have sent an envoy here to steal the Dagger.

RN Countess, I hardly think that's likely. Theoretically like you're describing haven't existed in hundredth of years.

WC Oh, REALLY. And what makes YOU such an authority on secret sects, Mr. Najeer?

RN Well, I AM only expressing my opinion, madam. I'm certainly not an expert on the subject.

WC QUITE so. I think my theory is as GOOD as anyone's, DAHLING. And I heard it from a RELIABLE source.

RN Oh? Who with that?

WC Never MIND. Let's just say my source has never been WRONG before.

RN Hmm. There's always a first time for everything, Countess. I'll find your theory far-fetched.

WC Since YOU seem to be LISTENING, Miss Bow, what do YOU think of my theory?

LB What? Oh...I definitely think it's worth considering, Countess.

WC There, you see, Mr. Najeer? The PRESS takes me seriously.

RN Hmm.

LB Of course, it IS kind of far-fetched....

WC Hmph! Well, I NEVER! Excuse me!

LB Oh! Did I say something wrong? I'm sorry!

ZI ...so that's the deal, Countess.

WC I'd RATHER not talk about it right now.

ZI Yeah, no kidding! The walls got ears around here. And so do certain nosy reporters, if you know what I mean.

WC Yes...now, if you'll EXCUSE me, I simply MUST speak to Dr. Carrington.

ZI Sure thing, toots.

RR And what were you doing when that fancy Dagger was being stolen, then?

PS Let me see. Hmm. I was...sleeping in my hotel room.

RR You don't sound too sure about that.

PS I haven't been sleeping too well since I arrived in this country. I'm tired, so I'm not thinking too well.

RR You're not sleeping well? Would you be having a guilty conscience, then?

PS I...do not understand your meaning, Mr. O'Riley. Perhaps it is the English...it is such a curious language...not as clear as Egyptian.

RR Well, you say the Dagger is what brought you to this country. If I were in your position, I'd be tempted to steal it.

PS STEAL what has ALREADY been stolen? The Dagger of Amon Ra BELONGS to the EGYPTIAN people, Mr. O'Riley, NOT to Dr. Carter, NOT to this museum, and NOT to this country!

RR I'd be watching what you're saying, Dr. Smith. You're digging your hole deeper with every word.

PS Amon Ra will seek his own vengeance on those who have removed his Dagger from Egypt. Amon Ra does NOT require my help.

RR You say you were sleeping when it was stolen. Were you alone?

PS THAT, sir, is NONE of your business.

RR Ah, and that's where you're wrong, Dr. Smith. It IS my business as long as you're a suspect in the burglary.

PS A SUSPECT! Do you Americans have no shame? I'm here to gain the return of the Dagger by LEGAL means! Ask Dr. Carrington!

RR I HAVE talked to Dr. Carrington. And I know he told you no dice.

PS The matter is not settled until the last camel drinks from the water of the oasis.

RR What's that, some kind of Egyptian doubletalk?

PS Excuse me, SIR, but I see a turkey leg on the buffet table that requires my attention....

PC There I was, standing on the hillside above the excavation in the Valley of the Kings, with the faithful Maamoud describing the Dance of the Seven Veils to me in great detail, when a shout rose up from the workers below us.

Sensing an important discovery at hand, since I have a sixth sense about these things, I scurried downhill to see that a step had been uncovered in the sand. It turned out to be the entrance to the Temple of Amon Ra.

I took the trowel from the Boss Gaffir and cleared the sand away from the rest of the steps myself, revealing the entrance to the Temple. The seal of the Necropolis was intact on the door seal, indicating that the temple had not been disturbed.

I knew that Fate had brought me to the discovery I had been seeking for so long. Tireless after my exertion in clearing the staircase, I used a sledgehammer to break through the sealed doorway. Within lay the greatest accomplishment of my considerable career.

Hidden within the darkness, untouched for thousands of years in the isolated temple, lay the magnificent Dagger of Amon Ra, the greatest discovery of modern archaeology.

AC Good show!

YD Magnifique! Very impressive, Dr. Carter!

ZI So dat's when youse heisted it, right?

PC No, I didn't "heist" it, you annoying, little man. I took it out of the temple and showed it to the workers, who immediately fell upon their faces, all 350 of them, to show respect for my accomplishment.

RN Thath hard to believe, Dr. Carter. Egyptian workerth have proudly worked the archaeological digth for many yearth. I would not think they'd exaggerate their rethpect for you to thuch an exthtent.

PC But then, you weren't THERE, were you, Mr. Najeer?

RN Well, no, thath true...

PC And when WAS the last time you were in Egypt, Mr. Najeer? You seem to have lost some of your accent.

RN Well, it hath been theveral yearth.

PC I thought as much.

AC Your discovery really was quite a remarkable achievement, Dr. Carter.

PC WAS remarkable, Dr. Carrington? You mean it IS a remarkable achievement. There has never been anything like it before.

AC Quite so. Correction noted, Doctor.

YD If you will all be excusing me, I see a man I need to speak to.

PC Certainly, Miss Delacroix. Certainly.

ZI Boy, dat Yvette, she's some dish, ain't she?

RN Yeth, thothe French women really have thomething. I don't think my wife would ever have done it in a mummy cathe.

AC In my vast experience of women from different lands, I tend to agree with you, Mr. Najeer. I balked when a certain French woman suggested we have a "deep conversation" on the back of a dinosaur, but I was pleasantly surprised by the results.

PC Yes, Miss Delacroix is certainly the "cat's pajamas," as the Americans would say.

ZI Yeah, we does come up with some good sayings, don't we?

PC Quite.

AC Good lord, I hadn't realized a woman was present. Please excuse us, Miss Bow.

LB Oh, I wasn't actually listening to you gentlemen, Dr. Carrington. I just happened to be...standing here. Excuse me....

PC I TOLD you to stop BOTHERING me, you camel-driver!

PS Dr. Carter, I WILL stop bothering you when the Dagger is safely back in Cairo!

PC I don't know if you've NOTICED, but the bloody DAGGER has been STOLEN from the bloody MUSEUM, you great TWIT!

PS I see no reason to exchange epithets with you, Dr. Carter. I am aware of the burglary. I am also aware that no evidence was left behind, and the Dagger case was not harmed. In fact, I think YOU removed the Dagger from the exhibit.

PC Me! ME? And what bloody REASON would I have to steal my OWN bloody Dagger from my OWN bloody exhibit?

PS The Dagger is not YOURS, Doctor, it belongs to the Egyptian people. As to WHY you stole it, I do not pretend to understand your twisted, American thinking. Perhaps you wanted to keep the Dagger for yourself, in your own private collection?

PC PERHAPS I should ask WHY you're shifting the blame onto ME, you insignificant peasant! It would be very clever of you to steal the Dagger, then stay about to start rumors about someone else stealing it!

PS Only an archaeological THIEF would make such an accusation, Doctor. Now I'm SURE that you stole it for yourself!

PC I did NOT!

PS Yes, you DID!

PC Did NOT!

PS DID!

PC Did NOT!

PS DID!

LB Gentlemen, PLEASE!

PS Who asked YOU?

PC Mind your own business, you nosy reporter!

LB But, I---

PC I have more important things to do!

PS Our discussion is FAR from over, Dr. Carter!

PC That's what YOU think, you malodorous buffoon!

YD Countess, zey tell me you were married to ze last museum President, no?

WC Yes, DAHLING, that's correct. Sterling Waldorf-Carlton was SUCH a chahming man, and SO wealthy. My heart is just an empty VOID without him.

OM Yes, Sterling was such a nice man, it's too bad that he's worm food now.

WC Oh! I PREFER to think that Sterling is still WITH me, in SPIRIT.

OM Oh, I'm sure his body is crawling with maggots by now. But if his spirit IS with you, let me know because I'd love to see it!

YD Eet is hard to lose a loved one, no? I understand you were only married ze short time, Countess?

WC Yes. I had only TWO short, but chahming, months of MARRIED life with Sterling before he DIED.

YD And how long had you known zees man before you were married?

WC Oh, we met just one CHAHMING month before we decided to get married. It was LOVE at first sight.

OM Where did you meet him?

WC Oh, I'd only been in this country a few WEEKS when I met Sterling on an offshore casino ship. It's quite LEGAL to DRINK and GAMBLE there, you know. And ALL the right people attend. Sterling was SO CHAHMING, he just SWEPT me off my feet.

YD Zees Sterling, he must have had ze large broom.

WC It's just a manner of speech, my DEAR.

OM Sterling was a wealthy man. You must have inherited a nice fortune, Countess.

WC The MONEY doesn't MATTER, dahling. Actually, there's an annoying PROBLEM with the estate right now. It SEEMS Sterling was changing his WILL when he died...to give me MORE money, perhaps. Anyway, I'm SURE my ATTORNEY will take care of the problem.

OM Too bad you can't DIG him UP to finish his new Will.

WC Yes. Quite.

YD Ryan, I am having ze hardest of times keeping my hands off you.

RR Not here, Yvette. There's too many people.

YD Zey are not important. YOU are ze most powerful man here, my Ryan.

RR What about that Carrington guy? He's President of this museum.

YD Ze Doctor, he is old and weak. You are ze young one...and strong.

RR And what would you be wanting, Miss Bow?

LB Oh...well...I thought I heard you call my name.

RR You must have been hearing things. I didn't even mention your name.

LB Oh. Sorry. Ah...I've got to be going now. Excuse me.

YD Ze archaeology, eet is such a MASCULINE profession. BREAKING into ze ancient tombs with your sledgehammer, THRUSTING your way into ze treasure chambers, TOUCHING ze gold artifacts. Eet is all so...STIMULATING, no?

PC Yes, well, when you put it that way, I guess it is rather stimulating being the most important archaeologist of all time.

YD And eet is such a burden to bear zis greatness, no? With such pressure to perform, you must be perfect all ze time.

PC Yes. You have a unique understanding of my problems, Yvette.

YD Ah, your problems, zey are obvious, no?

PC Very kind of you to say that, but there are many who misinterpret my actions. They don't understand the pressure of having famous relatives in the same line of work and having to compare oneself to them all the time.

YD Ah, but ze Tutankhamen find, eet is nothing when compared to YOUR discovery, no?

PC Correct! I didn't realize you knew so much about archaeology.

YD I know MANY things, Dr. Carter....

PC So I've heard. Maybe we should discuss archaeology sometime.

YD I'd LOVE to hear about ze work you do, Dr. Carter. Perhaps later tonight?

PC Will you be working late tonight?

YD Oh, yes. I think everyone will be here tonight, no? Zere is much to be done to prepare for ze

opening of your exhibit tomorrow.

PC I was planning a break for tea around 3:00 a.m., if you'd like to join me.

YD Eet sounds wonderful. Perhaps you would come by my office then?

PC I'd be delighted.

YD Eet is so gracious of you to take ze time to speak with me.

PC Nonsense. Think nothing of it.

YD How will I ever repay you for zees courtesy? I know how busy you are, Dr. Carter.

PC Hmm. I'm sure we'll think of something. And call me Pippin....

YD One thing I am admiring about ze Egyptian man ees ze way he ees treating his woman...with ze strong hand and ze firm...words.

RN Well, that ITH the proper way, ath our culture teacheth uth.

PS Which is not to say our culture is primitive, by any means. Our civilization has evolved over thousands of years, so our methods are quite well thought out and practical.

YD Mmm, and ze Egyptian man, he ees very skilled in ze private matters as well, no?

RN Well, thpeaking for mythelf, I feel it ith my thacred duty to be knowledgeable in all matterth that conthern me.

PS I've certainly had no complaints about my...skills, Miss Delacroix.

RN Ah, Mith Bow! I didn't thee you thtanding there!

PS AHM, well, I hear another turkey leg calling my name at the buffet table, so if you'll excuse me....

YD Ze turkey leg, eet sounds good to me also. I'll accompany you, Dr. Smith.

YD You are interested in ze great art, no? Zen you should come with me zees evening. I'll give you ze personal tour of ze Old Masters Gallery.

SD Well, I...

YD I guarantee zat you will not be wasting your time. You will enjoy eet very much.

SD Well, I...

YD You ARE studying ze art at ze university, no?

SD Well, yes, but...

YD Zen eet is settled. I will give you ze private tour in a leetle while, no?

SD But, I...

YD Zere ees no need to thank me yet. I will be enjoying eet as much as you will.

SD Uh....

AC Are you enjoying the culinary delights this evening, Miss Delacroix?

YD Zees food, eet is adequate. I do not eat so much, zees way I maintain my figure, no?

AC Ah, yes. And a...lovely...figure it is, Miss Delacroix.

YD Merci, Dr. Carrington. You are so kind.

AC I feel we've known each other long enough...please call me Archibald.

YD As you wish, Archibald. I am yours to command...as always.

AC Miss Bow, is there something I can do for you?

LB Oh, no. I was just...admiring Miss Delacroix's dress!

YD Merci, Miss Bow. And your gown...eet is...a beet out of date, but charming nonetheless.

LB Thank you...I think.

AC Well, if you ladies will excuse me, I must mingle with the guests.

RR Well, well. Look what the leprechauns dragged in.

ZI Hey, now, watch what youse calls me, O'Riley. I don't know what dat "leper-con" thing is, but I don't like da sound of it.

RR I'm sure you've been called worse things, smart guy.

ZI Only by low-class type poisons, O'Riley. By the way, ain't you afraid of bein' seen with me?

RR Cops talk to stoolies all the time. And I was wondering what you're doing here.

ZI I'm a big patron of da arts. Dat's da kind of high-class guy I am.

RR You don't even know what the word, "patron," means.

ZI I does too.

RR Okay, what does patron mean?

ZI Umm...HEY, ain't dat da Countess I see over dere? I needs to talk to her.

ZI Well, ain't you the hoidy-toidy dame these days? I almost didn't recognizes youse with your clothes on.

YD Excuse moi, am I knowing you, sir?

ZI Ziggy's my moniker. You gonna pretend youse doesn't know me?

YD Ah, you are making ze joke with me, no? Perhaps you have confused me with someone else?

ZI I ain't jokin'. You're Yvette Delacroix. I'd know dat body of yours anywheres.

YD I'm sure I am not knowing what you mean, Mr. Ziggy.

ZI Oh...I gets it. Youse is worried one of these high-hats is gonna hear us, right? Okay, I'm clued-in. We can talk later.

### **Moonlight walk with Steven**

SD Miss Bow?

LB Oh! Mr. Dorian?

SD That's right. We met at the docks.

LB Oh, dear. Your shoes...they aren't exactly...formal.

SD Oh...well...I can explain that...but not right now.

LB I see...well...umm...what brings you here?

SD You.

LB Oh...me?

SD You told me you'd be here tonight...and, well...I thought we should talk.

LB Oh? About what?

SD Umm...could we step outside for a minute? The moonlight is very nice tonight.

LB Well...all right. I think I'd enjoy that.

SD I just...wanted to explain to you...who I really am.

LB You're not Steve Dorian?

SD Uh...well, yes...I AM Steve Dorian, but I felt like I didn't give you the most accurate impression of myself when I met you earlier today. But, gee whillikers, I'm just not used to meeting attractive, young ladies on the docks.

LB I wasn't down there looking for a man. I'm a professional journalist working on a story.

SD Oh...well, yes...of course you are! I didn't mean to imply anything. In fact, I was very impressed with your professionalism...and with your smile. I just didn't want you to think I'm a common stevedore.

LB Well, I'll admit I was wondering what a stevedore was doing at this ritzy museum fund-raiser.

SD My stevedore job pays the bills, but I'm aiming for a career as an artist. However...I'm really here because...I'd hate myself for the rest of my life if I didn't try to see you again. Maybe I'm a fool, maybe you think we're too different, but I had to try.

LB Well...I'm very flattered. Are you always this nervous?

SD I'm...not very good with women. I've spent all my time working ever since I was ten years old...when my father died. I've never had a chance to date very much. Lately, I've spent my free time going to school.

LB I'm starting to think we're more alike than I first thought. My mother died when I was very young, so I was raised by my father. What kind of an artist are you?

SD I'm a painter. And I do a little sculpting.

LB How interesting! But I'd think that an artist would know enough not to wear work boots with his tuxedo at a formal party.

SD Oh...I said I'd explain that, didn't I? I was hoping nobody would notice. I had to blow two weeks' pay to rent this tux, but I didn't have enough left over to rent the fancy shoes. It's just that...I had to see you again.

LB You spent all your money just to see me? My goodness...I don't know what to say....

SD Say you'll have dinner with me some evening. I may seem a little odd, but I promise that I'm harmless. I'd be honored to spend an evening with you and show you the sights around town.

LB Well, I don't usually, but you've gone to a lot of trouble to find me. I think I can trust you.

SD Really? You'll do it? Oh, thank you! You won't regret it! I'll make it a memorable evening! I'll paint for you! I'll dance for you! I'll sing for you! Anything you want!

LB Well...there's no need to get carried away. Let's see how dinner goes first.

SD Of course! You're absolutely right! I don't seem too anxious do I?

LB Maybe just a bit...but that's okay.

SD Okay...I'll take a deep breath and calm down. I'll be fine. I'll do whatever you want.

LB I think this is the beginning of something important, Steve. I like you already.

LB Let's go back to the party, Steve. I've got work to do.

### **Finding Dr Pippin Carter**

RR You scream like a banshee, lass! Did you kill the man, then?

LB No! I...just walked in here...and found him.

RR I suppose that would explain your screaming, then. Did you see the murderer?

LB No.

RR All right, I'll talk to you later after you've had a chance to calm down. Just don't try to leave the building.

### **Act III: Exploring The Museum And Finding It Rather Stiff**

LB Did you manage to learn anything from your interviews, Detective O'Riley?

RR Don't bother your little head about it, lass.

LB It's my job, sir.

WH Zis ist an official murder infestation, Miss Bow! Do not be interfering!

LB Oh, I don't mean to interfere. I just want to know what's going on. Any leads so far?

RR Dr. Carter died as the result of someone sticking a gift shop dagger in his chest. What more do you need to know?

LB Well, for one thing, who did it?

RR Someone who didn't like him...that's my guess.

LB Brilliant deduction.

RR f you think that YOU can do BETTER...!

LB I can try!

WH Oh, wunderbar! Now we've got ze AMATEURS involved....

LB I may not be a detective, but I'm terribly clever. I've solved murders before.

RR Just stay out of me way, lass, and don't destroy the evidence.

LB Certainly not!

RR Hmmph!

WH Ja! Hmmph!

Having already interrogated the guests, Detective O'Riley is now discussing the murder with the staff members as they leave the party. It would be best if you don't interfere.

RR Sure and begorrah, you can't be playing the game without studying about the Egyptian gods!  
Why, I've half a mind to arrest you right now!  
WH Ja! Ze detective vill arrest you, und I vill INTERROGATE you!  
LB I'm shocked. You should be ashamed of yourself.

EL Hi, Miss Bow. I'm Ernie Leach. Dr. Carrington told me you could stay awhile and talk to the staff. I've got to lock the doors, so just come and find me when you're ready to leave. Dr. C. also has a key, but you don't want to bother him about that.

LB Thank you, Mr. Leach.

EL Just be careful where you go. Wolf will get upset if he finds you downstairs. See you later.

### **Ziggy's death**

You'll want to get closer to examine this horror thoroughly.

The ceiling is very high in this room. Hanging near the metal catwalk are three, neatly-cut wires that formerly suspended the Pterodactyl from the ceiling.

You gently touch the pool of blood. It's very slightly coagulated.

A large pool of blood has formed around the corpse. It has barely begun to congeal, indicating that the incident must have taken place within the past few minutes.

The blood has begun to clot, darkening and thickening. It's difficult to judge whether or not this blood is primarily from the neck wound or the point where the Pterodactyl's beak impaled the body.

Or both.

The Pterodactyl is cold and lifeless, which is not unusual since it's been dead for millions of years.

You don't suspect it died from foul play, but you never know....

How ironic. After untold millions of years, this Pterodactyl has claimed a new victim: a male specimen of Homo Sapiens, which has been pinned to the floor by the Pterodactyl's monstrous beak.

Though it hardly seems appropriate, you marvel at the intricacy of the construction. The Pterodactyl has been covered with authentic animal hide of some sort, stretched over a rigid framework. There's nothing suspicious about it, however.

You search the pockets and find nothing but the usual lint. You decline to take the jacket with you, since it apparently contains no clues, and is skewered to the floor anyway.

The corpse is wearing a black tuxedo-jacket. At the moment, it's a poor fit, especially around the neck.

Your careful observation reveals that this is a rented tuxedo, bearing the marks of repeated alterations. There is a stain above one pocket; a whiff reveals the strong, fresh scent of champagne.

That's odd, the corpse refuses to reply. Perhaps it's because his mind is elsewhere.

You move the arm, and it flexes easily. Rigor mortis has not yet set in.

The left arm and hand are splayed out to the side. A quick glance reveals nothing grasped in the hand or up the sleeve.

You search the left arm for clues, but come up empty-handed.

You poke gingerly at the beheaded neck for any sign of tooth, blade, or other tool, but you find nothing...somewhat to your relief!

The man's neck has been roughly cut.

The neck wound reveals many sharp cuts of various lengths, as well as some tearing of the flesh.



Either this decapitation was accomplished with an instrument not intended for this purpose, or the victim was still alive and struggling at the time.

The pants are damp and you're getting much too personal, Laura.

You examine the pants currently being worn by the lifeless body on the floor. They're tuxedo pants, with a thin stripe of satin up the side of each leg. The pants are stained with the usual fluids that seep out during death, which explains the smell, but you find nothing unusual.

Close inspection reveals that these rented tuxedo-pants have been altered many times. There's a small mustard stain on one leg.

The right hand and arm bend easily. Rigor mortis has not had a chance to set in.

The right hand of this unfortunate soul is flung out to the side.

You find a large grease stain on the right sleeve. You give it a quick whiff and identify the scent of turkey hors d'oeuvres.

You yank on the wire. It's very strong and firmly attached to the Pterodactyl.

This is one of the three wires that did a less-than-satisfactory job of keeping the Pterodactyl suspended over the museum floor near the overhead catwalk.

You examine the free end of the wire. It's been clipped cleanly, with a slight bend a centimeter or two beneath the cut end. This was no accident.

You pull the thin wire. It remains steadfastly attached to the Pterodactyl.

This is one of the three wires that formerly suspended the Pterodactyl from the ceiling.

You examine the end of the wire carefully. There's no evidence of fraying; the end has been cut off cleanly.

You give the wire a pull, but it's firmly rooted to the Pterodactyl's skeleton.

This is one of the three wires that formerly suspended the Pterodactyl from the ceiling, giving it the appearance of soaring high above the floor.

You carefully examine the dangling end of the wire. It's a clean cut, indicating that somebody deliberately sliced through the cable from the catwalks high above.

You prod gently at the wound, looking for any clue at all. Other than coaxing out a small rivulet of blood from the injured flesh, you accomplish nothing.

You look carefully at the point of entry, where the Pterodactyl's bony beak has completely pierced the sinew of the body. There is little to indicate that the wound is anything other than what it appears to be.

Upon close inspection, you find the flesh around the beak contused and purplish, which is normal for this sort of wound. A few tuxedo threads are stuck in the wound.

Hand trembling, you reach for the blood. It's too horrible. You can't touch it. Besides, you don't want anyone thinking YOU'RE the murderer.

Blood is slowly trickling from Ziggy's severed head.

You reach out sadly toward Ziggy's severed head, then draw away. He's clearly beyond all help.

Oh, no! That doesn't look like a life mask!

It's...

It's...

It's...

**ZIGGY'S HEAD!**

Ziggy is feeling a bit under the weather right now, perhaps because he's lost his voice...and the rest

of his body. In any case, he has nothing to say.

Hmm, a puddle of viscous, red liquid.

You examine the puddle closely. The smell of copper is almost overwhelming. Just as you thought---it's blood!

You reach for the head, then hesitate. Something is not quite right here. You wonder if you should take a closer look first...

You don't want to tamper with the evidence, so you leave it where it is.

Could it be--?

YES!

That's ZIGGY'S HEAD on the wall!

WH Was ist going on in here!

RR I'd say you've got some explaining to do, young lady. Why are you screaming?

LB I...found...Mr. Ziggy's head.

WH Very odd how you are always finding ze bodies, Miss Bow. I think ve should be going back to my office and interrogatink you now....

RR Here now, Wolf. The young lady just found a man's head. Give her a moment before you get out your thumbscrews, then.

LB Thank you, Mr. O'Riley.

RR Don't thank me, lass. I'm not saying you didn't kill the man, I'm just trying to restrain Mr. Heimlich's enthusiasm for his job.

WH But I vill get results! Let me talk to her privately!

RR Now, I realize you're just trying to help, Wolf, but I think we can learn what we need from the lass without harming her.

WH She could lie und you'd never know it. You Americans are too soft on your criminals!

LB I just walked in and found his head. That's all.

RR Well, Mr. Heimlich does have his point, lass. It's a wee bit curious that you keep showing up at the murder scenes before anyone else. How do you explain that, then?

LB Just lucky, I guess.

RR Well, you do seem a wee bit small to be sawing off a man's head, I'll say that much.

LB Thanks.

WH Zis fraulein could have had help! Or maybe she's very clever!

RR Or maybe you're trying to pin the murders on her so you can find the murderer and save your job, eh?

WH My job ist quite secure, Herr O'Riley.

RR Oh, really, now? A Security Chief who allows burglars to steal the exhibits, then overlooks several murders happening under his nose? I'd think twice about your security methods if I was running things here.

WH Zis ist hardly ze place to discuss my methods, Herr O'Riley. Ve haf a suspect to interrogate!

RR Correction. We have a murder scene to investigate. We can talk to the lass later when she's had a chance to calm down.

LB Thank you again, sir.

RR You're a sturdy one, I'll say that much for you. One scream and you've got your head together again, so to speak. Just don't try to leave the museum.

LB I can't leave. I'm locked in.

RR Good. We won't have to worry about you, then.

RR All right, Wolf, we've got work to do. Let's go get the crime scene tools.

### **Archibald Carrington's / Watney Little's death**

The clock appears to have been broken at exactly 12:04 a.m.

The glass on the clock face appears to have been smashed during a struggle. Whether it was a struggle to wind the clock, or a struggle for Carrington's life, it's hard to say for certain.

Don't touch the evidence.

Spiny Norman, former stuffed-porcupine desk-decoration, is now squashed under the weight of Carrington's corpse.

The porcupine's eyes have bugged out of his head under the great weight of Dr. Carrington.

LB OUCH! Those quills are sharp!

Porcupine quills which appear to have caused Dr. Carrington's demise as they passed through his body, creating multiple perforations in many of his vital organs.

There's blood on the porcupine quills. From their position in his body, you infer that the blood belongs to Dr. Carrington.

Rigor mortis has not yet begun to set in, allowing you to move the fingers freely.

It's the pale left hand of Carrington's corpse. The fingers are showing signs of lividity.

Neither the fingernails nor the fingers hold any clues.

Rigor mortis has not yet begun to set in, allowing you to move the fingers freely.

It's the pale right hand of Carrington's corpse. The fingers are showing signs of lividity.

The fingernails hold no clues, but the right index finger has blood on the end of it, although there are no cuts evident on the hand.

Rigor mortis has not yet begun to set in, allowing the head to move slightly on the neck when you poke at it.

Dr. Carrington's head holds no clues that you can discover, except for the somewhat pained expression on his face.

Carrington drooled a bit when he died. And his hair could have used a good wash to get all the grease out of it.

It's the body of President Archibald Carrington III.

It's the DEAD body of Archibald Carrington III. From the position of the corpse, you suspect foul play.

Two letters written in blood on the desk top!

It's Carrington's desk, which is now the scene of his demise as well.

It's dripping blood..

You presume the dripping blood belongs to Carrington, since the porcupine was stuffed.

### **Pippin Carter's Corpse Relocation**

Dr. Carter's skin is cold and disgusting to the touch. He definitely gives the appearance of being dead.

It's Dr. Pippin Carter, famous dead archaeologist.

Dr. Carter's body has been indelicately crammed into the suit of armor. His filmy eyes gaze in mute shock, his head is bent at an unlikely angle, and the skin is puckered where the helmet's edges bite into the expanding flesh.

The faceplate on the armor is slightly open, as if something is protruding from the inside of the dark helm.

Your close scrutiny reveals that there is indeed a body within the cramped confines of the suit of the armor.

### **Ernie's death**

You might want to examine the body close up before you start rearranging it.

You don't have time for that now.

It's no use. Ernie is beyond conversation now.

You touch Ernie's ear. It feels ear-y!

Ernie's ears appear normal.

You inspect Ernie's ears closely and find nothing except the usual earwax.

You consider doing the traditional thing and closing Ernie's eyes, but decide that perhaps it's better not to tamper with his body, which -- though this may seem cold -- is evidence of murder.

Ernie's eyes are bulging in a peculiar way, leading you to believe he either choked, drowned, or was frightened to death.

You look closely at Ernie's eyes, but find little except a few broken blood vessels.

Ernie's head is slightly resistant to your efforts. Rigor mortis has apparently begun to set in.

Ernie's head lolls back limply.

You examine Ernie's head carefully, searching for contusions, bruises, or other evidence of foul play. You see little, but you do notice a faint odor, not immediately identifiable.

Due to rigor mortis, Ernie's left arm is slightly stiff...hence the expression, "stiff," referring to a corpse.

Ernie's arm is draped over a tusk in a casual pose. If he weren't dead, he'd look like an ad for menswear.

A minute inspection of Ernie's left arm reveals nothing suspicious.

You gingerly place your fingers into Ernie's mouth. Cold and clammy hardly begins to describe the feeling. There's a sickening-squishing sound as you probe the moist tissues.

Ernie's mouth gapes, though whether this occurred in his death throes or simply as a result of the corpse's position is unclear.

There is little to see in Ernie's mouth besides the usual teeth, tongue, hard and soft palates, and uvula. But there does seem to be an unusual amount of mucosa foam in the cheeks and throat, usually indicative of death by drowning. There's also a strange trickle of clear fluid.

With obvious distaste, you sniff around the area of his mouth.

The odor is one of pure alcohol.

You hear a slight echo.

You touch Ernie's neck, inspecting for anything unusual. You find nothing.  
Ernie's neck is stretched backwards, tilting his head back at an extreme angle.  
You look carefully for bruises or contusions around the neck, but you find nothing.

The pants feel dank and wet, but the moisture evaporates quickly from your fingers.  
Ernie's pants appear to be clinging somewhat to his legs.  
The pants are intact, but the smell emanating from them is noticeable. It's as if he took a swim in bathtub gin.

Ernie's right arm is stiffening in its outstretched position.  
This arm is flung out to the side, as if to say, "I'm completely limp."  
Despite your closest examination, you find nothing unusual about Ernie's outstretched right arm.

Ernie's shirt feels cold and moist.  
The fabric of the shirt appears to be clinging somewhat to Ernie's chest.  
The shirt appears normal in every way, save for the strong smell of alcohol exuded from the damp fabric...  
...and wait, what's this? Some peculiar hairs appear to have been stuck to the shirt.  
Now that you've removed the unusual hairs, the only evidence this shirt has to offer is its clinical smell of alcohol.

You press on one of Ernie's shoes, and see a bit of moisture oozing from the dark, spongy leather.  
As soon as you remove your finger, the moisture immediately seeps back into the leather.  
Ernie's shoes are intact, yet strangely dark and damp-looking.  
The leather of Ernie's shoes are soaked through and through. The scent is an overpowering mixture of sweat, shoe polish, and alcohol.

The metallic supports are cold and rigid. A bit of dust comes off onto your fingers; you shake your hand gently to dislodge it.  
A rigid metallic frame supports the giant tusks and, at the moment, Ernie's lifeless body.  
The support structure, like a professional wrestler, appears very strong and totally clueless.

The heavy-twilled fabric of the suspenders is rough and stretched taut over Ernie's unmoving chest.  
The fabric also feels slightly moist.  
Ernie's suspenders are intact, which saves you from much embarrassment.  
The suspenders are damp but intact, and reek of alcohol or something similarly chemical (dry cleaning fluid, perhaps).

The tusks are hard and smooth, like ivory.  
The long, curved tusks of the Mastodon are currently supporting the limp weight of Ernie Leach, Ex-Maintenance Engineer.  
The tusks are slightly dampened in the areas where the body has come in contact with them.  
Otherwise, you find nothing unusual about them.

The hairs are much thicker, coarser and stiffer than those of a human being.  
These are animal hairs of some sort, too coarse to be human.  
The hairs are bristled and clearly animal in origin, with a faint smell of alcohol.

RR What was that, lass?  
LB Ernie is dead!

WH Zo, you've finally come to us to confess, iss that it?

LB Confess? No, I'm reporting a murder!

WH Und you vere ze first one to find ze body again?

LB Well, I guess so...

WH Quite a coincidence, fraulein. I think ve should be INTERROGATING you to learn ze TRUTH! I've had ENOUGH of your LIES!

RR Calm down, Heimlich. If there's any interrogating to be done, I'll be the one who does it.

RR Now then, lass, where did you find the body?

LB The Mastodon room. He's hanging from some Mastodon tusks.

WH Ach! He's probably just zleeping on ze job!

LB No, I'm sure he's dead.

RR Well, I'll go take a look at him, then. If I need to talk to you, I'll find you later.

WH Ach, you are shmelling like ze brewery, mein Kapitan! Either you've been drinking, or you've been eating too many of zose grapes!

RR Sure and begorrah, a man needs a little nip from his flask now and then, doesn't he?

WH Personally, I do not require ze drinking of ze alcohol. It would impair my mental und physical zkilss.

LB ERNIE LEACH has been MURDERED!

### **Upon Walking Into Yvette's Office**

(Walking into Steve and Yvette's massage)

LB Oh, dear!

SD Miss Bow!

YD Sacre bleu!

SD I can explain this!

LB I bet you can, Mr. Dorian....

SD I'm just rubbing her neck!

YD Oui! And he does it so WELL!

LB I'll just leave you two alone....

SD Miss Bow! Wait!

(Catching Olympia in Yvette's office)

OM Miss Bow, this is a private office.

LB Oh! Well, I was just looking around. Have you seen this paper cutter? It looks like it has blood on the blade.

OM BLOOD?

OM Oh, that's not blood. You got me all excited. It's probably just red ink. But, if you're worried about Yvette, I just saw her on her way down to Ernie's office in the basement. She goes down there a lot, for some reason.

LB Maybe she's fond of Ernie?

OM Yvette is very fond of EVERYONE, my dear. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have some business to attend to.

(Seeing Yvette after Ernie's death)

YD My Ernie, he was ze wonderful man! I really loved heem!

LB Oh, sure you did. I know your type, Yvette. I know you didn't really love him.

YD But I did! Ernie was ze first man I've ever really loved! I was even trying to find work for him so he could make ze extra money!

LB Why did he need extra money? He had a good job here, didn't he?  
YD It was ze gambling. Ze Icepick, HE killed my Ernie for ze gambling debts!  
LB Ernie wasn't killed with an icepick...  
YD No, no! Ze Icepick, he ees ze...how do you say it...ze loan fish!  
LB Loan fish? Oh! You mean Icepick is the name of a loan shark?  
YD Oui! Ze Icepick, he is an EVIL man!  
LB You're sure he's the one who killed Ernie?  
YD My Ernie, he was worried about ze Icepick. He told me about him this evening.  
LB Hmm. Very curious. I'm surprised you had time to see Ernie tonight.  
YD Why ees that?  
LB Because you've been spending so much time with Mr. Dorian.  
YD Oh, you mean ze Steve! He ees ze attractive man, but we are only ze friends, no? But my  
Ernie, what will I do without him?  
LB I can see you're upset. I'll leave you alone.

(Catch Yvette and O'Riley)

LB Oh! Excuse me!

RR Here, now! Be off with you, then!

### **Eavesdropping Yvette's Office**

YD ...Come a leetle closer, Monsieur Najeer. I am wanting to show you sometheeng.  
RN And what would that be, Mith Delacroix?  
YD Look at ze palm of my 'and.  
RN It ith a lovely palm, to be sure, but what am I thuppothed to thee?  
YD You see thees line, Monsieur? Eet ees my love line.  
RN My goodness, Mith Delacroix, it goeth all the way up your arm and dithappearth up your  
thleeve!  
YD Would you like to see where it ends up, Rameses?  
RN Um, I, uh, well, um--  
YD 'Ave you ever been to Paris, Rameses?  
RN No, um, I can't thay I ever have.  
YD Then you 'ave never seen ze Eiffel Tower?  
RN Um, no...  
YD Well, by all means, let me show you!  
RN Mith Delacroix! Pleathe! I'm a married man... oh, dear...  
YD 'Ave you forgotten who let you eento ze museum, Rameses? 'Ave you forgotten who showed  
you ze secret room for your leetle ceremonies? You 'aven't, 'ave you?  
RN No, I haven't but...  
YD Then you will let me geeve you ze grand tour of ze tower, no? \*giggle!\*RN We'll have to go thomewhere elthe. I don't feel thafe here.  
YD Lead ze way, Monsieur...

YD Oh, Doctor Smeeth, I appreciate your 'elp so much!

PS Well, I don't particularly appreciate giving it. I have things to do, Miss Delacroix. Important  
things.

YD But surely you can spare ze time to 'elp me move my desk, no?

PS Oh, I suppose. Why do you want to move it, anyway?

YD Oh, there ees a terrible stain on ze rug. I don't want it to show. We don't have to move ze desk  
very far.

PS All right... Uh! It's heavy! OW!

YD Oh, I am so, so sorry! Did you 'urt yourself?

PS Yes! Oh, no, I'm bleeding! You owe me one, Miss.

YD But of course, Meester Smeeth. I'll do anything you say. ANYthing. Didn't I let you in when you asked? Didn't I keep your secret?

PS Yes, I suppose you did. And I'm sorry about bleeding on your carpet. At least it'll blend in with the old stain. What is that, anyway?

YD Oh, eet ees only strawberry jam! \*giggle!\*

PS I'm sure I don't want to know, Yvette.

YD Probably not, Doctor Smeeth. Now, let's go to your place.

LB Steve...uh, Mr. Dorian!

SD Miss Bow!

OM Thank you for showing me your scars, Steve. They were very, very nice!

LB Haven't seen you in a while, Mr. Dorian.

SD Well, uh...women keep carrying me off.

LB Carrying you off?

SD Yeah! First, Miss Delacroix pulled me away from the party to show me the Old Masters Gallery. Then there was Dr. Myklos; she's been pestering me about my scars ever since she found out I worked on the docks. Weird lady.

LB You don't seem too upset by all the attention.

SD Well, I would rather have spent the time with you.

LB I'd think a big, strong man like you would have been able to get away from them if you wanted to do so.

SD Well, I hate to be rude, and I did end up finding you here....

LB Have you heard about the murders?

SD Uh...murders? Oh, I guess somebody did mention that.

LB You seem kind of distracted.

SD Yeah, well, I've got news for you, too. I think some of the paintings in the Old Masters Gallery are forgeries. The paint is still wet on some of them!

LB Yes, well, I hardly think that---

YD Oh, Steve! A terrible theeng has happened! Ernie ees dead!

SD Ernie?

YD Yes! My Ernie! What weel I do? Oh, I need a beeg man to cry on! Please, come into my office!

SD Sorry, Miss Bow. The poor woman seems very upset. Maybe there's something I can do for her.

LB I can just guess what that is.

SD We can talk more later, okay?

LB We'll see about that....

LB Hmmmm...

This is the door to Yvette Delacroix's office.

The door sports an elegant lacquered finish, but nothing in the way of telltale clues.

YD Thank you for coming to see me, Olympia. Thees ees very nice of you.

OM You're very welcome, my dear. What can I do for you?

YD Oh, you see, I found thees strange bone, and I said to myself, "Yvette, if anyone can tell you what thees ees, eet would be Olympia."

OM A bone, you say? How fascinating. Where did you find it?

YD I found eet right here in the museum. Here eet ees, Doctor.

OM Now, let me see...

OM Ha ha! Yvette, you silly girl! This is a chicken bone!



YD Eet ees?

OM Yes, of course. Why, it is still greasy. You got this at dinner, didn't you?

YD \*giggle!\* Oh, you have caught me, Olympia. I was playing ze leetle joke on you.

OM You are a funny girl, Yvette, but I am quite fond of you.

YD Olympia? We are ze good friends, no? I have ze problem I wish to talk to you about.

OM Oh? Certainly. What is it?

YD Come closer so I can whisper eet to you. Eet ees very personal...and I want no one to overhear....

OM Oh, my. Oh, my... Oh, MY!

YD Oo la la!

SD How does that feel?

YD Eet ees magnifique! Mmmm!

SD I'm not rubbing too hard, am I?

YD Ze harder ze better, mon ami!

SD Well, we all get a little stiff now and then.

YD Oooo, and you are so GOOD at working out ze kinks! Mmmm!

SD Uh, would you mind not moaning so loud? You might draw attention.

YD Oooh, I cannot be helping eet! You are so beeg and so strong! Mmmm!

SD Oh, my....

RR ...Well, lass, we've known each other a long time, and I'm not ready to get married yet, but I know one thing for sure. I love you.

YD Oh, my great detective...zees feeling, eet ees mutual.

RR Just be keeping in mind that I'd have to kill you if I ever found out you were sleeping with someone else.

YD What? Oh, you are to be making ze little joke, no? Your sense of humor, it is magnifique!

RR I've already had one bad marriage...and it won't happen again. It's been a long time since I've been able to trust anyone as much as I trust you.

YD Zees ees very flattering, my love. I am never to be knowing someone like you, either. You are so good and so kind....

RR Well, I try, lass. I try. It's not easy being a cop in this town. The place is lousy with criminals, even in the police force.

YD Oh, no! How terrible!

RR Sure'n it's a hard thing when a cop goes bad. I've seen it happen. A cop spends years fighting crime and watching the hoods get rich while he risks his life to make just a few bucks. The first time a cop takes a bribe, it bothers him...but then it gets easier.

YD You are such a strong man, my Ryan. You would never be accepting ze payoff, no?

RR Sure'n I'm shocked that you'd even SAY such a thing, Yvette!

YD I'm sorry, my love. I should have known better.

RR You'll have to show me how sorry you are. Kiss me.

YD Gladly, my love. How can I resist?

YD You lied to me!

RR Well, lass, I guess that makes us even. You lied to ME!

YD You had something to do with ze Dagger burglary!

RR You've been sleeping with someone else! I saw you go off with that dock worker!

YD I've never slept with Steve! And ze Ziggy fellow, he told me about you and ze Dagger!

RR And you BELIEVED that little weasel? I've arrested the man more times than I can count!

YD Ze Ziggy, I know him a long time. He would not lie to me.

RR That man'd lie to his own MOTHER if someone paid him for it!

YD Ziggy, he says you were working with ze Carrington to steal ze Dagger!

RR Lies! You can't be trusting the man! If he wasn't already dead, I'd pound the truth out of him!  
YD Maybe you already did....  
RR Were you SLEEPING with the little rat, then?  
YD Of course not!  
RR You really surprise me, lass. I'd think you grew up on the streets, accusing me of burglary like that!  
YD Where I grew up doesn't matter, does eet? Ze important thing ees...wait, did you hear something at the door?  
RR Yeah, I was hearing it too. Keep your voice down, then....

### **Eavesdropping using the intercom**

It's a button, presumably for communicating with other offices.  
The button looks depressed.  
The button is in the up position, indicating that it's not in use.

You touch the intercom unit, completely missing the buttons...and the whole point, apparently.

The intercom crackles and you overhear a conversation:

OM Oh, I so love your scars, Wolfie. Show them to me again.  
WH Zey are yours to admire, my strudel.  
OM Hopa! Very very nice!  
WH Ja. Und I have zis new bone for your collection....  
OM Ahh! Such a LARGE bone, too! Where did you find it?  
WH I've been carrying zis bone around for years. It is yours now, my fraulein. You may do with it what you vill.  
OM I'm impressed by your generosity, Wolfie.

The intercom crackles and you overhear a conversation:

YD Oh, my lovair, how DO you manage to do eet so MANY times?  
RR Sure'n a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.  
YD And you DO eet so well!  
RR Try and keep your voice down, lass. Someone might hear us.  
YD Oooh, I do not care, my amour. Life, she ees something we only enjoy once!  
RR Sure and begorrah, I do this at least fifty times a day to stay in shape.  
YD Feefty times! Oo la la! And what do you call zees movement?  
RR Sit-ups, lass. I also do fifty push-ups each day. Then I run a few miles....

The intercom crackles and you overhear a conversation:

EL I'm tellin' you, pal, you're not supposed to be down here.  
ZI Nuttin' poisonal, mac, but Archie said I could scope the place out.  
EL Well, he didn't say anything to me about it. Neither did Mr. Heimlich, and he's the Chief of Security.  
ZI It's okay, mac. Don't get youse britches in an uproar. Trust me.  
EL I'd only trust you about as far as I can throw you.  
ZI Hey, now, dere ain't no need for fiscal violence, mac.  
EL I'll give you ten seconds. If you aren't out of my sight by then, I'm gonna hurt you real bad.  
ZI You're touchy, ain't ya? But I wuz done down here anyways. See ya around, mac.  
EL Not if I can help it.

When you press the button, all you hear is static.

You hear only static this time.

It's the latest thing in office telecommunications technology---an intercom master unit.

The six button intercom allows the President to talk and listen to people in other offices.

Testing, testing---one, two, three, four.... Does this thing work?

LB Hello? This is Laura Bow. Hello?

LB These newfangled inventions are SUCH a caution. Can anyone hear me?

LB Murderer, if you can hear me, give yourself up! You haven't got a chance! Stop these senseless killings!

LB Is this doing anything? Is it hooked up? Can anyone hear me?

LB If the person who stole the Dagger of Amon Ra can hear this, and your guilty conscience is bothering you, please leave the Dagger on President Carrington's desk. There will be no questions asked.

This button turns the intercom on and off.

The button is currently in the OFF position.

The button is currently in the ON position.

Since this is the Master intercom unit, it has a SEND/RECEIVE button.

The button is in the RECEIVE position.

The button is in the SEND position.

### **Tut Smith interruption**

LB Good evening, Dr. Smith.

PS Miss Bow! I did not expect to see you here.

LB Ah, but I knew YOU were coming.

PS You did? How?

LB How is not important. The question is, why are you here?

PS I...had an appointment...with Dr. Carter.

LB You must be aware that he's dead.

PS Dead? Why, I had no idea...

LB Died right here in this room, as a matter of fact. I'm surprised you hadn't heard.

PS I'm shocked. I don't know what to say.

LB I bet you don't. Where were you at 8:00 p.m. when he died?

PS At the party, of course. You saw me there.

LB Actually, I didn't see you there at that time.

PS But you must...oh, well, there was the phone call.

LB Phone call?

PS Mr. Heimlich told me I had a call waiting on Dr. Carrington's telephone. When I arrived in his office, the line was dead, so I returned to the party.

LB Was Dr. Carrington in his office?

PS No. He was at the party.

LB Did Mr. Heimlich tell you who was calling?

PS No. He didn't take the call...and I don't know who told him about it.

LB You and Dr. Carter seemed to argue a lot about the Dagger of Amon Ra...

PS We had our differences of opinion, yes...

LB Did you kill him?

PS Miss Bow! I'm shocked that you would ask me such a thing! I'm leaving!

LB Hmm. We'll talk again later.

### **Eavesdropping behind the tapestry in the Armor Hall**

OM Wolfie, your facial scars are so wonderful! How did you get them?

WH Fencing, my strudel. As a young man, I would fence with mein Heidelberg friends. Ve would shtop our opponents' saber just before it vent through our faces, which would make ze scars you see now.

OM Ah, that is verra interesting! You did not use masks to protect your faces?

WH Nein. Zat would have been considered unmanly.

OM Hmm. You'll have to show me how to do that sometime.

WH Zere are many things I can show you, my strudel.

OM Perhaps we should go somewhere...less public, Wolfie?

WH Oh, ja. Good idea...particularly since zere is zat annoying reporter wandering around ze museum. Zat is not something I would have allowed if I was running things here.

OM Give it time, Wolfie. Perhaps you will be running things here someday, if I have anything to say about it.

WH Oh? What can you do?

OM There are ways...but come, let us speak of these things in more privacy.

LB Well, well. Good evening, Countess.

WC What are YOU doing here?

LB I just happened to be hiding behind the tapestry.

WC You're lying!

LB How could you tell?

WC Nobody just happens to HIDE behind a museum tapestry!

LB And nobody just walks around inside a museum late at night with paintings under their arms.

WC Paintings? Oh, you mean THESE paintings? Ah...I just found them laying around on the FLOOR...and I picked them up so nobody would STEP on them!

LB I don't think so.

WC You don't think so? Are you ACCUSING me of something, you SILLY girl?

LB What do you think?

WC I think you're a RUDE girl who needs to learn some MANNERS. The nerve...going around ACCUSING people of stealing paintings!

LB Did I say anything about you stealing them?

WC Well...of COURSE you did! Don't try to TRICK me, girl. I've got more tricks than you have BRAIN CELLS.

LB One thing I have to ask myself is: why did you bring those paintings to a meeting with Dr. Carrington this time of night?

WC How did...you know I was meeting Dr. Carrington?

LB I found a note beside his body.

WC His BODY? You talk about him like he was DEAD.

LB Yes, he is. Dead as a doorknob. You didn't know about it?

WC You're trying to TRICK me again. Dr. Carrington is ALIVE and WELL and working in his office.

LB Well, you're right about him being in his office, but he's quite dead, I assure you.

WC Oh, my GOD!

LB And you seem to be a logical murder suspect....

WC Wait a SECOND! You're not going to PIN this one on ME! I didn't have ANYTHING to do with it! Why would I want to KILL him? We've got a PERFECTLY good art burglary scheme going!

LB Art burglary?

WC Uh...I think I said too much....

LB If you're trying to convince me that you're not the murderer, you're not doing a very good job of it.

WC What do I care what YOU think anyway? You're not a cop!

LB But I am a reporter...and I could write about you in the newspaper. Of course, your reputation would be ruined, and the police would get very interested in you...but you're tough, so I'm sure you could handle it.

WC Look, it was just a little deal I worked out with Dr. Carrington! An art forger duplicates the paintings on the wall of the gallery, then we hang them up in place of the real ones, which we sell to private collectors.

LB Didn't you think someone would catch on after a while?

WC Are you KIDDING? That's the beauty of the plan. When we had replaced all the paintings, we were going to SLASH them and make it look like someone vandalized the real paintings. No one would EVER think we'd go to the trouble of forging paintings just to DESTROY them!

WC And CARRINGTON is here to see that no one gets too nosy.

LB You mean he WAS here...

WC I SWEAR I didn't have anything to do with his death! He was my cash cow! I brought him over from Europe just for this reason! Now, that's it! I'm NOT saying any more about it!

LB I saw an interesting diary in Carrington's wall safe. It belonged to Sterling Waldorf-Carlton, your former husband.

WC My dear Sterling's DIARY? What did you do with it?

LB I left it in the safe for the police to find.

WC You didn't READ it, did you?

LB Yes, actually, I did. It had some interesting things to say about YOU...

WC LIES! All LIES! I LOVED that man! I STILL love him, despite what he did to his Will. Dear Sterling made me a RICH woman...or he's GOING to as soon as the Will problems are cleared up.

LB Sterling seemed to think you wanted to kill him for his money.

WC Lies! Nonsense! Lies!

LB Apparently Yvette is afraid of you, too. Sterling mentioned her as well.

WC YVETTE? That little trollop? So, THAT'S who he was seeing behind my back! SHE must be the one who made him start CHANGING his Will!

LB I don't know. I just know what I read in his diary.

WC Ohhh...I'm starting to feel FAINT....

LB Perhaps you should lie down somewhere and compose yourself. We'll talk more later.

WC Yes...good idea....

LB And don't try to leave the museum tonight. I'm sure Detective O'Riley would be interested in hearing what I know about you.

WC I'm SURE he would, dear girl. Don't worry...I'm sure WE'LL talk some more.

WC I don't feel like talking about that now!

LB Does this look familiar?

WC It LOOKS like a pocketwatch.

LB You'd never guess where I found it.

WC In your PURSE?

LB In a trunk with a human skeleton. The engraving on the inside of the watch says it belongs to Dr. Archibald Carrington III.

WC Dr. Carri...uh, what, uh...

LB Having trouble talking?

WC I didn't KILL him! WATNEY did it!

LB Tell me about it.

WC I HIRED Watney to impersonate Carrington! Then Watney KILLED Carrington on the boat during their trip here from England!

LB You hired him to kill Dr. Carrington?

WC No! That was HIS idea!

LB Okay, if Carrington's skeleton is in the trunk, then who's the corpse on the desk in Carrington's office?

WC He...oh, God...it's Watney Little! Someone killed WATNEY!

LB Someone who thought he was the real Carrington?

WC How would I know? I wasn't THERE!

LB Who else besides you would have a reason to kill him?

WC I don't know! Maybe someone else knew his true identity? Maybe he made someone ANGRY! Maybe he killed HIMSELF!

LB I seriously doubt that the man would commit suicide by impaling himself on a porcupine...

WC I don't know what to tell you! I don't know who did it! I just know I didn't do it! You must BELIEVE me!

LB Hmmmm...

LB You're not looking well, Countess.

WC There's a MURDERER running around LOOSE in this museum, so I DO feel a bit SPOOKED when someone LEAPS out from behind the EXHIBITS.

## **Act IV: The Museum Of The Dead**

### **Yvette's death**

You don't need it. Leave it here for the police.

It looks like a shred of clothing fabric.

It looks like a piece of fabric torn from Yvette's dress...possibly in a moment of passion.

Feels like red hair.

Red hairs.

A close look seems to indicate that the red hairs belonged to a human.

The desk is in disarray, as if a struggle has occurred here recently.

This is a crime scene, so it would be a bad idea to touch the desk surface and leave your fingerprints behind. Imagine trying to explain THAT to the police!

It's on the floor, but it's actually a desk lamp.

Since the floor is an odd location for a desk lamp, and since other desk items have been disturbed, you conclude that the lamp was knocked down during some sort of physical activity that took place on the desk.

It's a petite woman's shoe.

The backs of the high-heels on this expensive woman's shoe are heavily scuffed.

That won't work on this statue.

The odd statue feels like it's made of cheap, quick-drying plaster.

The subject of this sculpture looks curiously familiar.  
The sculpture gives off a strong smell of fresh plaster.

Red hair.

Definitely red hair. Probably human.

With some difficulty, you pull a few fragments of the red hairs loose from Yvette's plastered death grip.

With some difficulty, you pry the bifocal glasses from Yvette's death grip and brush off the loose plaster.

It's a pair of bifocal glasses clutched tightly in her fist.

There appears to be a fingerprint on one of the lenses of the bifocals, although you have no way to identify it.

Yvette's bare, plaster-dusted, dead flesh feels stiff and cold.

There is plaster dust all over Yvette's bare, pale skin.

There are a few scratches on Yvette's skin, as if she was in a struggle before she died.

Her plaster-dusted skin feels stiff and cold.

Yvette's cleavage.

Goodness, Laura! There's nothing unusual about Yvette's cleavage!

The fabric of the dress feels stiff from the plaster.

Yvette's dress doesn't look as good as it did earlier in the evening.

Nice weave in the hardened fabric of the dress.

Yvette's face feels stiff from rigor mortis. A bit of plaster dust comes off on your finger when you touch her cold skin.

Yvette's face doesn't look as good in death as it did in life, perhaps because her makeup is covered with plaster dust.

There is plaster in all of the openings on Yvette's face: mouth, nostrils, eyes, ears. She has several scratches on her face, as well as cuts on her lips.

Yvette's formerly soft hair is now stiff as a result of being plastered to her head.

Yvette's hair, formerly full of bounce and shine, is now lifeless and dull. It could use a thorough washing with a good shampoo to get all the plaster dust out of it.

No split-ends!

Yvette's left hand is stiff and cold.

It's Yvette's left hand.

Yvette's left hand is plastered.

Yvette's right hand is stiff and cold.

It's Yvette's right hand.

Yvette's right hand is plastered.

The "scarf" around Yvette's neck feels silky where it's not covered with plaster.

The "scarf" around Yvette's neck looks suspiciously like the hosiery she was wearing on her legs earlier.

The "scarf" clearly isn't a scarf. It's the silk hosiery Yvette was wearing earlier in the evening. Her neck under the scarf shows red friction burns, as if she was strangled. This makes you wonder if she died during a passionate moment, or had simply developed the habit of

wearing silk hose around her neck.

The sheet that covers Yvette's lower anatomy is stiff with dried plaster.

A sheet, stiff with plaster, covers Yvette's lower anatomy.

Perhaps this sheet was wrapped around Yvette's body as a shroud, or maybe the murderer had artistic inclinations? The disturbing thought flashes through your mind that Steve Dorian is an artist in his spare time....

It appears to be a pair of bifocal glasses.

You can't really use the magnifying glass on them in their current position.

### **Countess Lavinia Waldorf-Carlton's death**

OM Countess? Why are you tied up on my desk?

Your face has certainly changed to an attractive pale color, my dear.

You seem a little under the weather. Are you okay?

WC Urk....

OM Oh, dear. You don't look well at all.

WC O'Riley....

OM You want Mr. O'Riley? Okay, just wait right here and I'll go get him.

OM Hello, Miss Bow. Do you know where Mr. O'Riley is?

LB Well, no, not exactly. I assume he's still in the museum.

OM Well, I'll find him. If you see him first, would you tell him that the Countess is dying on the desk in my office?

LB The Countess is dying? What's wrong with her?

OM Well, she's looking rather pale...her eyes are glazed...and she's not breathing much. I'd guess she's been bitten by a snake.

LB By a snake?

OM Must you keep repeating everything I say? In any case, I've got to go now.

Laura, you have a big snake to attend to. Don't do that.

LB That's it...I'm out of oil. Now what?

It's a dead woman's ankle.

It's the bound and dead body of the Countess Lavinia Waldorf-Carlton.

Other than the rope used to wrap the body of the Countess, which seems to be biting into her as if she struggled after being tied up, there are no other signs of evidence on her body.

The rope around the Countess is biting into her body, as if she struggled after she was tied up.

There's also a slight bulge in her coat pocket.

There are no visible signs of evidence on the desk immediately around the corpse.

There is no sign of blood on the desk, although the surface is a bit scratched.

Looks like an important document.

You decide not to read beyond the title: PROCEEDINGS OF THE 20TH ANNUAL CONFERENCE ON DERMESTIDS.



A paper with printed words on it.

A scientific paper with the title: SOCIAL HABITS OF THE CHERRYSTONE CLAM.

The first page of a scientific report.

A scientific report on the topic of: ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXCAVATIONS IN AHWAHNEE, CALIFORNIA.

A Thank You note.

It's a Thank You note addressed to Dr. Olympia Myklos from Lori O'Shannon, age 12.

"Dr. Myklos, thank you for introducing me to the world of bones. Since I met you, I have become a big collector of all kinds of bones. I like bones. As you said, bones are our friends. I even have a human skull I named 'Charlie.' Thank you very much."

The Countess is looking rather pale. She seems surprised that she died here on Olympia's desk. Her bloodshot eyes are open and staring into infinity. Her lips have a bluish tint. There are no signs of violence on or around her face or head.

The skin on her hand is as pale as her face, showing minor signs of lividity in the palms. Her fingernails are clean and unbroken, showing no signs of violence.

The intercom has fallen on the floor.

The intercom's case has been cracked in its fall to the floor.

It's the dead leg of the Countess.

There are no signs of swelling or violence on or about the leg.

A little bunch of grapes. Chilled, you remember something about grapes being found alongside the victims of Jack the Ripper....

They seem to be ordinary table grapes. Nice and ripe.

An intercom slave unit.

She keeps her intercom nice and clean.

Smelling salts.

The scent of the smelling salts is overpowering at this close range.

A cobra fang is embedded in the Countess' swollen ankle.

Not a good idea since it's leaking venom.

You detect a trickle of what could prove to be cobra venom. You deem it wise not to touch it when you remember that it's a neurotoxin that causes progressive paralysis leading to respiratory failure. That Biology class was useful after all.

## **Act V: The Chase**

The locked door rattles repeatedly as someone bangs a heavy weight against it.

You don't have time for that now! Someone's chasing you!

You don't want to hide in here! The memory of Pippin's dead body, and the blood all over the inside of the case, convince you to look elsewhere.  
You're in too much of a hurry to do that again.  
You hear the sound of someone breaking down a door in the next room!

The locked door that formerly occupied this space has been smashed open, allowing you to pass through.

(Employees Only)

It's the smashed door you came in through. You shudder, thinking all that violence was meant for you.

You reconsider dropping the crate in the middle of the floor.  
The cable is pulled very taut by the weight of the box.  
The cable holding that crate looks very strong.  
The cable is made of twisted wire.

You don't have time for that! Someone's chasing you!

Try as you may, you can't reach the arm of the crane.  
It's the arm of the crane.  
Your magnifier doesn't work that far away.

The crane feels very sturdy.  
It's a large crane for moving the crates around.  
The crane is made of tempered steel. It's obviously capable of lifting extremely heavy objects.

The label on the crate says: "Warning! Contents must be quarantined for a minimum of seven years."

The label on the crate says: "Borneo Express. You can count on us."

The label on the crate says: "Danger: Live Scorpions."

The label on the crate says: "Contents Unknown. Don't open."

The label on the crate says: "Shrunken Heads: Jumbo Sampler".

The label on the crate says: "Contents: Cursed idol from the Temple of Kali. Open slowly."

The label on the crate says: "Contents: Dehydrated Rats".

The crate blocking the doorway rattles as someone repeatedly bangs a heavy weight against the other side.

There are many crates from all over the world in this room  
That side of the room is in shadow. You can't see much.

It feels filthy!

The storage room floor hasn't been swept in quite awhile.  
Someone studying dust could write a Master's thesis in here.

A large crate is suspended from the crane arm.

The label on the crate says: "Etruscan Lead and Iron Funerary Masks".

That crate must be REALLY heavy.

If you were to stand under this crate and cut the cable, your body would be crushed and broken under the immense weight.

Oh, but there are so MANY places to put your hand. Where shall it be, where shall it be?  
Judging by the plethora of storage crates, you determine that this is a storage room.  
Hmmm...yes, it appears to be a room, probably built as part of a museum and used for the storage of objects. Crates, specifically, unless you're very much mistaken...which you're not.

You pull and pull at the knots, but they just won't come loose.  
The thick cable is held in place by large tiedowns on either side of the crane.  
It looks like someone took their time with these knots. They would probably confound a sailor!

(The elevator)

Now's no time for doing your stretching exercises.  
It's the elevator ceiling. You look nervously for a trap door, and are relieved to see that there isn't one.  
Your magnifier doesn't work at this range.

You reach for the floor, then decide you'd rather not.  
The floor is made of rough wooden planking. Very functional.  
You detect traces of paint, scuff marks, lots of dust, and the occasional hair. You decide that some things are better off not being magnified.

The rusty lever is stuck.  
The lever appears to be the only way to control the elevator.  
The lever is rusted and worn. You wonder if the elevator still works at all.

You may disembark the elevator to the south.

There really isn't time to play with the trash. Perhaps you can come back later to satisfy that urge.  
Old, greasy rags and crumpled newspapers litter the floor of the elevator.  
The rags are greasy and dirty. The newspaper scraps are greasy and dirty. In fact, the whole floor is greasy and dirty.

The wood is rough. You might get a splinter.  
The elevator walls are scuffed and worn. Many hundreds of bones, artifacts, and dead animals have ridden in this elevator over the years, but it doesn't seem to have been used lately.  
The walls are old and battered, but seem to be strongly constructed.

(Mummy room)

This is the sarcophagus of Aahmes I, a Pharaoh of the 18th Dynasty. Aahmes was known for his love of hunting wild geese. This led to his nickname: the Mighty Goose King of the Upper Nile.  
Aahmes I's mummy case is quite beautiful. It has little golden geese all over it.

It's the mummy case of the Pharaoh Rathotep, who ruled in the 14th Dynasty. This is a rare piece because most evidence of Rathotep's rule was destroyed after his death.  
Rathotep tried to introduce the worship of the rodent goddess, Munchahton. This proved to be unpopular, and he was eventually judged a heretic.

A prayer to the rat goddess has been thoughtfully translated and posted on the mummy case: Oh holy Rat, Oh Rat that Bites, We are thy Slaves, Both Days and Nights. We love thy Teeth, So Orange and Long, We bring thee Seeds, We sing thy Song.

It is the mummy case of Amenophis III, who ruled in the Eighteenth Dynasty. Amenophis was known as the Shy One, since he had a terrible fear of crowds and rarely appeared in public. He finally created a wooden replica of himself to hold court in his place.

He earned the reputation of being a very severe judge, since his advisors frequently interpreted his silences to mean, "Death by Crocodile."

Little depictions of the Pharaoh hiding behind trees, bushes, and walls cover the mummy case.

It's the mummy case of Rackshplatt II, who ruled in the 17th Dynasty. Poor Rackshplatt was a terrible public speaker. He mumbled so badly that he was almost never understood.

Famous quotes attributed to him include: "My fish dances in the parking lot" and "My spleen is long and yellow."

The King's cartouche includes many depictions of twisted tongues.

It's the mummy case of Sebek-Ra, a pharaoh of the 13th Dynasty. Sebek-Ra was a fanatical follower of Sekhmet, the ferocious Lion Goddess. So deep was his devotion that he slaughtered his entire entourage for her. After that, he just couldn't get good servants.

The scenes on Sebek-Ra's case are too horrifying to examine closely.

It's the mummy case of Snivelenhotep, the Whining One. A ruler in the 15th Dynasty, Snivelenhotep drove several slaves to suicide with his constant wheedling. He was mummified with a large onion in his mouth, so his Ka would be silent in the afterlife.

Strange, the funeral portrait on the mummy case somewhat resembles Ziggy!

It's the mummy case of Itinkisawapuddytat IV, a pharaoh of the 18th Dynasty. He was known for his strange affinity for cats.

A worshipper of Bastet, the Cat Goddess, he had so many cats at the time of his death that it took his servants three days to find his body amongst the hairballs.

The designs on the mummy case are predominantly images of cats and balls of sacred twine.

The hieroglyphs on the mummy case identify the occupant as Pu, a high government official who died in 330 B.C.

Painted at a time when mummy cases were viewed as being less important, the artwork looks like it was done quickly, with little care for detail or quality, as if the artist assumed it was going to be buried and no one would ever see it again anyway.

Little did the artist realize that his work would be dug up 2,000 years later and placed in a museum. Now it's in storage because the artwork, showing Pu in candid poses with Thoth and Osiris, is considered amateurish.

Clearly, the artist should have taken the time to paint it right in the first place, rather than being embarrassed for the rest of eternity.

It's the mummy case belonging to the mysterious Pharaoh Lameotep. Not much is known about him because he apparently never did anything worth noting in the historical records.

It's a mummy from the Ptolemaic Period, around 330 B.C., whose name was Pu. His wrappings seem to be in fair condition, but exposure to the air is starting to make them crumble.

It's clear that the mummy wrappings are in a very fragile condition.

It's the mummy of Itinkisawapuddytat IV, a Pharaoh of the 18th Dynasty.

The lid won't open.

It's the lid to the mummy case of the Pharaoh MacKenzietape.

You hear a muffled, rhythmic noise from inside the mummy case. The more you listen to it, the more it sounds like a group of male voices singing a chant.

It's the mummy case of the Pharaoh MacKenzietape of the 15th Dynasty. He was the first Scottish Pharaoh, who ruled from his capitol at Loch MacCairo. He was the first Pharaoh to decree that Haggis and Blood Pudding should be eaten by everyone at least once a day.

It's the elevator door.

It's a mummified teddy bear. One of his black button eyes appears to watch you as you move around the room.

There is a cartouche on the teddy bear mummy's wrappings, identifying the cute little creature as:  
PU II.

The room feels like any other room that's filled with the bodies of people and animals that have been dead for hundreds of years.

This is the mummy storage room.

You find only filaments of old gauze beneath your gaze.

The elevator shaft is dark and cold.

Quit playing around with the snake! There's a murderer chasing you!

The snake shifts, just a little, and you hear a click.

You can't reach the snake that way.

A snake protrudes from the mummy case's headdress. You remember that the snake is a symbol of Egyptian royalty.

It's the wall of the mummy storage room.

(The Ritual Room)

You hear ominous chanting as you encounter a strange ceremony....

LB Oh, my goodness!

LB Ah...excuse me...I was looking for the...women's lounge?

RN You're coming with uth, young lady.

LB Umm...I think you're making a mistake...

RN You've theen too much. We can't let you go.

LB Not to worry! I won't remember seeing this room...or you...or ANYTHING! Really! I've got a TERRIBLE memory...can't even remember my own NAME half the time!

RN I'm thorry you found uth. Our cult of Amon Ra mutht remain a thecret. There ith too much at thtake here...too many important people are involved.

LB Cult of Amon Ra? In the museum basement?

RN Thith room ith a forgotten part of the original mutheum. We are thafe here...ath long ath no outhiderth are aware of our exithtence....

LB Oh, well, my lips are sealed. If you want to dance and sing and have little meetings down here, that's your business.

RN You cannot be truthted, Mith Bow. You're a newthpaper reporter. We could be a featured article on page one of tomorrow'th newthpaper if we let you go.

LB But...people are going to miss me! They'll search the museum!

RN The police will never find this room...or your body.

LB You don't really plan to KILL me, do you?

RN Of course not.

LB Whew! What a relief!

RN KILL is such an ugly word. Actually, we're going to THACRIFITHE you to Amon Ra.

LB Can we talk about this?

RN There is nothing to discuss. You should be proud to die in such an honorable fashion.

RN Young Egyptian maidens used to FIGHT for the privilege of being thacrifithed to the great Amon Ra.

LB Now, wait a minute! I thought the ancient Egyptians didn't make HUMAN sacrifices!

RN Hmm. You're familiar with the history of ancient Egypt, Mith Bow?

LB Well, I've learned a few things....

RN Perhaps we should test you....

LB Do I have any other options?

RN We can test you...or thacrifithe you. It's your choice.

LB I'm liking this idea more and more. What kind of a test is it?

RN Amon Ra may choose to intervene on your behalf. It is our tradition that we must let you live if you can answer Amon Ra's riddle.

LB Great!

RN Of course, you'll have to answer the riddle with hieroglyphics.

LB I was afraid it would be something like that. Okay, what's the riddle?

RN Actually, it's a two-part riddle:

RN What is the room you leave without entering?

RN I'm sorry, but you're wrong. Amon Ra apparently wants you as a thacrifithe.

No! Wait! Mmmph! Mmmph!

RN That's correct. Now, the second riddle: What is the room you enter without leaving?

RN Very impressive. You are the first person who ever answered that riddle correctly. The wise Amon Ra apparently wants you to spare your life. Will you swear to keep our location a secret?

LB Of course!

RN Then you may leave. May the great Amon Ra guide your footsteps.

LB Thank you! Now I just have to outrun the person who's been chasing me.

RN Who is chasing you? Do you think they'll find their way in here?

LB I'm not sure who it is, but I believe it's the same person who stole the Dagger of Amon Ra from its display case. And I'm sure they'll find their way in here.

RN If that is true, they will NOT leave this room alive. I suggest you leave through our secret escape route behind the altar. Go now, and remember your promise!

TOMB

WOMB

LB Does this look familiar?

RN It's...the DAGGER OF AMON RA!

LB That's right. I---

RN YOU are the THIEF! Prepare to MEET the great Amon Ra IN PERTHON!

LB Wait! You don't understand! I---

RN Your death will be THLOW and PAINFUL, you blatherer!

LB Mmmph! Mmmph!

(The Furnace Room)

Touching the conduits would instantly sear your flesh to the metal.  
Conduits run from the furnace up through the ceiling, no doubt to carry heat and hot water to various parts of the museum.  
They're too far overhead to be examined with the magnifying glass.

You've already found all there is to find in the coal bin.  
You remove the few chunks of coal that have covered the limp body.  
There's a large pile of bituminous coal in the coal bin, used to keep the furnace stoked. The musty scent of the coal reminds you of the cellar in your father's house, where you used to play while your father worked on his pet projects. But you digress.  
It's jet-black and covered with coal dust. You see nothing out of the ordinary, although you don't really have time to stop and examine each chunk individually.

It's slippery, dark, filthy, and too steeply angled for anybody to climb up inside.  
You recognize this as the coal chute. On delivery days, the coal is unloaded around the back of the museum and directly into the chute, where it falls into a pile beside the furnace.  
Through the magnifying glass, you see little in the coal chute but dirt and dust.

The grate covering the drain is firmly bolted in place. Fortunately, there's nothing in the drain you require, and it's far too narrow for a human to enter.  
There's a drain set into the floor, covered by a grate. When the furnace is cleaned out once in awhile, the ashes are often hosed down the drain.  
The grate over the drain appears dry and dusty under the magnifying glass.

Acting purely out of self-preservation, the animated onscreen character refuses to touch the hot surface of the furnace.  
An immense furnace dominates the room, and seems to be putting out a tremendous amount of heat.  
You examine the furnace closely, but other than a few popped rivets, there's nothing notable about the furnace.

A heavy metal door is set into the side of the furnace.  
The door has an attractive red glow.

You have more pressing matters to worry about than the quantity of ashes in the furnace.  
Ashes are removed through this grate.  
The area around the grate is somewhat battered, as if somebody had poor aim with a shovel. But the dents are thickly crusted with ashes, indicating that these dents were made long ago.

Several gunshots ring out close by. You can barely hear anguished cries and shouts over the roar of the furnace. You'd better get moving.

The junk appears to be precariously balanced. Try to move it and it could all come crashing down upon you.  
Crates, lumber and other junk are piled nearly up to the ceiling.  
You examine the junk closely, but find nothing revealing.

As the crates and junk are stacked precipitously, it would be unwise to disturb the pile.  
The corner of the room seems to have attracted an immense quantity of junk.  
The junk in the corner, even under close examination, proves to be nothing more than junk in the corner.

There's no way to get at that light bulb.  
A bare bulb casts a thin glow over the left side of the room.  
Stop it! You'll boil your eyeballs like ants.

The bulb is very far up, completely out of reach.  
A light bulb hangs from the ceiling, doing its best to light up the right side of the gloomy furnace room.  
Didn't your mother ever teach you not to stare at light bulbs through magnifying glasses?

The pipe is putting out a great deal of heat; touching it would be inadvisable.  
A long section of pipe fills the width of the room.  
There doesn't appear to be anything unusual about the long pipe.

This door is locked, and you don't have the proper key.  
Faded paint on the door says MAINTENANCE ONLY. Cool air occasionally blows through the gap between the door and the doorframe.  
Though you'd hoped to see some evidence of foul play, there's no indication that the Maintenance door has been used for anything other than the usual purposes.

It would be folly to touch the pipes.  
Pipes run vertically up the side of the furnace. Their precise utility is unclear.  
It appears to be standard copper tubing. No evidence of tampering.

It's probably too hot to touch. Best not to risk it.  
A slender pipe extends up the side of the furnace.  
An ordinary length of copper tubing. There is no evidence of tampering or foul play.

Every surface in this room seems to be radiating heat.  
This is the museum's furnace room.  
You see a lot of coal dust and assorted soot, but nothing revealing.

It's too heavy. You don't have room for it in your purse. It's not yours. You can't do anything with the shovel. You have more important things to do than use the shovel. Besides, the shovel is rusted into place.  
A large, heavy-duty shovel rests by the coal bin.  
The shovel blade itself appears quite dirty and somewhat rusty; the handle is smooth and well-worn.  
There doesn't seem to be anything unusual about it.

This isn't a good shovel to use. Try the other one.  
A shovel, probably used for the coal or the furnace ashes, sits by the door.  
The blade and handle of the shovel are both dusty and worn. There's nothing to indicate that it was used for anything criminal.

The stairs cannot be moved or taken.  
These are stairs leading back up to the altar in the Sunny ceremonial room.  
Hmmm...solidly built stairs, but nothing revealing about them in the least.

SD Let's concentrate on getting out of here, Laura. It's a little late to start asking questions.  
(give cheese) Thanks, Laura! I'm starved!  
Steve, being the large unconscious-type stevedore he is, is immovable in his current unconscious state. And he's got coal all over his body.



It's Steve, the handsome young man who's been flirting with you all evening (until he vanished mysteriously several hours ago).

There's an unconscious man in the coal bin. Although the coal has dirtied his face and hair, it looks suspiciously like Steve.

Steve appears to be in great pain.

It appears to be a tall Caucasian male with smallish pores and good muscle tone.

SD I'd love to talk, Laura, but I think this would be a bad time to carry on a long conversation.

SD Ohhhh, my head...what happened? Laura?!

LB Yes, Steve. I was so worried about you...are you all right?

SD I think so. I remember hearing somebody coming up behind me, and as I turned around, somebody slugged me. Cripes, my head hurts.

LB They must have dumped you down the coal chute. Let me see where you were hit.

SD I'm all right, I'm all right. Don't touch it.

LB Honestly, you men can be such crybabies. Do you think you can walk? We have to get out of here. Somebody's been murdering everybody in this museum, and whoever it is is after me.

SD I can make it. I'm with you. Where do we go?

LB Good question.

The stone resists your best efforts to move it. This may be too big a job for one person to handle. A large, circular, ornately-carved stone is hung on the wall here. It seems to be attached to upper and lower tracks which run for several feet across the wall.

With the stone slid to one side, you can see a dark opening set into the wall.

(The shaft)

You see some reptile droppings on the tunnel floor.

There seems to be Snake Oil on the floor.

That wouldn't be the smartest thing you've done all day.

How strange, hieroglyphs are carved into the wall. You get the feeling that this is not just another airshaft...

The hieroglyphs are deeply carved into the stone.

They're YOUR eyes, Laura.

Oh, my, that smells terrible!

Reaching out, you feel smooth stone and something else you don't want to touch.

You feel cool, smooth stone.

It's too dark to see anything in here.

This is a tunnel with hieroglyphics on the walls.

Even with a magnifying glass, you can't see your hand in front of your face.

The surface of the tunnel appears to be solid stone, rough and slightly jagged.

You quickly reconsider this foolhardy action, determining that it might be a major threat to your continuing survival on this planet.

You quickly reconsider this foolhardy action. These are not happy-looking snakes or a variety that you'd like to pet.

If your herpetology doesn't fail you, you're pretty sure these are king cobras!

The cobras really don't look happy to see you.

The cobras glisten hypnotically as they slither closer and closer...  
Do you really want to get that close to a slithering horde of venomous serpents?  
You quickly reconsider this panic-induced response when you realize that there are far too many  
snakes to round them all up with your snake lasso.  
The snakes are hissing, but you can't understand them.  
This ain't King's Quest, Laura.

Oh, dear, THOSE aren't Steve's eyes...  
...And they seem to be getting closer!

You hear the sound of gunfire in the distance. It's hard to be sure, but it might be originating in the  
Sun Worshipper ceremonial room.  
SD That sounded like gunfire.

Steve's eyes are a lovely shade of blue, aren't they.

SD Laura, can we talk about that later?

SD Ugh! That smells awful!

SD Let's get out of this place. My skin is crawling.

LB Steve, what are we going to do?

SD You'll think of something, Laura. I trust you. I can't do anything from here except guard  
the rear.

SD Have you got any ideas, Laura? I hope so...

The tunnel walls are made of heavy stone.  
The stone blocks are rough-hewn, but carefully fitted together.

The doorway is dark, but you can see a faint glow coming from somewhere within.  
The passageway is too dim to see much. You still can't tell where the glow is coming from, but you  
can barely detect the scent of burning coal.  
Your magnifier doesn't work in the dark.

Although it's very tempting, you think better of eating the moldy cheese.

The rats devour the cheese in a split-second. It only made them hungrier...  
You consider grabbing one of the rats, but then you remember that wild rats can carry the plague.

You're in enough trouble as it is!

A ravaging swarm of enormous wharf-rats are scurrying toward you!

Those rats look really hungry.

You don't suppose they want to eat YOU?!?

You don't want to see the rats that closely. They're not very attractive.

You sprinkle some Snake Oil over the rats. They lick it off their fur, and seem to enjoy it very  
much.

The rats are squeaking, but they don't seem to be trying to tell you anything.

The doorway is dark and forbidding.

You squint into the darkness, but can't see anything. A slight draft makes you blink.

Your magnifier doesn't work in the dark.

Solid, filthy, stone walls surround you, and they give very little no matter how hard you push them.  
This is a tunnel with rat droppings on the floor.  
So THAT'S what slime and rat droppings look like close-up!

You hear the sound of gunfire from the direction of the furnace room.

SD Sounds like someone's chasing us, Laura.

You watch in relief as the last of the rats scurries out of sight. You can barely smell an unpleasant odor, like burning hair.

You watch in relief as the last of the rats scurries away. You faintly hear soft plops, like bread dough hitting the floor, coming from the doorway.

SD Can't we discuss that later, Laura?

SD Thanks, Laura! I'm starved!

SD Let's move on before something else tries to devour us!

SD I don't like the looks of this, Laura.

SD We'd better do something fast!

The walls of the tunnel are made of stone.

You see nothing remarkable about the stone block, other than the obviously fine craftsmanship.

There's no time for that right now! Someone's trying to kill you!

There's no time for sightseeing right now! Someone's trying to kill you!

SD Don't touch me NOW, Laura. Find some way to stop the murderer before he kills US.

I'll stay right here and stand guard.

It's Steve standing guard in front of the dinosaur, hoping you'll think of something clever.

## **Act VI: The Coroner's Inquest**

Thank you for coming to this Inquest, Miss Bow. As the Coroner on this case, I'm going to informally question you and study the evidence you've collected. If you assist me in developing a case, the perpetrators will be tried in a formal court of law.

We are primarily concerned with the museum murders, but we're also interested in the theft of the Dagger of Amon Ra and other matters that may have a bearing on this case. My examination of the corpses has been fruitful, but I need more evidence to build a case. Any information you can give us would help, but you must justify your conclusions with the evidence you've acquired. False accusations and unsupported conclusions will not be tolerated.

Although I don't wish to pressure you, your employer is also here to judge your performance on this investigation. Since this is an informal proceeding, I have allowed it on the basis that your newspaper will cooperate with our wishes. Now, to the questions:

Who murdered Dr. Pippin Carter?  
Who murdered Lawrence 'Ziggy' Ziegfeld?  
Who murdered Ernie Leach?  
Who murdered Yvette Delacroix?  
Who murdered Countess Lavinia Waldorf-Carlton?  
Who was the skeleton found in the steamer trunk?  
Who murdered Dr. Archibald Carrington?  
Who impersonated Dr. Archibald Carrington?  
Who murdered Watney Little?  
Who actually stole the Dagger of Amon Ra from the Ancient Egypt exhibit?  
Who manipulated Watney Little into stealing the Dagger of Amon Ra?  
Who was the woman involved in stealing paintings from the Old Masters Gallery?  
Who was the man involved in stealing paintings from the Old Masters Gallery?  
Who was the middleman who provided forged paintings for the Countess and sold the real ones for  
er?  
Who is the High Priest of the Amon Ra Sun Worshipers?  
Which museum employee runs a 'fencing' operation as a sideline business?

Self defense Fear Jealousy Mercy Thrill Revenge Mental deficiency Professional killer  
Financial gain Cover another crime To protect a loved one Accident Had a bad day

Dr. Archibald Carrington III  
Yvette Delacroix  
Steve Dorian  
Wolf Heimlich  
Ernie Leach  
Watney Little  
Dr. Olympia Myklos  
Rameses Najeer  
Detective Ryan Hanrahan O'Riley  
Dr. Ptahsheptut Smith  
Countess Waldorf-Carlton  
Lawrence 'Ziggy' Ziegfeld

Miss Bow, please remember in the future that you're a REPORTER, NOT a DETECTIVE! By interfering at crime scenes, you make it much more difficult for the police to do their jobs! Not only are your conclusions based on unfounded guesswork, you don't even have any EVIDENCE to back them up! By your presence at the murder scenes and your destruction of evidence, I'm tempted to conclude that YOU were the murderer! You neglected to thoroughly question all the suspects, you missed important evidence at the crime scenes, and you did not discover the Dagger of Amon Ra. Since the Dagger theft probably involved two people, one of whom must have been on the museum staff, it could still be in the museum. Because of you, a murderer is running around loose in this city, free to kill again! I hope you're proud of yourself, Miss Bow!

Miss Bow, please remember in the future that you're a REPORTER, NOT a DETECTIVE! By interfering at crime scenes, you make it much more difficult for the police to do their jobs! Not only are your conclusions based on unfounded guesswork, you don't even have any EVIDENCE to back them up! By your presence at the murder scenes and your destruction of evidence, I'm tempted to conclude that YOU were the murderer!

You neglected to thoroughly question all the suspects and you missed important evidence at the crime scenes. Although you discovered the Dagger of Amon Ra, you have not arrived at conclusions about the theft that make any sense to me. I believe the theft involved two people, one of whom must have been on the museum staff.

Because of you, a murderer is running around loose in this city, free to kill again! I hope you're proud of yourself, Miss Bow!

Miss Bow, I'm impressed with the quality of your murder investigation, but the identity of the thief who stole the Dagger of Amon Ra is still a problem.

While we appreciate your assistance on this case, there are still many questions left unanswered. I believe that the dagger theft and the murders are closely linked, but I have no proof to make a good case regarding the theft. Therefore, the potential suspects cannot be prosecuted.

If you could have located the Dagger of Amon Ra and brought it to me, that would have been of considerable help. As I see it, there were probably two people involved in the theft, but I can't be sure of that. At least one of those two people must have been on the museum staff, since there were no signs of forced entry.

I must admit that I'm impressed by your methods, Miss Bow. Not only have you identified the murderers of those unfortunate individuals, but you have also uncovered the skullduggery involving the Dagger of Amon Ra. Our case is very strong now, and prosecution can begin. The New York Police Department owes you a debt of gratitude for your assistance in apprehending these malefactors. I'm sure that a Commendation of Valor from the Police Department is in order. Thank you for your help.

Miss Bow, your conclusions are unjustified. Based on my study of the bodies, you haven't presented any supporting EVIDENCE to connect your suspects with the murders you claim they committed.

Your theories also conflict with my own, which are based on a scientific study of these corpses. Since you've interfered with physical evidence at the crime scenes, proof will be difficult to establish. You also neglected to thoroughly question all the suspects.

Murder victims must be studied carefully and examined for clues at their crime scenes. We study every corpse with the naked eye and with our magnifying glasses in our tireless search for EVIDENCE. In the future, I suggest you leave murder investigations to the professionals.

Incorrect, Miss Bow. If I were you, I would have looked through the garbage in people's offices.

Trash cans are often a good source of clues.

That assumption is correct. Mr. Leach was moonlighting with his own business as a fence installer.

In fact, he put up a very nice fence around my house.

Based on what we now know, your assumption is correct, Miss Bow. Good work!

Based on our own investigation, your conclusion is incorrect, Miss Bow. Two of the men who were murdered were involved with one of the female victims in a plan to steal the paintings. We have a report on that woman, telling us she appeared at an appointment in the Medieval Armor exhibit some time after the party.

She was unaware that her partner in crime was dead at that point, and she was seen carrying paintings. If she had been confronted at that time, with evidence that her partner was dead, she might well have confessed to her crime.

That accusation is false, Miss Bow. However, the High Priest's identity is a carefully guarded

secret, so your failure to identify him is nothing to be ashamed about. He was present at the museum party, but was rarely seen afterwards. One witness said he was spotted briefly in the office of Yvette Delacroix.

That's correct, Miss Bow. You're very observant.

LB I have one final piece of evidence to present, Mr. Coroner. I have an eyewitness who would only feel safe to come forth if I established my case against Mr. O'Riley. Now that I've done so, let me introduce Dr. Ptahsheptut Smith of the Cairo Museum...

HM Mr. Smith's testimony is safe with us.

PS Many thanks. I was in the Egyptian Ceremonial Room underneath the museum when Detective O'Riley killed two of my fellow Sun Worshippers. I saw, with my own eyes, how he gunned them down without mercy when they tried to stop him from chasing Miss Bow. However, we only managed to slow him down. His hood fell back briefly, revealing his evil face to us as he slaughtered our people! That son-of-a-camel should not be allowed to run free upon the sands!

HM Will you testify in court to what you witnessed, Mr. Smith?

PS Happily, sir. My dead fellows expect their revenge, although Amon Ra will certainly destroy O'Riley's ka when he journeys through the underworld.

HM I'm not qualified to give my opinion on Mr. O'Riley's spirit in the next world, Mr. Smith, but I'm sure your testimony will help your dead friends sleep peacefully. Thank you for coming forth.

RR It's all that lousy reporter's fault...

RR ...damned interfering Laura Bow...

RR ...thinks she can get away wi' squealing on me, does she?...

RR ...well, she's got another thing coming...

RR Do you hear me, Laura Bow? You'll pay for this...

RR ...if it's the last thing I ever do!

SD Thank you for waiting, Laura.

LB I didn't mind, Steve.

SD Um...Laura?

LB Yes?

SD Would you mind...I mean, do you suppose...Laura, could you close your eyes? I have something for you.

LB Oh! I suppose so.

LB Oh! Steve!

SD Do you like it?

LB Steve, how could you? How could you have stolen the dagger?!?

SD Ha, ha, ha! I didn't steal the dagger, Laura! I bought this copy for you at the museum gift shop. I thought you might like a memento of your big night at the Leyendecker Museum.

LB Oh...thank you, Steve. I'm so embarrassed...

SD You're beautiful when you blush. Laura?

LB Yes, Steve?

SD Would you consider joining me for dinner this coming Saturday?

LB Well, I'm not sure if I...

LB I don't know if I should really...

LB Yes. Yes, I'd be delighted to join you for dinner.

SD Thank you, Laura. You've made me very happy.

LB Oh, Steve...  
SD Oh, Laura...  
LB Oh, Steve...

### **Game ending**

Unimpressed by your marginal success, your Editor, Sam Augustini, decided to assign you to the FOOD section of the newspaper.

Later that same year, Sam died as the result of a mugging outside the 14th Precinct Police Station in New York City. He blames you for his death.

Thoroughly impressed by your success as a reporter, your Editor, Sam Augustini, nominated you for a Pulitzer Prize and was present when you received your Citation of Valor from the Police Department.

Sam retired ten years later to become a gentleman cabbage farmer, fulfilling a secret lifelong dream.

Sam Augustini was impressed by your success at finding the murderer. However, he remained skeptical about your abilities because you didn't find the Dagger of Amon Ra, which he assigned you to report on.

Extremely unimpressed by your total failure as a reporter, Sam Augustini fired you. Later that same year, he was mugged with a gift shop duplicate of the Dagger of Amon Ra and died from his wounds. He blames you for his death.

Since his skeleton was so nicely cleaned by the dermestid beetles, Dr. Carrington's bones will soon be hanging on display in the Leyendecker Museum.

Having died from a snakebite, the Countess Lavinia Waldorf-Carlton did not live long enough to inherit any money from her last husband, Sterling.

Since you only found the Dagger of Amon Ra, and the murderer got away, Crodfoller T. Rhubarb continued the investigation on his own time, found the murderer, and won a Pulitzer Prize for his excellent work.

Pleased at your success, Crodfoller T. Rhubarb was happy to become your assistant at the New York Daily Register News Tribune.

Although he appeared pleased at your success in finding the murderer, Crodfoller T. Rhubarb was quietly smug about your inability to find the Dagger of Amon Ra. As a result of your failure to complete the assignment, the Editor let Rube finish the story.

Since you were fired after your total failure at the museum, Crodfoller T. Rhubarb continued the investigation, found the Dagger of Amon Ra and the murderer, and won a Pulitzer Prize for his excellent work.

After your recovery of the Dagger of Amon Ra, it went back on display at the Leyendecker Museum. The large amount of Press coverage drew many patrons to the museum to see the Dagger.

After two years on display at the Leyendecker, the Dagger exhibit continued on a tour of museums in the United States, Europe, and finally found its way back to the Cairo Museum in Egypt.

After you gave it away, the Dagger of Amon Ra vanished. Twenty years later, in 1946, it mysteriously appeared on the doorstep of the Cairo Museum in Egypt. There was human

blood on the blade, as if it were some kind of a message.

As fond as he was of the Leyendecker, Ernie Leach noted in his Will that he wanted his body donated to the museum. His body now resides in numerous small jars of alcohol which will be placed on display in the new Hall of Internal Biology, adjacent to the Hall of Late Mammals.

Since you recovered the Dagger of Amon Ra, Wolf Heimlich was allowed to keep his job as Chief of Security at the Leyendecker Museum. However, one week later he was found dead in his office, impaled by a broadsword that had fallen from his office wall.

Due to your success at recovering the Dagger of Amon Ra and finding the murderer, Wolf Heimlich continued as Chief of Security at the Leyendecker Museum. Two months later, he was married to Dr. Olympia Myklos.

Two years after they were married, Wolf and Olympia had a child they named Morgana Wolf Heimlich.

As a result of your failure to find the Dagger of Amon Ra, Wolf Heimlich was fired from his job as Chief of Security for the Leyendecker Museum.

Indirectly as a result of your total failure, Wolf Heimlich was fired from his job as Chief of Security at the Leyendecker Museum. One year later, still out of work, he committed suicide in military fashion by falling on his sword.

Henri Le Mort, the Coroner, continued his successful career studying dead bodies for the next fifty years, finally retiring in 1976 to tour with a rock band, The Ungrateful Dead.

Pleased that you found the Dagger of Amon Ra, John Bow took you out to dinner to celebrate.

After the unfortunate event that happened to you later that night, John spent the rest of his life in a mental institution in New Orleans.

Thrilled with your success, John Bow spent the rest of his life telling people what a wonderful daughter you were and how he had taught you everything you knew about criminology.

Pleased that you solved the murders, even though you couldn't jail the thief who stole the Dagger of Amon Ra, your father took you out to dinner to celebrate.

Stunned by your total failure and the unfortunate event that occurred to you later that evening, John Bow spent his remaining years in a New Orleans mental institution.

Lo Fat continued in the laundry business, eventually opening a chain of Lo Fat Chinese Laundries across the country and becoming a millionaire in the process.

After the death of Wolf Heimlich in his office, Dr. Olympia Myklos returned to Greece to teach at the university in Athens.

Due to your success at recovering the Dagger of Amon Ra and finding the murderer, Dr. Olympia Myklos married Wolf Heimlich, who continued as Chief of Security at the Leyendecker Museum.

Two years after they were married, Wolf and Olympia had a child they named Morgana Wolf Heimlich.

Dr. Olympia Myklos enjoyed the fact that so many murders had occurred in her museum, wishing only that she could have been the one to have discovered all the bodies.

After Wolf Heimlich was fired from his job as Chief of Security, Dr. Olympia Myklos moved to Montana to do full-time field research in paleontology, digging in the rich fossil beds she found there. Her greatest find was the carnivorous Olympiasaurus dinosaur.

Detective Ryan Hanrahan O'Riley continued in his job and became a full-time homicide detective. Having amassed a small fortune "by being frugal," he retired to Tahiti eight years later.



Former Detective Ryan Hanrahan O'Riley was sentenced to sixty years in a state penitentiary.

Having been a cop, O'Riley found it hard to make friends in prison.

Former Detective Ryan Hanrahan O'Riley was sentenced to fifty years in a state penitentiary. The Judge was a friend of his.

Dr. Pippin Carter, wherever he is, is pleased that you recovered "his" Dagger of Amon Ra.

However, he is not pleased that his murderer got away free, so he's going to haunt you for the rest of your life.

Pleased by your success at finding "his" Dagger of Amon Ra AND his murderer, Dr. Pippin Carter now rests in peace.

Pippin Carter's body was transported to Egypt by his cousin, and now occupies a place of archaeological honor in the Temple of Amon Ra in the Valley of the Kings.

Dr. Pippin Carter, wherever he is, is quite displeased. You did not recover the Dagger of Amon Ra, nor did you find his murderer. Therefore, Pippin feels it is only fair that he should haunt you for the rest of your life.

Rameses Najeer continued his successful career as an accountant and as head of the secret Egyptian cult of Amon Ra. With his strong high-society ties, his accounting business made Rameses a millionaire in fifteen years.

Steve Dorian was quite upset by the unfortunate event that happened to you later that night.

After your successful completion of the museum assignment, you started dating Steve Dorian.

Steve Dorian was quite impressed with your murder investigation.

Dr. Ptahsheptut "Tut" Smith finally gave up on getting the Dagger of Amon Ra returned to Egypt.

However, once it completed its U.S. and European museum tours, it was returned to the Cairo Museum anyway.

So, several years later, Tut died a happy man, even though his death was the result of an Egyptian cobra bite.

Since the Dagger of Amon Ra was not recovered, Dr. Ptahsheptut "Tut" Smith was forced to commit suicide with a fake Dagger of Amon Ra from the Leyendecker Museum gift shop.

Having died in the course of this story, Watney Little's life of crime came to an abrupt end. As he was not a nice man, nobody missed him.

Yvette Delacroix died plastered. Her remarkably lifelike statue now lives on in the Old Masters Gallery of the Leyendecker Museum. Her memory lives on in the minds of all she "touched." Her sculpture is attributed to "Ryan O'Riley, 1926."

Yvette Delacroix died plastered. Her remarkably lifelike statue now lives on in the Old Masters Gallery of the Leyendecker Museum. Her memory lives on in the minds of all she "touched." Her sculpture is attributed to "Artist Unknown."

After losing his head in the museum, Ziggy found himself unable to continue his criminal career.

His head has been preserved and is now on display in the Life Mask Exhibit at the Leyendecker Museum.

You had your chance and you blew it, Laura Bow...

This is what happens to interfering reporters!

### **Copy check**

Which Egyptian god made crops grow?

Who was the most popular Egyptian goddess?  
Which Egyptian goddess was considered the "Queen of all gods"?  
Which Egyptian god invented mummification?  
Which Egyptian god was the spirit of light?  
Which Egyptian goddess represented darkness, decay, and death?  
Which Egyptian goddess was one of the oldest known goddesses of Egypt?  
Which Egyptian goddess was the mistress of merriment?  
Who was the Egyptian goddess of love?  
Which Egyptian god was the Lord of Upper Egypt?  
Which Egyptian god symbolized evil?  
Which Egyptian god represented darkness?  
Who was the Egyptian god of wisdom?  
Which Egyptian god was the patron of the arts and sciences?  
Which Egyptian god created hieroglyphics?  
Which Egyptian god wrote the "Book of the Dead"?  
Which Egyptian god was the patron of craftsmen?  
Which Egyptian god protected artists?  
Which Egyptian god built the cities?  
Which Egyptian god was worshipped in cities that depended on water?  
Which Egyptian god was worshipped in Crocodilopolis?  
Which Egyptian god was the bringer of rain?  
Who was the Egyptian god of fertility?  
Who was the Egyptian god of roads and travelers?  
Which Egyptian god was the Great Cackler who laid the Cosmic Egg?

### **Class Act Classification**

Your perky demeanor and thorough technique are making you a First Class Detective.  
Excellent work. Your father would be proud of you.  
Do we smell a promotion in the air? You're doing splendidly.  
You're a model of investigative brilliance. We salute you, Laura.  
Keep this up and you'll put the entire NYPD to shame!

You're doing a fine job, Laura.  
So far, so good. Keep it up!  
With a little more effort, you'll be the best investigative reporter Tulane ever graduated.  
An impressive showing for your first day on the job!  
There's still room for improvement, but you're progressing nicely.

Not bad...for an amateur.  
Maybe you're a little preoccupied today?!  
Though still wet behind the ears, you're not without potential.  
You could be doing worse, but not much.  
Whatever you're doing, try to do a lot more of it in the next act.

Adequate, but uninspired, detective work.  
Keep it up and you'll be a mediocre detective before you know it.  
Your fate as a detective hangs in the balance; you're neither excelling nor failing.  
You have the capability to be a good detective, but you need to work harder to show it.  
Strive to excel. At the moment, you seem to be striving to be satisfactory.

Consider another line of work, Laura.  
Perhaps you should investigate a job in the mail room.

At this rate, you'll never work in this town again!  
Have you thought about a less demanding occupation?  
There's a name for detectives like you: 'Unemployed'!

## **Death screens**

Restore

Restart

Quit

In the darkness of the secret passage, you're blind as a bat. You have a brave, but brief, battle, during which you endure the battering of the berserk and bellicose black bats without batting an eye. Then your body, bothered by bloody bites, becomes bereft of life.

You came in thinking like a journalist, and you left with a skull full of mush.

Mmm, there's nothing the bugs like better than a little fresh meat.

If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the furnace!

The first three rules of journalism: research, research, research.

Going down?

You're in a heck of a pickle now!

Nice swan dive off the stairway.

Death from traumatic lead poisoning claims many lives every year.

That about wraps it up for this mystery.

You have a gnawing feeling you've made a horrible mistake. Rats!

If you don't look both ways, you'll be dead in no time flat!

You'll get nowhere with that holier-than-thou attitude.

Your dying thought is, "Venom I ever going to learn?"

In big cities, a person gets mugged every few minutes. Don't let that person be YOU.

Take another stab at it.