

Which murder will you solve next?

Murder Mystery Back Stories

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The Titanic Murder Mystery



It was a grand and majestic vessel, the likes of which had never been seen. The Titanic was a true marvel of modern engineering, a testament to the heights to which humanity could ascend. And so it was, on a crisp and clear morning, that she set sail on her maiden voyage across the treacherous expanse of the Atlantic.

But fate, it seems, had other plans. For on the very eve of the ship's departure, a terrible murder occurred, casting a dark shadow over the otherwise celebratory atmosphere. And now, as the great ship ploughs forward on its journey, eight guests find themselves suspects in a shocking crime.

When Tessie Anderson received her invitation to dine with the captain, she could hardly believe it.

Her aunt and chaperone, Mrs. Margaret Petree, broke the news to her in a stern tone, “We are to arrive promptly at eight, and I expect you to conduct yourself with the utmost decorum. Not a word of nonsense. Speak only when spoken to and keep your eyes lowered at all times!” She spoke to her niece in such a strict manner that it almost ruined the moment for her.



However, the prospect of dining with the captain filled Tessie with both excitement and trepidation. She knew that this was a rare opportunity, and yet, she could not shake the feeling that something sinister was afoot.

As Tessie and her aunt took their seats at the captain's table, they marveled at the grandeur and opulence surrounding them.

The room was dimly lit, and the soft glow of the candlelight created a warm and inviting atmosphere. The table was set with the finest of linens and adorned with gold plates and beautifully crafted silverware.

The waiter, a distinguished-looking gentleman with a thick French accent, explained that they were the first to arrive and that the others would join them shortly.

Aunt Margaret couldn't help but feel a twinge of embarrassment, realizing that in their haste, they were fifteen minutes before the scheduled dining time of eight. A big social faux pas, but Tessie was determined to make the most of it enjoying every detail that surrounded her.



A second waiter appeared, bearing champagne in the most exquisite glasses Tessie had ever laid eyes on. Taking a sip, she let out a sigh of contentment, and couldn't wait to see what other surprises the evening had in store for them.

One by one the rest of the party arrived. The first was a renowned actress from London and her dashing husband, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harris. Next came a woman of considerable wealth, her name was Molly Brown, and as she was greeting the other guests Tessie's aunt whispered in her ear "new money" and rolled her eyes.



A wiry figure stepped through the threshold next. Clad in a dark suit, the man identified himself as Mr. Ismay, a representative of the White Star Line. Hardly had he finished his introduction when a distinguished figure made his way into the room. Captain Smith, resplendent in his impeccable uniform, exuded an air of command as he greeted each guest with a polite nod. And just as the party was about to begin, a surprise eighth guest made an appearance—a young man of Irish descent, who seemed slightly out of place among the distinguished crowd.

As the guests mingled and champagne flowed, one couldn't help but wonder what secrets and scandals each of these individuals held, and how their paths would intersect on this fateful evening.

Captain Smith slowly raised up from his chair, his face transitioned from a carefree smile to a look of concern as he continued *"May I have your attention please."*



“Firstly, I extend my gratitude to each one of you for choosing to embark on this maiden journey with us. I trust it shall be a voyage steeped in fond memories, and one that concludes in safe harbor.”

“However,” he continued, “I must bring to your attention a heinous crime that was committed aboard this ship last night. My first officer, Mr. Bill Murphy, was brutally murdered in the most disturbing of manners. The discovery of his lifeless body was made by Mr. Ismay, shortly after 11:30 last night. He was found face down, in his cabin with a rope tightly bound around his neck and his tea service shattered on the floor.

The medical examiner has opined that the cause of death was asphyxiation, possibly due to a unique ‘hog-tie’ method. To our dismay, there was very little evidence of bruising on Mr. Murphy’s neck, which only adds to the mystery of this vile crime. More information will be available in due course.

Mr. Murphy was a man of great integrity, and it is with great sorrow that we mourn his untimely death. It is my earnest hope that the perpetrator of this shocking crime shall be brought to justice tonight. “



Now it's up to you. Can you solve the murder aboard the Titanic? Play as one of the following eight guests:



Bruce Ismay

is a slight man with a meek and suspicious demeanor. Despite his timid appearance, he has a penchant for seeking publicity and will stop at nothing to promote the grandeur of the Titanic.

Molly Brown

is a no-nonsense kind of gal, with an energetic southern accent that is as thick as molasses. Her curious nature leads her to poke her nose into everything, and her lively personality makes her a favorite among her fellow passengers.



Henry Harris

is a theatrical producer hailing from New York City, he loves nothing more than a good party. With his dandyish demeanor and penchant for flirtation, he is a familiar figure in high society circles.

His marriage to the renowned English actress Irene Waldoor, now Irene Harris, has secured his entry into the upper echelons of society and guaranteed his success as a producer.



Irene Harris

is a retired actress of unparalleled beauty and talent, who had once commanded the stages in London. She caught the eye of an American producer, Henry Harris and within days, the two were wed and set off for a new life together in the United States.



Miss Tessie Anderson



is a young lady of 18 who appears prim and proper on the surface, but her mind is filled with thoughts of adventure and excitement. With the recent and mysterious passing of her mother, her freedom was suddenly curtailed. She is now forced to endure the watchful eye of her aunt, Margaret Petree, a woman whose strict nature has left Tessie feeling resentful and suffocated.

Miss Margaret Petree

has always dreamed of mingling with the elite of high society, but life has dealt her a different hand. When her twin sister suddenly passed, Margaret saw an opportunity to finally realize her dreams. She would chaperone her young niece, Tessie, on the maiden voyage of the grandest ship the world had ever seen: the Titanic.



Aidan Brogan



is a charming young Irishman, who has set his sights on a new land and the promise of fortune. When offered a business opportunity aboard the grand ship, the Titanic, he knew that this was his chance to make something of himself.

Though his cabin may be in the less-than-luxurious third class, Aidan is determined to take full advantage of the opportunities that the voyage presents.

Captain Smith

is the Captain of the RMS Titanic, and is on his final voyage, he cuts a striking figure walking along her decks.

Towering and handsome, he commands respect from all who know him. His reputation as a charismatic leader precedes him, and passengers and crew alike are drawn to his confidence and jovial nature.



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THE DAVINCI MURDER MYSTERY

Back Story



Dark Stone Abbey

The old abbey is a relic of a bygone era, its stone walls weatherworn and moss-covered. The nuns and priests who live there have grown used to the isolation and the eerie feeling that seems to linger in the air, but tonight a storm is brewing, and the atmosphere is even more unsettling than usual.

As the group gathered in the dining hall for dinner, the wind howled outside, and the rain beat against the windows. The candles flickered, casting eerie shadows on the walls. They sat in silence, their minds fixed on the raging storm. The long wooden table was covered in an old linen cloth and set with simple plates and silverware. A hearty stew steamed in large tureens at the center.



Father Ignatius stood before the assembled priests and nuns of Dark Stone Abbey, his face etched with sadness and concern. He had just returned from the basement crypt, where he had removed the body of Father Ambrose, one of the most respected members of their community. “I have some very distressing news to share with all of you,” he began, his voice grave. “Last night, Father Ambrose was found dead in the basement of the Abbey, stabbed to death with his painting knife,”

Gasps of shock and disbelief rippled through the group. “But how could this happen?” Sister Mary Margaret asked, her hands clenched tightly together.

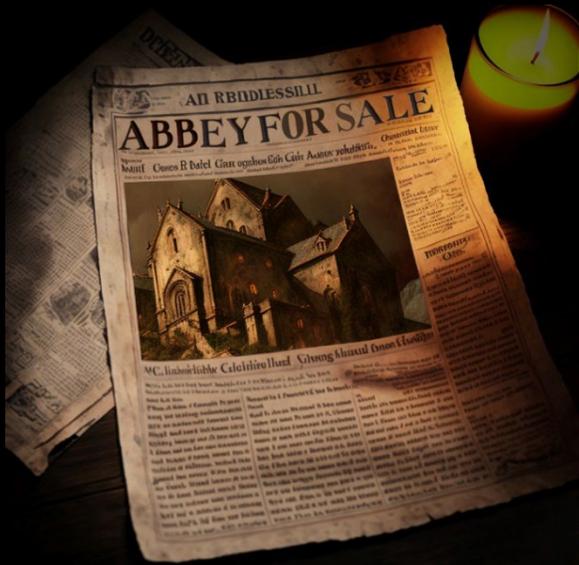
“We believe that he was murdered by someone here at the Abbey,” Father Ignatius said, his eyes scanning the faces of those gathered before him. “The police have been notified; however, it will be days before they reach us. In the meantime, I ask that all of you keep Father Ambrose in your thoughts and prayers.”

The nuns and priests bowed their heads in silent contemplation, each one grappling with the terrible news. Many had known Father Ambrose for years, and the thought of him being taken from them in such a violent way was almost too much to bear. “Oh, and one more thing,” Father Ignatius continued, “There was a cryptic message written on the wall next to his body. It seems he was trying to tell us something as he lay dying.

He wrote in his own blood the words “**Impure her roots.**”



The priests and nuns listened attentively to Father Ignatius's words, and they all knew that they would need to work together to solve this mystery and find answers. They prayed for guidance and strength to uncover the truth behind the death of their beloved Father Ambrose.



Brother Bruno peered up from his plate and stammered a whisper, "Surely, Father Ambrose did not intend to sell our beloved Abbey, did he? I had heard rumors of its impending sale in the streets of the town."

Father Ignatius, turned towards Brother Bruno with a heavy heart. "Indeed, Father Ambrose had devoted his entire existence to the preservation of Dark Stone Abbey. But alas, as the years have passed, it has fallen into a state of disrepair and the cost of maintenance has become a burden too great to bear. Despite his reluctance, Father Ambrose had been forced to make the agonizing decision to put

the Abbey up for sale."

Father Ignatius continued, "But the rumor of the Abbey being "haunted" has all but quashed any interest in its purchase. It is a tragedy that our beloved home should fall a victim to such superstition and fear."

"A ghost?" Sister Emily exclaimed with a gasp, her eyes wide with wonder and fear. "What manner of spectres plagues our beloved Abbey? I, for one, have heard no such tales."

Father Ignatius, his voice heavy with reluctance, turned towards Sister Emily. "Sister Mary Paul is our resident expert on such matters. She alone knows the truth of the ghostly presence that haunts our halls," Father Ignatius turned his gaze towards Sister Mary Paul and continued, "I have often observed you poring over musty tomes in the Abbey's library, delving deep into the mysteries of the undead. Why don't you share with all of us all that you have learned about the malevolent spirit that lurks within our walls."

With all eyes upon her, Sister Mary Paul stood up before the group. She knew she had no recourse but to speak, her eyes fixated upon the small flickering flame of the nearby candle. Slowly, she began, with her voice quivering, enunciating each word with cautious precision.

“It is a tale that has been whispered in hushed tones for centuries, of a wealthy noblewoman named Jacqueline Delacroix, who bequeathed her entire fortune to the Abbey. Her family, seething with anger and convinced that the monks had tricked her into giving away her wealth, sought to contest her decision. But Jacqueline, a deeply religious woman, was convinced that her fortune would be better used by the monks. And so, in a bid for safety, the fortune was hidden within these walls and its location was lost to the sands of time.

But now, the townspeople speak of Jacqueline’s ghost, returning to roam the halls of the Abbey, searching for her hidden fortune. Some say they have seen her ghostly figure, dressed in a flowing white gown, wandering the hallways, and descending into the crypt. A chilling reminder of the greed and treachery that led to her untimely demise.” Sister Mary Paul’s voice faded into silence, leaving the group to ponder the dark secrets that may still be hidden within Dark Stone Abbey.





Father Ignatius stood quickly and announced that they will be receiving a surprise guest this evening. “Vittorio Da Vinci is coming up from the village.”

‘As some of you know, Vittorio was teaching Father Ambrose the art of oil painting, and he spent many evenings tutoring him down in the crypt. He may be able to shed some light on the murder.

And so, the storm raged on without mercy, as if summoned by some malevolent force. The lightning illuminated the dining room, casting eerie shadows upon the walls. The priests sat in silence, lost in their own thoughts, when suddenly, a loud boom of thunder cracked through the air.

Spoons clattered upon plates and the candles flickered and dimmed around the room. And then, amid the shadows and darkness, a young man appeared, cold and wet and with a curious look upon his face. “I knocked, but no one answered,” he said, his voice barely audible above the howling gale outside.

Father Ignatius, quickly rose from his seat and beckoned the young man, Vittorio, to take a place at the table. But as Vittorio sat among the priests and nuns, a sense of unease crept over him.





“I am here as you asked Father. What is this all about? Where is Father Ambrose?”

A bowl of hot soup and fresh bread was quickly placed in front of him.

As Vittorio glanced around the table, he was aware that everyone was sitting in silence, their eyes downcast, as if they knew something that he did not. He could not shake the feeling that he was not welcome here, that he had stumbled upon something that was not meant for his eyes to see.

And Father Ignatius began to tell him the ghastly tale of the fate that befell Father Ambrose.

Now it's up to you. Play as one of the following eight guests as you solve the DaVinci murder mystery.

Father Ignatius

A well-loved priest at Dark Stone Abbey. He is known for his kind heart and his warm smile, but behind closed doors, he struggles with a secret that may quickly spiral out of control.





Mother Superior

a nun renowned for her rigorous adherence to morality commands respect and instills fear among her fellow sisters at the Abbey. But beneath her strict exterior lies a shadowy past, an anguish-ridden history that must forever remain hidden.

Sister Mary Margaret

A vivacious nun with a zest for life commands attention with her larger-than-life presence. Yet, she conceals a situation that threatens to destroy her reputation and ruin her future.



Father André

a man of few words, his stoic demeanor often leaving one to ponder his innermost thoughts. As the best friend of the murdered victim, Father André was naturally inclined to investigate the circumstances surrounding his untimely passing. However, being this close to the case may be problematic for him.





Sister Mary Paul

With her rigid posture and strict adherence to the teachings of the Church, lay a past that was shrouded in mystery, with links to the Abbey that remained elusive to even the closest of her sisters. But as the memories begin to resurface, the weight of her hidden truths threatens to unravel her very sanity."

Vittorio Da Vinci

The rumors surrounding Vittorio Da Vinci have been the talk of the town. He claims to be a descendant of the great Leonardo Da Vinci and is a hopeless romantic with an Italian heart that dabbles in the affections of the nuns, a dangerous game to play indeed."



Novice Sister Emily

is new to the convent and a young woman of defiance with a hint of rebellion. She has never fully embraced the life of a nun, having found her way to the sacred halls through means not of her own choosing.

Brother Bruno

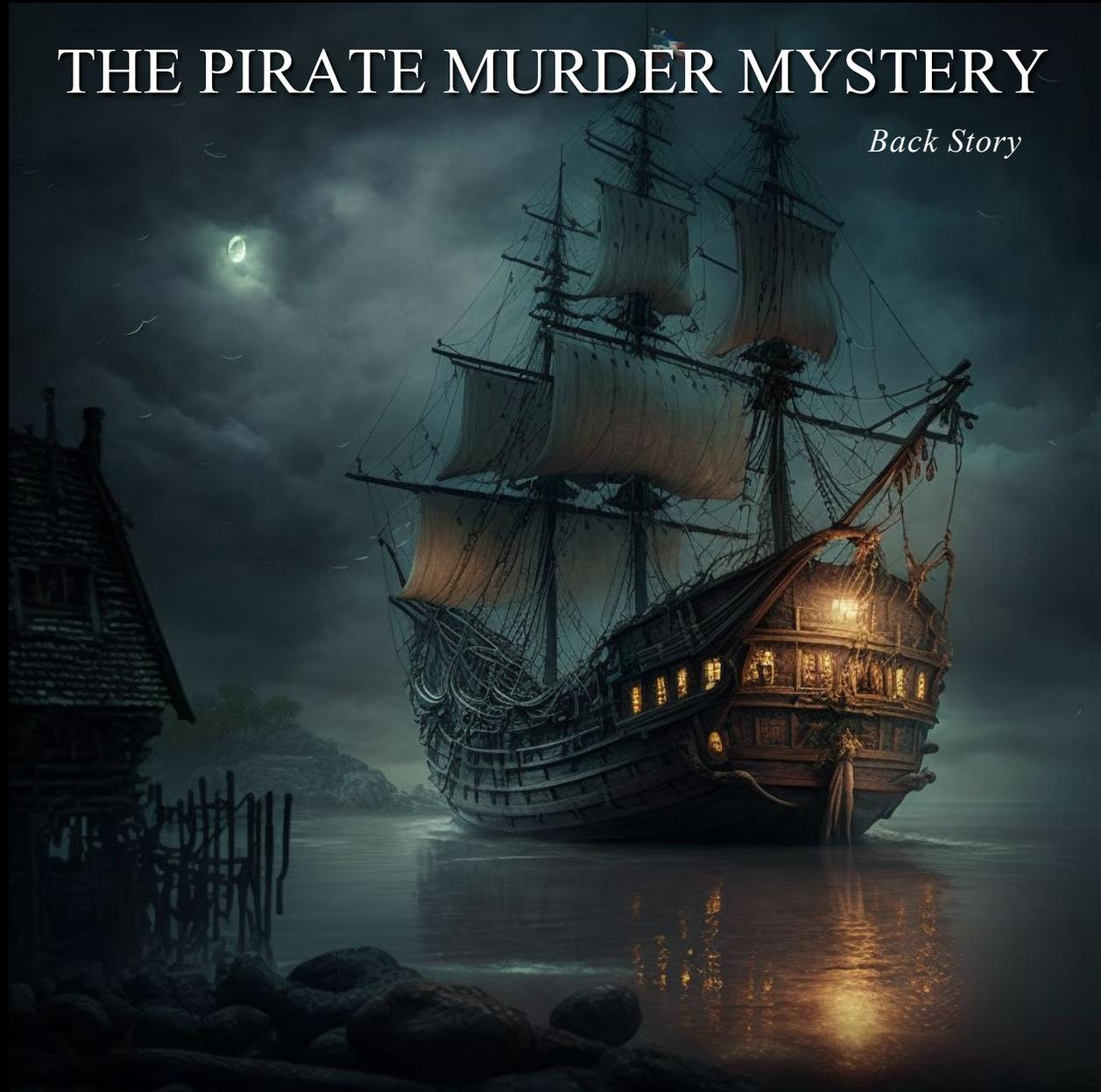
A recent monk of the Abbey, shrouded in secrecy, and a man of mystery. His true motives are unknown to the rest of the community, leaving them to speculate on his hidden agenda.



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THE PIRATE MURDER MYSTERY

Back Story



“Ahoy mateys gather ’round and listen to a tale of fear and woe on the briny deep. The Sweet Revenge was a notorious pirate ship, feared by all who sailed the Caribbean seas. Each year, as she anchored at Port Royal, the townsfolk would lock themselves indoors, lest they fall prey to the marauding crew.

But this year, the festivities were marred by a most foul deed. Captain Bloodheart, a man feared by many, was found with his neck sliced in twain, in the dead of night. Who could have committed such a heinous act? Can ye solve this mystery, brave sailors?”



'Twas a wild night in Port Royal, where the scallywags of “The Sweet Revenge” did make port. The Dirty Dog Tavern was awash with rum and mirth, as the crew made merry after a long voyage. But lo and behold, Captain Bloodheart was seen leaving the tavern with a wench, arm in arm.

The morn did bring with it a terrible cry that echoed still through the harbor town. “The captain is dead!” The ship’s bell did toll, and so it was that the fearsome Bloodheart was found, his life’s blood spilled, his throat cut wide. The wench was nowhere to be seen.

Now the reading of the captain’s last Will and Testament is nigh, and all shall learn the truth of his final deeds. Will loyalties be upheld, or will old grudges be brought to light? The mystery of his murder and the whereabouts of his buried treasure doth hang heavy in the air. Who will solve the riddle and claim the loot?



First Mate “One Eye” pulls out the Captain’s Will and Testament and silence falls upon the crew. With a long pause and a sip from his mug, he begins to read.

“Ahoy, mates! ’Tis my solemn duty as First Mate to read our beloved Captain Bloodheart’s final words. Let us raise a glass to the finest captain to ever grace the seas. He filled our cups with rum, our pockets with coins, and our bellies with hearty fare, ahoy! To the captain! To the Captain!”



And now he hath written:

“To my crew of drunken scallywags, ye’ve become a family to me, a scurvy lot of thieves. But fear not, for ye shall receive your fair share of me treasure, buried in a secret spot with ten clues and a map to find it. But take heed, ye’ll need to put aside yer differences and work together, for many of the clues doth combine.

And beware, for one among ye is a traitor, make them walk the plank, and avenge me death, me hearty crew!”

Captain Bloodheart

The mariners sat aghast, with silence deep and solemn. The captain's testament, as clear as day, did bode they must unite and quest for treasure bright, to seek out the rogue who did their captain slay.



Now it's up to you. Solve the murder of Captain Bloodheart as one of the following ten guests:

One Eye

He is a ferocious pirate in his own right. A man of treacherous morality, ruthless and cunning. As the first mate to Captain Bloodheart, he has always shown loyalty. However, he is in it for the money and if he suspected that Captain Bloodheart was hoarding treasure, there would be blood spilled.



Annabella del Quesadillas

An accomplished pirate who can wield a sword, with the fiercest of pirates. After her ship was attacked by the Sweet Revenge and all hands killed, Captain Bloodheart took Annabella to be his bride and the Sweet Revenge became her new home.

Scurvy

Completely unskilled as a cook, Scurvy hacks away at animal carcasses, smashes up rotting vegetables, and adds all the wrong spices. No one really knows why he is the ship's cook and after a series of mysterious sicknesses aboard the Sweet Revenge he was nicknamed "Scurvy".





Cabin Boy

Recently employed as the captain's servant, this young boy (secretly a girl) is quick to learn the ropes. Ambitious and energetic, "he" hopes to be captain one day. The cabin boy tries to disuse the fact that he is really a girl by speaking in a low male voice.

Dirty Hands

(Ship's Surgeon) If the truth be known, he would rather shoot you than heal you! As per most pirate ships, the surgeon was often inexperienced, with skills only related to chopping off limbs. Dirty Hands got his nick named because of his poor hygiene habits.



Salty Kiss

(Galley Wench) A voluptuous female pirate, with a fiery attitude. Salty Kiss found employment aboard the Sweet Revenge pirate ship as a galley wench, serving up a delicious assortment of octopus dip, seaweed salad and, of course, her world-famous jugs... of grog.

Father Jones

was brought onboard to save the souls of the Sweet Revenge crew. Father Jones is a devout and preachy minister always ready to quote the bible, even though he gets most of the phrases wrong.





Jacques Sparrow

(French Pirate) A cousin to the famous Jack Sparrow, he loves rum and always seems to be drunk. A born womanizer whose attentions are focused on Elizabeth, a crew member of the Sweet Revenge. He swishes his way through life with a wise attitude.

Madame Renée Saunce

(Voodoo Queen) Her powers are known throughout Jamaica. Unfortunately for her they were not enough to prevent Captain Bloodheart and his crew from pillaging her village and dragging her aboard the Sweet Revenge as his captive.



Elizabeth

After her home (*the Governor's mansion*) was attacked and raided by Captain Bloodheart and his crew, she was taken prisoner. In time she hopes to devise a plan and eventually one day escape.

Pongo

“Ahoy, sailors! Beware the scallywag monkey on board the ship! A vicious varmint he be, with his thievin’ ways and spittin’ manners. And watch thy hair lest he gives it a cruel tug with his mischievous paws. Tread cautiously with for ye never know the trouble he may bring ye.”

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THE DICKENS MURDER MYSTERY

Back Story



The past haunts Miss Havisham as she wanders the decaying halls of Satis Manor in her tattered wedding gown. For 23 years she has been left to ponder the disappearance of her fiancé, jilted at the altar on what was to be her wedding day.

But now, a twisted turn of events has brought forth a skeleton from the grounds of her estate. Is this the remains of her missing love, murdered on the day of their nuptials? To uncover the truth, Miss Havisham invites the wedding guests who were present on that fateful day for a Christmas Eve gathering. Tension builds as the clock ticks towards midnight and the shocking revelation of a killer is about to be uncovered. Who among them will be unmasked as the murderer? The game is afoot.

Little Nell's heart raced with excitement as she gazed upon the invitation. To be a guest at Satis House on Christmas Eve was an opportunity beyond her wildest dreams. Tales of Lady Havisham, the reclusive mistress of the estate, had long been the subject of gossip and speculation. Nell had heard of the broken-hearted woman who still wore her wedding dress, living out her days in solitude, but she could not bring herself to believe them.

Her grandfather's poor health had prevented him from joining her, but Nell was determined to experience the manor for herself. Curiosity burned within her, and she felt a thrill of anticipation as she set off for the grand estate, eager to see what secrets lay within its walls.



"As Nell approached the manor, she was met with a state of disrepair. The once-pristine walkways were now littered with overgrown hedges, stones, and rocks. Despite this, the large front door slowly opened, revealing a warm and inviting light within.

Nell stepped into the hallway, which at first glance appeared to be grand and opulent. However, upon closer inspection, she began to take note of the small signs of neglect. Cobwebs hung from the ceiling like ghostly apparitions, dust coated every surface, and even some small dead insects lay along the baseboards.

Nell trailed behind the others, her footsteps echoing down the labyrinthine of halls. Moving at a slower pace, she discreetly peered into each room as she passed by. The surroundings grew more and more disquieting. Walls were adorned with peeling paint, furniture was in a state of disarray, and the floorboards, damp, and rotting, creaked ominously beneath her feet. The horrors of the manor seemed to escalate until her worst fears were realized.



There she stood at the threshold of the reception room, her hand covering her nose to block the overpowering stench of decay. The once-grand space was now filled with the pungent odor of a wedding cake that had been left to rot for an untold number of years.

The rusted knife, untouched beside the cake, spoke volumes of the joy that was meant to have transpired there, but never came to be.

"Step lively, young lady!" cried a voice, rousing Nell from her musings. She quickly caught up to the other guests as they approached their destination. "At long last," Nell pondered, "I shall come face to face with Miss. Havisham and unravel the purpose of our assemblage this evening."

As the doors to the dining room swung open, all those present halted in the entrance, taking in the scene before them with pleasure.

The table was bedecked with a holiday feast that would appease even the most discerning palate, and the room was infused with a warm, inviting atmosphere.

A sense of relief flooded the guests as they took their first steps into the chamber.



Nell quickly noticed a strange-looking globe filled with living beetles resting on a nearby table, other than that everything else seemed in order. But she still was not content. With a hint of vexation, she asked, "Where is our hostess?"

From the far reaches of the room came a voice, rich with the passage of time. And then, to the surprise of all, Miss Havisham emerged, appearing far older than her years would suggest, and still garbed in her wedding attire. A hush fell over the group as they beheld the horrific sight.

In an almost inaudible whisper Miss Havisham began. "Greetings, dear guests, and welcome to Satis House on this hallowed evening of Christmas. Although my heart should be filled with joy and merriment, it is with a heavy sigh that I must inform you that this night shall also bring forth a revelation of great magnitude.

It has been twenty-three long years since my wedding day, a day that was meant to be the culmination of my happiness, yet it was a day that ended in bitter disappointment, as my intended groom never came to meet me at the altar.

Many of you were present at the event, except for my daughter Estella, young Pip, and Nell. However, there has been a most unsettling occurrence.



My gardener, while tending to the flowers, came upon a skeleton buried in the ground. This skeleton has lain hidden for twenty-three years, its bony fingers clutching a note that was written to me on the morning of my wedding day.

It is without doubt that this was the body of my intended husband, murdered by one of the guests at my wedding all those years ago. And I firmly believe that the culprit is with us this evening! Let us now begin the journey to unravel the truth and uncover the villain who destroyed my life.

Can you solve the mystery at Satis house? Play as one of the following 10 guests:





Miss Havisham

A wealthy and melancholy spinster resides within the decaying walls of her mansion, Satis House, in the company of her adopted daughter, Estella. Driven by a bitter animus towards all men, she had nurtured Estella in the art of breaking hearts, with the intention of destroying the affections of a particular young man of the village, one Pip by name.

Mr. Dorrit

A gentleman of haughty and insufferable bearing who is prone to the sin of pride and the love of grandeur. He is quick to demean those less fortunate whilst extolling his own virtues with utmost fervor. His snobbishness is without limit. Yet, beneath the veneer of his arrogance, there lay a sinister secret, waiting to be uncovered.



Sarah Gamp

A figure of mirth and merriment, Sarah is a nurse and midwife of ill repute, with a fondness for the bottle and an insatiable thirst for gin. Though her memory was oft clouded by excessive imbibing, should she chance to recall the events of her past, she might prove a valuable contributor to the unraveling of a murder mystery most perplexing.



Fagin

A wily and cunning villain, who takes in destitute boys, teaching them the ways of thievery and leading them down the path of criminality. His manners are foul, his demeanor vicious, yet his knowledge of the illicit, gleaned from a lifetime of wrongdoing, might have made him a valuable ally in the pursuit of justice, had he but applied his talents to the calling of a detective.





Lady Dedlock

A paragon of poise and reserve stood atop the pinnacle of societal grandeur. Matrimonially bound to Sir Leicester, one of the wealthiest and most august of a gentleman, she lives a life of enviable perfection. Yet, beneath the veneer of her impeccable reputation lurks a dark and terrible secret, a disclosure of which would threaten to shatter the entire edifice of the House of Dedlock.

Vincent Crummles

The jovial and grandiose Head of the Crummles Theatre Troupe is a performer of unparalleled zeal. His flamboyant demeanor is a testament to his love for the stage. Twenty-three years prior, he had been summoned to the service of Miss Havisham as a masterful wedding planner, a tribute to his impeccable reputation in the theatrical world.



Estella

The adopted offspring of Miss Havisham is a fair and comely maid, yet her heart was as chill as the winter's frost. She is a bitter soul, blaming her mother for the sorrows and miseries of her life, lived out within the ruins of Satis House, and trained to detest the male sex, and to break their hearts. A true embodiment of sociopathy, she is a creature of guile and manipulation, with a charming exterior that masked a heart of stone.



Phillip Pirip

Commonly known as Pip, is a youth of humble origin, with a countenance that was comely and fair. He aspires to rise above his station, and devoted himself to the pursuit of gentility, yearning to win the heart of the lovely Estella, daughter of the wealthy and eccentric Miss Havisham. Yet, alas, he is but a pawn in the sinister machinations of the Havisham family, as they attempt to bring about his heartbreak and ruin.



Little Nell

A winsome and beguiling child who made her home with her grandfather in his humble emporium of trinkets and baubles. Yet her life is not without its troubles, for her grandfather is a man enslaved to the vice of gambling, and his debts are beyond his means to repay. Thus, it is why Little Nell was summoned to the Christmas festivities at the mansion of the grim spinster, Miss Havisham, in the place of her grandfather.



Ebenezer Scrooge

is a man known for his miserly ways, who, in his quest for wealth, does oftentimes oppress those who work for him with undue toil and meager wages. He holds a particular animosity towards the festive season of Christmas and the joyous union of matrimony. Yet, against his inclination, he does attend the Yuletide celebration hosted by the infamous Miss Havisham, lured by the prospect of a gratis repast.



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THE ALICE MURDER MYSTERY

Back Story



The fabled forest in Wonderland stands quietly, eager for the return of its beloved visitor. The gnarled oak trees lean towards the tea table, yearning for the return of the whimsical discourse that once echoed amidst its boughs. The dainty confections of cakes and cookies, alongside the steaming pots of tea, converse in hushed whispers that the moment of Alice's appearance draws near, and with it, a new adventure awaits her in the fantastical realm of Wonderland. Oh, if only she heeded its call once more and arrive quickly.

Alice's hand trembled as she held the invitation, "Wonderland requires my presence?" she murmured; her mind alight with curiosity.

Would the Hatter still be there, she wondered, and would the tea table be set with steaming cups?

Determined to find out, Alice made up her mind to accept the invitation, confident that this time, her journey would be safe and uneventful. Little did she realize how dreadfully mistaken she was.



Alice tumbled headfirst through the rabbit hole, striking every branch and object in her path, until finally bursting through the other side with such a velocity that she momentarily forgot the purpose of her journey.

Regaining her composure, she quickly consulted her trusty tape measure, well aware that in the world of Wonderland, one could never predict the state of one's physical form upon arrival. To her relief, she found that she was still 51 inches tall, measuring a modest 4 feet and 2.5 inches.

The motley crew of queer personalities were assembled. The Hatter, the insane hare, the somnolent dormouse, and a few unfamiliar faces, all gazed expectantly in Alice's direction.

The Hatter with a sharp tone said, "Pray tell, why did it take you so long to grace us with your presence?"

Alice, unfazed by his outburst, retorted with aplomb, "Tut, tut, my dear Hatter, you seem most vexed. I only receive your invitation but an hour ago!"



"That will not suffice," spoke the Hatter in a stern tone. "You ought to have anticipated my dispatch of the invitation and made ready for it." He then cleared his throat, "I have an announcement of utmost importance to make this very day!"

His gaze shifted from Alice, disregarding her presence entirely. "A crime has been committed, my friends," he declared. "A murder has taken place, and one of my prized teapots has gone missing. I find myself torn as to which is more heinous. But you, dear Alice, are here to unravel this mystery."

Upon an excavation, within a forest round, the fat and lifeless body of Tweedledee was found. All twisted up and twisted down and partly covered with leaves, his tee shirt filled with pepper stains, and jelly on his sleeves. An old tea pot in pieces still, found perched upon his head, it is of almost certainty that Tweedledee is dead. The motive and or reasoning is anybody's guess, a crime of such proportion deserves a quick confess.

Move quickly gentle player, a suspect you may be, a sense of backward reasoning, may help to set you free. So, with your help, your tongue, your eyes, together we will solve, the case of Tweedledee's demise, and give it full resolve!"

White gloves, a fan, and tickets to the Dodo's opera found near the body.



Now it's up to you.
Can you solve the murder of Tweedledumb?
Play as one of the following 10 guests:



The Mad Hatter

is an eccentric and unpredictable creature. But beware, for his years of inhaling toxic hat glue fumes have left him with a slightly unstable mind. He delights in hosting impulsive tea parties, where riddles and word play are the norm.

Alice

is a young and imaginative little girl who tends to flaunt her intellectual prowess. Though she approaches the bizarre happenings of Wonderland with logic, the strange goings-on leave her flummoxed and prone to error. Despite her best efforts to be polite, her words seem to cause offense, to all those she encounters in this peculiar land.



The Queen of Hearts

is a despotic ruler, holds sway over the realm of Wonderland with an iron fist. Her commanding presence is marred by frequent fits of temper, punctuated by the ominous refrain, "Off with their heads!" Yet, there is one who has the power to soothe her ragged nerves: her executioner, a chillingly composed figure whose very presence seems to bring a measure of peace to the Queen.

The White Rabbit

is a fidgety creature in constant motion, exudes a sense of urgency, even when taking tea. He is not without a measure of arrogance and is attended by a loyal personal assistant and a French housemaid named MaryAnn..



The Cook

is employed by the Duchess and is a force to be reckoned with in the kitchen. Her over-reliance on pepper gives her dishes a certain piquancy, and her sneezing fits are as contagious as they are frequent. All who enter the kitchen do so at their own risk, as the Cook has a habit of flinging pots and rolling pins with abandon.

The Cheshire Cat

is a creature both feline and enigmatic and known for his distinctive stripes and mischievous nature. This striped enigma is celebrated for his ability to vanish and reappear at will, leaving nothing but his enormous grin as proof of its existence.





Mademoiselle MaryAnn

is the impeccable French housemaid to the White Rabbit. Despite his occasional flirtatious behavior, she consistently returns to his abode to perform her nightly duties, preparing his tea, arranging his bed linens, fluffing his tail, and tucking him in with a gentle touch.

Ace

is the monarch's chief executioner and favored henchman, who holds the esteemed title of head of Wonderland's security and oversees all matters concerning the severing of heads with utmost diligence.



Tweedledum

is the rotund twin sibling of the late Tweedledumb. Though his playful demeanor is often tinged with a hint of mischievousness and at times, a touch of malevolence, he manages to conduct himself with relative decorum in the absence of his dearly departed brother.



The Duchess

is a woman of great presence with a tongue as sharp as the Queen's herself. Her love for the game of croquet knows no bounds, and she competes in every tournament with unrelenting passion, never once being discouraged by the fact that she never, ever wins!



THE VAMPIRE MURDER MYSTERY

Back Story



As the evening shadows lengthened, family and friends gather at Blackwell Manor to honor the late Count Blackwell. The somber occasion is marred by the recent tragedy, as the Count had met a mysterious death in the manor's library. Countess Eleanor discovered that the Count had been reduced to a grisly terror, his remains were a puddle of blood, ash and sinew on the library floor. Now, as the reading of his last Will and Testament begins, whispers of suspicion and intrigue fill the air. Can the mastermind behind this horrific murder be uncovered before the night is through?

Father had worked for the Blackwell family for 23 years as head Gardner, and during all that time he rarely spoke about the strange things he had witnessed at the big house. The eerie cries in the night, or the stench of decay that would suddenly surround him. But today was different. A change had occurred that clearly upset him, and he was more talkative.



Count Blackwell was dead, and we'd been summoned to the family mansion for a macabre feast and the reading of his final will.

It had been years since I set foot into that dark and eerie house and father was reluctant to take me, yet the invitation had specified the presence of us both, and thus, he felt a sense of obligation that he could not ignore."

As we made our way to the Manor, a feeling of foreboding descended upon me. The entrance was a sorry sight, abandoned and in disrepair, littered with debris. A pair of flickering candles stood as if to welcome us regardless of the dilapidated steps.



My father took my hand as we crossed the threshold, and as though announcing our arrival the huge hall clock let out a series of frightfully loud chimes.

As a child of six, that formidable timepiece with its monstrous form had instilled terror in me. But now, at eighteen, while it may not have seemed as daunting, its eerie presence still sent shivers down my spine.



As we entered the parlor Violet and Lilith Blackwell welcomed us with a nod of their heads but made no motion to rise from their seats.

"Goodness gracious, is that really you, Bella Hunter?" Lilith inquired with a raised brow. "The last time I laid eyes on you, you were but a child with pigtails. How time flies."



Despite the warm smile on her lips, I couldn't help but feel there was a level of insincerity. "It's a shame that our reunion must take place under these mournful circumstances." She then continued, "Violet was just giving me a Tarot Card reading; seems I have to watch what I eat, as someone may not agree with me."

What an odd thing to say I thought.

"Please, do allow me to offer you both something," said Violet, "The buffet is well-stocked with a delightful selection of liqueurs and vintage wines, as well as some of our family's favorite foods. Help yourself." As I walked across the room, Father's warning echoed in my mind. "Beware of what you eat, there are many reports of Blackwell guests becoming violently ill from spoiled offerings."

At first glance, in the flickering candlelight, the table appeared to be a magnificent spread. Glittering goblets of various hues caught the glow, and an array of fruits, berries, nuts, apples, and vintage wines seemed to promise a feast for the senses.



But as Bella approached, something seemed off. The cheese was speckled with mold, giving off a foul stench. The meats teemed with writhing worms. The goblets of wine were murky, with strange particles swimming within. The exquisite platters of food now seemed more of a grotesque sight and Bella had to hold a handkerchief up to her nose too prevent herself from gagging.



Damon was aware of the arrival of the guests, his acute hearing picking up the groans of the floorboards as they entered the house. Yet, he still had a duty to fulfill, or the evening would be a failure. The Will and Testament of his father lay hidden somewhere among his possessions, and it must be uncovered.

He meticulously searched through the piles of musty books and discarded papers, each moment feeling like an eternity.

Finally, his eyes caught sight of the family seal, peeking out from within a book on taxidermy - one of his father's favorite pastimes.

The Blackwell library is filled with the preserved remains of



every family pet, dating back 600 years. Damon picked up the document and headed upstairs to assemble the guests and begin the reading.

The last Will and Testament of the late Count Aphious Blackwell.

All were gathered in the dining room, summoned by the discovery of the Will. The count's esteemed solicitor Jonathan Harker and his betrothed, Miss Mina Murray, made their appearance, joined by Lilith's current human boyfriend Marcus who was staying in a guest house on the property.

As they took their seats, the countess also arrived, her demeanor still burdened by the loss of her husband. She took her place at the head of the table facing the count's portrait and beckoned Johnathan Harker to commence with the reading.



Mr. Harker took the documents from Damon and laid them out in front of him. He took a long deep sip of wine and then began reading.



To **Lilith**, my once precious daughter, who used to collect dolls, now spends all her time collecting men instead. I leave you a small financial amount along with a few dolls I purchased the last time I was in New Orleans. Please play with them and not the men!

an enemy over the centuries, use them with care and possibly... a little lemon oil.

To **Edward**, my second son, I have left you my wooden stake collection. Each one was used to destroy



And to **Violet**, my misguided daughter who never seems to get along with the living, I leave the family's stuffed pets. No care or feeding required which should be right up her alley.

To the **Countess** I leave the House and property, which more than likely will not be enough for her. And to my eldest son **Damon**, I leave you the family business. You are as incompetent as ever, but I have no choice. I've also thrown in my rare vintage blood collection. Don't drink it all at once!



And finally, to my trusted Gardner Charles Hunter and his daughter Bella, I leave the small gardener's cottage that they have been living in since coming to Blackwell Manor. For twenty-three years, Charles has maintained my gardens and helped the household in the evenings. A trusted and loyal employee I urge the family to keep him on!

*This has been the Last Will and Testament of Count Aphious Blackwell.
Signed and witnessed.*

Count Aphious Blackwell



The remains of Count Blackwell in the library

Now it's up to you. Solve the mystery of the Count's murder as one of the following 10 guests:



Countess Eleanor Blackwell

was born on the 7th of August 1560.

In 1610, she was transformed into a vampire by Count Blackwell, disappearing from society and resurfacing as Countess Blackwell. Together, they created their vampire family of four humans they "turned" during their travels.

Damon Blackwell

was transformed at the age of twenty-eight. Count Blackwell offered the human employment, but Damon, hazy from drinking, declined. The next thing he knew he was waking up in the back of a moving carriage, his memories wiped clean. Despite the loss of memories, his rebellious streak remained even after his transformation into a Blackwell vampire.



Violet Blackwell

descended from a line of fortune tellers, psychics, and palm readers. The countess was so impressed with Violet's predictions that they decided to turn her. She became a part of the Blackwell family, although her avid interest in the occult and use of astronomy continued and often irritated the Count and Countess.



Edward Blackwell

was hired by the count to paint his portrait, and during a session he nicked his finger with his painting knife, and blood dripped onto the canvas. He was quickly overpowered by the Count's bite, draining him of blood. The last thing he remembered was hearing the words, "Welcome to the family." He became the latest addition to the Blackwell family.



Lilith Blackwell



is a vixen of the vampire persuasion, possessing a dangerous allure. With her haughty demeanor, sharp wit, and dominant personality, she commands attention wherever she goes. Her latest conquest is a human male stripper named Marcus, who is spending the weekend at the Blackwell mansion. Lilith is known to say of him, "I keep him close at hand, just in case my thirst should arise."

Marcus

Lilith Blackwell's latest paramour remains a mystery to many. His employment as a stripper at a club nearby is the extent of what is known about him. Marcus appears unfazed by Lilith's thirst for blood, even seeming to enjoy their regular drinking sessions. A handsome and well-built man, Marcus possesses such an enigmatic allure that has many wondering if he might be hiding something.





Mina Murray

embodies the refined grace and elegance of the Victorian age. Despite her recent arrival at the Manor, Mina has become aware of mysterious and otherworldly events that have left her feeling uneasy. The Count's piercing gaze once filled her with unease, but now that he has passed, she finds solace in his absence.

Jonathan Harker

is a successful solicitor was sent to Blackwell Manor on behalf of his firm to facilitate legal requests for the count. Since Mina's arrival, the frequency of strange occurrences has increased, and a sense of unease has taken root within him.



Charles Hunter

has been in the employ of the Blackwell family for two decades, a devoted worker and proud father to an 18-year-old daughter, Bella. He recently completed an ornate garden of Delphinium Delarosa at the Count's request, despite the toxic nature of the plant to humans.



Bella Hunter

has always been curious about Blackwell manor and its secrets. Now, being invited to attend the reading of the Count's Last Will and Testament, it may finally shed light on the mysteries that have plagued her for so long.



THE AUSTEN MURDER MYSTERY

Back Story



The once peaceful and harmonious atmosphere of Rosings Park has been disturbed by a most scandalous occurrence. The discovery of a body, tragically bereft of its head and unceremoniously disposed in the water closet near the breakfast room has cast a shadow of suspicion over everyone staying at the estate. Tonight, all will be revealed, and the culprit, when caught, will be cast out from polite society - or face the consequences of their crime. Not even the esteemed Lady Catherine is exempt from the cloud of doubt that hangs over everyone.



Oh, the joy that filled Elizabeth Bennet's heart upon receiving an invitation to spend a whole weekend at Rosings Park!

The dreary weather made the prospect of a distraction even more delightful.

And what an odd occurrence that Mr. Collins was the one charged with delivering the invitation. But could it be a ploy by Lady Catherine de Burge, the patron of Mr. Collins, to secure Elizabeth's hand in marriage?

Regardless of the motive, Elizabeth was eager to attend a regency party and relish the decadent feast that would undoubtedly be served.





Memories of past grand parties danced in her head, particularly one where she donned her favorite light blue dress and adorned her hair with a ribbon.



The thought of summer fruits, succulent wild fish, and the sumptuous dishes of ham glazed with Espagnole sauce, lamb chops and roasted fowls garnished with watercress, left Elizabeth's mouth-watering in anticipation. And then there were the desert; Cakes of all sorts, berries, figs and a whole variety of different flavored *tasses à glaces* in small serving cups. Elizabeth could hardly contain herself.



However, her colorful memories were quickly dashed as the carriage approached Rosings Park. A feeling of dread pervaded the air. The storm had worsened, and lightning illuminated the sky at intervals, causing the horses to grow increasingly skittish. It was as if they were warning of a dire outcome to the visit.

The Manor was unusually dark, and the guests seemed indulgent and rather arrogant. There was no question that her invitation was coerced by Mr. Collins, and she felt very much out of place.



The evening's meal was most unenjoyable. The room was dark and boding and even the food seemed dull and colorless. Across from her sat the gentleman, Mr. Darcy, with a countenance of intriguing demeanor, though he was engaged in discourse with a lady of overbearing presence.



Elizabeth considered withdrawing from the assembly, but a sense of expectation held her fast in her seat.

“Where, one might ask, is our gracious hostess, the esteemed Lady Catherine?” She asked.

But no one took notice or answered her query. It appeared that a multitude of peculiarities were increasing in number.

Elizabeth was beginning to feel invisible to the other guests, and just when she thought she would explode from anxiety... Lady Catherine entered the room and made a speech.





“May I have your attention please.”

“A tragedy has struck this very household. The lifeless body of Mr. John Thorpe was just discovered stuffed in the breakfast room water closet.

His neck has been viciously sliced, leaving his head barely attached to his torso by a mere thread of tendon. A blood-stained fillet knife was found

nearby, and a lady’s handkerchief tucked beneath him.

It is believed that the unfortunate event took place this afternoon after everyone’s arrival, as evidenced by the setting of the blood.



Fortunately, the blood did not reach the pantry, sparing us the spoilage of our bread and eggs for tomorrow’s breakfast. We are left to our own devices until then, and I sincerely hope that the murderer is swiftly discovered and brought to justice.



Now it's up to you. Can you solve the murder
at Rosings Park as one of the following 10 guests:



Elizabeth Bennet

is intelligent, quick-witted, and independent, with a sharp tongue and a tendency to judge others based on their actions and manners. Despite her mother's pressing desire to see her married, Elizabeth is determined to marry for love and not simply for financial security.

Fitzwilliam Darcy

A wealthy gentleman, the master of Pemberley, and the nephew of Lady Catherine de Bourgh. Though Darcy is intelligent and honest, his excess of pride causes him to look down on his social inferiors.



Mrs. Bennet



is the wife of Mr. Bennet and the mother of five daughters, including Elizabeth. She is obsessed with finding suitable husbands for her daughters and often speaks without thinking and is easily flustered. But her intentions are always to secure the future and happiness of her children. She has a strong devotion to her family.

Mr. Bennet

is the husband of Mrs. Bennet and the father of five daughters. He is a witty man who is often at odds with his wife due to her social ambitions for their daughters. He is an intelligent and well-read individual who values his solitude and spends much of his time reading and making sarcastic comments.



Frank Churchill

is a wealthy and charming young man which makes him very popular among the ladies. However, he is not as perfect as he appears, and has been keeping secrets and playing a double game.

Miss Emma Woodhouse

is a wealthy, young and attractive woman living in the town of Highbury. Despite her good intentions, Emma is a proud, self-satisfied, and often misguided individual who sees herself as a matchmaker and tries to play Cupid with those around her. Emma is a charming and likable and wins the hearts of her friends with her wit and good nature.



Marianne Dashwood

is a passionate, impulsive, and romantic individual. She is highly expressive and wears her heart on her sleeve, which often leads her into emotional and romantic complications. Despite her youth and inexperience, she possesses a strong sense of morality and a desire for true love and happiness.



Mr. Collins

is a clergyman and the cousin of Mr. Bennet, the father of the Bennet sisters. Mr. Collins is pompous, obsequious, and a heavily self-involved individual. He is seeking a wife, and has his sights set on one of the Bennet sisters, primarily to secure his future with the Bennet estate.



Mr. John Willoughby

is a charming, handsome, and well-educated gentleman who appears to be the perfect. Despite his initial charm and charisma, however, Willoughby is a deeply flawed individual, who is more concerned with his own selfish desires than with the well-being of those around him.



Lady Catherine de Bourgh

is a wealthy and influential woman who is haughty, rude, and overbearing. Lady Catherine takes great pride in her social status and is not above using her wealth and power to manipulate and control those around her.



THE FAIRYTALE MYSTERY

Back story



Once upon a time, in the fair land of Fairy-tale, three calamities had befallen its residents. Grumpy the dwarf, a beloved figure among the people, was cruelly taken by a cave-in at the diamond mines. Pinocchio, the wooden boy, met his end at the Kindle making factory of Stiltskin mill. And Prince Charming, the shining knight, had gone missing, leaving the kingdom in disarray. But these were no mere accidents. Dark whispers abound of a sinister force at play, seeking to plunge Fairy-tale into chaos. Thus, an emergency council was called to uncover the truth and save their beloved land.

Join us, brave adventurer, at this fateful council meeting, where the fate of Fairytale Land rests in your hands. Unravel the mysteries behind these bizarre deaths and disappearances and restore peace to this wondrous land.



The council chambers of Fairytale land were hushed as the meeting was called to order.

“Attention all ye fairies and mythical creatures. The council meeting is now in session!

It is with a heavy heart and trembling voice that I address you all today. News had reached the council's ears of a most dire and sinister nature. Pinocchio and Grumpy, have met their untimely end and it seems foul play is afoot.

We must act swiftly and with utmost caution, lest we fall prey to the same fate and Fairytale land be lost forever.

Already, the sales of our cherished fairy tale books have declined, and tourists may soon fear to bring their families to our shores, seeking merriment and adventure."

The council members sat in somber silence; their minds preoccupied with the growing troubles that plagued their beloved kingdom.



It was in this state of contemplation that the delicate voice of Tinkerbell pierced the stillness. "Excuse me, Mr. Councilman?" she said, her voice as light as a feather and accompanied by the gentle tinkle of her bell. "Might I inquire about the discovery of a poison apple outside the diamond mine, and the syringe that accompanied it? Surely this constitutes evidence of foul play, does it not?"

"Indeed, the apple does pose a significant issue," the councilman concurred, his brow furrowed with concern. "However, we must not forget the witch's insatiable penchant for poison apples. A disagreement with a broom salesman? A poison apple. Criticism of her excessive cackling? A poison apple. Late mail delivery? A poison apple, without fail.



"No, we must turn our attention to other avenues of inquiry. The solution to this perplexing puzzle may not be as simple as it appears."

Snow White was the next to take the floor, her voice trembling with nervousness. "I have something I must confess," she said, her eyes downcast. "I received a most peculiar and ominous letter from Grumpy on the day of his untimely death. I believe it is pertinent to the matter at hand. May I read it to you all?"

She produced the letter and, with a deep breath, began to read:



Dear Snow,

I write to you to explain why I voted against the renovation of your castle in last week's council vote. The week you spent with me and my dwarf brothers at our cottage was among the happiest of my life, and I believed that we had something truly special between us.



I implore you to leave Prince Charming behind and return to us. The place has not been the same since you left, the dishes are piling up, the floors need sweeping, and we cannot even coax the animals to sing while we work.

There is still time for me to reverse my vote, if only you would see reason. Meet me at the diamond mine tonight and let us resolve this matter,

Grumpy.

Snow White's hand trembled as she set aside the letter. "And what of Pinocchio?" Snow White murmured, lost in thought. "How did he come to be entrapped in that fateful machine? And what purpose did he have in visiting the Stiltskin kindling factory?"



Indeed, tragedy and mystery seemed to be hand in hand in this affair, like the interlocking threads of a dark tapestry. Could there be any hope of piecing together the remnants of what had once been?

"Has the shipment of Pinocchio remains already been dispatched? Or might there be some means of reclaiming him?" Snow asked; her voice tinged with sadness. "At least we can find comfort in the knowledge that he did not meet his end in the dreaded woodchipper."

"Thus, my dear companions," Snow White declared, her eyes darkening with concern.

"Only the passing of time will reveal the truth, until then, we must be vigilant, and leave no stone unturned in our quest for justice."

Now it's up to you. Solve the murders of Fairytale Land as one of the following 10 guests:





Snow White

has hair as black as the raven's wing, while her cheeks bloom with the hue of a rose. All who behold her are enchanted by her charm, and none more than her husband, the gallant Prince Charming. The air is filled with the sweet music of her singing, and all who hear it are filled with joy and merriment."

Prince Charming

is a prince of great valor and dashing countenance. He is wed to the fairest of maidens, Snow White, and his love for her is known throughout the kingdom. Prince Charming is also the mayor of Fairytale-land and the leader of the City Council. With wisdom and fairness, he rules over his subjects, guiding them towards a brighter future."



Red Ridinghood



lives in the humblest part of the kingdom, with her dear mother. She is a member of the esteemed City Council, and sits upon the board alongside none other than the notorious Big Bad Wolf. Though the two are often engaged in their fairytale duties, when not in their roles, they surprisingly get along well, despite their vastly different natures."

Captain Hook

In the high seas of adventure, he is a pirate unlike any other and fear is his game. He is a ruthless marauder, a cutthroat of the seas, and the captain of the notorious ship, the Jolly Roger. He is ever on the lookout for treasure, and would seize any opportunity that presented itself, no matter the cost to those around him."



Evil Queen

her heart is black, and her soul is consumed by evil. Her jealousy knows no bounds. For Snow White, the fairest of them all, lives in her land, and her beauty far surpassed that of her own. And so poor Snow is made a target, for the queen would stop at nothing to achieve her twisted goal and become the most beautiful."

Rumpelstiltskin

takes great delight in making deadly bargains with anyone who will agree. He is the owner of the Stiltskin Corporation, which held sway over a wood mill, a diamond mine, and a hay factory. He is also the Notary Public of the town, trusted by all to seal their deals. But with Rumpelstiltskin, there is always a catch. For his favorite phrase is "All deals come with a price."





Wicked Witch

She lives in a house unlike any other, built of sweet cakes and confectionery, a trap set for the unwary. It was said that she is a cannibal, feasting on the flesh of children who strayed too near. The Witch is a fearsome creature, feared by all who know her.

Jack

is known for his spirit of adventure and his daring deeds, but alas, those days are no more. The reason for this is the scarcity of magic beans, which have been outlawed as they are deemed too perilous. And so Jack is forced to set aside his wanderlust and find a new path in life.



Tinkerbell

is mischievous, and her energy is boundless. She is the bookkeeper of all the tales that are sold, keeping account of the riches they bring to the land. She is also part of the City Council of Fairytale-land, lending her sharp mind to the workings of the realm."



Big Bad Wolf

is a master of disguise, oftentimes donning the garb of an old granny to deceive Little Red Riding Hood. Yet despite his cunning ways, the Big Bad Wolf is a respected member of the City Council lending his voice to the decisions that shape the land.



10 player version

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THE WESTERN MURDER MYSTERY

Back Story



The scorching plains of 1865 lay host to a formidable Western town named Deadbeat, a place where peril prowled at every turn. A motley assembly of cowboys, gamblers, and saloon maidens roamed its dusty streets. Their parched horses yearning for the solace of water.

It is a place where morality is often called into question, and it comes as no surprise when, yet another sheriff meets his untimely demise. But fear not, for Deputy Sweeney is on the case, determined to gather the suspects and uncover the truth behind what promises to be a most heinous rodeo.

Deputy Sweeney, a man of habit, made his way to the Dirty Dog Saloon for his customary early supper. He relished the peacefulness knowing that soon enough the saloon would be overrun with the usual cast of characters, their worries heavy and tempers quick to ignite.

Yet, as he reached for his fork, his meal was abruptly disturbed by an unsettling announcement. The Sheriff, his superior, had been discovered murdered. A bullet through his chest ended his life, and in his own office.

Such distressing news was hardly what Deputy Sweeney had anticipated as he gazed upon his hearty rib-eye steak.



“Matty” the deputy called out, “Can you keep this warm for me? And I’ll need a table in the back for a couple of hours. I got me a shit load of towns people to interrogate.” Deputy Sweeney took a deep breath and continued, “ I gotta’ feeling tonight’s going to be smellier than a couple of squirrels farting in a wool sock.”



The Sheriff, known for his fastidiousness, had always kept a logbook meticulously recording all visitors to his office. This proved to be of immense assistance to the deputy as he began piecing together the events of this fateful day.

“Alright folks, settle down” Deputy Sweeney began. “ This ain’t no prissy garden party. It’s the wild west! A cesspool of filth! A disgusting horrible place. Everything that walks, crawls or gambles is out to kill you! So I want civility tonight!

I don’t want no swearin’ from anyone on account of the lovely ladies here, no spittin’ or expelling large volumes of gaseous extrusions. I want cooperation from you tired bunch of towns people.

Now, as you know, Sheriff Picket was found shot to death in his office this afternoon. I’ve taken over the case on account of me being his deputy, my shootin’ talent, and my shiny white teeth. So I don’t want no back talk from any of you egg-suckin’ dawgs.



I asked you here tonight because for one reason or another you all came in to see the sheriff, and I figure one of you came back and shot him! To me that smells like someone is lower than a snake’s belly in a wagon rut. All I have to do is wrangle the truth out of you and I’ll find my killer.

Meanwhile, let’s raise a glass to the old sheriff.” Deputy Sweeney lifted his whisky. “Although he was saddled with a big nose and the name Picket, he did his best to keep his fingers clean and keep law and order in the town of Deadbeat... To Sheriff Picket.”

The news of the Sheriff's untimely passing was met with great consternation by the townsfolk. Each, with furrowed brow, pondered the gravity of the situation over their libations. "Deputy Sweeney," queried Lilly Willcox, the proprietress of the local hotel, "did you happen upon anything at the scene of the crime which might point to the culprit?"

"Indeed," replied Deputy Sweeney. "I did discover a bloody can of mustache wax, beside the body. While the Sheriff was known to be quite vain about his facial accoutrement, this clue may still prove to be important. I'm still going over his office so more clues may come to light."



"Oh and listen up folks" the deputy continued, "There's been another stage coach robbery. Word is that a pair of siblings might be headed this way.

Keep a keen eye peeled for anything out of the ordinary, if you see something that sets off your spidey senses, come and find me straightaway."



Well partner, this here town's got itself a big-time murder on its hands. Ain't never seen the likes of it before - eight folks with motives as strong as rattlesnakes, but only one with the guilt to show for it. There's suspects aplenty, clues scattered like tumbleweeds, and twists and turns that'll leave you scratching your head. A real puzzle to put together. But don't you worry none, it ain't the first killing the town of Deadbeat has seen and it surely won't be the last.

Now it's up to you. Solve the murder of Sheriff Pickit as one of the following eight guests:



Deputy Sweeney

is a man with nerves as tight as a banjo string and dreams as big as the prairie sky. He fancies himself a gunslinger of the law, but the truth is, he's a mite clumsy with a badge. The Deputy's got his sights set on the Sheriff's star, reckonin' that in a quiet town like Deadbeat, it'd be a cinch to fill them boots. But little does he know, nothin' is ever as easy as it seems."

Maggie Bushwacker

is a filly with a flair for twirlin' on the dance floor. She's the belle of Miss Lilly's establishment, where the fellas come from near and far just to catch a glimpse of her gams. But watch yer back, partner, 'cause things have a way of disappearin' when Maggie's in the room. Word is she's light-fingered, so keep a tight hold on that pocket watch and poke if'n you value it!



Emmet Potts

is a sheepherder of some renown, with a bushy whisker that'd put a billy goat to shame. He spends hours fixin' and primpin' that hunk of hair, whilst his flock roams the streets of town like they're lost. Ain't much of a shepherd, but he sure do take pride in that mustache!"

Edna Roach

is one of the deadliest gunslingers in the frontier. She's got a thirst for whiskey and a fire for a good scrap. But when it comes to baggin' bounties, Edna's the best in the business. She's got a nose for trackin' down the worst of the worst, and when the dust settles, she'll collect her fee and ride on to the next town.



Clayton Dotson

is a shadowy card shark, who rode into Deadbeat one day with a smirk on his face and a devilish twinkle in his eye. In a town like Deadbeat, where the art of gamblin' is still a might strange, Clayton knows he's gotta keep his wits about him and his six-shooter close at hand.



Ruby Christian

is a filly fresh to Deadbeat, arrived with a sparkle in her eye and a skip in her step. She's a small town gal who's taken on the job as the town's schoolmarm, and she's got her sights set on teachin' the young 'uns and hopin' to catch herself a man - not just any ordinary fella, but one with a bushy mustache to boot.





Kwatoko Longbow

is a warrior of fire and spirit, proud as a eagle and fierce as a summer storm. He keeps a watchful eye on the growin' town of Deadbeat, where the settlers are spreadin' out like a prairie fire. He and his people are proud and free, and won't stand by and let the town encroach on their sacred land. If that were to happen, there'll be hell to pay."

Lilly Willcox,

found her way to the dusty little town of Deadbeat and it didn't take her long to see the need for a "special" hotel where folks could bed down for the night in style. So, she hung up her shingle and opened "Lilly's", the finest hotel this side of the Mississippi. With her quick wit and saucy double entendres, Lilly soon made a name for herself and the menfolk of Deadbeat couldn't get enough of her and livin' life on the wild side."



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THE WITCHES MURDER MYSTERY

Back Story



It's the yearly coven meeting for the Witches and Warlocks of the Ancient Circle, District 321. A time of excitement and anticipation when the Grand Elevated Witch (*coven leader*) reviews everyone's developing powers and achievements from the previous year. But something has gone terribly wrong. One of the witches has been found murdered the night before the meeting and a very important spell book has been stolen. Can you solve this intriguing mystery and bring justice to your murdered coven member?

As the Warlocks and Witches of District 321 descended upon the gathering place, an aura of anticipation filled the air. This annual event was the highlight of the year for all practitioners of magic, a chance to reunite with their peers and exchange news and gossip from the mystical world. The Warlocks, with their trinkets and amulets, were a central attraction, and many a romantic encounter had been known to blossom at these gatherings.

Calista Stone, better known as the Glam Witch, was ever the source of intriguing whispers about the warlocks. And the food! Oh, the food was to die for - quite literally, in some cases. This year, it was a potluck affair, with many of the witches contributing their favorite dishes. Ursula Frost made her famous gluten-free Girl Guide cookies, of which she is proud to say, uses only locally sourced girl guides.





Sarah Bishop, better known as the Salem Witch, due to her fascination with the witch trials of 1692, astounded all present with a remarkable pizza. The top of the pie was sculpted to resemble the Grand Elevated Witch, and to the amazement of all, it emitted a piercing scream should a slice be taken that was deemed too large.



And then there's Gordin Grimsbee, known as the kitchen warlock and a real catch, especially if you like to eat! He was a finalist this year on the reality show Master Chef Witches. He's brought along a cauldron full of his competition soup; fermented pee and eyeballs. Unfortunately, despite his culinary prowess, he was unable to claim victory, leading to accusations of cheating from one of the other contestants, who accused him of using a flavor cube instead of real eye of newt.



Suddenly, just as everyone was enjoying their Bloody Mary, a deafening boom echoed through the air as a dazzling flash illuminated the windows. The Grand Elevated Witch had arrived in grand fashion, as was her custom. The witches and warlocks of the house hastily grasped their bewitched beverages and made their way to the entrance hall, eager to offer their salutations to the magnificent sorceress.

Instead of a joyous reunion with their leader, they were met with an onslaught of curse words that would make even the most hardened warlock blush. “I had broom trouble again!” She yelled out. “And I got a ticket for hexing while flying. This is not my day.”



The grand elevated Witch looked around the room and continued. “Well, I must say our coven has always had a collection of ugly members, but this year I’ve never seen so many stubby-toed, crinkly-fingered, hooked nosed cronies in one place before. You should be proud. Our order of business tonight will be the investigation of my “murdered” assistant, Matilda Noseprick.

Last night, on the full moon, one of you hags used the “Dead Man’s Tongue” spell to silence her, long enough to steal my spell book! She was then murdered... and turned into a puddle of slime! All that was left of her were those horrible glasses she always wore!

A great crime against the coven has been committed, and when I find out which wart infested witch or warlock it was well ...



let’s just say, you’ll have to ride your broom vertically for the rest of your life!

The only clue was this Ouija board found at the scene of the crime. The letters A B O R T are covered with blood.

Now I don’t let a little murder ruin a good party, so let the festivities begin!

Who murdered Matila Noseprick and why?
Play as one of the following 8 guests.



Torba Blackwood

Grand Elevated Witch

The Grand Elevated Witch is highly intelligent, manipulative, ruthless and powerful. She is the current leader of the coven and hopes to retain that title for a very long time.

Gordin Grimsbee

The Kitchen Warlock

Gordin is often found in his kitchen, cooking potions and brewing magical stews. Recently he was a contestant on the TV reality show Master Chef Witches, and although he lost, he was singled out for his gluten-free pee and eyeball soup.



Callista Stone

The Glam Witch

Callista is a strikingly beautiful charismatic witch. She is overconfident, self-centered and egotistical. As well as being powerful, she is also obsessed with fashion. Her final accessory is to have a man on her arm. If one isn't available, she can always piece one together from the local morgue.



Forester Moss

The Swamp Warlock

An eccentric warlock who spends his days wandering the forests and swamps outside his old house. He possesses the power of reanimation; the ability to bring things back from the dead. He is in tune with nature and takes great offense to those who disrespect it.



Sarah Bishop

The Salem Witch

Obsessed with the Salem Witch trials of 1692, Sarah dresses the part of her ancestor Bridget Bishop. She spends her days researching the genealogy of the families responsible for the death of Bridget and vows that one day she will find them and get even.



Magnus Shadowend

The Tarot Warlock

Eccentric, dramatic, and mysterious, Magnus comes from a long line of witches and warlocks that use the magic of Tarot cards to do their bidding. His family was responsible for securing the Witch Hunter's Treaty of 1842. However, the recent discovery of a dead witch hunter may put an end to the treaty.





Ursula Frost

The Water Witch

Ursula is a villainous sea witch with ambitions to become the next Grand Elevated Witch. She is power-hungry, manipulative, and elegant. She “hides” a curse placed on her years before, that turns her into a fish during a full moon.

Lance Bloodmoon

The Moon Warlock

Lance is best known for his ability to use the phases of the moon as a power source. He is an expert with the spirit board (Ouija) and uses its divine wisdom on many issues including finances. He has quietly amassed a small fortune.

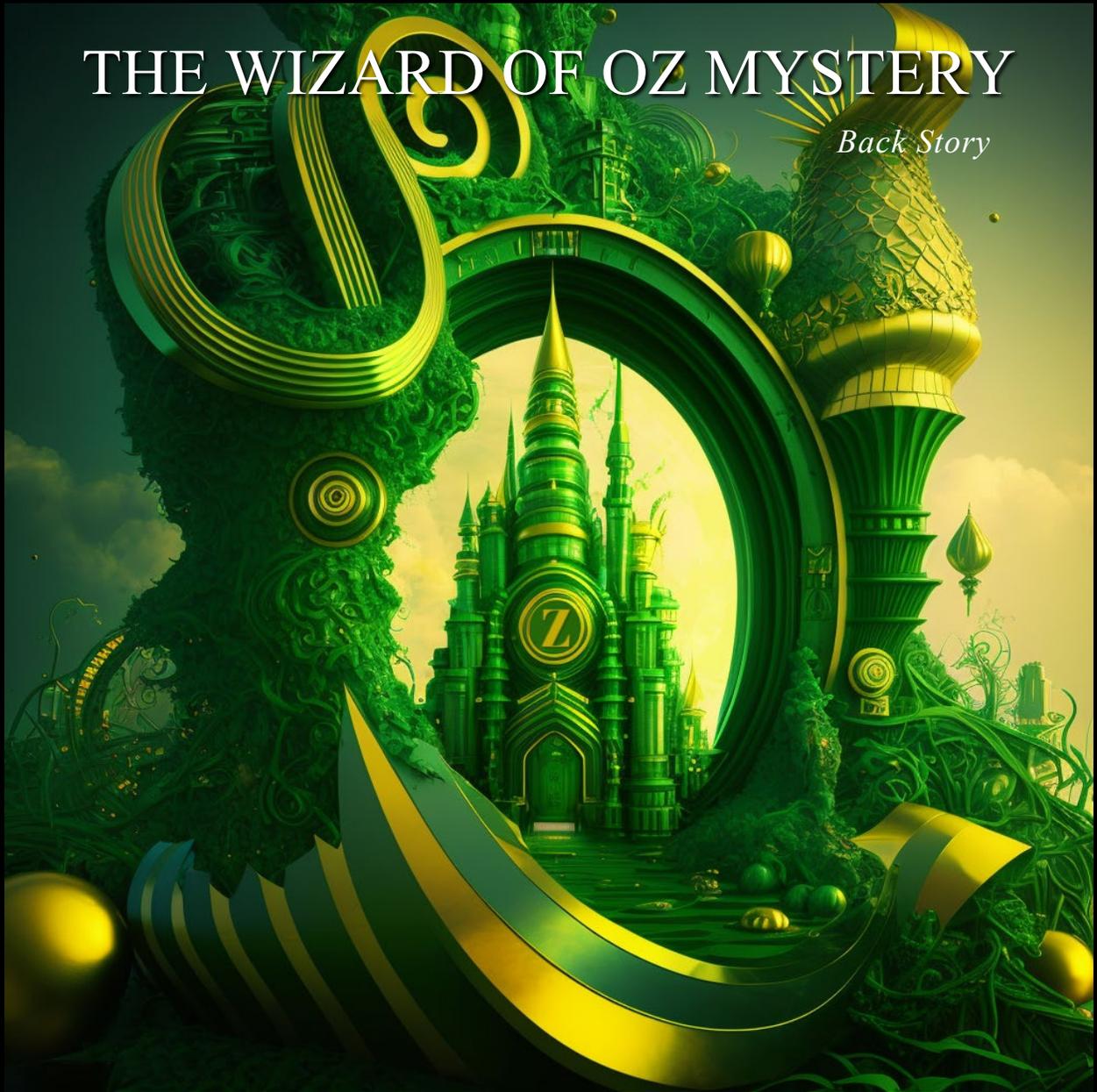


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THE WIZARD OF OZ MYSTERY

Back Story



It is the yearly Oz celebration day when all the inhabitants of Munchkin land gather to celebrate the magical kingdom. However, this year a shadow has been cast across the peaceful celebrations. The wise and wonderful Wizard of Oz has had an accident during his hot air balloon demonstration, and it looks like it was...murder! Join Dorothy, the Tin Man, Lion, and Scarecrow as they embark on an heroic quest to stop the increasing evil in the land of Oz, restore the weakened magic, and bring the kingdom back to its rightful glory.

Dorothy was filled with disbelief as she gazed upon the invitation before her.

Years had passed since her journey to the enchanted land of Oz, and she often wondered if it was but a fleeting dream.



Accompanied with the message was a key, imbued with magic, and it was said that when paired with the slippers, she would be transported back to Oz.

The reason for her summons was shrouded in mystery, with only a terse instruction to return "ASAP".



Yet, there remained the undeniable proof of her visit - the ruby slippers, now housed in a specially commissioned display case, courtesy of her dear Auntie Em.



The thought of reuniting with her dear friends, the Lion, Scarecrow and Tinman, brought a tear to her eye and she knew she must answer the call.

With a nod to Toto, she made her way to the display case, eagerly anticipating the journey that lay ahead. "Let us retrieve the slippers, Toto," she whispered, her heart ablaze with excitement. "The answers we seek shall soon be revealed." And with a swift movement, she opened the case, retrieved the slippers, and stepped into the unknown, eager to discover the truth.



The Mayor of Munchkin city welcomed everyone and then began his speech:

*Tilly tang and tickety boo,
I'm so excited to welcome you,
To Munchkin land and all
around, from east to west
and upside-down.*

*The news had spread that
Dorothy's returned, and here
at last, you see she's earned, a
place in our hearts, from good
deeds that are true.*



*She's brought her
aunt and Toto too.*

*But Oz is in shatters,
since Dorothy left, the
wizard is dead or lost
at best, and evils
returned, from a
source unknown and
now there sits an
empty throne.*

*Oh Tilly tang and
tickety boo, I hope
that help has come*

with you. The yellow brick road is not the same, the bricks are cracked, and someone's to blame. If the Wizard's dead, then it's one of you, who saw him last, within your view. To kill a Wizard is a terrible thing, and tonight we'll discover, what justice will bring. To Munchkin land and all its kin, there's a murder to solve, so let's begin...



Dorothy was taken aback as she listened to the news from the Mayor of Oz. "The Wizard's dead?" she repeated, her voice betraying her shock. The Mayor nodded solemnly, his expression one of deep sadness.

"The balloon carrying him was last seen over the East End," he said. "Despite our best efforts, all that has been found are the remains of a balloon, entangled in the malevolent trees.

There has been no signs of the Wizard himself, and we fear he may have fallen during some sort of struggle."

The Mayor's gaze was full of meaning as he looked at Dorothy. "It is why we have called upon you, my dear," he continued. "In the hopes that you may shed some light upon this mystery."

As she listened, Dorothy couldn't help but notice the changes that had overtaken the Land of Oz. Even the once-sweet Munchkins now seemed to radiate an air of menace.



Dorothy maintained her composure as she requested a pot of tea and took her place at the table with her dear friends from Oz. Slightly dazed, she stared ahead and in a soft whisper posed the question that weighed heavily upon all their hearts. "What ever shall we do?"



The Lion, now crowned King of the Forest, spoke with conviction. "I would not be surprised if the evil witch was behind this, my friends," he said. The Tinman, ever resolute, nodded his agreement. "And I shall assist you in unraveling this mystery, witch or no witch, I am with you, too, my friends" he said. Just then a loud boom echoed through the air, and a great green cloud, swirling and twisting, descending upon them.

A loud voice spoke from within the cloud. "Accuse me?" It was the Wicked witch of the west, who was clearly monitoring the conversation from her crystal ball. She was so angry that smoke flared out of her nose and mouth. "The accusation against me is false and baseless. If you truly wish to uncover the truth, I suggest you look elsewhere and do not come to me for answers."



With that, the cloud dissipated, leaving the group to ponder the strange event that had just transpired. But one thing was certain: the journey to uncover the truth in the Land of Oz had only just begun.

Now it's up to you. Who killed the Wizard?
Play as one of the following 8 guests:



Dorothy Gale

is a young girl who is being raised by her aunt and uncle on a farm in Kansas. Her only companion is her little dog, Toto. She has recently received a mysterious note asking her to come back to the magical land of Oz.

The Scarecrow

is the first friend that Dorothy made on her last trip to Oz. He was given a diploma from the Wizard, so although his lifelong ambition (to get a brain) has been fulfilled, he may be having second thoughts about finally receiving one.



The Tin Man

is deathly afraid of becoming rusty. This fear also makes him very nervous about anything involving moisture. His newly acquired heart causes him to worry all the time, which now makes him regret asking for one.



Cowardly Lion

The Lion is the last friend that Dorothy picked up on the yellow brick road during her last visit. He's wild at heart, but even though the Wizard has given him courage, he still seems afraid of just about everything.



Glinda

The favorite witch of the munchkins, proves herself wise and merciful and protects all the inhabitants of Munchkin land. But is she really a good witch? Or a bad witch?

Mayor of Munchkin City

A robust and joyful character, the Mayor runs Munchkin City. He is up for re-election this year but the death of the wizard could put his campaign in jeopardy... so, he may not be so joyful after all.





Wicked Witch of the West

The Wicked Witch of the West is a most powerful witch (even though she has a fear of water.) She is cruel, manipulative, and cold. She remains in power by using her army of flying monkeys to do her bidding... as long as she possesses the Golden Cap!

Auntie Em

Although initially Auntie Em and Uncle Henry didn't believe Dorothy's tale about a visit to Oz, she is about to become a believer as Dorothy brings her along on this new adventure.



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THE GAME OF THORNS MYSTERY





The grand Castle of King Jonus stood silent and somber as a chilling fog settled upon the courtyard. Inside the opulent drawing room, the King and his esteemed guests gathered, their faces etched with concern. Prince Cedric, the King's beloved son, had met a sinister fate, leaving behind a perplexing puzzle for all to unravel.



As the fireplace crackled, casting eerie shadows across the room, the guests exchanged nervous glances. King Jonus, his regal countenance a mask of determination, addressed the assembly.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are faced with a most confounding mystery," he declared, his voice carrying an air of resolve. "Prince Cedric, in a most

horrific manner, has been snatched from our midst."

A murmur of disbelief swept through the room, mingling with a sense of trepidation. The King continued, his eyes scanning the room for any flicker of understanding.

"The prince's lifeless body was discovered in the courtyard, devoid of its most vital element—the head," King Jonus revealed, his voice tinged with a mix of sorrow and intrigue. "And to make things worse, his head was delivered in a box this morning, left at the backdoor of the castle. "



The guests gasped, their minds grappling with the grotesque image before them. But the King pressed on, his gaze unwavering.

"Furthermore, two of the prince's fingers were mysteriously severed," the King added, his words hanging heavily in the air. "And, intriguingly enough, his exquisite velvet slippers, renowned throughout the kingdom, have vanished."



A ripple of astonishment coursed through the room, the guests exchanging bewildered glances. They yearned to uncover the truth that lurked behind this twisted enigma.

"But fear not, my loyal subjects, tonight, we shall embark on a journey of blood-soaked intrigue and dark secrets. Together we shall uncover the truth and deliver



the swift hand of justice upon the guilty. For in the face of adversity, we shall be united as one kingdom, one family, and one big, dysfunctional, and occasionally murderous mess!"

Now it's up to you. Who killed Prince Cedric?
Play as one of the following 8 guests:



The King, Dark Secrets: Beneath his regal exterior, King Jonas hid a tapestry of secrets. Rumors circulated that he resented his son's popularity and charisma, feeling overshadowed by his charm. Could his hidden envy have driven him to commit the ultimate act of betrayal?

The Queen: Queen Beatrice: Once a cherished wife, Queen Beatrice had grown increasingly distant from her husband and son, consumed by her desire for power. Rumors whispered that she orchestrated the murder, seeking to eliminate her son and manipulate the King to fulfill her ambitions.



The Son, Prince Reginald, the Prince's envious younger brother: Forever living in the shadow of his elder sibling, Prince Reginald longed for the adoration bestowed upon Prince Cedric. Jealousy may have driven him to commit a heinous act, eradicating his rival for good.

The Kings Sister Lady Miranda, the King's sister: An outcast from the royal family, Lady Miranda had a bitter grudge against her brother for denying her a place of influence. Did her resentment fester into murderous intent?





The Cardinal Confidant, Cardinal Percival, a loyal advisor: As the King's trusted confidant, Lord Percival wielded great influence over the royal family. However, whispers suggested that his intentions may not be as pure as they seemed. Could his loyalty be a mask for something more sinister?

The Lover, handmaiden to the queen, Isabella, the Prince's scandalous lover: Known for her captivating beauty and scandalous affairs, Isabella shared a passionate, yet tumultuous, relationship with Prince Cedric. Could their turbulent romance have taken a tragic turn?



The Trainer Alexander Stormrider, a devoted knight: A loyal protector of the royal family, Alexander had sworn an oath to safeguard their lives. But beneath his chivalrous facade, could he harbor a hidden agenda?

The Royal seamstress. Evelyne possessed the cunning to manipulate fabrics, the knowledge of fashion, and a motive fueled by resentment. However, appearances can be deceiving, and the truth remained shrouded in mystery, waiting to be unveiled by the relentless investigation.



Note: in game graphics differ from this “Back Stories” guide.
Text and graphics by Gary La Liberte
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