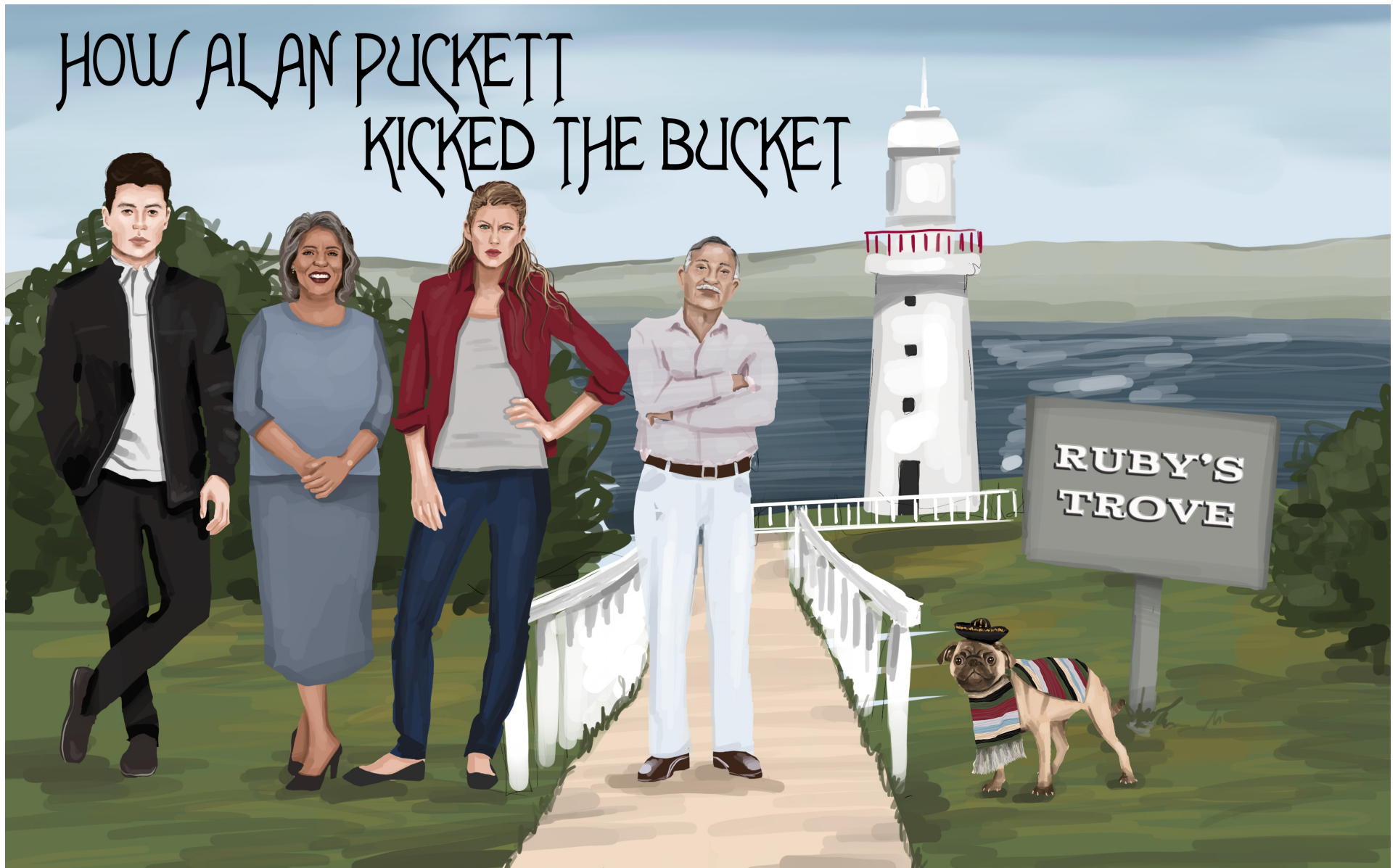


HOW ALAN PUCKETT KICKED THE BUCKET



Your Character

PHIL GOSFORD

Local Phil Gosford has lived in the seaside town of Ruby's Trove the longest of all of his neighbours. Having purchased his shabby little seaside retreat over thirty years ago when he was very young, Phil has spent years saving to renovate his little shack, and just started construction a few days ago. Phil is amiable – not outgoing by any stretch of the imagination, but he tends to keep to himself, a great quality to have in a neighbour. Phil is single and lives alone at 527 Madawood Lane.

Phil's Hide Information

You have lived on Madawood Lane for years, since before even the victim, Alan Puckett used his place just as a weekend getaway. When you first moved in, you had achieved your dream; living in a seaside town, waking up to the smell of sea spray, watching for orcas from your second floor balcony as you enjoyed your morning coffee...

And then Alan and Rose bought the house next door. At first they seemed nice – he was a big shot businessman in the city, she was a home maker, and they had two kids who used to play in the surf when they came up on the weekends. But there was always something about him – something dangerous – that scared you. But, they were only around one or two weekends a month, and the rest of the time, everyone on Madawood Lane enjoyed the peaceful, friendly little community.

When Alan did come up for the weekend, he loved to throw his weight around. You let it happen – you watched him harass the other neighbours and, when he had you in his sights for some perceived neighbourhood mis-step – a hanging shingle, the grass a bit too long – you let it go. He would arrive and you would make yourself scarce, then he would leave and your life would be perfect once again.

But then came the day that Alan retired, and he and Rose moved up to Ruby's Trove and Madawood Lane full time.

You knew nothing good would come of this. You knew, on some level, that he would change Ruby's Trove and Madawood Lane, but still, you tried to keep your head down. He had always insisted everyone call him "Mr Puckett" or "Sir", and you complied, almost turning it into a joke. When you saw him you waved and yelled, "Morning, Mr. Puckett!" and he waved back, spending too long staring at the loose siding on your house before looking away.



For years, you have simply tried to stay out of his crosshairs. Somewhere in there, he took that to mean you were friends and told others in Ruby's Trove that you were great buddies – a reputation you did *not* want. Regardless, you continued, head down, good morning sir, yes sir, no sir...

Phil's Hide Information

For over twenty years, you have dreamed of renovating your little cottage. It's by far the smallest one on the street, and is about thirty years past needing work. For two decades you scrimped and saved, and have spent the last three years working with an architect, engineers and a multitude of other professionals, going through the planning process for the permit approval – town permits, building permits, seaside conservation permits... thousands upon thousands of dollars just to get to the point of receiving that “approved” stamp on your plans. You were ecstatic – finally your shabby little seaside cottage would get the work it desperately needed, and you would see your dream fulfilled.

But, just yesterday, not two days after you began demolition on the front part of the house, your construction was shut down by the town. You didn't have any explanation why, only that the town had made an error and everything needed to be stopped until that error was sorted out.

Later that night, as you were sitting in the part of your house that wasn't partially demolished, there was a knock at your door. You were surprised at first to see Alan standing there, an arrogant smirk on his face. “I'm the one who had your construction shut down. I wanted you to hear it from me.”

You were gobsmacked, but through your shock and horror, you managed, “How?”

“The mayor and I are friends,” he said, then laughed. “And you should know by now that nothing happens in this town without my permission. You can take the town, or me, to court, but by the time I'm done with you, you'll have spent all your money on lawyers.” Then, he walked away!

You were furious, and as you sipped your drink and looked at the front part of your house, now partially demolished, you eyed your shed, mentally tallying all the toxic contents within, contemplating what a better town this would be – what a better *world* – if Alan Puckett was dead.



Phil's Share Information

This morning you went to the marina and took your boat out to enjoy the early morning calm in the bay and fish for your dinner. When you returned, you were working on what you could handle yourself of your renovation. Rose was out on her porch for a bit, and you saw Patty Barlow walk by with Schmoops, although she didn't stop to say hello – she never does. Logan Gleeson left as you were coming back from the marina, and the two of you said good morning. He said he was going out to the Wired Lobster cafe, as he did each morning. Shortly after, you saw his wife, Sally Gleeson, leave. She didn't see you as she left, but she seemed to walk toward Lilac Park and you don't remember seeing her come back until much later. The only other thing you saw around that time was Bob Sanderson closing his second story bedroom window.

While you were on your porch, you saw Alan fall in his driveway. You don't know what you thought was going on, you were kind of... frozen, watching it happen, watching Rose staring at him from her chair on the porch as he gasped for breath, and, eventually, that daughter of his run to his side and scream at Rose to call for paramedics. But, you were snapped from your trance by a strange man running past! He was in a ball cap, sunglasses and had a mustache, and he ran into Lilac Park just before the ambulances pulled up at The Pucketts'.

