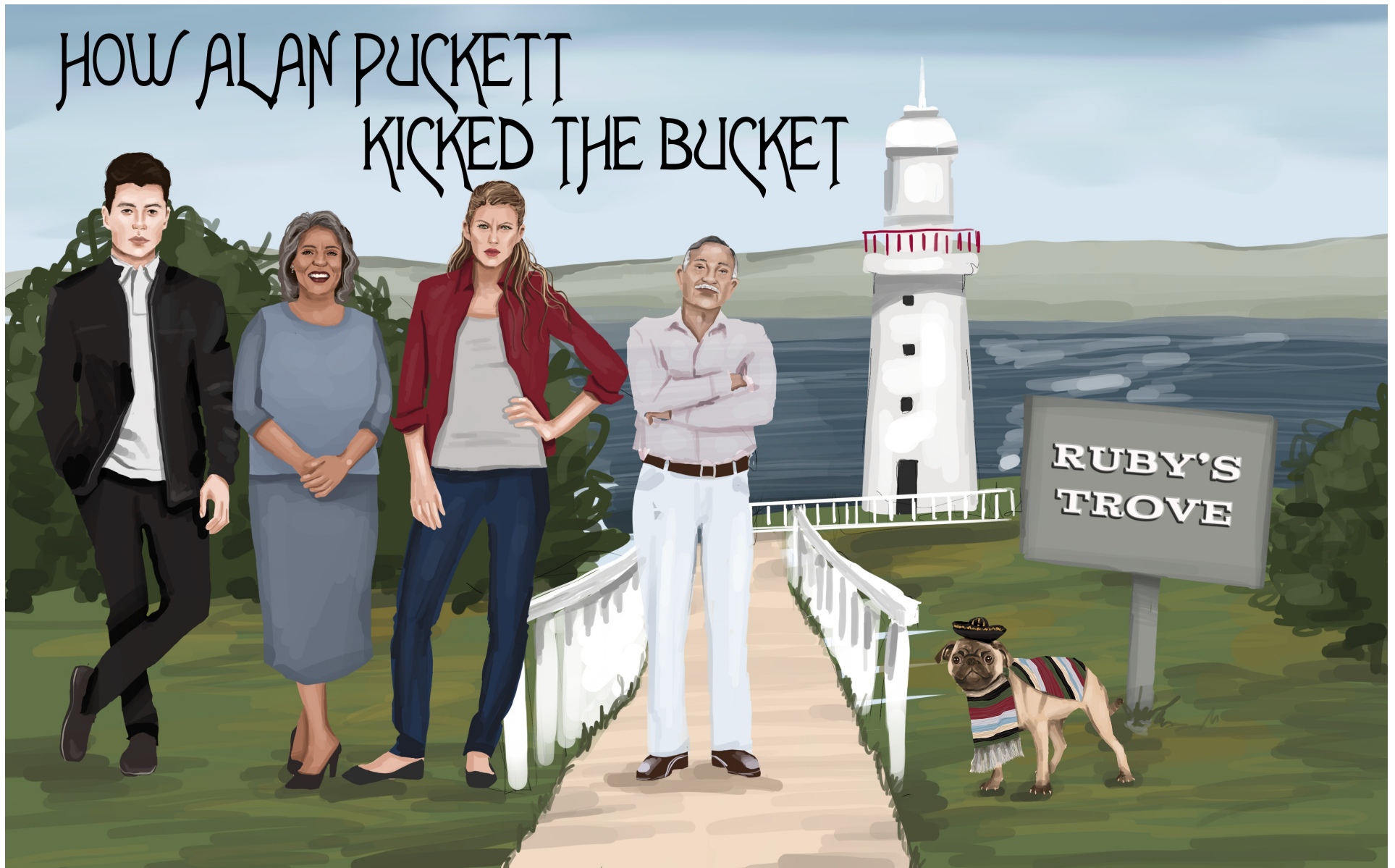


# HOW ALAN PUCKETT KICKED THE BUCKET



# Your Character

## PATRICIA BARLOW

Patricia Barlow is the neighbour of the victim, and lives at 531 Madawood Lane. While she lives in the house with her husband, it's common knowledge around the neighbourhood that the two are nothing more than roommates, and are rarely seen together. Instead, she spends her days with her Cocker Spaniel, Schmoops, and the two are seen wandering around the neighbourhood almost constantly, as she peers down her neighbours driveways, at their porches and into their cottages.

# Patricia's Hide Information

It could be argued that you were one of the only ones in the neighbourhood who actually liked the victim, Alan Puckett. But the truth is that you didn't just like him – you actually loved him, and you had for over a decade.

While nothing ever happened between the two of you, you always hoped. He and his wife clearly despise one another, and you figured it was only a matter of time, if you proved your loyalty, that he would eventually realize that the two of you should be together. Your own husband, the local pharmacist, is nothing more to you than a room mate, and yesterday he was, as he often is, away on a pharmacist convention.

Yesterday, you and Alan were sitting on your porch, talking about how ridiculous Bob Sanderson's shingles look, when he abruptly changed the subject and told you, once again, that he believed his wife was trying to kill him.

Quite suddenly, without even thinking about what you were saying, you blurted out the thing you have been waiting over a decade to say – that he should be with you instead. He laughed – he quite literally laughed at you! He told you that he already has a wife, and that was one woman too many as far as he was concerned, to which you replied,

"Well, what if she wasn't around anymore?"

He turned to look at you. "What are you saying, Patty?"

"Well," you said, trying to choose your words wisely, "Well, she is a bit feeble... If she had an untimely fall or something, no one would even question it."

"I have plans for that very thing, actually," he replied.

Your heart seemed to leap into your throat, and you said, "And then we could be together!"

He paused for a moment and seemed to consider what you were saying. Then, he suddenly exploded, the way you have seen him do many times – but with others, never with you! He said, "you think I would be with you?" He laughed, a nasally laugh that you had only heard from him when the two of you were joking about the others in the neighbourhood. "That's never going to happen, Patty, you're pathetic!"

And with that, he got up from his chair and used the gate between your properties to return to his house.

You sat there for a few moments, shocked, appalled, insulted and, as much as you hate to admit it, sad. But then, all those emotions fused into one single feeling in your chest: searing rage.

You can't be sure, but as you sat there, seething on your porch, you just might have heard a rustling in the cedars between your two properties.

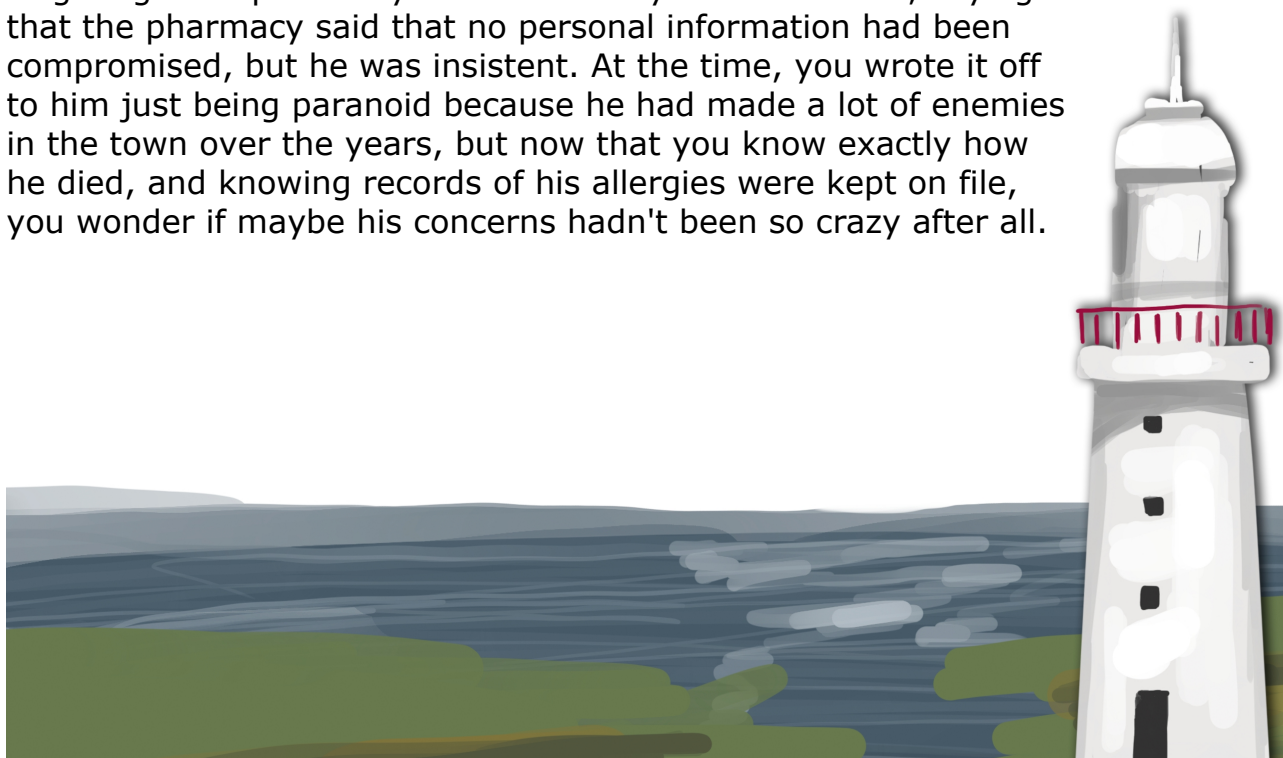


# Patricia's Share Information

Your morning today was just like every other morning. You woke up and took your dog, Schmoops for her morning walk around the neighbourhood. You're not sure who can vouch for you, but you did see Rose Puckett sitting on her porch. Alan's truck was not there, so you assumed he was out at the local coffee shop drinking a coffee and reading the newspaper, as he does every morning. Rocky, who normally barks like crazy at you and your Schmoops, was eating something on the driveway.

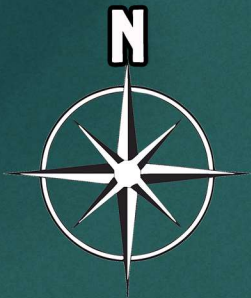
You can can say, with certainty, that you were one of the only ones in the neighbourhood that Alan Puckett really liked. The two of you were friends, and you understood one another, and how frustrating it was to have all of these "Cidiots" (idiots from the city) come to town and take over your peaceful plans for retirement! There weren't many others he confided in aside from you. In fact, he even told you once that he believed his wife was plotting to kill him! You're not sure how, he didn't elaborate, but he did say that he started sleeping in a different room with a lock on the door because he was afraid of what she might do to him while he slept!

While everyone was concerned a few months ago when the local pharmacy's computer system was hacked, this especially concerned Alan. He was convinced that whoever did it was targeting him specifically. You constantly reassured him, saying that the pharmacy said that no personal information had been compromised, but he was insistent. At the time, you wrote it off to him just being paranoid because he had made a lot of enemies in the town over the years, but now that you know exactly how he died, and knowing records of his allergies were kept on file, you wonder if maybe his concerns hadn't been so crazy after all.





# RUBY'S TROVE



COVE/BAY

BREAKWATER

LILAC PARK

MARINA

MARINA PARKING LOT

CAFE LOT

