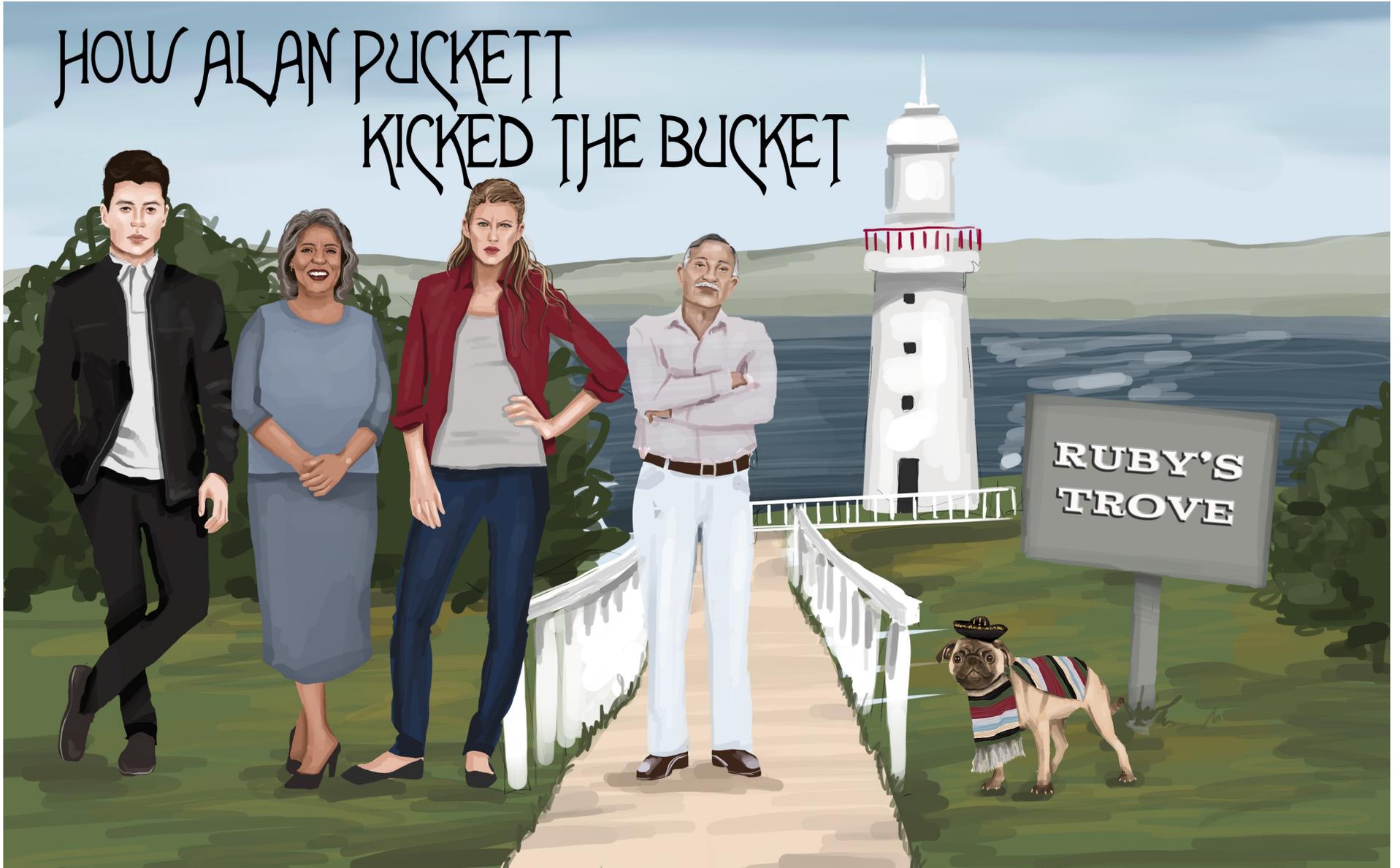


HOW ALAN PUCKETT KICKED THE BUCKET



Your Character

BOB SANDERSON

A recent addition to the neighbourhood, Bob lives at 528 Madawood Lane, and is one of the youngest people in the neighbourhood. He is friendly with the neighbours, but not friends with anyone in particular, and tends to keep to himself. He works from home, and when he explains what he does for a living, trading cryptocurrency, most peoples' eyes glaze over before they change the subject. Still, Bob is agreeable, by all accounts a good neighbour, and is single. When asked why, he jokes that he is too young for a serious commitment, and is happy to build his career before 'settling down'. While he did meet a few of the surrounding neighbours before he purchased the house, no one dared tell him what he might be in for living across the street from Alan Puckett.

Bob's Hide Information

Your name is not really Bob Sanderson, but you figured it was so generic a name that wouldn't arouse too much suspicion. Your real name is actually Jake Kleery, and Alan Puckett killed your parents.

It was 15 years ago. You were ten and you and your eight-year-old sister lived with your parents in the city. One night, you awoke to the smoke detectors blaring. You, at ten years old, remembered your fire safety practices. You grabbed your younger sister, and the two of you escaped. Your parents, however, did not make it out. After your parents' death, you and your sister, Annabelle, were put into foster care.

As soon as you were able, you started looking for her, honing your computer abilities to the point of becoming a skilled hacker. When you got older, you paired your hacker skills with newly-acquired private investigation skills and set out to find your sister. You also used your knack for computers, numbers and the blockchain to create a lucrative income from cryptocurrency, and began amassing large amounts of Bitcoin.

It was as you searched for Annabel that you discovered things about the night your parents died... the biggest thing being that the fire was actually arson! For a long time, investigators suspected that a neighbour was behind it, but they never had enough proof to charge him. That neighbour was Alan Puckett.

You gathered the evidence the police were looking at and began studying it. They were certain it was Alan Puckett who had started the fire, and were close to an arrest, but the judge continuously denied an arrest warrant. The detectives exhausted all of their avenues and gave up. They were bound by bureaucratic red tape – but you weren't.

When you finally found Annabel, she was living in a city across the country, working toward a career as a toxicologist. You immediately booked a flight. You located her and approached her in a park as she was sitting enjoying a cup of coffee and watching ducks swim in a pond. At first she didn't believe that you were her older brother Jake, but then she broke down crying and hugged you.

Over the next few weeks, you learned about what Annabel had been through. Annabel had a different experience than you – while she had bounced from foster home to foster home, she had been through far more than you. There was a definite edge to her, and while she was kind and soft-spoken, you could tell the same demons lived inside her that haunted you. When you told her that your parents had been murdered and that you knew by who, she was just as eager as you to exact revenge. Your skills as an investigator and hacker, coupled with all the knowledge she had acquired in her studies of toxicology, made you an efficient team.



Bob's Hide Information

Annabelle, it turned out, had a penchant for creating multiple identities – something she had picked up as a game while maneuvering the foster system. The reason it took you so long to find her was that she was using a completely different name – she was no longer Annabelle Kleery – she was going by the name of Sally Stone, a college student with a boyfriend – a boyfriend who quickly became her fiancé as your plans began moving forward.

You discovered that Alan Puckett recently retired, moved to a small seaside town called Ruby's Trove and was living at 529 Madawood Lane. Now knowing where he lived, you and Annabelle made a plan to move to Ruby's Trove and avenge your parents.

Annabel moved into the neighbourhood first with her now husband – she is posing as Sally Gleeson, and even her new husband, Logan, doesn't know her true identity. Shortly after, you reached out to the owners of 528 Madawood Lane, the house directly across from The Pucketts, and offered them a very generous amount to privately sell you their house. They practically bit your hand off and within two weeks, you had purchased 528 Madawood Lane.

You had hoped to monitor Alan Puckett, to see if he was the type of man who could do what he was suspected of doing. Within days you understood why the previous owners were so quick to accept your offer: Alan Puckett was a truly awful person to live around.

Within hours of you moving in, he arrived on your doorstep to advise you that there were 'rules' that everyone followed on Madawood Lane, and if you didn't feel like following these rules, your life would become very difficult. While every muscle in your body wanted to snap his neck right where he stood, you knew you had to control yourself – the last thing you needed was to have anyone questioning your true reasons for moving to Madawood Lane. After you told him you understood what he was saying, he demanded you call him Sir.

Even with your sister just steps away, you don't speak with her or in any way make it seem as though the two of you know each other. Every few nights though, the two of you met in Lilac Park to go over the plan. You both wanted Alan Puckett to be afraid, and so the other day, you placed an obituary in the local newspaper – an obituary for your parents, Janet and Clive Kleery. It said they died in a house fire but gave no date. You wrote in the obituary that Janet and Clive Kleery were survived by their two young children, aged 10 and 8, and would be missed dearly by many, especially by their neighbour... Alan Puckett!

On the morning that Alan Puckett died, Annabel was with you at your house. You sat in your window, appearing to be working, as you did each morning, and she sat on the couch, sipping coffee, far enough from the window that no one could see her from the street.

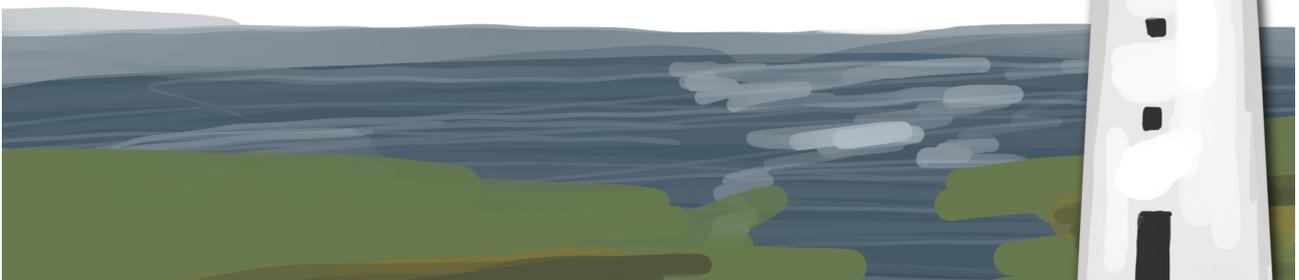
If anyone asks, tell them you purchased the house on Madawood Lane because you wanted to get started in investing, and it was the most unremarkable house on a fantastic street in a town that is about to boom – the perfect place to begin your real estate investing portfolio, but if they press you on this or any of your other secrets, you will have to fess up – about your true identity or the reasons for purchasing #528 Madawood Lane. You can speak freely with Sally Gleeson, aka your sister, Annabelle and tell her anything she needs to know from your information and vice versa.



Bob's Share Information

This morning you didn't leave your house. You were there the whole time, sitting at your home office desk in the front window, working. Rose Puckett and Patricia Barlow should both be able to vouch for you... Rose saw you from where she sits on her porch. When you made eye contact, you smiled and waved, as you do each morning, and she gave a slight wave and went back to her crossword puzzle, as she does every morning. And at one point, Patricia Barlow walked by with her dog. She stopped in front of the Puckett house, #529, and looked in, but didn't say hello to Rose, who was sitting on the porch. The two have never been friendly, and you always got the distinct impression that Rose disliked her because Alan Puckett spent most of his time with Patricia, his neighbour, instead of Rose, his wife.

The day before Alan Puckett died, you were working at your desk beside your front window. Your front window has a direct view of Alan and Rose's house, #529, but also, because of the angle, a view of Patricia's house, #531 on the other side of the tall cedars. Alan was visiting Patricia, and the two of them were having coffee on Patricia's porch, talking and occasionally pointing toward your house (most likely, once again, obsessing over their mutual hatred of your shingles). Rose, though, was pressed up against the cedars, as though eavesdropping. She clearly heard something alarming as she sort of jumped in surprise, and she looked horrified. Over on Patricia's porch, Alan had suddenly grown furious with Patricia and had jumped up from the chair – he was yelling something at her that you couldn't hear. Then, he stormed back to his own property. Rose, looking around frantically, seemed to realize she had nowhere to run and thrust herself into the line of cedars! Once Alan was inside the house, Rose emerged, covered in greenery, looking very distressed. You wished you had heard what had transpired and, as you returned to your work, you vowed to start leaving your windows open so you could fully enjoy the drama that is Madawood Lane.



RUBY'S TROVE



COVE/BAY



BREAKWATER

LILAC PARK



MARINA

MARINA PARKING LOT

CAFE LOT

