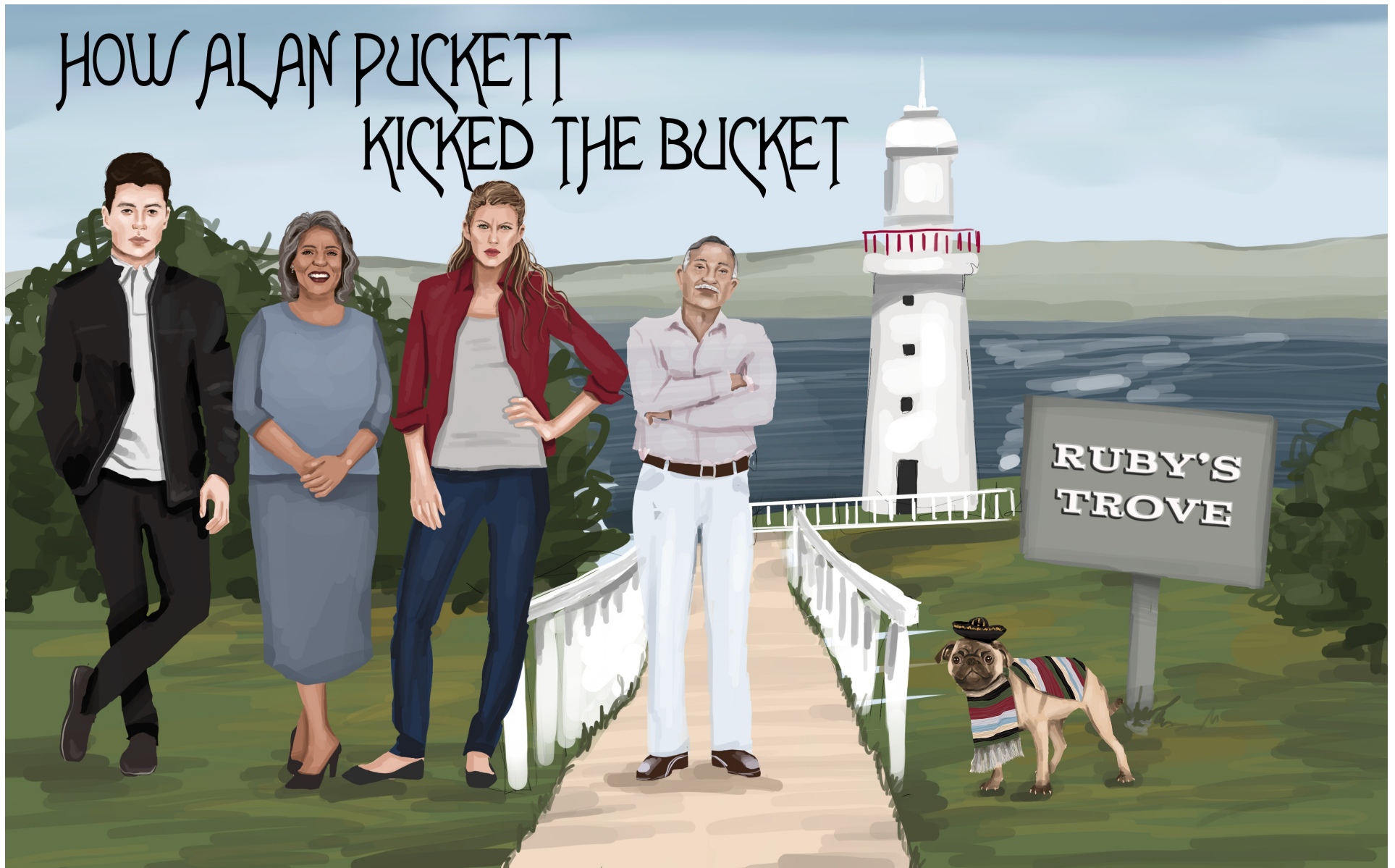


HOW ALAN PUCKETT KICKED THE BUCKET



Your Character

ANDREA BLATHSON

Neighbour of the deceased, Andrea Blathson has lived in her small ocean-front home at 535 Madawood Lane for about five years. A single mother, Andrea is devoted to her two kids, and spends most of her free time at PTA meetings, soccer games and on the water with her kids. When she does have a moment to herself, she can be seen kayaking in the cove.

Andrea's Hide Information

You bought your house a few years ago after moving up from the city, and it was a dream come true for you. You have been raising your two kids there ever since, and each morning, waking up and seeing the water, sometimes catching orcas in the cove... it really is a dream come true for you. And while the neighbours speculate as to how you, as a single mom with no job outside of the home, afford your house, you let them gossip. Some say you get large alimony payments from your ex-husband. Others think it was an inheritance from your parents. Others still think you won the lottery. But none of them have even come close to guessing how you make your money – none except that meddling Alan Puckett.

The truth is that you work with some very powerful and influential people in the area. Ruby's Trove is not far from the city, and there you had a very different career – supplying affluent clients with their party drugs of choice. You only dealt with rich people, and were compensated greatly. It's the perfect cover, honestly – no one suspects the soccer mom to be pushing heroin while her kids are at school, and, if everyone is really honest, most days no one gives you a second glance. You're happy to let them all think you get your money from your ex-husband or wealthy parents, as long as they didn't discover the truth.

The day came that you wanted to leave the city. Your kids were getting older and you wanted a life for them that didn't involve dirty subway rides with weird people and hours spent in traffic. Your suppliers saw the opportunity to expand, and the next thing you knew, you were living seaside in the quaint town of Ruby's Trove. While you have less customers here – usually tourists and celebrities on vacation, you make more than enough to sustain your lifestyle for you and your kids.

Your deliveries are made by boat, dropped in a cave in the cove. No communication happens through cell phones or the internet – you are all very good at covering your tracks. Instead, your contact sails past your place with a blue sail, to let you know a delivery is on the way. That's your signal to kayak to the cave, pick up the new product and drop the profits from the previous shipment – minus your hefty cut, of course. When your contact has the money in hand, he sails by with a blue sail. Quite an elegant solution, really – at least it was, until Alan Puckett caught on.



Andrea's Hide Information

Four days ago your contact had sailed by with the red sails out, and so you hopped in your kayak and paddled for 30 minutes to get to the cave. Once inside, you took the heroin from beneath a pile of rocks, as usual, then dropped the cash in the same spot, covering the money with the same rocks. It was as you were putting the final rocks on the pile that you heard a groan and turned around. There was Alan Puckett, trying to traverse the slippery rocks on the cave floor. You're actually surprised he was able to get in there at all, however there he was, with the smuggest of smiles despite being out of breath from the trek into the cave.

He said that he knew you were smuggling drugs, and that he had been tracking your friend with the conveniently changing sails for months. He said that one day he realized that when the boat went by with red sails, you suddenly had the urge to get in your kayak and take a paddle – and that was when he followed you.

You were shocked – the audacity of this man, to follow you to a cave and confront you... you looked at the rock in your hand, then at the horrible man who stood in front of you, then back to the rock, wondering... if you swung that rock, would they ever even find his body?

In that moment though, his cell phone rang, snapping you out of your trance. He pulled it out, answered it and said, "Hi Sonia, I'll be back soon. I'm just having the most interesting conversation with Andrea Blathson. I'll be home in an hour." He hung up, then said, "That was my daughter, and she now knows we are together. You would never get away with killing me now, so you can drop that rock. You'll pay for my silence. I'll be in touch."

He turned around and grunted and groaned his way out of the cave and back to his motor boat anchored outside. You were shocked – you couldn't believe that, of all people, grouchy old Alan Puckett would be the one to bring your enterprise to an end!

But, you realized, he could only do that if he was alive, and you had no intention on allowing him to blackmail you. And so, you began thinking of a plan to rid the town, and the world, of Alan Puckett once and for all.

Last night, after your kids were asleep, you took a late night swim to the marina. The marina docks are locked each night and there is a night security guard, but you figured you could avoid detection if you came in by the water. From there, you rigged up a device, following the instructions given to you by your "suppliers", who had great interest in ensuring Alan Puckett would not become a problem for them. Usually, Alan spends one morning a week (this morning) out with his fishing club before going to The Wired Lobster Cafe for his morning coffee. You wanted his next outing on the water to be an 'explosive' fishing trip. You didn't want anyone else to get hurt, so you sent a message to the rest of those in the fishing club this morning from your burner phone saying that due to unforeseen circumstances, The WrAnglers Fishing Club meeting was cancelled this morning.



Andrea's Share Information

Around the time of the murder you had just returned from dropping your kids at school, and then you went to The Wired Lobster Cafe. You like to go there for a coffee and a bit of relaxation after the school run and before you start work. Alan Puckett was there for a bit, as he is each morning, having his coffee and stealing the cafe's newspaper. Only, this morning, something seemed to have rattled him. While he normally leaves the cafe insulting someone, today he just suddenly took the newspaper, folded it up under his arm and left. He even left his coffee only half drunk on the table. Logan seemed to have noticed it too, and he asked the barista for the extra copy of the newspaper the cafe keeps hidden for the patrons to read after Alan Puckett steals the first copy. Logan said that Alan had been reading the obituaries aloud before he abruptly left, and Logan wanted to know what had bothered Alan so much. Curious, you meant to check it out yourself, but you got distracted as the barista mentioned that Ed Barlow's car has been parked in The Wired Lobster Cafe near the dumpster, almost hidden, for a few days, and he believed Ed had been sleeping in his car in the cafe parking lot!

When you heard that Cherry Archer was in town for a few months to work on her first novel, you were excited to meet an author. You saw her in the cafe last week, and you nervously approached her to introduce yourself. You said, "I would love to read some of your novel so far, if you're willing to share it! What's the title?" Cherry suddenly seemed to snap back to reality and said, "Oh! Right! Um... the novel is... untitled so far." Then she said she had to go and walked away so fast, you wondered if you had offended her somehow without realizing it.

