

CASE VI

Suburbia

*The story, all names,
characters, and incidents portrayed
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No identification with actual persons
(living or deceased), places, buildings,
and products is intended or should be inferred.*





The weather in Cleveland hasn't been particularly kind to us this year. The nasty, cold February forecast keeps the whole city in shackles of darkness. You cover the distance between the parking lot and the cafe at a fast pace and go inside. You are welcomed by the pleasant warmth and smell of freshly ground coffee. You sit at a table near the window, order a black coffee, and go through your phone while waiting patiently for Smitty.

A couple of minutes pass, then the door opens, letting in the cold February air. A young man wearing a Batman sweater looks around with a somber face. A moment later, he moves towards you. He hesitantly slides the chair out, sits down, and mutters a faint "Morning." You get straight to the point:

"Why did you go to the house?"

He looks out the window and says nothing.

"Why did you go to the house?" you persisted.

"What were you looking for? Did you kill her?"

"No, it's not like that," he finally says. "I'm not a murderer."

"Then what happened there?"

► Read **QUESTIONING@601**



question him about his contacts
and the neighborhood



#601B

"Okay, Johnny, it's clear you're not telling the truth. You knew exactly who you were going to meet there. Your dealer, right?"

John fidgets in the chair. Then he explains slowly.

"I sometimes ... met ... various people there. (MSL) They are usually all right, if you're not up to something ... (LSL) Sometimes I took some stuff from them, but it was not a big deal – only for private use, for recreation. (LSL) But I'd rather they didn't know I'm talking about it, because still ... you know, I wouldn't trust them with everything." (LSL)

"OK. We can agree that your name will not come up in any way, if you give us some contact information on these guys."

"Ehm, I feel like I'm going to regret this, but I'm here to cooperate with you, right?" (LSL) You smile crookedly. Smitty is a young guy and he clearly doesn't know he's in for more serious problems.

"They were from Johannson." (LSL)

"Steve Johannson, right?" He is known to the police.

"Yeah... They usually walk around the neighborhood and deal with people who've got the dough and don't cause problems." (LSL)

"OK, thanks, Johnny. We'll be in touch. Don't leave town. And ... keep a low profile. Who knows where Johannson has his moles."

You are satisfied to see that Smitty turns pale and gulps

**FURTHER
LEADS**

► Check Johannson's personal files – **NAME@SteveJohannson**

► Bring Steve Johannson, the drug dealer, in for interrogation – **#612 - Headquarters**

#602

FIELDWORK



2h

You pull up to the house at 602 Dawnview Street. The garden has been neglected and the house itself is small, rather atypical for the affluent neighborhood. You can see that one of the windows is heavily charred. This must be because of the fire Rowland mentioned. In front of the house, the head of the forensic science department is wiping his shoe on the grass. He clearly stepped in something. He waves hello to you.

"Shitty job" he laughs, shaking your hand and pointing to what he stepped in. "Another team will come by later today and take the rest of the evidence in for analysis. You have some time for the crime scene inspection, but please be careful."



#602B

You go inside and pass the spot where the body was lying. There's a bloody pool and an outline of a figure. The floor is half-burnt near the fireplace. A chair has been overturned and a table has been moved. A half unpacked suitcase is lying on the table. Some of the clothes have been placed on a nearby sofa. You put on your gloves and go through the pile: jeans, two sweaters, and some t-shirts. There is still a baggage tag on the suitcase. The girl came here on a bus from Michigan 3 days ago.

You go from one room to another, waiting for something to catch your eye. Nothing. Upstairs, on the dresser, there is a photo of a girl with who appears to be her grandmother. At first glance you might think that it's a boy's room, because of all of the Cleveland Cavaliers posters hanging on the walls.



**FURTHER
LEADS**

- ▶ Check the police files from the fire – **#614 – Police station**
- ▶ Look around the neighborhood and determine which neighbors to question – **#622 - Fieldwork**



2h

The coroner's report is to be transferred to the police and the Antares agency in a few hours, but if you put some effort into it, you might get it earlier - at least the preliminary version. All you need to do is try.

You reach the courthouse, go through the gate, and after a short conversation with the guards, go downstairs to the basement where Dr. Pine, an Antares consultant, has his office.

You enter the cold, steel-grey space. Pine has just finished printing the first version of the report. He hands you the file, but the expression on his face says there's nothing interesting there. More will be known after further tests, but that takes time.

You sit on the chair and open the document.

► Read FILE@603



discuss the report with Pine



You close the file and look at Pine.

"Anything else?"

"Too soon. This is just the preliminary report."

"Anything catch your eye? Anything you won't include in the report until it's confirmed with tests?"

Pine puts the victim's photographs on the table and points to some of them.

"Look, the victim was defending herself, grappling; it was a struggle. If a strong man attacked her, there would be no struggle, she's a relatively slim girl."

"Could the murderer be a woman?"

"This is just a tentative statement, but yes, a woman or a man who, at first, did not want to hurt her and just held her down, could be the murderer. It just escalated to a gunshot."



The first batch of items secured at the crime scene has already reached the laboratory. The second forensic science teams visit, and any additional requests of the investigators, will increase the collection of items to be examined, but right now the most obvious and important items are being thoroughly analyzed.

You go to the sixth floor, pass the work-spaces of the forensic scientists, and reach the laboratory's office. Six computer stations welcome you with the blue glow of their screens. You walk up to the first one and select the forensic science report from the menu. You enter the case number, your access code, and soon you have access to the materials. You print the files but also send them digitally to the ANTARES server so that every member of the team working on the case has access to them.

When leaving with your file, you pass two investigators from another Antares team having a heated discussion about the case of a stolen watch. You don't think they even noticed you.

You start reading through the report in the elevator.



You knock on the door and hope that Rose Flowers is at home. Luckily, after only a short time, the door opens.

Rose Flowers is about 50 years old and, despite her name, is not actually associated with anything floral. She invites you to the living room and, after a while, starts answering questions. Yes, she knew the neighbors, and yes, she knew and liked Susan Novak. She was a nice girl. Too bad, that asshole got her so confused.

"Who do you mean by 'that asshole'?"

"What do you mean who? That athlete, Tom Richards!"

"Did they know each other? Are you sure?"

"Of course! You know, when she was still living here, before the fire, I sometimes saw her getting into his car. I tried to talk her out of it, but she wouldn't listen. Richards impressed her. And he took advantage of it. He was only afraid of Mellissa, his wife."

"The wife knew?"

"Susan believed that she didn't, but who knows."

You get the feeling that Mrs. Flowers is not very fond of her neighbor; when she mentions her, you notice a grimace on her face. They are definitely not best friends. You thank her for the talk, and leave your card in case she remembers anything else.



ask about the disappearance of Susan



#605B

After you say goodbye to Mrs Flowers, you stop on the doorstep and ask another question.

"Do you know where Susan was all those years?"

"No, she sent me a postcard once saying that I shouldn't be worried, that everything was fine with her. That she would come back and deal with it as soon as she had the strength. Susan was a delicate person, quiet and sensitive. She was afraid of making decisions. That's probably why she chose to escape after the fire. She was afraid that she would be in danger, too."

"What could she be afraid of?"

"That she would die like her parents."

"I thought they died of carbon monoxide poisoning."

"Maybe they did, maybe they didn't. Susan knew something and that's why she disappeared."

"I see. One last question - do you have a gun in your house?"

"Yes, of course."

"What kind of gun is it?"

"An old forty-five. It belonged to my husband before he died."

"Thank you. We won't take any more of your time."



Luckily, the city is not jammed at the moment, so you reach your destination quickly and enter the laboratory building. You take a quick ride in the elevator and reach the 7th floor, the ballistics laboratory.

You place the gun in a special container and, after 5 minutes, some unshaven guy reeking of cigarettes comes and takes the package.

You put on special laboratory attire and follow him to assist during the tests. You want these results as soon as possible, and this is the best way to put pressure on the guys in uniform.

Finally, all of the preliminary tests are completed and you grab the report from the printer while it's still warm:

Gun: Sig Sauer P938, 9 mm.

Owner: Tom Richards

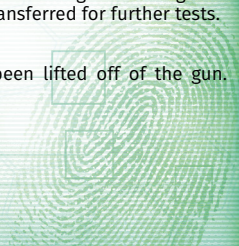
Gun purchased on 17 March 1998 at Marmack Firearms.

In the last week, the gun was fired once. All of the bullets, save one, are still in the magazine. The gun is assigned the SM tag and transferred for further tests.

SM: AST76T-RTW42H

Partial fingerprints have been lifted off of the gun. They are mostly unclear:

SD: xxxxZx-x4xxx2



#607

FIELDWORK



1h

The house at 607 Dawnview Street is neat and tidy. Unfortunately, there is no one home when you arrive. You get the phone number of Robert Doxx, the homeowner, from ANTARES and contact him over the phone.

You get to chatting with him and learn that he and his wife work at city hall. They leave for work around 7 AM, and on their way, drive their son Patrick to school. They would not have heard the shots or seen anyone.

"The house has been an unoccupied ruin ever since the fire, and unfortunately no one has bought it yet so it stands abandoned. Sometimes you can see some suspicious guys there. My son Patrick saw someone enter the house through the back door a couple of times. We reported this to the police, but no one was interested. We had the impression that someone had been around again in recent days, but we just told Patrick to stay away from the fence between the houses."



#607B

The Doxx's have been living here since 1998. A couple of years back, on the tragic day of the fire, they were at the stadium. Their neighbor, Mrs. Richards, got them tickets to the game. They stated that unfortunately her husband did not play in that game because of an injury. The Doxx's were relieved that the fire brigade came quickly and stop the danger. If the fire had spread, who knows what would have happened.

**FURTHER
LEADS**

► Interrogation of the neighbor, Mrs. Richards –
#616 - Fieldwork



1h

Tom Richards arrives at the meeting right on time. He is wearing a tracksuit with the Cleveland Cavaliers logo. You show him to a seat in the conference room and start the system.

"You testified that on February 12th, between 8 and 9 AM you were on your way to work. You got to the Quicken Loans Arena 📶 just before 9. Is this correct?"

"I arrived later, because I got stuck in traffic. I was at the Arena around 9:30." (MSL)

"Did you know Susan Novak?"

"Yes, she's the daughter of our neighbors. I mean, former neighbors, before they died in the accident..." (MSL)

"Did you see or contact Susan Novak since her disappearance?"

"No, why would I contact her?" (HSL)

"We're just asking. You don't need to get upset."

"How can I not be upset? This shark, Cathla, is waiting for some scandal to pop up so she can feed on me."

"The journalist, Merry Cathla? Don't worry, so far we are not going to disclose anything to the press."

You pause for a second.



#608B

"Do you have a gun?"

"Yes." (MSL)

"What kind of gun?"



"A normal gun. I mean a pistol. I don't know exactly. I don't use it. My coach told me to buy one just in case; this was years ago." (LSL)

"Did you notice anything disturbing when you left for work on February 12th? Anything strange?"

"No, nothing." (MSL)

Richards is sweating bullets. You haven't had such a stressed-out witness at Antares in a long time. Can he not deal with pressure, or is he hiding something?

**FURTHER
LEADS**

- ▶ Spend 3  and 1  from the Token pool to get a warrant to examine Tom Richards' gun – **#606 - The Lab**
- ▶ Check the journalist – **NAME@MerryCathla**



The Boon family lives at 609 Dawnview Street. Despite the fact that the weather is rather discouraging, Mrs. Boon is working in front of the house.

"May I have a moment of your time, ma'am?"

"I already talked to the police. I didn't hear the gunshots. I know nothing. I didn't know the people who lived there; I moved in here two years ago. I already told you everything. I know nothing."

"And on February 12th, did you see anything strange or unusual?"

"No, nothing, I told you, it was a day like any other. Unless you think it's strange that the crazy lady Mellissa Richards started jogging again," she says, shaking her head. "I met her in the morning along my route as I was going back. She was completely out of breath. She creates the image of a healthy type, fit and all, but she was totally red in the face. Crazy, that's all."

"What do you mean by crazy?"

"I mean that she's crazy. I'm telling you. My brother-in-law recognised her when she was doing some tests. He works at MetroHealth in the psychiatric ward. Crazy, I'm telling you."

- ▶ Check Mellissa Richards – **NAME@MellissaRichards**
- ▶ Visit the MetroHealth hospital – **#619 - Fieldwork**

#610

HEADQUARTERS

A



1h

You sit in front of the computer and wonder how to find proof that Tom Richards was at the game on June 16th, 2015. Cameras at the arena are the first clue, but after a short phone call to Quicken Loans Arena, it turns out they don't have records from two years back. The man suggests checking with the company handling the tickets. In the meantime, you connect the main computer to the game coverage shown on ABC to look for Richards in any of the frames. The second computer goes through all of the photos on Twitter from that day. Maybe a fan caught Richards on a photograph.

You call Magnetic Security Solutions and, without much hope, ask for the database of cards from 2015. The lady doesn't know. She puts you through to somebody else. He doesn't know either, but puts you through to somebody else. Judging by the voice, with every subsequent connection it seems that you are talking to younger and younger employees. When you hear what sounds like a high school kid pick up the receiver, you decide to hang up.



#610_B

"I can dig it out," you hear just before you click the button.

"Really?"

"We've got everything on the server. What exactly are we looking for?"

"We're checking whether Tom Richards was at the Quicken Loans Arena on June 16th, 2015."

"OK, I can do that," says the voice in the receiver. You hear tapping on the keyboard and, after a couple of minutes, you get your answer.

"I have his record in the database, this Richards guy. He was a Cleveland Cavaliers player;. Every player on the team has a card issued for the event. His card had never been activated, so officially he was not at the stadium that day."

The ANTARES system also did not find him in any picture or frame.

► **Discard the #608 card from the deck – it is no longer available.**

**FURTHER
LEADS**

► **Interrogation of Tom Richards –
#613 - Headquarters**

#611

HEADQUARTERS

A



1h

It's usually a shot in the dark for an investigator to follow a weak, old lead. This is one of those times. You sit in front of the computer in the office and check the information on Safe & Epic Fire. It's true that at that time there were also some problems with the fireplace and ventilation at the Richards'. Since Tom Richards was a basketball star, a scandal broke out and the bad PR nearly killed the company.

You take the phone and dial the number.

"Mike Gerard, Safe & Epic Fire, how may I help you?" You hear the tired voice of a middle-aged man in the receiver.

"Hello, I'm calling about the fireplace failures from three years back at the estate of Tom Richards ..."

"Leave me the hell alone, for fuck's sake!" you hear in the receiver just before the call ends.



#611B

You dial the same number.

"I don't want to talk about this!" you hear in the receiver.

"Mr. Gerard, I'm not a journalist, I'm calling from the FBI. Please remain calm. We're conducting an important investigation."

"There wasn't a failure. Our sensors do not fail. I was there, and I said that someone had fucking tampered with them. No one would listen to me. Now, you all can go fuck yourselves!"

The connection is broken again.

**FURTHER
LEADS**

► Spend 2 ★ from the Token pool to call in Mike Gerard for interrogation – **#623 - Headquarters**

#612

HEADQUARTERS

A



2h

The police took a while to detain the guy, but luckily he's no mafia boss - just an ordinary street dealer. All you had to do was ask around among the informants, and he was quickly found near one of the high schools.

He was smart enough not to have anything on him. And now he's sitting in the Antares interrogation room looking blankly into a one-way mirror, having heard all of the automatic warnings moments before. You start the interrogation right away.



#612B

"Mr. Johansson, I hear that you and your friends can be seen in the area of Dawnview Street, dealing drugs. Do you know anything about that?"

"As I say to the police every time, we are simply health-conscious. (LSL) And the air in that part of town is great, like nowhere in Cleveland. (LSL) The nosy neighbours probably don't like the fact that we wander around the area. (MSL) They're always watching anyone who simply passes by." (LSL)

"Sure. Were you in the house at 602 Dawnview Street on February 12th?"

"No." (LSL)

"Do you know anyone who could have been there?"

"Maybe some kids from the neighborhood took a peek?" (LSL)

"Do you know anything about the murder of Susan Novak?"

"This is the first time I've heard about a murder. (LSL) Listen guys, you don't shit in your own backyard for fuck's sake. I like that neighborhood, and I wouldn't be here if I had done any of the things you suspect me of. Can I get back to my business now?" (MSL)

Without any grounds for an arrest, Steve Johansson is released. Though, you know that it wouldn't be hard to track him down again.

#613

HEADQUARTERS



1h

Tom Richards comes to the Antares headquarters pale as a ghost. The screen on the wall is flashing images. One screen displays rotating images from the crime scene, the other one shows photos from the accident, and yet another one shows photos of the 2015 NBA finals.

You begin the interrogation.



#613B

"You testified that on June 16th, 2015 you were at the game in which your team played."

"Yes." (MSL)

"We checked the electronic ticket records. There is no record of your presence at the stadium. We are not able to confirm your alibi. Could you tell us where were you on June 16th, 2015?"

"I was there! I left the card at home. They obviously let me in, because everyone at the stadium knows me. What does it matter that there is no record of my card being checked in?" (HSL)

"In June, 2015 you forgot your card at the same time that there was a fire that killed Mr. and Mrs. Novak, and now you were late for work because of traffic at the same time that their daughter, Susan Novak, was killed?"

"I know ... knew Susan; we were friends" (HSL) She wrote to me the day before she died, she wanted to meet." (LSL)

"Did anyone apart from you know about this?"

"No, I don't think so." (MSL)

"You don't think so."

"My wife sometimes goes through my phone, she's suspicious." (MSL)

"Did you kill Susan Novak?"

"We only had an affair! It was not a big deal. I liked her, I would never hurt her!" (MSL)

#614

RICHMOND PD



1h

At this time of year the entire main hall of the police station is covered with mud and snow, dragged in from outside. A quick visit to the station will get you the files on the 2015 fire at 602 Dawnview Street.

► Read FILE@614





You have an appointment with Samuel Cropper, commanding officer of the fire fighting operation, in the small cafe opposite the park. You save a table and order coffee. After ten minutes, a tanned, broad-shouldered man in his fifties arrives. He throws his heavy, rain-soaked coat on the chair. You invite him to sit down.

"As I mentioned over the phone, I'm interested in the fire at the house on Dawnview Street. A married couple died as a result of smoke inhalation, and their daughter disappeared. You were the commanding officer."

"Yes, we were watching a game; our team was in the NBA finals. It's hard to forget. All of Cleveland was stuck to their TV sets; even the car thieves took a day off."

"The couple is said to have inhaled toxic gases, without any foul play being suspected."



#615B

"That's what it looked like. There was no circumstantial evidence to dig deeper, and a couple of weeks earlier there were also some problems with the unit ventilation in the house of one of the neighbors, the Richards guy. His wife reported the problem. The fireplace company nearly went bankrupt after that series of events. Safe & Epic Fire, I think that's the name. They had a lot of problems. Never mind, that's just a coincidence. To sum up, a couple of days after the operation we were informed that the case was classified as an unfortunate accident. The famous sports reporter Merry Cathla was sniffing around the case at the time - she even interviewed me, but I don't know if she eventually found anything interesting. What of it? Why do you ask? Have any new facts surfaced?"

"It seems that the missing girl was found."

"Well, now. Finally some good news."

"She was murdered." You say, getting up from the table. "Here's my business card in case you remember something else," you add as you hand him the card. You thank him, pay, and leave the cafe.

**FURTHER
LEADS**

- ▶ Check the journalist – **NAME@MerryCathla**
- ▶ Contact the Safe & Epic Fire company – **#611 - Headquarters**



The house at 616 Dawnview Street is large, tidy, and makes a very good impression. When you walk up to the door, you hear a dog barking. You knock. The door is opened by a middle-aged woman wearing a sporty outfit. Next to her a small dog bares its teeth. You explain that you are here to ask her a couple of questions related to the murder in the house next door.

"According to the information we received, you were not at home at the time of murder," you start the conversation while looking at the report you got from the police.

"After my husband left for work at the Arena I went for a run. I was back home after 9."

"So you didn't hear the shots?"

"No."

"You didn't notice anything suspicious in the morning?"

"No, it was a day like any other day."

"Do you run alone? Did anyone see you to confirm this?"

"I run over there, behind the house," she points to the back. "We have a lot of space there. Just fields, wildlife, mud and snow, come and see for yourself," she says, going to the window and moving the net curtain. "Actually, on that day I met Betty Boon, from 609. She can confirm this. Does all this mean that I am a suspect?"

"You don't have to worry. We are checking all the residents. Thank you for your cooperation. If you remember anything else, please contact me," you say, as you hand her your business card.



ask if they have a gun in the house



#616B

Standing at the threshold and trying not to step on the dog who keeps getting under your feet, you ask one more question:

"Do you have a gun?"

"I don't, what an odd idea. My husband does though."

"Do you remember what model?"

"Sig Sauer P938 🕒. My husband brags about it all the time."



"Who told you?"

"The mayor. Tony Milos. And brother-in-law of Dan Gilbert ☹️, the wealthiest man in the neighbourhood. I had no evidence; the witnesses were either not home or were not telling the truth for some reason. For example, that piece of ass Richards, what's her name... Mellissa or something. She twisted and turned during the whole interrogation. It's a pity I had to put up with it. She didn't seem to even know if she was watching the game or not at the time. First she said she was walking the dogs, but then she said she stayed at home because she had a headache. She and all those dogs shitting everywhere. She had a whole lot of them. I remember we had made a bet at the station about when her husband would dump her because she flirted with everyone who came her way."

"Did she have an affair?"

"How would I know? I had two bodies, the coroner who declared poisoning by carbon monoxide, and the mayor's request to close the case to focus on more important ones. Ask the neighbors. They know everything, don't they?"



ask about the place of the accident



**FURTHER
LEADS**

- ▶ Check Tony Milos personal files - **NAME@TonyMilos**
- ▶ Check Mellissa Richards personal files - **NAME@MellissaRichards**

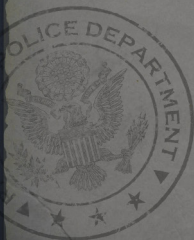
#617B

"Nothing in the house caught your attention? Was there anything strange?"

"Nothing. The remains of dinner for two in the kitchen and the bodies on the carpet. It seemed to have been quite a romantic dinner, if you know what I mean."

"The report says that they were lying naked on the carpet."

"Well, yes, they were fooling around on the carpet. They had the house to themselves. It was a cold night, and they wanted to be romantic, so they must have lit a fire in the fireplace. They had too much to drink, fell asleep on the ground, and the botched installation did them in. Although, it was actually a bit strange that they lit a fire in June. With all this, we didn't realize at the time that their daughter had gone missing. I just assumed that she had gone somewhere to watch the game. But then the investigation was closed, she was placed on the list of missing persons, and the world moved on."





Merry Cathla agreed to meet you in one of the cafes downtown. You reach the location and the journalist is already there, sitting with a coffee and working on her laptop. When you walk up, she smiles and closes the computer screen. Her long grey hair is tied in a ponytail; she is dressed in a sporty outfit.

"How may I help you?" she asks.

"It's about Tom Richards' case. His neighbors had a fire in June, 2015. Do you remember?"

"Yes, his neighbors died during the game. A sad story."

"What can you tell me about Tom that I can't read from the police files or his testimonies?"

"He's a very interesting man. As with any young basketball player, he had a glamorous life. He enjoyed the high society, and was associated with the mayor and the city's wealthy businessmen. He frequently surrounded himself with beautiful women, partying all day long even though he had a wife. After the Cavaliers lost the finals he changed. After the events of that day he settled down and he no longer seemed to enjoy the same glamour. He still went to parties, but in a quieter way, and he always came with his wife."



#618B

"And what kind of man is he today?"

"He's the assistant coach of the junior team. He settled down. He is much less present in the media. Now is the time for his wife, Mellissa. She's been the one in the spotlight ever since Tom's career ended."

"Did anything from that period catch your attention, anything that seemed weird?"

"Only how much the loss shook him. I remember that he didn't come out when the team thanked the fans after the game. A couple of days later he told me in the interview that he was stuck in the VIP room and couldn't get out onto the field. No one saw him that day, he was so devastated."

**FURTHER
LEADS**




- ▶ Check Tom Richards personal files - **NAME@TomRichards**
- ▶ Check Mellissa Richards personal files - **NAME@MellissaRichards**
- ▶ Check the alibi of Tom Richards - **#610 - Headquarters**



The MetroHealth hospital is a big building, so it takes a while to find the right ward, and then to find a person who is not busy with patients or representatives of some pharmaceutical corporation. Luckily, there are members of the staff who regularly work with the police, so after a quarter of an hour you manage to find Mrs. Boon's brother-in-law and ask him about Mellissa Richards. Fortunately, he was not her doctor so he is not bound by patient-doctor confidentiality, but at the same time he has no access to the results of her tests.

He says that Mellissa was examined at the hospital many years ago. It turns out she was a difficult teenager, a typical prom queen who bullied and humiliated her "friends" from school. He remembered her because she stood out. She looked down on everyone, but she often got away with it because she paid a lot of attention to her looks and was quite pretty.

**FURTHER
LEADS**

- Spend 1  and 1  from the Token pool to get a permit to access the hospital file of Mellissa Richards – 

#619B

You lay your hands on the file with Mellissa's test results, as well as the comments and thoughts of the doctors who dealt with her case. You consult with the Antares experts about the results, and you come to the following conclusions:

Mellissa Richards was a "control freak" who kept close surveillance on her small group of friends whom she also selected with great care. She was not prone to violence, but she sometimes had anger issues. She had multiple behavioral problems, particularly if things did not go her way. She often placed her well-being above that of others, even those she called friends. It was recommended that she go into psychological therapy.

Her parents insisted on conducting a genetic test. You guess that they didn't want to believe that they might have failed as her caregivers.

SDNA: THY675-TK82WP

#620

RICHMOND PD



2h

You make an appointment with James Luketown. He's a short, thin man. You meet at the precinct and go to the nearby cafe. He looks nothing like an ex-cop, but after sitting at the table he orders coffee and a donut. Old habits die hard.

"In 2015, you ran the investigation on the case of death at Dawnview Street."

"Yes, I ran the investigation. I remember it well because June 16th, 2015 was an important day for the Cavaliers. It was a tragic accident though. The victims died of carbon monoxide poisoning. After two days, they told me to close it."

► **Read #617**



#621

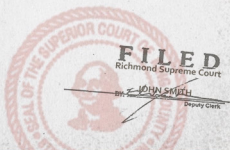
COURTHOUSE



1h

Standard procedure – car park, gates, and a labyrinth of corridors until you finally reach the door to the archives. You submit the relevant requests at the desk and after a couple of minutes you get all the documents you need:

► Read **FILE@621**

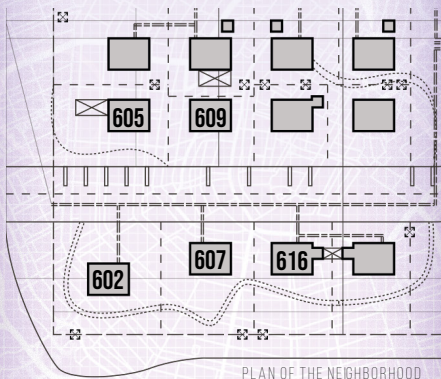






The house at 602 Dawnview Street has a view looking upon several of the neighboring houses. You log in to the system and gather information about the neighbors.

The ANTARES System quickly gives you the basic plan of the neighborhood.



**FURTHER
LEADS**

- ▶ Conversation with the neighbors at 605 Dawnview
– **#605 - Fieldwork**
- ▶ Conversation with the neighbors at 607 Dawnview
– **#607 - Fieldwork**
- ▶ Conversation with the neighbors at 609 Dawnview
– **#609 - Fieldwork**



1h

Two cops sit Gerard down on the chair in the Antares interrogation room.

"Good, thank you very much," you nod to them and they leave you two alone. "Mr. Gerard, we're in the middle of a very important investigation. You might have been wrongfully ignored then. Now I promise you that we will carefully listen to everything you have to say on this matter. Please start from the beginning."

Mike Gerard takes a couple of deep breaths.

"At that time, this company was a fresh startup. A lot of money went into it. I busted my ass all day and all night selecting the components. It's not possible that our best model fucked up without being tampered with. And suddenly, boom! Two failures in less than a month. First in the house of this Cavaliers player. I went personally to see what was wrong and if someone had botched up the installation. We replaced the device, and I kept the faulty one. I have it to this day."

"And the death of Mr. and Mrs. Novak?"

"Fuck me, that went totally wrong. Another malfunction, but unfortunately at the worst possible moment. The whole company collapsed because of it. I am still trying to get out of debt, even now. They had the same model. The whole neighborhood had it because it was a wholesale deal, and then everyone withdrew from it right then and there. But I'm saying, again, there is no way that it would stop working unless someone tampered with it. The investigation found squat about this. When the case was closed I managed to get the piece back to me. We examined it and couldn't find anything specific, but again, without external tampering it would not break."



test both devices in the laboratory



#623B

The laboratory sends a note that there are fingerprints on the device from the Richards' home.

SD: 867YZZ-M4Y862

Most traces have been erased on the other device. It is obvious that the device was taken apart. They managed to extract partial fingerprints from the inside:

SD: 8x7Yx3-xxx8x2