



GOLDEN  
SYMPHONY  
**FOREWORD**

If you are reading this, then it is a high likelihood that this ship has docked somewhere, and we've finally been able to crack this case wide open. Or, in a much more grim potential reality, you've come across this ship as empty, finding all of its inhabitants slaughtered and slain in many cruel and unusual ways. Arceus be willing it'll be the former, but this trip and its events have been one of the strangest and nigh impossible ones to understand.

I was brought aboard this ship as a part of a 'tournament'- not competing, just being some sort of... interviewee. I guess The Captain thought my southern drawl was compelling. Or, perhaps he really wanted some deep answers from the gallery of guests he decided to invite on board. Either way, my original purpose here wasn't going to matter much after the tournament got started. The first round ended without a hitch, but after that fateful night where The Captain crowned the first loser...

The poor telephone guy was taking it horribly- frankly, he wasn't usually all there to begin with. But now I just wish someone had stayed with him that night. We found him in the ship's game room the next morning. It was like a twister had gone through. All the games and screens shattered, blood splattered everywhere, truly a mess to look at... and the most gruesome sight of them all, his corpse, shoved and stuffed into an arcade cabinet, like some sort of Thanksgiving turkey of torment. And in that poor telephone operator's hands, was a card. Saying that they couldn't stop the game, everyone had to keep playing. Keep electing winners, keep crowning losers. Unless everyone else wanted to die as well.

After that grim sight and message, I knew I couldn't just sit around, dallying, enjoying the ship's amenities- I had to drop everything, and find out who on this ship is doing this. There must be some sort of mastermind among the group, and I plan to sniff them out. I know it'll be hard, this will be one of the hardest cases I'll have to crack. The truth is obscured, foggy through the sheer amount of realities in play. But I will be a fiery lighthouse, shining through. I will be the one to bring this horror show to its end.

Signed,

*Benoit  
Blaz* 



## **CASE #5 - DAWN OF THE FINAL HOUR**

Now, I hate to say that I miss any bit of the past horrors we've had to experience here on this cruise of nightmares. But after reviewing this crime scene, the autopsy... Well, frankly, I miss when things made plain and simple sense. Sure, seeing the aftermath of a poor lawyer getting choked by a jump rope in the ship's gym is gruesome and horrible, but at least that had a clear cause of death, some semblance of pointing to a culprit...

What I'm about to describe will sound utterly insane. And frankly, I'm beginning to feel that way myself. At least back in Unova, I was working with statistics, moves, Pokemon and Humans. The simple things, hard facts. But on this ship, all its residents, from all sorts of worlds- it's making the case as hard as a diamond, and that's an understatement. But everything I'm putting down is the truth. Maybe seeing it laid out will help me get these points across easier... or maybe someone later on can tell me what obvious hole could have been filled. But for now, here's what we're working with.

### **VICTIM: TINGLE & CO. (*TINGLE, BLOOD FALCON, DARK SAMUS*)**

I'd like to say that the victim is the easy part, but there's even a wrench thrown in here too. However, for the sake of getting all the facts out first, I'll get to that later. The loser of this round was Tingle- a very wealthy man who says he comes from Hyrule- and his two hired bodyguards, Blood Falcon and Dark Samus. The trio were always sort of black sheep on the ship- even more so than the ghost children. No one wanted to speak with them, though it wasn't hard to see why. The elf was obnoxious, constantly flexing his wealth and status- but never prying on how he gained such a luxurious amount. His two bodyguards weren't much for conversation either, keeping silent unless Tingle called upon them. I'm not even sure how he managed to get either of them- they both seem far more capable than just being this poor man's hired lackeys. But he never wanted to leave them- not even to go to the bathroom.

The man was causing a scene the day of his match, wanting to call it all off- I had caught word that he had gotten a message from a former 'friend' of his, that said he was coming to collect very soon. He was convinced that this supposed 'salesman' was the one behind everything, and that if he lost, that's who would come to kill him. Frankly, I was delighted to hear this. Not only does there seem to be a clear motive- clearly this salesman is coming to collect the debt Tingle owes him- but at this point I think even if he didn't lose, the rest of the guests were going to kill him anyway. But, of course, this case has been scrambled like an egg being biked in circles. So it's never that easy.



That night, even when he had lost, and was convinced he was going to die in the next few days- he never allowed any other help to get close to him. He felt like he couldn't trust anyone, that any one of us could have been this salesman in disguise. The fact that he didn't ever doubt his lackeys isn't lost on me. In a more clean cut case, I'd have pinned down the tall and glowing one as this masked salesman immediately. Despite everything however, he had gone to his room that night. We have the proof, camera footage of the three of them entering the room and never exiting. But here comes the first twist in what will soon be the most nauseating slip and slide you'll ever ride down.

In the morning, there was only *one* body in the room. The body of Blood Falcon. Now this plain and simple was ludicrous to me. In any other world, I would have expected the two of his cronies to turn on him, blast him to bits, and then leave into the night. If I had to put up with this guy for as long as they did, I probably would have too! But... somehow... not only did one of his henchmen die... Tingle and the other just up and disappeared. Not a single sign of them left on the ship.

## **AUTOPSY REPORT**

I won't go on restating how aggressively nonsensical every facet of this murder is every time. But I will at least bring that back up with this utter mess of a corpse- if you can even call it one. The first wrinkle is the fact we can't even perform a true autopsy- no way to find the definitive time of death, or have any internal clues relating to his body. For you see, draw reader, the man is literally plastic now. Petrified, forced into some sort of statuesque pose. We can't even discern if he was frozen in that pose, or if he had died and then got turned into some sort of child's plaything, twisted into the confident, cocky pose he's in now.

The second wrinkle, of course, is the fact that his body shows clear signs of decay- not decay of plastic, decay *emulated* by plastic. His body was already infected in some way before he was turned into this... thing. All over his right forearm, up to him somehow having lost his right hand- also nowhere to be found, obviously. His veins are black and blue, his one exposed eye is colorless. I'd imagine even the strongest poison type move couldn't cause a reaction this severe- but we can't find any sense of what could have done it without being able to actually sample his body. There were also divots around his body- torn bits of his uniform, as if he was stumbling through a rose bush. Could this be one of the impact points of this venom?



The third and final wrinkle is one that will confuse me to no end- his legs are melted, right at the kneecap. If the man was potentially already dead by the point he was petrified, in what sort of world would they not want his legs to be shown? Was he wearing some sort of boots they wanted to take for themselves? Or did they leave an incriminating piece of evidence on him that would have been visible even through his new plastic self? It's these kinds of questions that keep me up at night. That and the fact that I'm on a ship that is supposedly rigged as some form of death game. But I digress.

## **SCENE OF THE CRIME**

We had found the body in the trio's shared suite- The Captain was kind enough to provide two rooms for the team. They were connected through a shared bathroom, but otherwise each room had one door out onto the below deck hall. Each room was absolutely trashed, with marks from some sort of plasma ball, fire scorches, just everything. However, we can clearly relate those to the hired duo- the most interesting thing we found was seemingly a hole in the wall- it seems most similar to a speared weapon of some kind, with a very sharp tip. This would be a brilliant find and give us something to look for- if it weren't for the fact that nothing on the corpse even resembles this hole. And just when I thought we had a single piece of the puzzle... looks like we had only gotten the first sixth of the back of the box.

A few other things of note, however:

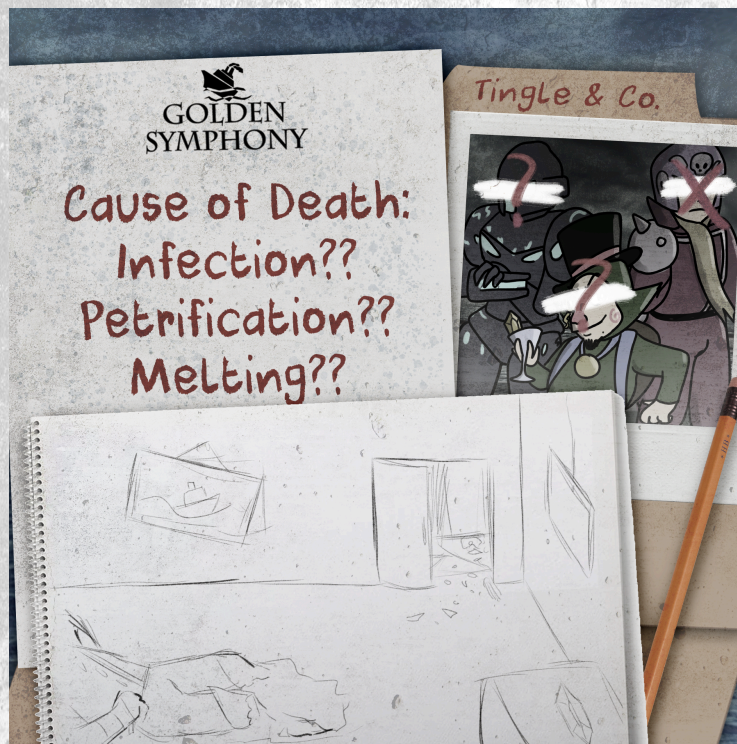
- The room we found the body in had wallpaper that was far brighter than the one in the other room, despite being the same pattern. Other elements, such as fabric and the paintings, had a similar brightness to them.
- The bathroom was trashed, with every surface that could be shattered being so- mirror, shower, even the toilet.
- The bathroom also had very odd cracks in the floor- unnaturally shaped like triangles.
- Luggage for all three was still in their rooms- in fact, Dark Samus seemed to have left without some of her armor, as her cannon and shoulder pads were still left in the other room.

The room gives us more definitive things to put down, but how they all connect, and who they'd connect to remains a deep and dark mystery. I can only hope that once we see the big picture, all these smaller trees will show their interconnected roots.



## LAST HEARD WHEREABOUTS

Lastly, we have their last heard whereabouts. The ship is said to have the quality to create recordings of any event that occurs- interpreting the reactions and qualities into musical form. It's why The Captain brought everyone here, to try out its abilities. He claims that each one of these recordings have got to hold the truth to the killer within them- unfortunately, I'm horrible at recognizing tunes so I have zero way to know if this is the truth. I can only hope there's someone out there who can solve it.



<https://soundcloud.com/honorary-first-mate-seaside-trouble/dawn-of-the-final-hour-last-heard-whereabouts-tingle-co>

## VERDICT

All I know is that this killer must be immensely powerful, to have dealt with at least one of this man's henchmen- let alone potentially two of them. Their use of magic doesn't match with any of the other ship member's capabilities- but the ship is filled with various artifacts from across its many travels. It's not impossible that one of those was swiped... that might be a new lead. For now, I leave you with this.

May the deceased rest in peace.