

Police Report

Case Number: 2024-0923-0037

Filed By: Officer R. Marlow

Date: November 16, 2024

Time of Discovery: 03:30 PM

Location: Sector 7, Archive Unit

Subject: Investigation into the identity of "Misfire" (aka Scarlett Scattershot)

Incident Summary:

Upon review of evidence recovered from an unmarked evidence crate found in the west district archives, the following materials were discovered: eight personal letters and two digital transmissions, each documenting the life and activities of an individual known as "Misfire" or **Scarlett Scattershot**. Based on the context and tone of the letters, this subject appears to be connected to a series of violent incidents across the region. Further analysis reveals a complex psychological profile indicative of significant trauma, as well as an obsessive drive to prove her marksmanship abilities.

The following evidence is arranged in chronological order for your convenience.

Letter #1

DEAR HENRY,

I TRUST YOU'LL BE THRILLED TO HEAR THAT MR. VINCENT VISCOT HAS EXTENDED A PERSONAL INVITATION TO ME FOR HIS UPCOMING GALA. IT SEEMS HE HAS A KEEN EYE FOR APPRECIATING A WOMAN'S WORTH, UNLIKE CERTAIN OTHERS...

IN ANY CASE, I SHALL BE DROPPING OFF YOUR DAUGHTER AT YOUR... "RESIDENCE" THIS WEEKEND. I DO HOPE YOU'LL HAVE THE DECENCY TO REMAIN SOBER ENOUGH TO RECOGNIZE HER.

WITH UTMOST DISDAIN,

PRINCILLA TUNGSTEN

Letter #2

Ms. Scarlett Scattershot,

Your father's estate is a significant asset, and we at Golden Gate are eager to assist you in navigating the complexities of inheritance. We will be arriving at your Piltover residence Monday after next to discuss your options and ensure a smooth transition.

Sincerely,

Golden Gate

Letter #3

Hey cousin Caitlyn,

I heard you passed the Enforcer exam! That's amazing! Honestly, I've always admired you for that. You're out there doing something real—protecting people, making a difference. I can't even imagine how it feels to be in that kind of position.

I still have five more years until I can even think about taking the exam, but that's okay. I've got time. I'm still trying to get my aim right, though. I don't know if you remember, but after Pa... well, after everything, guns have always been a little harder for me. I used to think they were just tools, but now every time I pick one up, I feel a little... off. Not scared, exactly. Just—hesitant, I guess? I don't know. Maybe it's just all in my head, but I can't help it.

But I can't just sit around and let that stop me. I need to get better. I need to prove to myself that I can do this. Pa left me his house, and if I'm going to make something of it, I need to be stronger. I'm not running from this. I can't. I just wish it wasn't so difficult sometimes.

Same time this Friday for lessons? I need your help, Cait. Maybe you can show me how to take that first step without freezing up.

With love,
Scarlett

Letter #4

Yo Lyn,

It's been a while, huh? I'm finally taking my exam this Friday—no more waiting around. You think I can borrow your ride for the day? Ma says she needs the car this weekend (something about hanging out with "Vincent Viscosity" or whatever... I'm still not sure what that means).

Oh, and I've got something new to bring with me. Guess what? I got Pa's gun. Well, one of Pa's guns. It's the one he left me in his will. I don't know why, but getting it feels different than I expected. It's not like the other one. This one doesn't feel like it's tied to that night. It feels like... a new start. Like I get another chance to make things right, to prove I'm better than what happened. I don't know, maybe I'm just imagining it, but it feels like Pa's saying it's time to move on. Time to stop being afraid.

Anyway, I'm thinking of bringing it to the exam. Not sure how they'll react, but it feels like the right thing to do. I know I've got a lot to prove to myself, but I have to do this. I need to show I can live up to what Pa saw in me—without the past holding me back.

Hope you can help me out. Don't leave me hanging.

Scar

Letter #5

HEY SCAR,

I HEARD THE NEWS. YOU FAILED AGAIN. SHOCKED? ME NEITHER.

LISTEN, DON'T GO TEARING THIS LETTER UP BEFORE YOU READ THE WHOLE THING. I'M NOT HERE TO TRUB IT IN OR MAKE YOU FEEL WORSE. WE BOTH KNOW YOU'VE GOT YOUR OWN HEADSTART ON THAT. I GET IT—YOU'RE PISSED, FRUSTRATED, WHATEVER. BUT HERE'S THE DEAL: YOU'RE GONNA KEEP FAILING IF YOU KEEP DOING THE SAME DAMN THING. DON'T KEEP CHASING AFTER AN EXAM YOU'RE JUST NOT CUT OUT FOR RIGHT NOW. THERE'S NO SHAME IN ADMITTING THAT. WE ALL HAVE OUR LIMITS, KID.

I'M SERIOUS. YOU KNOW I'M NOT THE KIND OF GUY TO SUGARCOAT THINGS, AND IF YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT, TOO BAD. YOU'VE GOT SOME SERIOUS FIRE, BUT YOU'RE NOT IN THE RIGHT HEADSPACE YET. THAT SNIPER RIFLE YOU FOUND IN PA'S GARAGE? DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT BRINGING IT OUT AGAIN. YOU CAN'T KEEP HIDING BEHIND IT, PRETENDING YOU'RE NOT SCARED. IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW MANY TIMES YOU PULL THE TRIGGER. THE PROBLEM ISN'T YOUR AIM, IT'S YOUR HEAD. YOU'VE GOT SOME DEMONS, AND NO ONE'S GONNA FIX THAT FOR YOU EXCEPT YOU.

NOW, I'M NOT TELLING YOU TO QUIT. I KNOW THAT'S NOT YOUR STYLE. BUT THINK ABOUT THIS, SCAR: I GOT YOU THE REFERRAL TO WORK THAT DESK JOB FOR A REASON. I'VE SEEN YOU OUT THERE, I'VE SEEN WHAT YOU'RE CAPABLE OF. YOU'RE TOO DAMN SMART AND DRIVEN TO BE WASTING YOUR TIME ON SOMETHING THAT'S NOT GONNA HAPPEN RIGHT NOW. TAKE THE DESK JOB. YOU'RE STILL A DAMN GOOD COP, JUST NOT THE KIND THAT NEEDS TO BE PULLING A TRIGGER EVERY TIME YOU HEAR A NOISE. LEARN TO PLAY TO YOUR STRENGTHS—AND DON'T LET PRIDE GET IN YOUR WAY. PA HAD HIS STRENGTHS TOO, BUT HE HAD HIS OWN WEAKNESSES. THE SOONER YOU ADMIT YOURS, THE SOONER YOU'LL BE IN THE RIGHT POSITION TO ACTUALLY DO SOMETHING MEANINGFUL.

YOU WANNA BE A HERO OUT THERE, BUT THE TRUTH IS, HEROES DON'T ALWAYS SURVIVE. AND IF YOU REALLY WANT TO MAKE PA PROUD, YOU'LL STOP TRYING TO FORCE YOURSELF INTO THE ROLE OF SOMEONE YOU'RE NOT. BUT DON'T WORRY—THERE'S STILL TIME TO GET THINGS RIGHT. YOU JUST NEED TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO WIN WITHOUT AIMING FOR THE IMPOSSIBLE.

WE'LL BE OUT AT SUNDOWN, SAME PLACE AS LAST TIME. I'LL BRING THE CANDLES FOR YOUR FAIRDAY CAKE—DON'T FORGET THE DRINKS.

AND REMEMBER, I'VE GOT YOUR BACK ALWAYS HAVE. ALWAYS WILL.

BRUCE

Letter #6

Hey Vince,

I failed again. I'm sorry...

I'm doing everything I can. I've been training every day, pushing myself harder than ever. But I'm still missing. It feels like I'm trapped in this endless cycle of failure, and I don't know how to break out of it. I don't know what to do anymore. I keep asking myself: Why can't I just get this right? Why can't I do it like everyone else? Why does it hurt every time I miss?

And then I get so angry. So angry at myself for not being good enough. For failing when it matters. I can't stop thinking about it. I can't stop beating myself up. And then, it spills over. It spills over onto you, and I don't know how to stop it. I've been pushing you away, and I know it's wrong. I can't help it. It's like I'm just angry at everything, and I end up taking it out on the people who are trying to help me. But I don't want to hurt you, Vince. I'm sorry for what I said... I didn't mean it. I just... I don't know what to do anymore.

I wish I could just give up. I really do. I wish I could walk away and stop torturing myself, but I can't. I can't give up. I can't stop fighting. I'm obsessed with this, and it's driving me crazy. But it feels like I'm stuck, and no matter what I do, I just keep failing. So I keep going back. Over and over. And I don't know how much longer I can keep doing this. I don't know how much longer I can keep failing.

I'm sorry, Vince. I'm just so tired of failing, but I'm still not ready to give up. I can't give up. But I don't know how to fix this. Please... tell me what I'm missing. I'll do whatever it takes.

- Scarlett

Letter #7

Scarlett,

I know exactly how you're feeling right now. When I was your age, I went through something similar. I spent countless hours working on my research, pushing myself harder than anyone around me, and still came up short. It felt like no matter how much effort I put in, I couldn't catch a break. But you know what? I didn't stop. I couldn't. Because I knew that if I gave up, I'd never know what I was truly capable of. And I think you know that too.

Look, kid, you're not failing. You're just still in the process. It's frustrating, I know. There's no quick fix to becoming great at something. And you're right to want to improve. But the secret is, it's not about how fast you get there, it's about finding your way forward—even when it feels like you're stuck.

When I was trying to make my mark, I failed over and over again. I failed in ways that felt like I'd hit rock bottom. And each time, I thought about walking away. But I didn't. Because I knew deep down, failure wasn't the end. It was just a step—one that pushed me forward in ways I couldn't see at the time.

The thing is, Scarlett, sometimes the answer isn't to keep doing what you've always done. Sometimes, it's about finding a new way, a new approach. You don't always have to figure it out on your own—and there's no shame in that. There's no shame in asking for help, especially when you know you're giving it everything you've got.

I won't tell you how to fix this—you're the one who has to figure that out. But I will tell you this: Sometimes, help can come in the most unexpected ways. And I think you might be closer to it than you realize.

Don't give up, Scarlett. Keep pushing. You've got this.

-Vince

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Letter #8

I don't know if you'll get this, Lyn, but I'm coming. I don't need an exam to tell me if I can shoot or not.

I'm ready. I've had enough of waiting.

See you on the battlefield. Let's paint this town **RED!!!**

Misfire!!! (Scar!!!)