



(bronze)

## A Case for a Consulting Detective

An inspector of the Constables calls at your lodgings one night. His dour face is troubled. He has a proposition.



plan

### Accept the Rubbery Case

"A strange sort of case, and no mistake. We're holding a Rubbery Man for a string of poisonings, but it don't sit exactly right. We could use your help. The usual rates, of course."

**NOTE: Accept the Rubbery Case**



## The Rubbery Murders

"Three poisonings, all in Veilgarden. Same poison every time. All the victims are involved in the deep amber trade. They've all dealt with the same Rubbery Man. He don't have a name that we know of, so we call him Mr Twitch. He's in the cells now.

Trouble is, if I'm honest, we don't have no evidence against him. We need a smart sort like yourself to untangle this before the Gazette gets hold of it. Like I said, the victims all live in Veilgarden. I'll let them know you'll be coming to speak with them."



Investigating the Rubbery Murders has increased to 2 - Three poisoning victims in Veilgarden!



## The Rubbery Murders: Speak to the First Victim

The first poisoning victim runs a shabby amber shop in the back streets of Veilgarden...



(you unlocked this with investigating rubbery murders 2  
(you needed exactly 2))



plan

## Find out what he knows

The amber trader is reluctant to talk for very long, especially on the subject of his own murder.



### A **high-risk** challenge

Your Watchful quality gives you a 18% chance of success. (at 6 watchful, 9% at 3, 6% at 2)

*You need a Sudden Insight to ensure a second chance...*



A) FAILURE

[edit](#)

## ***Are you asking the right questions?***

*"It's like I told the constables. I was just having a cuppa when I took poorly in me guts, all sudden like. Next thing I know there's people standing over me and half of me stock's been nicked. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got customers ter see to..."*



B) SUCCESS

[edit](#)

## ***What the victim knows***

*"It's like I told the constables. I was just having a cuppa when I took poorly in me guts, all sudden like. Next thing I know there's people standing over me and half me stock's been nicked."*

*"But there were some odd things about it, now you ask. A funny smell for a start, like rotten food. All the pennies in the till was tarnished black when I was out. And me copper mounts for amber, too. Black as tar. Who'd I spoken to? Three people that day. That Rubbery Man they call Mr Twitch. Slack Harry the tanner. And Mr Fortune."*



An occurrence! Your 'Investigating the Rubbery Murders' Quality is now 3 - The first victim in Veilgarden has given his report. And the other two?!

**ONWARDS**



bronze

## ***The Rubbery Murders: Speak to the other victims***

*According to the constables, there are two more victims. Both are deep amber traders in Veilgarden.*



### ***Find the other victims***

*Perhaps they can tell you more?*

6% for 2, 12 for 4, 15% for 5



FAILURE

### ***Closed for business***

*No sign of the other two victims. Perhaps they are involved with the less regulated side of the deep amber trade? In any case, they are not around today.*



SUCCESS

[edit](#)

## ***Hearsay and rumour***

*The remaining victims are nowhere to be found. Presumably, they took their murders as a suggestion to move elsewhere. However, you do manage to track down their acquaintances and a handful of witnesses.*

*Apparently, both victims keeled over while drinking. Tea in one case, stout in the other. One reported a strange smell. The other spoke of his copper pennies going black. They both had dealings with the Rubbery Man called Mr Twitch, among several others. Slack Harry is a well-known name. He's a failed amber trader who took up the life of a tanner. Nobody seems to know who Mr Fortune is.*

*One of the poisoned dealers had a strange creature in a vivarium. Some kind of slug-beast that he obtained from Mr Twitch. It seems that he sold it to the learned men at the department of Esoteric Cryptozoology. You should visit them near Ladybones Road.*



*An occurrence! Your 'Investigating the Rubbery Murders' Quality is now 4 - You're in search of a strange slug-beast sold to the Department of Esoteric Cryptozoology. A trip to Ladybones Road is in order!*

**ONWARDS**



*Bronze*

## ***The Rubbery Murders: A visit to the Department***

*The Department of Esoteric Cryptozoology studies strange creatures that probably exist somewhere.*



### ***Meeting the Senior Fellow***

*The Senior Fellow is only too pleased to speak to you about the translucent slug-thing he bought from the poisoned amber trader.*

15% at 5, 18% at 6, 24% at 8



Failure

*edit*

### ***The Fellow's thoughts***

*"Yes, this little chap comes from the very depths under the Neath. 'Beneath the Neath' as that carnival ride has it. Ha ha. Hmmm. Down by the Rubbery Man warrens or some such. Lovely little blighter, isn't it? Eats dreams, near as we can tell."*

*"Is it poisonous? Oh ho ho, I'll say it is. It got some slime on one of the dogs, and the poor thing ran around and around for hours until its ticker gave out."*



*Investigating the Rubbery Murders has increased to 5 - The slug-beast was a bust. You do still have a few names to track down, though!*



## ***The Rubbery Murders: Track down the suspects***

*Apart from the Rubbery Man in custody, two people have links to the victims: Slack Harry and Mr Fortune.*



FAILURE

[edit](#)

## ***Capricious Fortune***

*Finding Slack Harry was easy enough, but you can't seem to pinpoint Mr Fortune. Where – and indeed who – is this mysterious fellow?*

*3% at 1, 6% at 2*



[edit](#)

## ***A Fortune found!***

*Let us draw a veil across the many hours of legwork and startling leaps of deduction that follow. A good detective has no need to brag about his methods. Suffice it to say you have discovered that 'Mr Fortune' is a pseudonym. The chap's real name is Archer: a poor but ambitious trader of amber, who improved his station in life to the extent that he wanted a sparkling new identity. He now provides amber to the gentry, who know him as Mr Fortune.*

*However, he can wait. First, you should pay a visit to Slack Harry in Spite.*



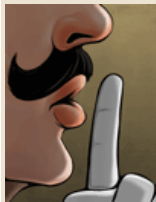
*An occurrence! Your 'Investigating the Rubbery Murders' Quality is now 6 - It's off to Spite to pay Slack Harry a visit!*



[bronze](#)

## ***Slack Harry***

*Slack Harry works in a foul-smelling tanner's yard on the outskirts of Spite...*



[plan](#)

## ***Slack Harry's Story***

*Harry will tell you his story, if you can stand the stench in here for long enough.*

3% at 1, 6% at 2

FAILURE

[edit](#)

## ***Out of that game***

"Well now, time was that I were an amber dealer down Veilgarden way. Them squid-faces is easy enough to deal with. It's the other buggers you have to watch for. The traders, and all them villains that hang around the place. I've been conned once too often to stay in that game. I've a few friends back there, but I'm happier here. The missus doesn't much like the smell, but it's honest work. Poison? Don't know nuffing about that." **SUCCESS ADDS** - "Poison? Don't know nuffing about that. And pennies in me pocket? Well, here's a few. Dunno what you want to see 'em for, though."

The pennies are old, but not blackened.

The next stop is Mr Fortune's office, near Ladybones Road.



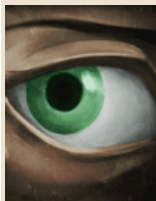
Investigating the Rubbery Murders has increased to 7 - You need to pay Mr Fortune in Ladybones Road a visit!



BRONZE

## Mr Fortune

Your next suspect is Mr Fortune. He's the proprietor of a small but respectable amber concern in the side-streets around Tyrant's Gardens.

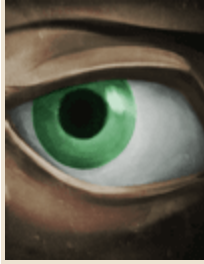


plan

## Mr Fortune's Story

Mr Fortune was once Mr Archer. He changed his name when he moved up in the world. He will spare you a few moments.

3% at 1, 6% at 2



## FAILURE **A respectable gentleman**

*Mr Fortune is doing well for himself. His shop is resplendent with gleaming copper and obsidian fittings. It smells pleasantly of polish and fungal pot-pourri. He puts down his copy of Slowcake's Exceptionals and addresses you.*

*"I heard about those amber dealers that got poisoned. It's a disgrace, but I can't say that I'm surprised. Those low-lives are always doing each other over in trade. I know nothing of the details. I'm a respectable man now. I daresay I'll be in here" – he pats his book – "one day."* **SUCCESS ADDS-** *'Do you think the details of the case will be published in the newspapers? I'd be delighted to describe the characters of those poisoned if it came to that...'*



*investigating the Rubbery Murders has increased to 8 - Mr Fortune was stingy with any information he might have had. There's only one person left to speak to - Mr Twitch!*



[edit](#)

## **Mr Twitch**

*The Constables are holding 'Mr Twitch', a Rubbery Man, on suspicion of poisoning the amber dealers.*



**Mr Twitch** The Constables are holding 'Mr Twitch', a Rubbery Man, on suspicion of poisoning the amber dealers.



[plan](#)

### **An interview with Mr Twitch?**

Rubbery Men don't speak, and you know nothing about them. Perhaps you can work something out. A.

3% at 2, 8% at 5, 10% at 6



A, 1.

[edit](#)

### **Success- Not the easiest interview**

Mr Twitch produces a depressed gurgle and shivers his tentacles a little as you approach. He doesn't talk, of course, but you can piece together something of what happened.

He has traded deep amber in Veilgarden for a few years and despite the occasional ad hoc stoning, he seems satisfied with his station. He found the slug-thing on his travels beneath, and traded it to the unfortunate Mr Golloway, the poisoned trader. Apparently, Mr Golloway liked glistening things. He appears to know nothing of poison. He doesn't have any pennies.

You have learned all you can from the suspects. You should return to your Lodgings to continue this investigation.



Investigating the Rubbery Murders has increased to 9 - You've exhausted your leads. Think on what you know in your Lodgings!



[plan](#)

### ***Oh for God's sake***

*It's a squid in a hat. You should be seen to make an effort, but who cares what it thinks? Pretend to interview it and go. B.*



B, 1

[edit](#)

### ***Useless burlings***

*You pace the cell and hum while Mr Twitch lies in the corner whistling brokenly. You can't make sense of the sounds, but frankly you're not trying. Eventually you rap on the door and leave the cell. Not a moment too soon.*

*Ruthless is increasing... +2cp*



*An occurrence! Your 'Investigating the Rubbery Murders' Quality is now 9 - You've exhausted your leads. Think on what you know in your Lodgings!*

*Dangerous +3cp*



[plan](#)

### ***Among rubbery friends***

You know enough about the ways of Rubbery Men to get some answers. C.

[edit](#)

## ***A little progress***

*'Mr Twitch' produces a depressed gurgle and shivers his tentacles a little as you approach. Rubbery Men don't talk, as such, but you can piece together something of what happened.*

*He has traded deep amber in Veilgarden for a few years and despite the occasional ad hoc stoning, he seems satisfied with his station. He found the slug-thing on his travels beneath, and traded it to the unfortunate Mr Golloway, the poisoned trader. Apparently, Mr Golloway liked glistening things. He doesn't have any pennies.*

*You have learned all you can from the suspects. You should return to your Lodgings to continue this investigation.*

*SLET END ( all options progress the story quality to level 9)*



**BRONZE**

## ***An academic visit***

*A tall woman with a forbidding stare is waiting at your lodgings. Apparently the Constables have asked the Chair of Esotoxicology at the University to provide you with information on the poison.*



[plan](#)

## ***The Esotoxicologist***

*She has examined a sample of the poison. Herewith the results.*



[edit](#)

## ***An enthusiastic expert***

*"The toxin is based around a decoction of sulphur and hydrogen. Particularly unpleasant. It forms an acid in the stomach. Very painful, and quite, um, smelly. Presumably the squid-face bought it from a devil. They're not bright enough to make this sort of thing themselves. And sulphur and hydrogen carry the fingerprint of the infernal." She holds up one acid-scarred finger of her own as if to demonstrate the concept of fingerprints. "Probably. Or someone with access to acids." She smiles fondly at the thought.*

*"Oh no, glad to help. One does so enjoy being part of the machinery of justice."*

*"Do you suppose they'll hang the rubbery fiend? Do let me know when it happens. I'm sure some of my students would like to attend. Scientific curiosity. Among other things. And don't be shy of asking for help in the future. I'd be happy to do this sort of thing again."*



*An occurrence! Your 'Investigating the Rubbery Murders' Quality is now 10 - The Chair of Esotoxicology has shared her report. Only one question remains: who did it?!*



[edit](#)

## ***In conclusion?***

*Chin on fist, you consider your evidence. The gloom settles around you as you ponder. The candles sink lower.*

SLET



plan

### ***Everything is clear***

*"It is time. I am ready to declare the murderer's identity."*



plan

### ***All is mist***

*"I can't be certain. I must interview the suspects again."*

*(Sets story quality to 6)*

SLET END

*(everything is clear progression ->)*

edit

### ***Hanging on your word***

*The suspects and the inspector have gathered at Concord Square, Constables' headquarters near Ladybones Road. They await your findings eagerly. Travel to Ladybones Road to continue. (sets story quality to 11)*



slet start

[edit](#)

## ***The detective speaks***

*The suspects and the detectives watch you avidly. Mr Fortune's chins quiver. Slack Harry picks his nose but keeps his eyes on you. Mr Twitch knots two tentacles together and flutes sadly, like a goatherd lost half-way to the underworld.*



bronze



### ***Slack Harry***

*A tanner with ample access to dangerous chemicals! Who else could it be?*



### ***Mr Fortune***

*An ambitious man with scores to settle.*

### ***Mr Twitch***

*The only real link between the victims, as the Constables initially surmised.*



*SLET END*

*(mr fortune option)*

### ***Mr Fortune is the murderer***

*Mr Fortune is ambitious. He had great contempt for his former peers. His shop shows infernal influences, and the poison was most likely obtained from devils. His motives could be simply contempt. Perhaps he is seeking the notoriety that comes from being involved with a murder case. Perhaps he thought it would increase his chances of appearing in Slowcake's Exceptionals. Mr Fortune must be the murderer!*

*You point. You accuse. You explain. Mr Fortune is dragged away. His expression is a peculiar mix of outrage and satisfaction. At least he'll be famous, though not quite as he might have hoped.*

*You have made your choice, but this tale is not quite finished yet. You should return to your Lodgings.*



*(sets story quality to 13, "An occurrence! Your 'Investigating the Rubbery Murders' Quality is now 13 - You've identified Mr Fortune as the murderer!")*

### ***Why did you pick Mr Fortune? (slet start)***

*It's almost midnight by the time you return to your lodgings. You build up the fire to a comforting glow and crackle and think back over the day's events. Why did you conclude that Mr Fortune was the murderer?*



bronze



[edit](#)

## ***Why did you pick Mr Fortune?***

*It's almost midnight by the time you return to your lodgings. You build up the fire to a comforting glow and crackle and think back over the day's events. Why did you conclude that Mr Fortune was the murderer?*



[plan](#)

## ***The balance of evidence was against him***

*It was most likely that he was the murderer. No more and no less.*

**GO**

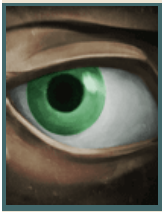


plan

### ***I picked him at random***

*It would not do to look foolish in front of the Constables, even if the case was a particularly difficult one.*

GO



plan

### ***I didn't like the look of him***

*A working-class oik with ideas above his station? The Neath is better off with his sort properly hanged.*

GO



plan

### ***You just like Rubbery Men***

*Mr Fortune might have done it. Mr Twitch might even have done it. You don't particularly care. But you have a predisposition to tentacles.*

SLET END

(picked "you just like rubbery men", which is true)



[edit](#)

## ***A peculiar fondness***

*Do they return your enthusiasm? It's hard to be sure. You nod at Rubbery Men in the street, and they wave their tentacles, but they do rather tend to do that anyway. You wave at one who might be Mr Twitch. You're not even sure it's him. The Constables pay you, anyway.*



*You've gained 1000 x Piece of Rostygold.*



*An occurrence! Your 'Investigating the Rubbery Murders' Quality is now 23 - A One-Time Scourge of Amber Traders!*



*You now have x+1 x Favours: Rubbery Men.*



*Renown: Rubbery Men has increased to x+1 - !kathakathoti!!*

