

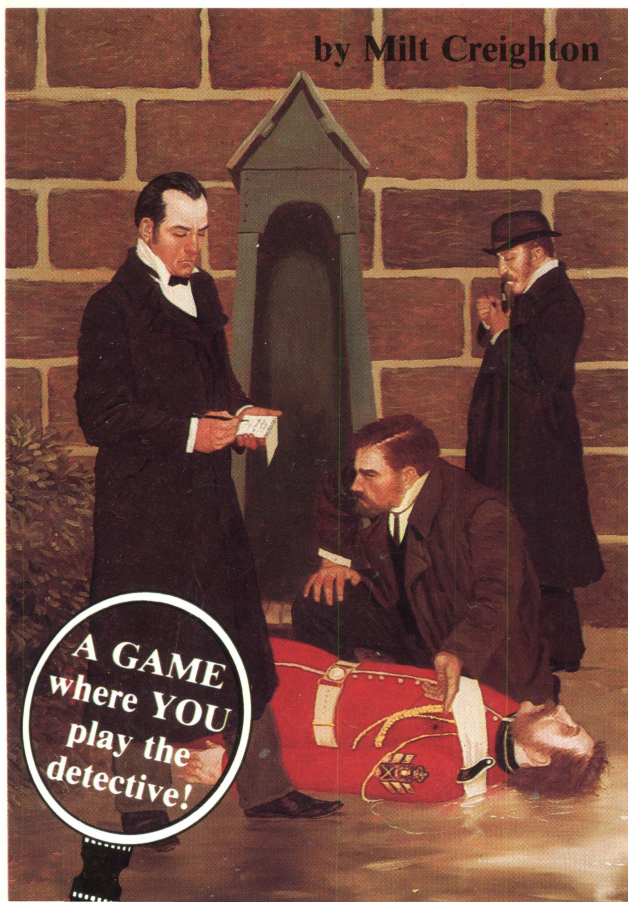
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# SHERLOCK HOLMES

## SOLO MYSTERIES

### THE ROYAL FLUSH™

by Milt Creighton



**A GAME**  
where **YOU**  
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## THE GAME'S AFOOT!

Now, match wits with the world's greatest consulting detective. And have no fear — if you don't completely succeed at first, just play again! It might be wise to keep in mind Holmes' advice to Watson and all would-be detectives:

*"It is an old maxim of mine," he said, "that when you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth."*

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"Sherlock Holmes was created by the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and appears in novels and stories by him"

"Grateful acknowledgement is given to Dame Jean Conan Doyle for permission to use the Sherlock Holmes characters created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle"

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# SHERLOCK HOLMES

SOLO MYSTERIES™

## THE ROYAL FLUSH

by Milt Creighton

*Content Editor:* John David Ruemmler

*Managing Editor:* Kevin Barrett

*Cover Art by* Daniel Horne

*Illustrations by* Bob Versandi



# CHARACTER RECORD

Name: *Richard L. Huntington*

Skill	Bonus	Equipment:
Athletics	<u>+1</u>	1) <i>notebook</i>
Artifice	<u>+1</u>	2) <i>pencil</i>
Observation	<u>+1</u>	3) <i>pocket knife</i>
Intuition	<u>+1</u>	4)
Communication	<u>+1</u>	5)
Scholarship	<u>+1</u>	6)
<b>Money:</b> <u>20</u> pence <u>12</u> shillings <u>8</u> guineas <u>6</u> pounds		7)
		8)
		9)
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NOTES:

# CHARACTER RECORD

**Name:**

Skill	Bonus	Equipment:
Athletics	_____	1)
Artifice	_____	2)
Observation	_____	3)
Intuition	_____	4)
Communication	_____	5)
Scholarship	_____	6)
		7)
<b>Money:</b> _____ pence		8)
_____ shillings		9)
_____ guineas		10)
_____ pounds		11)

**NOTES:**

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## DEDUCTIONS

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# AN INTRODUCTION TO THE WORLD OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

## HOLMES AND WATSON

First appearing in "A Study in Scarlet" in Beeton's Christmas Annual of 1887, Sherlock Holmes remains a remarkably vigorous and fascinating figure for a man of such advanced years. The detective's home and office at 221B Baker Street are shrines now, not simply rooms in which Holmes slept and deduced and fiddled with the violin when he could not quite discern the significance of a clue or put his finger on a criminal's twisted motive.

We know both a great deal and very little about Sherlock Holmes as a person. The son of a country squire (and grandson of the French artist Vernet's sister), Holmes seems to have drawn little attention to himself until his University days, where his extraordinary talents for applying logic, observation and deduction to solving petty mysteries earned him a reputation as something of a genius. Taking the next logical step, Holmes set up a private consulting detective service, probably in 1878. Four years later, he met and formed a partnership with a former military surgeon, Dr. John Watson. Four novels and fifty-six short stories tell us everything we know of the odd pair and their extraordinary adventures.

Less a well-rounded individual than a collection of contradictory and unusual traits, Holmes seldom exercised yet was a powerful man of exceptional speed of foot. He would eagerly work for days on a case with no rest and little food, yet in periods of idleness would refuse to get out of bed for days. Perhaps his most telling comment appears in "The Adventure of the Mazarin Stone:"

*I am a brain, Watson. The rest of me is a mere appendix.*

Holmes cared little for abstract knowledge, once noting that it mattered not to him if the earth circled the sun or vice versa. Yet he could identify scores of types of tobacco ash or perfume by sight and odor, respectively. Criminals and their modus operandi obsessed him; he pored over London's sensational newspapers religiously.

A master of disguise, the detective successfully presented himself as an aged Italian priest, a drunken groom, and even an old woman! A flabbergasted Watson is the perfect foil to Holmes, who seems to take special delight in astonishing his stuffy if kind cohort.

In "The Sign of Four," Holmes briefly noted the qualities any good detective should possess in abundance (if possible, intuitively): heightened powers of observation and deduction, and a broad range of precise (and often unusual) knowledge. In this *Sherlock Holmes Solo Mysteries*™ adventure, you will have ample opportunity to test yourself in these areas, and through replaying the adventure, to improve your detective skills.

Although impressive in talent and dedication to his profession, Sherlock Holmes was by no means perfect. Outfoxed by Irene Adler, Holmes readily acknowledged defeat by “the woman” in “A Scandal in Bohemia.” In 1887, he admitted to Watson that three men had outwitted him (and Scotland Yard). The lesson Holmes himself drew from these failures was illuminating:

*Perhaps when a man has special knowledge and special powers like my own, it rather encourages him to seek a complex explanation when a simpler one is at hand.*

So learn to trust your own observations and deductions — when they make sense and match the physical evidence and the testimony of trusted individuals — don’t rush to judgment, and if you like and the adventure allows, consult Holmes or Watson for advice and assistance.

## VICTORIAN LONDON

When Holmes lived and worked in London, from the early 1880’s until 1903, the Victorian Age was much more than a subject of study and amusement. Queen Victoria reigned over England for more than 60 years, an unheard of term of rule; her tastes and inhibitions mirrored and formed those of English society. Following the Industrial Revolution of roughly 1750-1850, England leaped and stumbled her way from a largely pastoral state into a powerful, flawed factory of a nation. (The novels of Charles Dickens dramatically depict this cruel,

exhilarating period of sudden social change.) Abroad, imperialism planted the Union Jack (and implanted English mores) in Africa, India, and the Far East, including Afghanistan, where Dr. Watson served and was wounded.

Cosmopolitan and yet reserved, London in the late Nineteenth Century sported over six million inhabitants, many from all over the world; it boasted the high society of Park Lane yet harbored a seedy Chinatown where opium could be purchased and consumed like tea. You will see that Baker Street is located just south of Regent's Park, near the Zoological Gardens, in the heart of the stylish West End of the city. Railway and horse-drawn carriages were the preferred means of transport; people often walked, and thieves frequently ran to get from one place to another.

## THE GAME'S AFOOT!

Now, match wits with the world's greatest consulting detective. And have no fear — if you don't completely succeed at first, just play again! It might be wise to keep in mind Holmes' advice to Watson and all would-be detectives:

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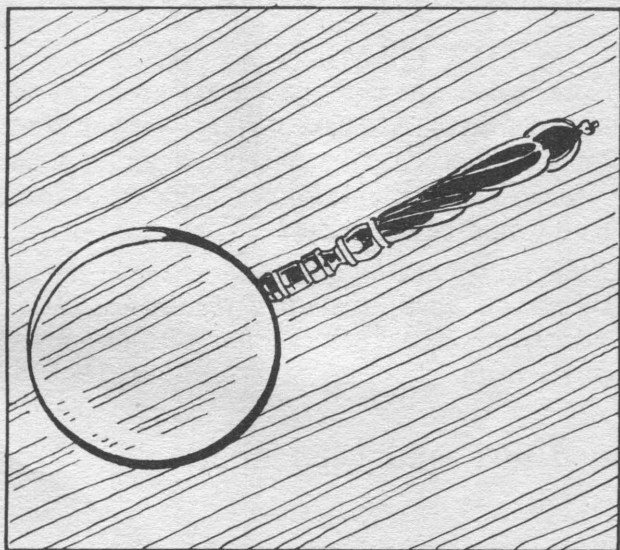
**Good luck and good hunting!**

# THE *SHERLOCK HOLMES* *SOLO MYSTERIES*<sup>TM</sup> GAME SYSTEM

## THE GAMEBOOK

This gamebook describes hazards, situations, and locations that may be encountered during your adventures. As you read the text sections, you will be given choices as to what actions you may take. What text section you read will depend on the directions in the text and whether the actions you attempt succeed or fail.

Text sections are labeled with three-digit numbers (e.g., "365"). Read each text section only when told to do so by the text.





## PICKING A NUMBER

Many times during your adventures in this game-book you will need to pick a number (between 2 and 12). There are several ways to do this:

- 1) Turn to the Random Number Table at the end of this book, use a pencil (or pen or similar object), close your eyes, and touch the Random Number Table with the pencil. The number touched is the number which you have picked. If your pencil falls on a line, just repeat the process. **or**
- 2) Flip to a random page in the book and look at the small boxed number in the inside, bottom corner of the page. This number is the number which you have picked. **or**
- 3) If you have two six-sided dice, roll them. The result is the number which you have picked. (You can also roll one six-sided die twice and add the results.)

Often you will be instructed to pick a number and add a "bonus". When this happens, treat results of more than 12 as "12" and treat results of less than 2 as "2".

## INFORMATION, CLUES, AND SOLVING THE MYSTERY

During play you will discover certain clues (e.g., a footprint, murder weapon, a newspaper article) and make certain decisions and deductions (e.g., you decide to follow someone, you deduce that the butler did it). Often the text will instruct you to do one of the following:

*Check Clue xx* or *Check Decision xx* or  
*Check Deduction xx.*

“xx” is a letter for Clues and a number for Decisions and Deductions. When this occurs, check the appropriate box on the “Clue Record Sheets” found at the beginning of the book. You should also record the information gained and note the text section number on the line next to the box. You may copy or photocopy these sheets for your own use.

Other useful information not requiring a “check” will also be included in the text. You may want to take other notes, so a “NOTES” space is provided at the bottom of your “Character Record”. Remember that some of the clues and information given may be meaningless or unimportant (i.e., red herrings).

## EQUIPMENT AND MONEY

Whenever you acquire money and equipment, record them on your Character Record in the spaces provided. Pennies (1 Pence), shillings (12 pence), guineas (21 shillings), and pounds (20 shillings) are “money” and may be used during your adventures to pay for food, lodging, transport, bribes, etc. Certain equipment may affect your abilities as indicated by the text.

You begin the adventure with the money noted on the completed Character Record sheet near the front of the book.

## **CHOOSING A CHARACTER**

There are two ways to choose a character:

- 1) You can use the completely created character provided at the beginning of the book. **or**
- 2) You can create your own character using the simple character development system included in the next section of this book.

## **STARTING TO PLAY**

After reading the rules above and choosing a character to play, start your adventures by reading the Prologue found after the rules section. From this point on, read the passages as indicated by the text.

## **CREATING YOUR OWN CHARACTER**

If you do not want to create your own character, use the pre-created character found in the front of this book. If you decide to create your own character, follow the directions given in this section. Keep track of your character on the blank Character Record found in the front of this book. It is advisable to enter information in pencil so that it can be erased and updated. If necessary, you may copy or photocopy this Character Record for your own use.

As you go through this character creation process, refer to the pre-created character in the front of the book as an example.

## SKILLS

The following 6 "Skill Areas" affect your chances of accomplishing certain actions during your adventures.

- 1) **Athletics** (includes fitness, adroitness, fortitude, pugnacity, fisticuffs): This skill reflects your ability to perform actions and maneuvers requiring balance, coordination, speed, agility, and quickness. Such actions can include fighting, avoiding attacks, running, climbing, riding, swimming, etc.
- 2) **Artifice** (includes trickery, disguise, stealth, eavesdropping): Use this skill when trying to move without being seen or heard (i.e., sneaking), trying to steal something, picking a lock, escaping from bonds, disguising yourself, and many other similar activities.
- 3) **Intuition** (includes sensibility, insight, reasoning, deduction, luck): This skill reflects your ability to understand and correlate information, clues, etc. It also reflects your ability to make guesses and to have hunches.
- 4) **Communication** (includes interviewing, acting, mingling, negotiating, diplomacy): This skill reflects your ability to talk with, negotiate with, and gain information from people. It also reflects your "social graces" and social adaptivity, as well as your ability to act and to hide your own thoughts and feelings.

- 5) **Observation** (includes perception, alertness, empathy): This skill reflects how much information you gather through visual perception.
- 6) **Scholarship** (includes education, science, current events, languages): This skill reflects your training and aptitude with various studies and sciences: foreign languages, art, history, current events, chemistry, tobaccory, biology, etc.

## SKILL BONUSES

For each of these skills, you will have a Skill Bonus that is used when you attempt certain actions. When the text instructs you to “add your bonus,” it is referring to these Skill Bonuses. Keep in mind that these “bonuses” can be negative as well as positive.

When you start your character, you have six “+1 bonuses” to assign to your skills.

You may assign more than one “+1 bonuses” to a given skill, but no more than three to any one skill. Thus, two “+1 bonuses” assigned to a skill will be a “+2 bonus”, and three “+1 bonuses” will be a “+3 bonus”. Each of these bonuses should be recorded in the space next to the appropriate skill on your Character Record.

If you do not assign any “+1 bonuses” to a skill, you must record a “-2 bonus” in that space.

During play you may acquire equipment or injuries that may affect your bonuses. Record these modifications in the “Bonus” spaces.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

**Miss Sally Barnes:** A woman living in the East End.

**Private Bracker:** A member of the Guard.

**The Lord High Chamberlain:** Responsible for managing the royal household and scheduling audiences for the Queen.

**Mr. Eagleton:** A friend of The Earl of Sumpter and the Marquess of Befford.

**Earl of Sumpter:** A friend of the Prince of Wales.

**Edward Albert:** the Prince of Wales.

**Tobias Gregson:** Scotland Yard Detective.

**James Holston:** Proprietor of Holston & Sons on the Strand.

**Richard Lloyd Huntington:** Second son of the Earl of Marne, you play his part in the story.

**Samuel Johnston:** A subordinate of the Lord High Chamberlain.

**Andrew Larson:** Co-owner of Larson & Trembley, Meatpackers at Covent-Garden.

**Sir Henry Lowe:** Second Secretary to the Lord High Chamberlain.

**Marquess of Befford:** A friend of the Prince of Wales.

**Private Joseph McGill:** A member of the guard at Buckingham Palace.

**Private Thomas McNeal:** The Victim and a member of the guard at Buckingham Palace.

**Private Michael Murphy:** A member of the guard at Buckingham Palace.

**Mr. Patrick Murphy:** A common laborer.

**Dr. Wesley Thornton:** A surgeon to the royal family.

**Captain Jacob Treadwell:** Captain of the Guard at Buckingham Palace.

**Mr. Robert Turncliff:** The Lord High Chamberlain's principal assistant.

**William Turpin:** A silversmith working for Reginald Ware, Silver-smiths of Piccadilly.

**Queen Victoria:** Ruler of the United Kingdom since 1837.

**Vincent:** Richard Harrington's servant.

**Admiral Sir George Weathersley:** A ranking member of the Admiralty and a distant relative of Queen Victoria.

**Captain Lesley Wren:** A company commander in the guard regiment.

## PROLOGUE

It was the sheer effrontery of it that galled the Chamberlain the most. British sentries had been attacked before, but never in the courtyard of Buckingham Palace! He had been summoned from a warm bed by the Officer-of-the-Guard and brought out into the sleet and January cold to find the injured man lying unconscious in front of his sentry box being tended by a doctor.

"We found him in there," said the Guard officer, a Captain whose name the Chamberlain could never remember, indicating the narrow box with the peaked roof used to protect sentries from the elements. "Under normal circumstances I would have taken care of the matter myself, Lord Chamberlain, but I thought you might want to have a look."

"A look at what, Captain?" the Chamberlain asked.

"At this," the officer replied, handing over a metal cylinder he had taken from his coat pocket. "The sentry clutched it in his hand. I had a devil of a time taking it from him."

The cylinder was a foot long and nearly two inches in diameter. Made of brass richly embossed with silver and a little gold, it was an item the Chamberlain recognized at once, having seen it many times.

"The Queen's seal of state?" he asked incredulously. "You found it in the sentry's hand? That is quite impossible. Only the Queen's official staff and family have access to her study."

"It is true nevertheless, Lord Chamberlain. That is why I sent for you."

"You were quite right to do so, Captain," the older man sighed, wrapping his cloak more tightly around him. "How is your man?"

"The doctor is tending him. He should be able to tell us something by now."

The two men walked over to the unconscious figure lying on a blanket and covered by a tarpaulin. The injured man's face was slack, and there were great bruises along the left side of his jaw and temple. The Chamberlain saw that he was hatless and after a moment, spotted his crumpled bearskin in one corner of the sentry box. His attention was drawn back as the doctor stood.

"Well, doctor, will he be all right?" the Captain asked.

"I very much doubt it, although it is difficult to say with head wounds. You did right not to move him. His scapula is broken, as are several ribs on the left side. He has been quite thoroughly beaten, probably with a heavy object. He was also stabbed in the chest with a long, thin blade but since there was almost no blood, I believe that may have happened near the end of the struggle."

"How is it that the other sentry in the courtyard did not hear the commotion, Captain?" demanded the Chamberlain. "His station is less than a hundred feet away."

"It was the weather, Lord Chamberlain," the guard officer replied, stiffening slightly at the implied criticism. "The sleet and rain were heavy last night, and there was a very thick fog off the Thames just before dawn. The sentries are instructed to stay in their boxes in such weather unless they are needed."

"Did no one check on him?"

"The sergeant and I became involved in settling an altercation between two merchants making deliveries at the service entrance. When the sergeant came round with the relief, he found McNeal here slumped over in his box unconscious."

"What do you make of it, then?" asked the Chamberlain.

"Robbery would be my guess, Lord Chamberlain. McNeal must have caught the fellow sneaking out of the palace."

"You believe a thief would attempt to sneak out the main entrance of the palace?" the Chamberlain said, a note of disbelief in his voice.

"With the rain and the fog so heavy it might be the logical exit. The service entrance is quite busy then."

"Perhaps you are right, Captain," the older man replied, but the tone of his voice indicated he thought otherwise.

"Will he recover?" Queen Victoria asked.

"I think not, Your Majesty," the Chamberlain replied. "He looked as if he might die at any moment."

"That poor man. To lie in the cold and rain for so long," she sighed sadly. "It is a tragedy."

"Your Majesty, you do not yet know the worst of it."

"What do you mean, Lord Chamberlain?"

"He was beaten nearly to death with this." The Chamberlain unwrapped the cylindrical seal and handed it to her.

"With my seal? Surely there has been some mistake. He could not possibly have been struck with my seal."

"Your Majesty, I have checked your study, and it is indeed Your Majesty's seal. I have had it cleaned, but you can see where the metal is scratched and the gold and silver inlay torn away."

"So it is," Queen Victoria replied reluctantly after looking closely at the seal. "I begin to see what you mean. How did it come to be there when only my staff and my family have access to my study?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"Lord Chamberlain, I simply cannot have another scandal involving the royal household, not after what the newspapers printed about the Tranby Croft affair. It could irretrievably damage the prestige of the monarchy."

"We still do not know what happened, Your Majesty. There may be some other explanation. At the moment the guard officer believes the sentry was attacked by a thief attempting to make off with the seal."

"You do not seriously believe that, do you?" The Queen asked disdainfully.

The Lord Chamberlain stiffened visibly. "No, Your Majesty, I do not. But the young Captain does not know how difficult it would be for a thief to reach Your Majesty's study."

"Well then, where does that leave us?"

"With the staff and family, Your Majesty, though I cannot imagine why anyone would want Your Majesty's seal."

"Other than Mr. Gladstone to affix to his Home Rule bill," she sniffed disdainfully. "What about your staff?"

"I believe I can vouch for all of them, Your Majesty. No one on my staff had the opportunity last evening."

"And that leaves the royal family, I believe," she concluded resignedly.

"Yes, Your Majesty, and possibly their friends. Shall I summon Scotland Yard?"

"Not yet, Lord Chamberlain. This poor man has not died, you say?"

“That is correct, Your Majesty. At least not yet.”

“If I summon the police, the story will appear in the evening newspapers, and the low and scurrilous will insist that the sentry was beaten by a member of my immediate family! They will never say it directly, but some of them will hint that the Prince of Wales is somehow responsible.”

“But we must report the crime, Your Majesty. The man may die.”

“I will not have my family dragged across the front page of every London newspaper without cause, Lord Chamberlain. The man has not died; he is merely unconscious. No, I should like for you to investigate this affair yourself. If you can uncover the culprit, we may keep my family out of it.”

“But, Your Majesty, if the man dies...” the Chamberlain protested.

“Then I shall have no choice but to summon the police. However, until that happens I should like our own investigation to proceed. Forty-eight hours should be sufficient. Stop! I know what you are about to say,” she continued, raising her hand to forestall another protest. “You need not conduct the investigation yourself. Choose someone capable, someone who can be relied upon for discretion.”

“Yes, Your Majesty,” he replied, accepting the inevitability of it.

“And one more thing, Lord Chamberlain,” the Queen continued. “I will not have members of my family questioned by a commoner. Whomever you choose to investigate must be of noble birth.”

“It should be perfectly obvious that none of what you have heard here is to be mentioned outside this room. Should the newspapers get wind of this, the Queen will sack the lot of us. Now, I should like to entertain your suggestions.” The Lord Chamberlain pushed back from the desk over which he had been addressing his subordinates and stood expectantly, his hands behind his back.

"I do not believe that the investigator should be any of the palace staff," replied Robert Turncliff, his principal assistant. "The repercussions could be horrendous for all of us, especially if a member of the royal family takes insult."

"None of the Queen's family is qualified to investigate the matter," added Samuel Johnston, another subordinate.

"I have already reached those conclusions myself, gentlemen," commented the Chamberlain dryly. "Now tell me who qualifies. I must confess, I have not been able to think of a single name."

"What about one of the Prince of Wales' friends?" asked Johnston. "Surely one of them could qualify." He was startled to see both of the other men blanch at his suggestion.

"Certainly not," swore the Chamberlain. "Those friends of his have given the Queen so many sleepless nights that the very suggestion of appointing one of them would have the royal headsman sharpening his axe. You have not been here long, Mister Johnston. Matters have been quiet for a good while now, but they have not always been so."

Johnston sat back in his chair, somewhat chagrined. "I always thought the stories were greatly exaggerated."

"Well, they were not!" snapped the Chamberlain. "What about you, Robert?"

"I have just had a thought, Lord Chamberlain," he replied. "I read last week that the Earl of Marne's son is in London. It was in the Times, I believe. Something to do with medical research."

"I read that article," interrupted Johnston excitedly. "The research he is doing is a study of the causes of criminal behavior in the insane. The paper also said he freely quotes that detective fellow, Sherlock Holmes."

"Now, I believe, we have something," exclaimed the Chamberlain with a gleam in his eye. "Provincial nobility not likely to be out to even old scores. An investigator with an understanding of the criminal mind. A logical candidate, gentlemen, one who will satisfy the Queen, and one unlikely to bring his mistakes home to roost with us. Send Sir Henry to fetch him." *Turn to 149.*

## 100

You decide not to risk offending this powerful noble. His father is on the board of the St. Thomas Hospital, where you eventually wish to pursue your studies. *Turn to 265.*

## 101

Suddenly, it all makes sense. This reckless idiot brought a woman into Buckingham Palace, and in all likelihood she is an adventuress of the most common sort! If this becomes public knowledge, the scandal could forever tarnish the Prince of Wales' image. No one would believe he knew nothing about it.

The British people have been tolerant and even amused by his antics for the past thirty years because he has always been careful not to diminish the prestige of the Queen. But this is too close to the heart of the monarchy itself. Lord Befford has all but handed the newspapers the means to destroy the Prince of Wales and damage Queen Victoria.

"Lord Befford, my advice to you is to get 'Mr. Eagleton' out of the palace immediately. I should not mention this to anyone." *Turn to 265.*

## 102

You decide to await the Admiral's return. Walking back to the Chamberlain's office, you see an unusual amount of activity in the staff offices and stop a staff member to ask what is afoot. He tells you that McNeal has died and the police have been summoned. You have very little time.

Walking back to Admiral Weathersley's room, you glance outside and see him getting out of a cab in the courtyard. You decide to allow him a chance to get to his rooms before confronting him. *Turn to 165.*

## 103

"I found a small, fresh bloodstain on the floor of the sentry box. I do not know if it is significant."

"If they found the sentry as you described and the stab wound was small, it could have come from his assailant. Remember that when you are dealing with those whom you suspect."

“Did you learn anything by questioning the other soldiers?” asks Dr. Watson.

- *If you checked Clue D, turn to 389.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 313.*

## 104

You decide to go see Sherlock Holmes. You dearly need to consult with him on the progress of your investigation. You hail a cab, telling the driver to take you to 221 Baker Street. *Turn to 419.*

## 105

The door opens to reveal a heavy-bodied, brooding hulk of a man. You look for some resemblance to Private Murphy but see none. A frail-looking woman stands behind him wringing her hands.

“Mr. Murphy?”

“That I am, Patrick Murphy. Are you from the police then?”

“No, Mr. Murphy,” you answer. “I am Richard Huntington. I only wish to speak with your brother. I shall not harm him in any way.”

“I told you,” wails the woman. “I told you, Mr. Murphy. That brother of yours has done us in proper, see if he ain’t.”

“Keep quiet, woman! We ain’t done nothin’.” Then he looks back to you. “Michael ain’t here, that’s the truth of it. He was here but he left sometime back. I don’t know where he went neither.” Then he begins to shut the door.

As the door shuts you see something and put your foot between the door and the jam. You saw a movement in the room behind Patrick Murphy, and you have a good idea who it is. You push the door back open.

“I know he is here,” you say. Your words galvanize Private Murphy to action. In a flash, he is at the window and then through it. *Pick a number and add your Athletics bonus:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 475.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 133.*

"Perhaps you are right, Mr. Huntington," Detective Gregson admits grudgingly after you explain, "but I dislike having to give way in a criminal proceedings to an untrained investigator. Even if you played no part in the decision, you should have counseled against it."

"I admit I have had no formal training, Detective Gregson, but I did have the best teacher. I have spent many hours at 221 Baker Street with Sherlock Holmes, who I believe is an acquaintance of yours."

"Yes, I know him," Gregson admits reluctantly. "He is a fine detective in his own way."

"What do you mean, 'in his own way', Detective Gregson?" you demand somewhat hotly. "Surely Sherlock Holmes has solved more cases than any detective in Scotland Yard! And I would wager that many of them were cases in which Scotland Yard could make no progress."

"I will give you that as well, Mr. Huntington," he says holding up his hand to stop your impassioned defence of Holmes. "I did not mean to impugn his abilities; his talents are legendary. It is his motives that I disdain."

"What do you mean?" you ask intrigued.

"He is not a professional, Mr. Huntington. He is an amateur — a gifted amateur I will admit, but an amateur all the same. To him these cases are games, the more difficult and bizarre the circumstances the better. His motive in solving the crime is to demonstrate that he is more clever and more cunning than the smartest criminal — and all the detectives of Scotland Yard in the bargain."

"I am a professional, Mr. Huntington. I became a detective because I wish to make the streets of London safe for the likes of you to walk. It is my life and profession. It is not a game."

"Yet do you not go to him for advice upon occasion?" you demand.

"I would consult with the devil himself if would net me a criminal. I know my limitations, Mr. Huntington. Solving the case is more important than winning the game."

You would be more impressed with his position if you had not often heard Sherlock Holmes complain that Scotland Yard claims the credit for his successes.

"I should think, Detective Gregson, that there is enough crime for both Mr. Holmes and yourself."

"Quite right, Mr. Huntington, and Mr. Holmes has proven himself both effective and reliable over the years. You have not. Again I ask, why you?"

You sigh. "Because I am of noble birth, Detective Gregson. Queen Victoria did not wish to have members of her family questioned by commoners in a criminal matter."

"What! The Queen? What has she to do with this?"

You had been hoping to avoid this. Silently, you take the royal writ out of your pocket and hand it to him. With a quizzical look he opens the parchment and reads it.

When he is finished, he hands it back to you. "It was the newspapers, was it not? They just finished pillorying the Prince of Wales over some sort of gambling scandal. She apparently thought they would show the same lack of restraint in this affair."

"Precisely."

"Humph! She may have been right," he says thoughtfully, the anger leaving his voice. "Had they gotten wind of it, few of them would have been able to resist the temptation. Well, I do not agree with her reasons, but I can at least understand them." Then he shrugs, throwing off his irritation. "On to business; tell me again what you have learned during the course of your investigation." *Turn to 342.*

## 107

"Very well, Detective Gregson," you say, rising to shake his hand. "I will place the matter in your capable hands. As for me, I must see the Lord High Chamberlain."

"Good day to you, Mr. Huntington. Thank you for your assistance." *Turn to 137.*



## 108

There are still some puzzling aspects to this case. In an effort to crystalize the questions in your mind, you decide to visit Sherlock Holmes.

You arrive at 221 B Baker Street to find Dr. Watson looking in on Holmes. Holmes, in good cheer, is suffering Dr. Watson's ministrations without complaint. "I shall have something to tell you by spring, Watson," he says with a wicked grin. "By then I shall have this skein unraveled enough to see where the threads cross."

"I am quite certain I have no idea what you mean, Holmes," Dr. Watson replies. "But whatever it is has improved your health. I can find no trace of the illness you manifested merely two days past."

"I told you, my dear Watson, that was a purification process, and a most singular one it is too. I permitted myself to become ill so that I might destroy the illness. In a manner of speaking, I lured it into the open where it could be destroyed — using my body as both bait and weapon. In this manner the illness could not creep upon me and incapacitate me during the course of an investigation."

"I must say, Holmes, it sounds preposterous," comments Dr. Watson, shaking his head and smiling at you. "Had I not seen you two days ago, I would have sworn you could not have been that ill. It is totally beyond anything I have ever seen."

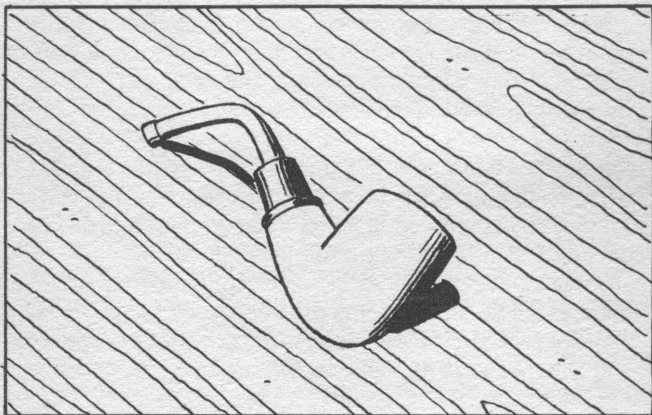
"The method is not new. Eastern mystics have used it for centuries. I intend to explore these techniques more fully sometime in the future. But...we are keeping Richard waiting." Holmes waves you to a chair. "My apologies, Richard, but the good doctor simply will not countenance anything in medicine so totally outside his ken. You would think he took it as a personal affront."

"It is quite all right, Mr. Holmes," you reply. "I found it most interesting."

"There must have been some new developments in your case, Richard. Have you caught your man?"

"Yes, it was Admiral Weathersley, but that is not why I am here. Please permit me to bring you up to date." You relate what you have learned.

- *If you checked Result M but not Results N & O, turn to 293.*
- *If you checked Result N but not Result O, turn to 298.*
- *If you checked Result O, turn to 505.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 305.*



"The particular fly in this ointment is the ship plans, Detective Gregson."

"What do you mean?" asks the policeman with a smile.

"To the best of my knowledge, they have not been recovered. If Admiral Weathersley did not recover them and they were not found by the Sergeant-of-the-Guard, they were taken by someone else."

"They could have been blown away by the wind," suggests Gregson.

"Not very likely," you reply. "The rain would have made them wet and too heavy for the wind to lift."

"And what does that tell you, Mr. Huntington?" *Pick a number and add your Scholarship bonus:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 467.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 153.*

## 110

His face turns red. Without warning, he picks up a heavy silver candlestick and swings at you. *Pick a number and add your Athletics bonus:*

- *If 2-5, turn to 455.*
- *If 6-12, turn to 388.*

## 111

"I am very sorry, Detective Gregson, but I cannot do that," you reply. "I was given a mandate by the Queen herself to pursue this matter to its conclusion, and I shall do so. Now if you will excuse me, I have business elsewhere."

Gregson shakes a finger at you. "If you will not take a request, Mr. Huntington, perhaps you will heed a warning. Do not hinder or impede my investigation in any way, or I will see to it that you are placed in police custody until this matter is concluded. Am I making myself understood?"

"Quite, Detective Gregson," you reply unperturbed. You expected the threat when you did not accede to his wishes.

"Very well, sir," He stands but does not offer to shake your hand. *Check Result M. Turn to 108.*

112

"Yes, I believe I can. I believe the accomplice is the Sergeant-of-the-Guard. It is his responsibility to check on the alertness of the sentries at their post, and he would have had the best opportunity to do so. It has to be him." *Turn to 118.*

113

"I am very sorry, My Lord, but I must insist." *Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 362.
- If 7-12, turn to 346.



114

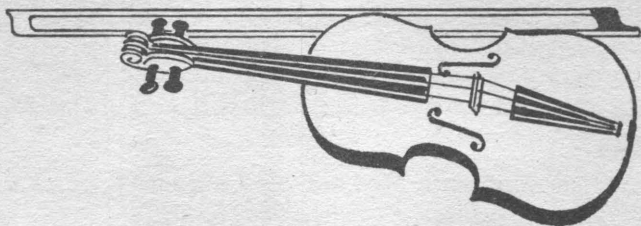
You agree to meet with Detective Gregson. The two of you go into his office, where he shows you to a chair and sits down behind a desk opposite you. *Turn to 237.*

115

"Yes, I believe I can. The evidence points to the Officer-of-the-Guard. As the commander of the guard detail, Captain Treadwell had the best opportunity of anyone to visit the sentries at their post. It has to be him." *Turn to 118.*

116

"Yes, I believe I can. The evidence would suggest it is Private Murphy. After all, the plans were of such importance to the Separatists that he could easily have been chosen to watch Private McNeal. Since he is a member of the guard, though not on duty that evening, he could have gained access to the palace grounds without being recorded in the logs. He probably secured the plans and left. It must be him." *Turn to 118.*



### 117

"Hmm," you say thoughtfully. You reason it can only be Private McGill, the other sentry on duty within the courtyard that evening. For information as important as this, the Separatists would never have depended on one man, no matter how capable and loyal.

McGill was the only one with the opportunity. The officers were engaged in the dispute among the merchants, and Private Murphy was in police custody for fighting.

The question is, do you tell Detective Gregson your reasoning? If you do, he may insist that you relinquish an active part in the investigation. On the other hand, if you do not and continue to actively pursue your suspicions, he could have you arrested. *Check Deduction 4.*

- *If you tell him what you suspect, turn to 139.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 151.*

### 118

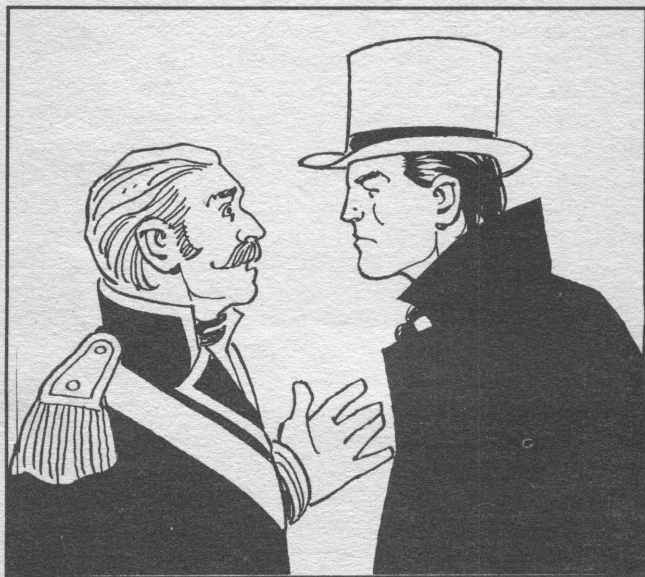
"Thank you, Mr. Huntington. You may very well be correct. I shall put the suspect to the question, and in short order we shall know the truth. In the meantime, please allow me a request. Permit Scotland Yard to conclude this investigation. You have done well thus far, all things considered; however, events may take a delicate turn now, and the actions of an amateur could well prove disastrous. Will you honor my request?"

- *If you agree, turn to 134.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 138.*

You thank the maid and walk down the corridor until you are out of sight. You wait until you think she is gone and then quickly make your way back to Admiral Weathersley's door. Glancing up and down the corridor, you try the door. It is unlocked. You go inside.

The Admiral may return at any moment. You are uncertain about whether the Queen's writ pardons what you are about to do, but you have already decided to do it. Perhaps you can find something to help you make sense of this affair. You start your search in the Admiral's sitting room. *Pick a number and add your Observation bonus:*

- If 2-5, turn to 148.
- If 6-12, turn to 130.



There is silence for a moment. Then the door opens. "Please come in," says Admiral Sir George Weathersley. He is not what you expected. From what Sir Henry told you earlier, this Admiral has never been to sea. He has worked all his adult life in the labyrinth of the Admiralty, rising to his present post through meticulous attention to detail and sheer hard work. You had expected to find a small, wizened gnome, his body pale and undernourished from years of neglect.

Instead, what you see is a hale and hardy man of middle years. Admiral Weathersley is of average height with curly black hair, greying at the temples. His skin has color, and his eyes are dark. His middle is beginning to thicken, and there are lines around his eyes, but he looks more like your ideal of the captain of a three-masted frigate than any naval officer you have ever met. The effect is diminished only somewhat by the half-frame reading glasses perched on his nose.

"Very well, what is it?" he asks, waving you to a seat.

You take a moment to look around before replying. You find he has but two rooms: this sitting room and a small bedroom through the open door on the far side of the room. The sitting room, though spacious, doubles as a study or office and is crammed with several chairs, a desk, a large wardrobe, and file boxes of papers. There are a number of pictures on the wall reflecting his nautical profession and a large portrait of a very striking woman in a place of honor. The Admiral's dead wife, you suppose. Your inspection complete, your eyes return to Admiral Weathersley.

He has noticed your actions and appears somewhat irritated. "If you have quite finished, may we proceed?"

"Yes, Admiral," you answer. "I should like to ask you a few questions about an incident which took place at the palace early this morning."

"What incident?" he asks, becoming agitated. *Pick a number and add your Observation bonus:*

- If 2-5, turn to 240.
- If 6-12, turn to 409.

## 121

You believe he is telling the truth.

- *If you have not checked Decision 16, turn to 473.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 265.*

## 122

For a moment, something about the ceremony you witnessed jogs your memory, but the connection refuses to surface. *Check Result B. Turn to 235.*

## 123

One of the boards under your feet gives more than it ought, so you bend down and brush away the flour. A trap door! You open it and climb down the steps into a hidden cellar. Inside, you find row upon row of flour bags. You test several at random, but they appear to contain nothing but flour. There must something strange going on here. *Pick a number and add your Scholarship bonus:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 175.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 441.*



## 124

When you finish, he looks at you for a long moment before replying. "I am sorry, Mr. Huntington, but I cannot help you very much. I can, however, assure you my friends could not have had anything to do with the crime. You said something about the guards on the stairs. That reminded me of the hallway guards who are not present during the day but are on duty at night. There is no way any of my inebriated friends could have gotten past them, in the condition they were in. I give you my word they did not have anything to do with the assault on the gate guard." *Check Clue K.*

- *If you question the merchants, turn to 417.*
- *If you question Admiral Weathersley, turn to 265.*

## 125

You do not believe him and decide to press him harder. "My Lord, I have good reason to believe you do know where Mr. Eagleton is. If you do not tell me, I shall be forced to take the matter to the Queen. Now will you tell me?" *Pick a number:*

- If 2-6, turn to 446.
- If 7-12, turn to 222.

## 126

You find a patrolling constable and turn Holston over to him, explaining his behavior and your suspicions. Then you leave, having wasted enough time here. *Turn to 289.*

## 127

"After that, I turned Private Murphy over to his superiors and returned to the palace."

"And what of the Officer-of-the-Guard?" asks Holmes.

- If you checked Decision 9, turn to 208.
- Otherwise, turn to 456.

## 128

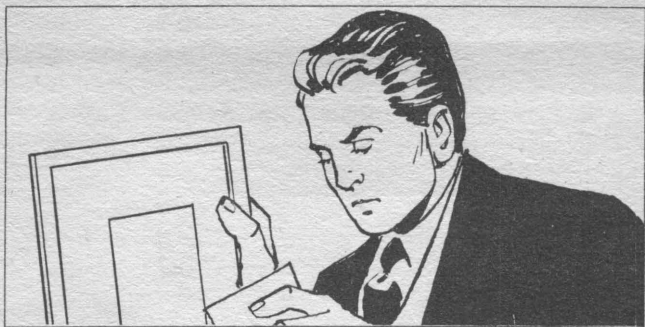
"I have no time for this," he replies, turning back to his customer.

"Mr. Larson, either you will speak to me or you will speak to the police," you counter. "How many of these respectable people will do business with you if they believe you to be a criminal?"

"Prove you have some authority to question me, and I will cooperate. If you cannot, leave now." *Turn to 262.*

## 129

The inside of the sentry box is dark, poorly lit by the overcast sky, and smells musty. You poke around inside, but the box has been recently swept. You are about to leave when you see a scrap of paper caught under the baseboard. You take it out and examine it. There appears to be nothing remarkable about it at first glance. Its shape is triangular, and there is nothing written on it. You try to think what to do next. *Check Clue B. Turn to 494.*



### 130

You notice that the ashes in the fireplace have been carefully raked. Most of the fileboxes scattered over the floor are gone. You search the wardrobe and the desk without success, although you find correspondence from the Queen. Apparently Admiral Weathersley was telling the truth when he said he acted as a liaison between the Queen and the Admiralty.

Having no success in the sitting room, you carry your search into the bedroom. This room is nearly as crowded as the sitting room, though smaller. You find nothing and return to the sitting room. Discouraged, you plop down into Admiral Weathersley's leather overstuffed chair and gaze off into the distance, thinking.

Gradually, your eyes focus on a painting you have been staring at for several minutes. It is an picture of a British ship-of-the-line under full sail, bearing down on a French ship with her guns blazing. It is an undistinguished painting; you have seen dozens like it lining the walls along Hyde Park on Sunday afternoons.

But the picture is not what caught your eye. It is the picture frame. The frame hangs just a little crooked, exposing a small triangle of wall paper not as faded as that on the wall. It is this small sector of brighter wallpaper that attracted your attention.

You get to your feet and walk over to the picture, pulling the frame away from the wall and looking behind it. The matting on the back of the picture has a very suspicious-looking lump. You pull out your penknife and spread the matting, extracting a single sheet of folded paper. With shaking hands, you unfold it and begin to read:

*My Darling,*

*Someone has found us out! I am terrified! He approached me in Kensington Gardens and said that unless you agreed to help him, he would tell Otto about us. Oh, I am so afraid, my darling. If Otto finds out he will kill me and probably you too. Please, please do as the man says. I could not bear to lose you! You are everything to me, my love, and I am confident you will save us.*

*Will I see you Thursday next? Please come. I must see you, even if it is too dangerous to speak with you. Oh, why did I not meet you first?*

*I shall remain forever,  
Yours,  
L.*

Now you settle back down in Admiral Weathersley's leather chair to await his return. *Check Clue R. Turn to 404.*



### 131

You bolt after him, barely managing to keep him in sight. Then he runs through a sidestreet into Covent Garden, and you lose sight of him. You dash around from stall to stall, but it is hopeless. He has vanished. *Turn to 290.*

"You did not ask the Admiral about the woman's picture in his watch because it was ungentlemanly?"

"That is correct, Mr. Holmes," you reply.

"I thought I had taught you better than that, Richard. Even that dolt Athelney Jones from Scotland Yard would not have shied from asking embarrassing questions. It was a singularly stupid thing to do! My instincts tell me that our good Admiral was the victim of blackmail. At the hands of Private McNeal! The woman may be the key," he continues. "You must discover why the Admiral does not want the information to be made public. I cannot countenance your actions in this regard, Richard."

"Yes, I see what you mean, Mr. Holmes," you say, reddening at the justified rebuke. "How should I rectify the mistake?"  
*Turn to 218.*

You take your foot from the door and dash down the stairs three at a time, out the front door and around to the back of the building. You arrive there about the same time that the Private drops to the ground and collar him before he can run.

"I have you now, Private," you say. "I promised your mates I would not hand you over to the police. But, Private Murphy, you will tell me what I wish to know, or you will wish I had."

*Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- If 2-6, *turn to 274.*
- If 7-12, *turn to 350.*

"Very well, Detective Gregson," you say, rising to shake his hand. "I will place the matter in your capable hands. I am certain you will extract the truth in short order. As for me, I must see the Lord High Chamberlain."

"Good day to you, Mr. Huntington. Thank you for your assistance." *Turn to 137.*



### 135

You are convinced that the man is telling the truth; his manner is one of an honest fellow. You thank and dismiss him, then thank the man you first spoke to, assuring him that William Turpin is blameless. Then you leave. *Turn to 289.*

### 136

Having caused enough trouble for the baker today, you release him and leave. *Turn to 289.*

### 137

You decide to answer the Chamberlain's request, so you make your way to his office, where you are shown in to see him immediately. He rises to greet you. "Ah, Mr. Huntington," he says. "So glad you could take the time to see me."

"A pleasure, Lord Chamberlain," you reply.

"I wish to thank you for your assistance in this affair. I understand you caught the murderer. Fine work, Mr. Huntington. I am certain the Queen will be pleased to have this unfortunate incident brought to a successful conclusion."

"A man was killed, Lord Chamberlain," you say.

"Why yes, of course," he replies with a faint smile, "and not by anyone important. The Admiral's blood relationship to the Queen is faint, you see. He was allowed to live in the palace on the Queen's sufferance because of the love the Queen bore Admiral Weathersley's dead wife. There will be no sordid speculation in the newspapers. That is enough."

"I see," you say. You cannot disagree with the Chamberlain's logic, but what you have heard has somehow tarnished your victory. Now you just want to be away from this man. "If you will excuse me, Lord Chamberlain."

"Of course, Mr. Huntington, of course," he favors you with a tight-lipped smile, "but there is one other matter we must settle before you leave."

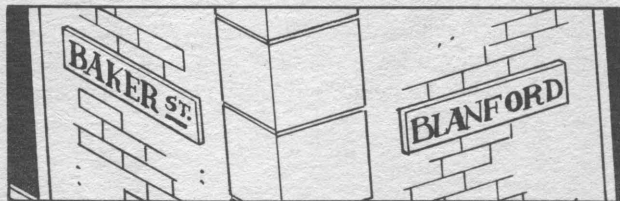
"And what is that, Lord Chamberlain?" you ask coldly.

"Why your audience with the Queen, of course. She insisted upon seeing you if your investigation came to a successful conclusion without drawing the attention of the newspapers. Will Friday next suit?"

"Yes, of course."

"I thought it might," he says with just a tinge of mockery as he shows you out the door.

- If you checked Result J, turn to 255.
- Otherwise, turn to 343.



138

"I am very sorry, Detective Gregson, but I cannot do that," you reply. "I was given a mandate by the Queen herself to pursue this matter to its conclusion, and I shall do so. I have given you all the information I have, but I must see the matter through. I can do no less. Now if you will excuse me, I have business elsewhere."

Gregson shakes a finger at you. "If you will not take a request, Mr. Huntington, perhaps you will heed a warning. Do not hinder or impede my investigation in any way, or I shall see to it that you are placed in police custody until this matter is concluded. Am I making myself understood?"

"Quite, Detective Gregson," you reply unperturbed. You expected the threat when you did not accede to his wishes.

"Very well, sir," He stands but does not offer to shake your hand. *Check Result M. Turn to 108.*

You decide to pursue the safe course and try to work within the official investigation. You tell Detective Gregson whom you suspect.

"Thank you, Mr. Huntington," he replies. "You may very well be correct. I cannot fault your logic in ruling out the other likely candidates, and I especially appreciate the fact that you have ruled out the guard officers because they were settling a dispute among the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker." He favors you with a sardonic smile. "Nonetheless, I shall put Private McGill to the question, and in short order we shall know the truth.

"In the meantime," he continues, "please allow me to present a request. Permit Scotland Yard to conclude this investigation. You have done well thus far, all things considered; however, events will take a delicate turn now and the actions of an amateur could well prove disastrous. Will you honor my request?"

- *If you do as he requests, turn to 134.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 306.*

"I will tell you whatever you wish to know, Mr. Huntington," he replies, spreading his hands in surrender. "I have never thought myself a murderer; it was the first time I have ever killed anyone. The deed weighs heavily upon my conscience."

"He was blackmailing you then?" you ask.

"Yes, but you already know that," he replies.

"What was he using as evidence?"

"I will not discuss that part of it, sir," he states flatly. "I will tell you whatever you want to know about my own actions, Mr. Huntington, but I will not drag an innocent person's name into this sordid episode. Please respect my feeling upon this matter. That person would be in grave danger, should certain information be revealed."

"I will respect your wishes, Admiral Weathersley. For the moment anyway," you reply, adding the last as you remember Holmes' recent admonition. "What did Private McNeal want from you?" *Turn to 476.*

## 141

"Were you able to learn anything from the other guards in the guard room?" asks Holmes.

- *If you checked Result D, turn to 238.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 438.*

## 142

"I then decided to return to the palace."

"And what of the Officer-of-the-Guard?" asks Holmes.

- *If you checked Decision 9, turn to 208.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 456.*

## 143

You decide to question the Sergeant-of-the-Guard because he found Private McNeal and may be able to provide additional details. Also you are fairly certain he will know more about McNeal than does the Captain. Upon inquiry, you find him in the small office near the Guard room at one side of the palace. He stands as you enter. "May I help you, sir?" he asks.

"Possibly, Sergeant," you reply. "I have been appointed by the Lord High Chamberlain to investigate the assault on your man. I should like to ask you a few questions." *Check Decision 3. Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- *If 2-5, turn to 385.*
- *If 6-12, turn to 315.*



## 144

"My Lord, before you issue challenge, there is something you must know. I am forbidden by the Queen to accept your offer. If you would but open your door to examine the writ I hold in my hand, you should see the truth of my words." If the fool will not respond to reason, perhaps he will honor his fealty to his monarch. *Pick a number and add your Intuition bonus:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 318.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 264.*

After a long silence, one of the men steps forward, braving the glares of his fellows. "Aye, sir. I know where he went, most likely. 'Tis said he has a brother who lives along the canal in the East End."

"Which canal, soldier?" you ask.

"The Grand Union Canal, sir."

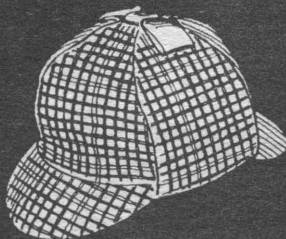
"Thank you," you say to the men in general. "I assure you that he will come to no harm provided that he has committed no crime." You have a lead.

- *If you decide the East End is too far and instead go to see Sherlock Holmes, turn to 434.*
- *If you travel to the East End, turn to 430.*

"But what of the Officer-of-the-Guard?" asks Holmes.

- *If you checked Decision 9, turn to 208.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 456.*

You decide that he is upset over your presence because you are preventing him from completing his work. *Turn to 453.*



After an exhaustive search, you find nothing. There is no point compounding the problems you already have, so you will await the Admiral's return somewhere other than in his rooms. Walking back down to the Chamberlain's office you see an unusual amount of activity in the staff offices and stop to ask what is afoot. A man tells you that McNeal has died, and the police have been summoned. You have very little time.

Walking back to Admiral Weathersley's room, you glance outside and see him getting out of a cab in the courtyard. You decide to allow him to get to his rooms before confronting him. *Turn to 165.*

You are in the study reading your notes when the doorbell rings. Vincent, your servant, walks through the room on his way to the front door. You hear the sounds of muffled conversation as someone enters. The door closes.

After a moment, Vincent comes into the study. "Excuse me, sir, but there's a man from the government to see you on a confidential matter."

"Very well, Vincent," you reply, putting your papers back in your rolltop desk. "Show him in."

A moment later Vincent returns with a well-dressed stranger. "Good morning, sir," the man begins after your servant departs, shutting the door behind him. "Before I introduce myself, may I ask if you are Richard Lloyd Huntington, second son of the Earl of Marne?"

"Why, yes I am," you reply, somewhat surprised.

"Then, sir, may I present myself. I am Sir Henry Lowe, second secretary to the Lord High Chamberlain, and I have come on a very serious matter." *Turn to 364.*

"Was there anything you noticed that was out of place, out of the ordinary?" asks Holmes.

- *If you checked Clue C, turn to 103.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 168.*

"I am very sorry, Detective Gregson," you answer, "but I am afraid I cannot say with certainty who did it. There are any number of people who might have had access to McNeal that early in the morning. The palace corridors are guarded, yes, but not so closely that someone accustomed to the guard routine might not have been able to slip through unseen."

"Yes, quite," Gregson replies, the very picture of a man convinced you are holding back. "Please allow me to present a request. Permit Scotland Yard to conclude this investigation. You have done well thus far; however, events will take a delicate turn now and the actions of an amateur could well prove disastrous. Will you honor my request?"

"I would very much like to honor your request, but I regret to say I cannot," you reply. "I was given a mandate by the Queen herself to pursue this matter to its conclusion, and I shall do so. Now if you will excuse me, I have business elsewhere."

"If you will not take a request, Mr. Huntington, perhaps you will heed a warning. Do not hinder or impede my investigation in any way, or I shall see to it that you are placed in police custody until this matter is concluded. Am I making myself understood?"

"Quite, Detective Gregson," you reply unperturbed. You expected the threat when you did not accede to his wishes.

"Very well, sir," He stands but does not offer to shake your hand. *Turn to 179.*

You stare at McGill closely for a moment. When he does not flinch, you realize he will say no more. You take your leave of him.

- *If you continue to question the other guards, turn to 296.*
- *If you decide to see Sherlock Holmes, turn to 247.*

"It means, Detective Gregson, that McNeal has an accomplice, someone who found his body and instead of alerting the guard, took the plans."

"Yes, that is correct, Mr. Huntington," he sighs. *Check Deduction 5. Turn to 252.*

No one answers your knock, but some instinct tells you they have not left. You knock again. "Mr. Murphy," you say. "I am not here to arrest your brother. I merely wish to speak with him."

You hear a movement behind the door and the sounds of a whispered conversation. Then a moment later, the door opens. *Pick a number and add your Observation bonus:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 211.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 105.*

Just as the door closes in your face, you hear footsteps coming down the hall and a voice you recognize. "Who is it, Mrs. Hudson?"

"Dr. Watson," you call out. "It is Richard Huntington."

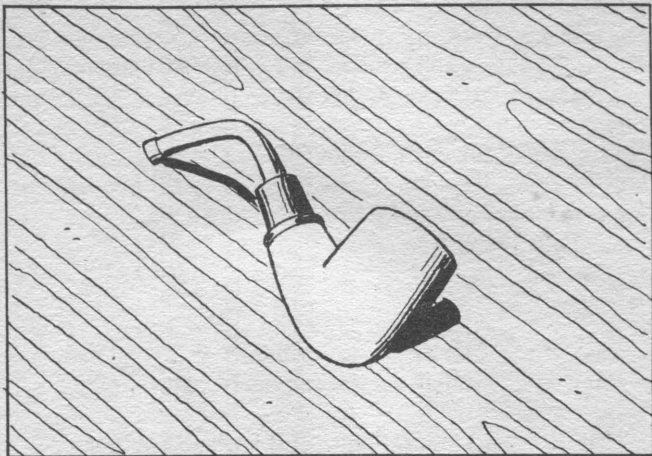
"Oh, Good Heavens, Mrs. Hudson," Dr. Watson says. "I did not mean for you to bar the door. You may allow Mr. Huntington to enter."

The door swings open and you enter. *Turn to 171.*

"The Admiral is not here," the secretary says primly. "He left several minutes ago for Buckingham Palace. If you hurry, you may catch him." *Turn to 354.*

You have caught the murderer even if you cannot prove it. At the very least, you prevented a scandal, and the Queen will be grateful for that. Scotland Yard will be very happy to take over from here, especially since you can save them time. You wish you had been able to carry the investigation to a more successful conclusion, but given the limited time, you must be satisfied with a partial success.

- *If you decide to try again, turn to 452.*
- *If you want to read the solution, turn to 493.*



158

For a moment you think he is going to spring at you, but then some of the tension drains from him. He sinks into another chair across the room.

"I will tell you whatever you wish to know, Mr. Huntington," he replies, spreading his hands in surrender. "I have never thought myself a murderer; it was the first time I have ever killed anyone. The deed weighs heavily upon my conscience."

"He was blackmailing you then?" you ask.

"Yes, but you already know that," he replies, shrugging.

"What was he using as evidence?"

"I will not discuss that part of it, sir," he states flatly. "I will tell you whatever you want to know about my own actions, Mr. Huntington, but I will not drag an innocent person's name into this sordid episode. Please respect my feeling upon this matter. That person would be in grave danger, should certain information be revealed."

"I will respect your wishes, Admiral Weathersley. For the moment anyway," you reply, adding the last as you remember Holmes' recent admonition. "What did Private McNeal want from you?" *Turn to 476.*

You search the bunk, even stripping off the sheet, but find nothing. Neither the wardrobe nor the trunk reveals anything. Examining the barracks common areas, you find nothing. You decide that it was a good idea in principle, but the results are disappointing.

- *If you have not checked Decision 18 and wish to talk with the other soldiers, turn to 428.*
- *If you seek out Captain Treadwell, turn to 227.*
- *If you consult with Sherlock Holmes, turn to 419.*

## 160

"It is the rope for you, then," you say.

"The rope! For what?" Your remark seems to have loosened his tongue.

"For murder, Mr. Holston," you reply.

"For using unlicensed flour?" He seems genuinely frightened and confused. At the moment, you are also confused.

"Unlicensed flour? What are you saying, man? Is that why you ran?"

"Yes, sir," Holston replies. "Are you not of the customs service?"

"No, I am not," you say dejectedly.

- *If you turn him over to the police, turn to 126.*
- *If you leave, turn to 136.*

## 161

He laughs in your face. You are in danger of losing his respect. "I believe you are on the wrong track, Mr. Huntington. There is almost certainly a foreign power involved. Everything points to it. Can you guess who might profit from the information the blackmailers wanted from Admiral Weathersley?"

You look at him blankly. "I am sure I have no idea, Detective Gregson," you reply frostily.

"I shall give you a choice, Mr. Huntington," he continues. "I believe it is either Germany or the United States. Can you guess why?"

- *If you believe it is the United States, turn to 431.*
- *If you believe it is Germany, turn to 249.*

## 162

After another short wait, you hear the sound of boots being stamped and someone marching to the door. It swings open and Lord Sumpter stands revealed. You can see he had been quite handsome in his youth, though now he shows his age, even more than the Prince. He is a little below medium height and portly, his hair in disarray. He squints up at you in pain and surprise.

"Big chap, are you not?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Would you mind awfully if we put off your thrashing to another time? Beastly headache, what?"

"My pleasure, My Lord."

"Well, now that you have got me, what are you going to do with me?"

"I am here to ask you several questions about last night, my Lord."

"Questions? About what?"

"Will you please tell me if you and your friends came directly to your rooms last night?"

"Why, yes. Immediately through the door, we all packed off to bed." *Pick a number and add your Intuition bonus:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 198.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 490.*

## 163

The man seems sincere and obviously feels guilty that a fellow soldier was badly injured when he should have been able to help. *Turn to 152.*

## 164

"Do you realize that what you did was tantamount to obstructing an officer of the law, Mr. Huntington? And you did not answer my question. What makes you an expert on murder investigations? Where did you receive your training?"

- *If you attempt to mollify him again, turn to 256.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 173.*

You wait until he has had a chance to enter his room, then walk up the stairs and knock on his door.

The door opens, and the Admiral starts as he catches sight of you.

"Good afternoon, Admiral," you say evenly. "I hope I did not startle you."

"What are you doing here?" he snarls angrily. "Confound you anyway, Huntington! This is not a public room. Go away!"

"Why are you so agitated, Admiral Weathersley? Has something happened? Let me guess: Private McNeal died and now you are officially a murderer."

"I have no idea what you are talking about," he says, pouring himself a shot of rum with shaking hands.

"Surely, you did not want him to live, Admiral," you continue. "He would only have identified you, after all. Or would he? Perhaps he would have hesitated to name you. After all, you had done him quite a service, had you not?"

"What do you mean?" There is a kind of horrified fascination in his eyes now.

"Very seldom does a blackmailer betray his victim, Admiral. Of course, the reverse is not necessarily true. You may as well tell me everything. I already know most of it anyway," you say, hoping he will fall into the trap of thinking you know more than you do. *Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 140.
- If 7-12, turn to 319.

"Of course it makes sense. Should Ireland achieve Home Rule, men like McNeal will never believe the British Fleet would cease to pose a threat to them. They would argue to build a fleet of their own." *Check Result K. Turn to 204.*

You leave the parliamentary office. *Turn to 464.*

"I saw nothing untoward, Mr. Holmes," you answer. "I would have preferred to bring the seal here for you to examine, but the Chamberlain would not allow it. In fact, it would have been pointless, as he had it cleaned before returning it to the Queen."

"That is unfortunate," admits Holmes.

"Did you learn anything by questioning the other soldiers?" asks Dr. Watson.

- *If you checked Clue D, turn to 389.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 313.*



You decide to leave, having wasted enough time. You will catch up with Admiral Weathersley at Buckingham Palace where he does not have the weight of his office to shield him.

You walk back down The Mall to the palace. As you enter, you are met by a footman who informs you that the Chamberlain has requested to see you. *Turn to 278.*

"Learning that McNeal had been a member of an Irish gang might be significant, but at this moment it does not appear so. And what of the Officer-of-the-Guard?" Holmes asks.

- *If you checked Decision 9, turn to 208.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 456.*

As you climb the stairs behind Dr. Watson, he pauses for a moment at the top and says, "Mrs. Hudson was right about one thing, Richard. Holmes' health is not good at the moment. I trust you not to ask too much of him."

"Of course, Dr. Watson," you reply. "You may rely on me."

You enter Holmes' sitting room to find him in his dressing gown stretched out upon the settee. You have never seen him so thin. The sharpness of his features is dramatic, and his skin pale, as if he has been inside for a long time. His hooded eyes seem recessed even further into his skull.

"Mr. Holmes," you say, walking over to the settee to shake his hand. "I hope my visit is not inconvenient."

"Not at all, Richard," he replies, standing to take your hand. "I am not quite the invalid Dr. Watson would have you believe. In fact, I am not ill at all. I am simply preparing myself for what is to come."

"Disgraceful," mutters Dr. Watson. "Your body cannot take much more of this abuse, Holmes. You must attend to the physical needs as well as the mental."

"You are quite right, Doctor," Holmes agrees. "That is why I permit this attention."

"About time too," Dr. Watson continues unabated. "How a man of your age and intelligence could allow himself to become so weak is beyond me. It is a good thing Mrs. Hudson called me when she did." Then he looks sharply at Holmes. "She also told me that one of your Irregulars crept in here to see you. Is that true?"

"True enough, Watson. He brought me vital information. But enough about that...I believe Richard has come with a problem of his own, and as he has come from the Queen, perhaps we should listen to him."

You feel as though the floor has just fallen out from under you. You sink down in a chair and pass a hand across your forehead in consternation. "Is it in the newspapers then? Somebody must have talked. I suppose someone always does."

"Put your mind at ease, Richard," says Holmes. "There is nothing about your case in the newspapers. My body may need mending, but there is nothing wrong with my eyes."

"You cannot have deduced my mission," you say hotly. "There is no way you could have known."

"On the contrary, Richard. It was child's play," observes Holmes with a knowing look. "It was partly observation and partly deduction."

"Really, Holmes, you must explain yourself," Dr. Watson exclaims. "I cannot see how you could possibly have known this time."

Holmes favors you both with a self-satisfied smile and continues, "If you will be so good as to look at Richard's shoes, you will see part of the answer, my dear Watson. Caught between the sole and the upper part of the right shoe are two pebbles. Lying on the settee I was in a better position to see them. The pebbles are a type of imported rose quartz found only in the gardens along The Mall and in the courtyards of Buckingham Palace."

You look at your shoe. There are the two pebbles, wedged tightly into the seam. You look up. "I see the pebbles, Mr. Holmes. But how did you deduce the rest?"

"Do you remember what you did when you entered the room? You came and bent down to shake my hand, attempting to safeguard the invalid from himself. As you did, your coat fell open, and I saw a piece of parchment in the breast pocket. The parchment had a faint purple tint. That shade of parchment is made exclusively for Queen Victoria.

"I deduced that you would not have been to Buckingham Palace unless you had been summoned for a serious reason. Forgive me, Richard, but your family is not prominent enough to frequent the palace."

"No offense taken. It is true enough, I suppose."

"It was a simple matter to deduce the rest. Child's play, as I said." Holmes concludes and returns to his seat on the settee. "Now, how may I be of help?"

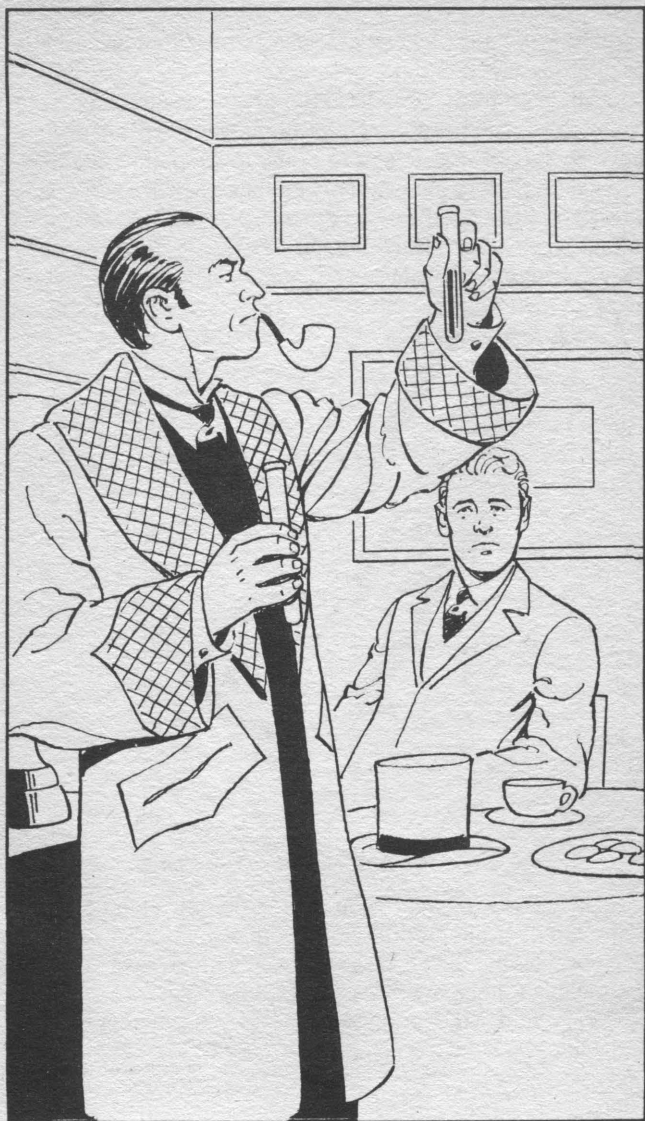
Quickly you relate the incident, summarize the results of your investigation and ask his advice.

"Before I can advise you," he replies, "I must ask several questions. First, what did you find at the scene of the crime?"

- *If you have not checked Decision 1, turn to 233.*

- *If you checked Clue B, turn to 199.*

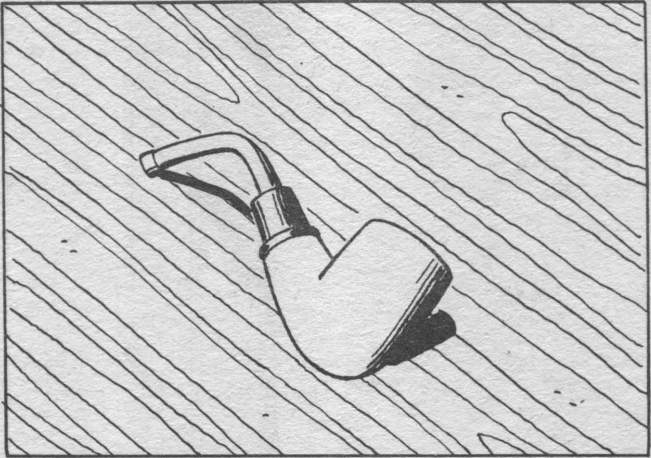
- *Otherwise, turn to 429.*



"She is certainly a lovely woman," you comment casually, hoping to draw him out.

"Ah, yes," he agrees a little frantically, casting around for a way to explain her photograph, obviously horrified that you have such poor manners as to bring up another gentleman's private life. "It is a picture of my mother when she was young. I had a new print made as the old one was destroyed when the watch was accidentally immersed in water." *Check Result 1. Pick a number and add your Scholarship bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 223.
- If 7-12, turn to 483.



"Detective Gregson," you say. "I do not intend to argue with you over the propriety of this investigation. Either you can accept what I have to say and allow me to save you time, or you can retrace my steps."

"Very well, Mr. Huntington," he says, his eyes cold. "Tell me what you have learned." *Turn to 342.*

"Seems quite in order," he says, handing it back to you. "Very well, what is it you wish to know?" he asks, standing aside so you may enter. He waves you to a seat.

You take a moment to look around before answering. You find he has but two rooms: this sitting room and a small bedroom through the open door on the far side of the room. The sitting room, though spacious, doubles as a study or office and is crammed with several chairs, a desk, a large wardrobe, and file boxes of papers. There are a number of pictures on the wall reflecting his nautical profession and a large portrait of a very striking woman in a place of honor. The Admiral's dead wife, you suppose. Your inspection complete, your eyes come back to Admiral Weathersley.

He has noticed your actions and appears somewhat irritated. "If you have quite finished, may we proceed?"

"Yes, Admiral," you answer. "I should like to ask you a few questions about an incident which took place at the palace early this morning."

"What incident?" he asks, becoming agitated. *Pick a number and add your Observation bonus:*

- *If 2-5, turn to 240.*
- *If 6-12, turn to 409.*

## 175

You search the cellar thoroughly, but cannot identify the reason the baker would be hiding bags of flour down here.

- *If you call the police, turn to 355.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 504.*

## 176

Holston, however, remains silent.

"So you are willing to hang for murder, are you?" you comment.

That loosens his tongue. He swears he had nothing to do with murder but will say no more. You summon the police and describe his behavior. They will investigate and keep him in custody until they have the full story. *Turn to 289.*

You agree to meet with Detective Gregson but tell him there is something you must do first. There are some figures missing in this equation. You need time to think.

You walk out into the gardens at the back of the palace and stroll down one of the grass-lined graveled paths, coming upon a bench illuminated by the late afternoon sunlight. You sit on the bench and pull your coat a little more tightly around you to ward off the increasing chill. The sun may be out today, a rare occurrence this winter, but it carries little warmth. *Pick a number and add your Intuition bonus:*

- If 2-5, turn to 203.
- If 6-12, turn to 210.

"Yes, there was one other thing. She told me McNeal had asked her to marry him. He said he would make his fortune in another week. I must confess that I do not know what he meant. It may not be significant."

"I say, Holmes, that is a singular piece of information," observes Dr. Watson. "What do you think he meant?"

"I believe he meant no good, Watson," says Holmes, "but before saying, I would like to ask another question." *Turn to 332.*

While in Detective Gregson's office, you realize there is one possibility you have not had the opportunity to investigate. It is true that McNeal is dead, but he might still be able to tell you something.

You search out the location of the room where McNeal was taken and ask for the attending physician. In a few minutes, you are shown into another office where you are introduced to Dr. Wesley Thornton. Dr. Thornton is a short, spare man of about forty with a sober demeanor. "How may I help you, Mr. Huntington?" he asks, handing the royal writ back to you.

"I am curious to know if Private McNeal said anything before he died, Doctor," you reply.

"Nothing that made any sense, I am sorry to say," replies Dr. Thornton.

"Even so, Doctor. Did he say any words you were able to recognize? It may be important."

"He spoke of his mother there at the end — but wait, I believe he did say something to one of the nurses. Just a moment." He walks to the door and opens it. "Miss Jones, would you be so good as to step in here for a moment?"

A very attractive young, blond woman enters the office clad in a nurse's uniform. "Yes, Doctor," she says.

"This is Mr. Huntington, Miss Jones," he says, indicating you. "He is investigating the death of Private McNeal. He asked me if Private McNeal had said anything before he died. I believe you mentioned that he had said something to you the night after the attack."

"Yes, Doctor, it was very strange," her voice is a very pleasant contralto. "He kept saying something about the 'German woman'. It was difficult to understand, but he said it over and over until he sank into a coma near morning."

"Well, there you have it, Mr. Huntington. I hope it helps you."

"It is most helpful, Doctor," you say, pleased.

As you take your leave of them, you find yourself wondering how you could contrive to see Miss Jones again. As you shake her hand you notice that her smile is one of amusement, as if she knows just what you are thinking.

Walking back down the palace corridors, you try to decide whether to tell Detective Gregson of your discovery. It may not mean much now, but he may uncover something else which might make the information significant. You know that if you are to secure his cooperation, you must be willing to trade information. Unfortunately, he has not yet demonstrated any desire to share information with you — not that he has any to share at present. What should you do? *Check Clue W.*

- *If you tell Detective Gregson, turn to 181.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 182.*

## 180

"I regret that I cannot accept your word regarding this matter, my Lord. There is simply too much at stake. Please explain yourself more fully." *Turn to 406.*

## 181

You decide that you have a duty as a responsible citizen to keep the police informed. You find Detective Gregson and tell him what you have learned. *Turn to 186.*

## 182

You decide to search Admiral Weathersley's room now that you have clues as to what to look for. Since the police have not yet gotten around to placing a guard here, you have no trouble getting inside. *Pick a number and add your Observation bonus:*

- If 2-5, *turn to 187.*
- If 6-12, *turn to 190.*

## 183

You return to the palace. As you enter, fuming about the time you lost in the East End, a footman approaches and tells you that the Chamberlain would like to see you. *Turn to 278.*

## 184

As one hour has already passed, you decide to invest another in waiting. Surely, no one can look over balance books for longer than two hours! You settle back in the chair once more, trying your best to keep it and the secretary from getting the better of you. The secretary favors you with another smile, this one a trifle more respectful. He obviously admires your patience. *Turn to 480.*

## 185

Returning to the palace in the gathering twilight, you find your way to the guard room and ask for the Sergeant-of-the-Guard. He is in his office and stands when you enter. Since the palace guard duties are now being conducted by another regiment, the man is a stranger. Concerned that you may have to use the writ the Queen gave you, you introduce yourself.

"Thought it might be you, sir," the sergeant declares in response to your name. "The Officer-of-the-Guard had a meetin' with the Lord High Chamberlain and told me to offer you any assistance you might need. How can I help you?"

"Thank you, Sergeant," you reply gratefully. "Tell me, are there logs kept which record who might enter and leave the palace after hours?"

"Yes, sir, there are."

"Might I see them? Particularly the log for late last night. I should like to see who entered between the hours of midnight and dawn."

"Certainly, sir." He reaches behind him and takes out a logbook. "This is yesterday's book for the back gate. The one for the front gate should be here somewhere. Anyone entering the courtyard would pass through the front gate." He begins to rummage through his desk. After some determined searching, he turns back to you. "This is very peculiar, sir. That log was here not two hours ago. I saw it myself."

You feel the thrill of the chase; you have caught the first scent of your quarry. "I suppose I can always question the opposite courtyard guard and get the information," you say. "In the meantime I shall get what I need from the log for the rear gate." You open the book and glance inside. The entries are arranged chronologically and list the time of entry, the name of the visitor, whom he or she represents, the nature of their business, and the time of departure.

Scanning down the columns, you see that a parliamentary messenger arrived to see the Queen at two o'clock, stayed until nine o'clock, and left. There were also deliveries from three merchants: a James Holston of Holston & Sons on the Strand, a William Turpin of Reginald Ware, Silversmiths of Piccadilly Street, and an Andrew Larson of Larson & Trembley, Meatpackers at Covent Garden. You notice that two of the establishments are located close to one another in a fashionable district near Charing Cross Station, while the other is not far off Piccadilly Circus. *Check Clue J.*

- *If you question the parliamentary messenger, turn to 297.*
- *If you question the merchants, turn to 417.*
- *If you go to Wellington Barracks to question the front gate guard, turn to 464.*



## 186

"Thank you, Mr. Huntington," Detective Gregson replies without emotion. "Since we last talked, I have spoken with the Lord High Chamberlain and had your royal writ revoked. The Queen is perfectly willing to see Scotland Yard conduct the investigation now that there is no chance of a scandal. Please give it to me." He holds out his hand, and you have no choice but to give it to him. "Now go home, Mr. Huntington. You are not the police, and you are not Sherlock Holmes. You will not interfere in this investigation again or you will see the inside of Old Bailey. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand, Detective Gregson," you reply, disheartened.

It is nearly a week later and you are at breakfast when you pick up a *Daily Telegraph* and open it to the front page. The headline screams: "Spy Ring Smashed by Scotland Yard". The article rather sketchily describes a dastardly attempt by a foreign power to secure critical naval secrets from the Admiralty. Fortunately, the ring was smashed and the spies captured by Detective Gregson. The paper promises more details as they become available.

So, you think, there was more to the plot, as you suspected. And Gregson has managed to take the credit for the work you did. You have the consolation of knowing that you identified a murderer and helped to expose a spy ring, but you cannot help feeling a little disappointed that you were not in it to the last. **The End**

## 187

You find nothing of any significance. *Check Result O. Turn to 108.*

He is temporizing needlessly over a minor point of honor just to be difficult. "My Lord, I have been very patient with you, but I am convinced that you are hiding something. If you do not tell me, you will put me in the position of informing the Queen that her son and his friends may have been involved in a very serious incident. She will not be amused. I shall waste no more time on this ridiculous episode. Decide. Now!" *Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 110.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 312.*

## 189

You continue the questioning but learn nothing more of significance. *Turn to 377.*

## 190

You make a quick search but find nothing. As you are about to leave, you find a small stack of unopened mail addressed to Admiral Weathersley. Now you are in a quandary. What circumstances would justify a gentleman opening another gentleman's mail?

- *If you open the mail, turn to 191.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 197.*

## 191

You decide to open the mail. Admiral Weathersley is certainly no gentleman, and Sherlock Holmes has already reminded you of the practical realities of criminal investigation.

Quickly, you sort through the lot. One is official-looking and you open it first. It is an invitation to a reception to be held at the German embassy this very evening. *Check Clue X.*

- *If you take the invitation to Detective Gregson, turn to 186.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 269.*

"I was unable to learn anything significant about their recent contacts. They do not appear to be friends. I believe Private Murphy was hiding something, but I do not know what." *Turn to 243.*

You decide that you cannot afford the time to make a trip of questionable value all the way to Spitalfields on the chance that Sally Barnes might know something. Instead you will continue to question the men. *Pick a number and add your Intuition bonus:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 331.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 501.*

You look at the watch, fearing it is damaged beyond repair. You see it lying on the floor, its case open and the broken glass of the watch bezel strewn across the room. You bend down to retrieve it. As you pick it up, another lid cleverly concealed within the first springs open, and you look inside what could only be a secret compartment.

Inside the compartment is the picture of a woman, a beautiful dark-haired woman. Admiral Weathersley snatches the watch from your hand with a horror-struck look.

- *If, being a gentleman, you do not ask about her, turn to 451.*
- *If, being a cad at heart, you ask Admiral Weathersley about her, turn to 172.*

"I am sorry to have bothered you with all of these questions, Admiral Weathersley," you comment as the brandy begins to warm you. "But you must understand that the crime was a very serious one. I hope that I have not offended you."

"I would be lying if I claimed I enjoyed the questioning, Mr. Huntington. However," he continues, "if the situation is as serious as you say, it had to be done. Are you finished?"

"Yes, I am, Admiral Weathersley. I am quite satisfied." The two of you chat for a few minutes, and you leave. *Turn to 239.*

## 196

You prowl the bakery trying to find the reason the baker fled. There must be a clue to his behavior if you can just find it. *Pick a number and add your Intuition bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 374.
- If 7-12, turn to 341.



## 197

You decide not to open the mail. Just because Admiral Weathersley committed a crime, it is no reason for you to compromise your own principles. Reluctantly, you place the mail back on the table where you found it. You know Detective Gregson will have no compunction about opening it, but he is a duly authorized representative of the law — additionally, he is no gentleman.

You decide to visit Sherlock Holmes. *Check Result O. Turn to 108.*

## 198

You find yourself believing him. There is an air of rough-and-ready honesty about him. *Turn to 379.*

## 199

“I found this caught between the floor and the baseboard.” You hand Holmes the parchment corner you found.

“The Queen’s stationery,” Holmes says thoughtfully. “A singular piece of evidence. Unfortunately, as it has nothing written on it, it can tell us little.” *Turn to 150.*

## 200

You will learn nothing more here, so you hail a cab, telling the driver to take you to 221 Baker Street. *Turn to 419.*

It is quite dark before your cab pulls up in front of the German embassy. Well-dressed men and gowned ladies are arriving, most of them in private carriages. An awning has been erected outside the entrance for guests waiting to enter, in case of rain. You join the line of guests. At the door you hand your invitation to a doorman and are shown to a guest register, where you enter your name as "Admiral Sir George Weathersley." A moment later you walk up the staircase to the floor above, where the reception is being held.

You pause in the doorway and survey the crowd. There appear to be more than a hundred guests already present, so you will not be conspicuous. Many of the guests speak French, and most of them are probably foreign diplomats and their wives. Here and there you see the uniform of a military man, but for once all the Germans appear to be in mufti.

The occasion appears ill-suited for the assignation you suspect, but you hope to discover the identity of the illusive woman whose picture you saw in Admiral Weathersley's watch. You begin to comb the crowd for her. *Pick a number and add your Observation bonus:*

- If 2-5, turn to 328.
- If 6-12, turn to 339.

## 202

You doubt that this fool can tell you anything of substance. In disgust you turn and walk away.

- If you have not checked Decision 16, turn to 473.
- Otherwise, turn to 265.

## 203

The pieces still refuse to fall into place. You need someone to help you sort out the truth; you must make a trip to 221 B Baker Street. *Turn to 108.*

## 204

"Do you really believe that, Mr. Huntington?"

"Well, it is possible. They could also sell the plans to a power unfriendly to England."

"This is where experience counts, Mr. Huntington. I should have wondered at this ambiguity at once." *Turn to 448.*

"Yes, Detective Gregson. I agree. If it were not for Admiral Weathersley's violent response, McNeal might well be hawking the information right now."

"Well, 'all's well that ends well,' Mr. Huntington," he smiles, putting out his hand. "Thank you for your assistance. You have saved us valuable time. It is unfortunate Scotland Yard was not called in immediately, but that is not your doing. Please extend my compliments to Mr. Sherlock Holmes when you see him next."

You leave, wondering why Detective Gregson is wearing such a self-satisfied look. *Turn to 137.*

Your hansom pulls up in front of 221 Baker Street. You dismount, pay the driver, and walk up to the front door. As you are about to ring the bell, the door flies open and a ragged urchin races out carrying a fistful of rolls. In hot pursuit is an older woman waving a broom and shouting for the boy to stop. "Hello, Mrs. Hudson," you say.

"Mr. Huntington!" she gasps, somewhat out of breath as she tucks a wisp of grey hair back into the bun on her head. "Did you not see that ragamuffin carrying off a good part of Mr. Holmes' dinner? Could you not have at least tried to slow him down?" Her tone is one of exasperation.

"Mrs. Hudson," you reply. "What would you have done with the youngster had you caught him? Certainly, you would not have served Mr. Holmes the rolls you took from the boy. I let him go as an act of kindness to you both."

"You are beginning to sound just like Mr. Holmes," she sniffs. "And I do not mean it as a compliment. What is it you wish, Mr. Huntington?"

"To see Mr. Holmes, of course."

"Quite impossible, Mr. Huntington. Mr. Holmes is ill and cannot be disturbed."

"What!" you exclaim, your heart sinking.

"He has been working much too hard, Mr. Huntington. I have summoned the doctor. I will not have you upset him."

"My dear Mrs. Hudson," you sputter. "I have no intention of upsetting the fellow."

"I saw the determined way you walked to my door, Mr. Huntington; I was watching from the window. That is how that young rascal managed to filch my fresh baked bread."

Wonderful, you think; now she is blaming me for the theft of the bread.

"I have learned a little of Mr. Holmes' methods over the years," she continues. "He has used them to catch me out often enough. You are here with a problem and wish Mr. Holmes' assistance. I shall not let you in."

You know you have little chance of solving the case without Holmes' help. But first you must get by the Guardian at the Gate. *Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- *If 2-7, turn to 309.*
- *If 8-12, turn to 291.*

## 207

The man does not hesitate. He dashes past you into the street, running up the Strand for a block and then turning up toward Covent Garden. You set off in hot pursuit. *Pick a number and add your Athletics bonus:*

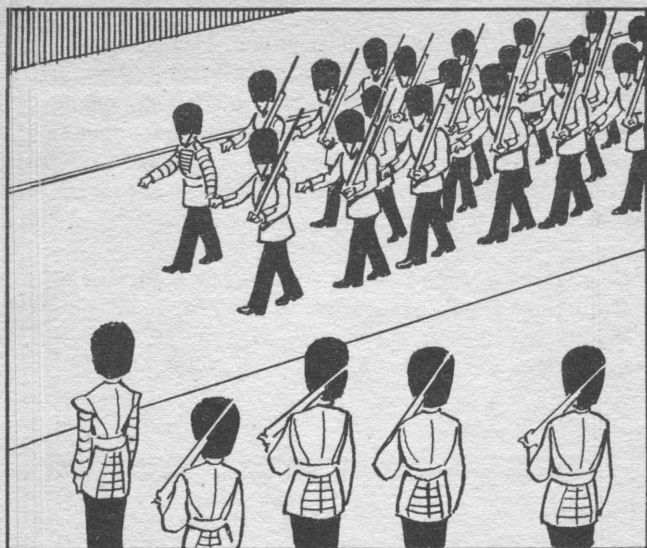
- *If 2-7, turn to 131.*
- *If 8-12, turn to 384.*

## 208

"All of my efforts to question the guard captain have been in vain. Captain Treadwell was involved in the changing of the guard today — not the ordinary one, mind you, but the one the army performs when one regiment assumes command from another.

"The ceremony was quite impressive, what I saw of it. I think what struck me most odd, however, was Captain Treadwell marching back and forth in front of his men carrying his sword by its blade rather than its hilt."

- *If you checked Result B, turn to 268.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 322.*



## 209

The Chamberlain obviously wants you to hand over the investigation to the police. You cannot afford to offend such a powerful man, so you will do as he asks.

It is nearly a week later, at breakfast, when you pick up a *Daily Telegraph* and open it to the front page. The headline screams: "Spy Ring Smashed by Scotland Yard". The article rather sketchily describes a dastardly attempt by a foreign power to secure critical naval secrets from the Admiralty. Fortunately, the ring was smashed and the spies captured by a Detective Gregson. The paper promises more details as they become available.

So, there was more to the plot, as you suspected. And this Gregson has managed to take the credit for the work you did. You have the consolation of knowing that you identified a murderer and helped to expose a spy ring, but you cannot help feeling a little disappointed that you were not in it to the last.

**The End**

There is something that nags at you. Then suddenly, you have it. The ship plans which Admiral Weathersley gave to Private McNeal have not been recovered. They would not have been blown away by the wind, because the rain would have soaked them through. They should have been found. It means that someone took them! And that can only mean that McNeal has an accomplice. Now who is it? *Check Deduction 5.*

- *If you think it is the Sergeant-of-the-Guard, turn to 220.*
- *If you think it is Lord Befford, turn to 224.*
- *If you think it is Private Murphy, turn to 225.*
- *If you think it is Private McGill, turn to 228.*



The door opens to reveal a heavy-bodied, brooding hulk of a man. You look for some resemblance to Private Murphy but see none. A frail-looking woman stands behind him, wringing her hands.

"Mr. Murphy?"

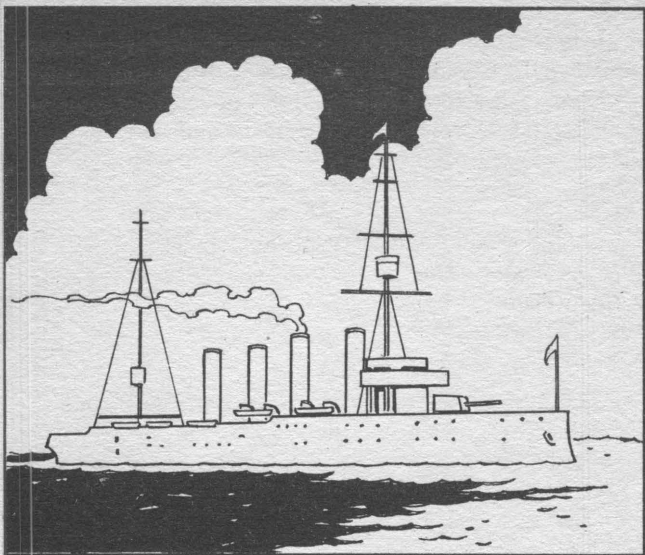
"That I am. Are you from the police then?"

"No, Mr. Murphy," you answer. "I am Richard Huntington. I only wish to speak with your brother. I shall not harm him in any way."

"I told you," the woman wails. "I told you, Mr. Murphy. That brother of yours has done us in proper, see if he ain't."

"Keep quiet, woman! We ain't done nothin'." Then he looks back to you. "Michael ain't here, that's the truth of it. He was here but he left sometime back. I don't know where he went neither." He shuts the door, leaving you standing in the hall.

You decide to leave and hail a cab, telling the driver to take you to 221 B Baker Street. *Turn to 419.*



## 212

You might have heard the door to Lord Befford's bedroom close softly. "I believe the intruder went into your bedroom, Lord Befford," you say flatly. "Now kindly step aside and allow me to do my duty."

He favors you with another cool stare, then steps aside. "Mr. Huntington," he says, his manner a dignified plea. "Do not go in there. No good will come of it."

- *If you go into the room anyway, turn to 472.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 489.*

## 213

"I pressed the fellow, and he admitted that he was a member of one of the gangs. He also admitted to trying to recruit McNeal—without success, I might add. I left it at that and returned to the palace."

"And what of the Officer-of-the-Guard?" asks Holmes.

- *If you checked Decision 9, turn to 208.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 456.*

## 214

He laughs heartily. "Really, Mr. Huntington! How can you think that? The United States is not an unfriendly power. You have been influenced by some of that radical Tory rubbish. I shall tell you who is in all likelihood the intended recipient of the spoils of the blackmailer's art." *Turn to 443.*

## 215

Admiral Weathersley leaps at you, snatching for the letter. *Pick a number and add your Athletics bonus:*

- If 2-7, turn to 301.
- If 8-12, turn to 279.

## 216

"My Lord, I am on the Queen's business. I am forbidden to issue or accept challenge. If you object, please take the matter up with her."

"Oh, very well, my dear fellow. I was only having you on. You are much too serious. What you need is a good thrashing, and I just may be the one to give it to you." *Turn to 162.*



## 217

"Sally Barnes! And why would a fine man like yerself be wantin' to find Sally?" You start to answer but she cuts you off. "No matter, Sally's gone. Been gone a week. Took off like the devil was after her, she did." Feeling the inevitability of defeat, you try to decide what to do next. *Pick a number:*

- If 2-10, turn to 481.
- If 11-12, turn to 254.

## 218

"By questioning Admiral Weathersley about the woman. Do it now, Richard! The success of your investigation hangs in the balance." *Turn to 412.*

## 219

He smiles knowingly, the smile a teacher bestows on a slow student who answers a question correctly. "I believe you are on the right track, Mr. Huntington. You just have not carried it far enough. I believe there may be a foreign power involved. Everything points to it. If there is, who do you think it may be?"

You look at him blankly. "I am sure there could be any number, Detective Gregson. Great Britain is the most powerful nation on earth, after all," you reply.

"I shall give you a choice, Mr. Huntington," he continues. "I believe it is either Germany or the United States. Can you guess why?"

- *If you believe it is the United States, turn to 431.*
- *If you believe it is Germany, turn to 249.*

## 220

The evidence points directly at the Sergeant-of-the-Guard, you decide. It is his responsibility to check on the alertness of the sentries at their posts. It has to be him. *Turn to 241.*

## 221

You talk for a little while until you are certain that there is nothing more to be learned here. Then you take your leave and hail a cab to 221 B Baker Street. *Turn to 419.*

## 222

Lord Sumpter passes his hand through his hair and stands a little straighter. "I cannot tell you what you wish to know. It would break a confidence. You should ask Lord Befford these questions." *Pick a number and add your Intuition bonus:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 188.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 436.*

## 223

His explanation sounds plausible enough. It is possible to print an old photograph on modern photographic paper.

"I do hope it is not broken," you comment sympathetically. "It seems a fine watch. A gift from your father, you say?" *Turn to 335.*

## 224

It has to be Lord Befford. He was obviously trying to hide something. *Turn to 241.*

## 225

The evidence suggests the accomplice is Private Murphy. After all, the plans were of such importance that he could have been instructed by the Separatists to watch Private McNeal. Since he is a member of the guard, though not on duty that evening, he could have gained access to the palace grounds without being recorded in the logs. He probably secured the plans and left. *Turn to 241.*

## 226

You ask for directions to Admiral Weathersley's rooms, learning that they are on the second floor, up the famous white marble staircase. You walk past some of the state apartments, admiring the beauty and grace of the rooms through the opened doors. Then you arrive at the staircase.

You turn left and climb past the mezzanine and the first floor, passing the guards in their Beefeater uniforms. Once on the second floor, you turn right and go down the corridor to Admiral Weathersley's room. You rap on the door.

"Who is it?" comes the immediate answer.

"Mr. Richard Harrington, Admiral," you reply. *Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 326.
- If 7-12, turn to 120.

## 227

You leave the barracks area to seek out Captain Treadwell, hoping he may have discovered some new information in your absence. He welcomes you to his office and offers you a cup of tea. As you sip the tea, you provide a short summary of what you have learned.

"Not very much, is it?" he says sympathetically. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

"Have you learned anything since I saw you last?"

"Sorry, no." *Pick a number and add your Intuition bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 221.
- If 7-12, turn to 499.

It can only be Private McGill, the other sentry on duty within the courtyard that evening. For information as important as this, the Separatists would never have depended on one man, no matter how capable and loyal.

McGill was the only one with the opportunity. The officers were engaged in the dispute among the merchants, and Private Murphy was in police custody for fighting.

You suspect that if you tell everything you know to Detective Gregson, he will order you off the case. You decide to avoid him until you have invaluable information.

There is one possibility you have not had the opportunity to investigate. It is true that McNeal is dead, but he might still be able to tell you something.

You search out the location of the hospital room where McNeal was taken and ask for the attending physician. In a few minutes you are shown into another office where you are introduced to Dr. Wesley Thornton. Dr. Thornton is a short, spare man of about forty with a sober demeanor. "How may I help you, Mr. Huntington?" he asks, handing the royal writ back to you.

"I am curious to know if Private McNeal said anything before he died, Doctor," you reply.

"Nothing that made any sense, I am sorry to say," replies Dr. Thornton.

"Even so, Doctor. Did he say any words you were able to recognize? It may be important."

"He spoke of his mother there at the end — but wait, I believe he did say something to one of the nurses. Just a moment." He walks to the door and opens it. "Miss Jones, would you be so good as to step in here for a moment?"

A very attractive young, blond woman enters the office clad in a nurse's uniform. "Yes, Doctor," she says.

"This is Mr. Huntington, Miss Jones," he says indicating you. "He is investigating the death of Private McNeal. He asked me if Private McNeal had said anything before he died. I believe you mentioned that he had said something to you the night of the attack."

"Yes, Doctor, it was very strange," her voice is a very pleasant contralto. "He kept saying something about the 'German woman'. It was difficult to understand, but he said it over and over until he sank into a coma near morning."

"Well, there you have it, Mr. Huntington. I hope it helps you."

"It is most helpful, Doctor," you say, pleased.

As you take your leave of them, you find yourself wondering how you could contrive to see Miss Jones again. As you shake her hand, you notice her smile is one of amusement, as if she knows just what you are thinking.

Walking back down the palace corridors, you try to decide whether to tell Detective Gregson of your discovery. It may not mean much now, but he may uncover something else which might make the information significant. You know that if you are to secure his cooperation, you must be willing to trade information. Unfortunately, he has not yet demonstrated any desire to share information with you — not that he has any to share at present. What should you do? *Check Clue W.*

- *If you tell Detective Gregson, turn to 181.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 182.*



229

"Are you STILL there?" There is a plaintive note in his voice.

"Yes, My Lord."

"I tell you, I will not see you — for any reason! I am too ill. Now GO AWAY!"

- *If you demand to see him, turn to 113.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 286.*

The interest fades from Bracker's face. For a moment, you wonder if perhaps you should have allowed him to think you were from Scotland Yard. You suspect that questioning him now is probably futile, but you have to try.

"What can you tell me about Thomas McNeal? I am given to understand you are friends."

"Not exactly friends, sir, but I know 'im better than most. 'ave you seen 'im, sir? Is 'e all right?"

"No, I have not seen him. He is still under the doctor's care, I believe. What do you know of him?" You listen to the man and soon realize that his attention is wandering. You will learn nothing useful. *Turn to 479.*

"Thomas McNeal? Sick? He was never sick a day in his life, I'm thinkin', sir. You wouldn't be tryin' to trick me, now would you, sir? Me with my pur head just spinnin' and all." His speech is slurred. As difficult as it is for the man to stand, his eyes look clear. He may not be as inebriated as he pretends.

"Just tell me what you know, Private," you say.

"Didna know him that well, sir. His house was down the street and me father and his warn't friends. Truth to tell, they hated each other. Thomas and me, we left just as soon as we could. It was either that or starve. We both hied off to join the army as soon as they'd take us. That's all I know."

"Private Murphy," you say. "You say you left Ireland because of hunger? That just is not possible. There are Irish foodstuffs sold all over London. I believe you must have left for a different reason."

Murphy no longer pretends to be drunk; his anger flares. "I tell you we was hungry, sir. And one o' the reasons is because so much of our food is sold in London while people like me and Thomas starve."

"And you and Thomas intended to do something about it," you say, hoping your shot hits home.

"Aye, we did that," he snarls, but then his shoulders slump. "But what was the use? We canna fight you while we fight among ourselves. At least in the army I eat regular."

"So you and Thomas became members in a group whose aim it was to redress those Irish grievances. Shall I guess which one?" You refer to the Dynamiters, a loose collection of terrorists dominated by the Irish and responsible for bombing attacks throughout London.

The effect on Murphy is dramatic. An expression of fear crosses his face. Then it is gone, replaced with a calculating look. "No, sir," he says, shaking his head. "I didna belong to any of those groups. Thomas belonged to one long ago, but I never did. And Thomas quit when they began doin' things he did not approve of." *Check Clue F. Pick a number and add your Observation bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 189.
- If 7-12, turn to 410.

## 232

When you come to the part of your investigation concerning the Prince of Wales' friends, you gloss over what you learned. Fortunately, he does not question it. *Turn to 408.*

## 233

You admit you did not go to the scene of the crime. "There was no point, Mr. Holmes. The Lord Chamberlain and the others had already searched the box and found nothing. I could not ask the guard on duty to move without bringing attention to myself."

"I am disappointed in you, Richard," replies Holmes. "There may be clues there that the others have overlooked." Then he shrugs. "By now the clues will no doubt be obscured. It is too late to correct the problem. Continue. What did you learn from questioning the soldiers?"

- If you checked Clue D, turn to 389.
- Otherwise, turn to 313.

## 234

You decide to return to the palace and speak with Admiral Weathersley about the money Murphy had. As you enter, a footman approaches and tells you the that Chamberlain would like to see you. *Turn to 278.*

## 235

You must now make a decision where to go next.

- *If you wish to investigate the scene of the crime and have not checked Decision 1, turn to 452.*
- *If you wish to question the Sergeant-of-the-Guard and have not checked Decision 3, turn to 143.*
- *Otherwise, you decide to see Sherlock Holmes. Turn to 206.*

## 236

"Get out of my store," he snarls, wrenching a cleaver from his chopping board. "I will not listen to your prattle unless you can prove you have some authority." *Turn to 262.*

## 237

"Mr. Huntington, permit me to say I do not understand why Scotland Yard was not called in to investigate this crime immediately." He is obviously angry. "Can you tell me why you are better qualified than trained detectives? Have you any idea how many murders I myself have investigated?"

His complaints are becoming increasingly bitter, and you feel yourself becoming angry as well in return. He is unfairly blaming you for a decision made by the Queen and her Chancellor. Still, you know that if you do not mollify him, this discussion is very likely to turn into an argument.

"Come, come, Detective Gregson. Neither of us chose this situation. Let us not squabble while there are serious issues to discuss." *Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 164.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 106.*

"As a matter of fact, I learned that McNeal had a ladyfriend, one Sally Barnes, who lives in Spitalfields."

"And what did you do with that information?" asks Holmes.

- *If you checked Decision 5, turn to 470.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 283.*

It is quite late when you leave Buckingham Palace. There are few cabs on The Mall, and all are occupied. You are forced to walk all the way to Trafalgar Square before you can find one to take you home.

You are so weary by the time you arrive home that you go straight to bed.

In the morning, you awaken suddenly, certain that you have overslept. With an oath you throw off the covers and spring from bed.

In less than twenty minutes, you have made yourself presentable and eat a sandwich of toast, eggs, and bacon. Later, you hail a cab to take you to Wellington Barracks.

It is nearly eight-thirty, and the sun is bright. The rain of the past few days has disappeared, replaced by the winter sun. Today is your last to solve the crime before the police are called in, assuming that McNeal does not die before the day is out.

- *If you search McNeal's bunk, turn to 373.*
- *If you talk again to the other soldiers in the unit, turn to 428.*

He reaches out to move some papers from one stack to another. The gesture appears to be unnecessary to you, possibly arising from nervousness. *Turn to 468.*

Now you have enough evidence to tell Detective Gregson, enough to force him to allow you to continue working on this case. You go off to find him. *Turn to 244.*

You find that Larson & Trembley own a small butcher shop fronting on Covent Garden. It is located in a small, white wooden frame building with the words "Larson & Trembley, Meatpackers" in gilded letters on a small sign above the door. You open that door and go inside. At the counter you ask for Andrew Larson. A large, beefy man turns from waiting on another customer and asks what you want.

"I am here on a confidential matter," you say. "May I speak with you outside for a moment?" *Check Decision 11. Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 236.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 128.*

"As I was unable to make progress with Private Murphy, I turned him over to his superiors and returned to the palace."

"And what of the Officer-of-the-Guard?" asks Holmes.

- *If you checked Decision 9, turn to 208.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 456.*

"Thank you, Mr. Huntington," Detective Gregson replies without emotion. "Since I last sent for you, I have spoken with the Lord High Chamberlain. Your royal writ is revoked. The Queen is perfectly willing to allow Scotland Yard to conduct the investigation, now that there is no chance of a scandal. Please give it to me." He holds out his hand, and you have no choice but to give it to him. "Now go home, Mr. Huntington. You are not the police and you are not Sherlock Holmes. You will not interfere in this investigation again or you will see the inside of Old Bailey. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand, Detective Gregson," you reply, disheartened. He has left you no choice.

Nearly a week later, at breakfast, you pick up the *Daily Telegraph* and open it to the front page. The headline screams: "Spy Ring Smashed by Scotland Yard". The article rather sketchily describes a dastardly attempt by a foreign power to

secure critical naval secrets from the Admiralty. Fortunately, the ring was smashed and the spies captured by Detective Gregson. The paper promises more details as they become available.

So, you think, there was more to the plot. And Gregson has managed to take the credit for the work you did. You have the consolation of knowing that you identified a murderer and helped to expose a spy ring, but you cannot help feeling a little disappointed that you were not in it to the last. **The End**

## 245

Holmes contemplates your report for a moment.

- *If you have checked either Clue B or C and either Clue E, Clue F or Clue G, turn to 366.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 294.*

## 246

"I cannot say that I do, Mr. Holmes."

"Doctor?" Holmes nods at Dr. Watson.

"Holmes is saying that the fact that the plans were not recovered indicates that Private McNeal had an accomplice, Richard," Dr. Watson replies gently. *Turn to 321.*

## 247

There is nothing more to be learned here. You cannot spare the time to watch the changing of the guard. As you slip out through a side gate, you glance at the soldiers on parade. The guard Captain marches back and forth, and something catches your eye. He holds his saber by the blade rather than the hilt. The sight jogs an old memory, but you have no time to give it a chance to surface. *Turn to 206.*

## 248

You hail a hansom and tell the driver to take you to Buckingham Palace. As you drive off, you feel someone's eyes on you. Looking over your shoulder, you see a door close in a foyer across the street. Silhouetted in the glass is a man's figure. Was he watching you? *Turn to 185.*

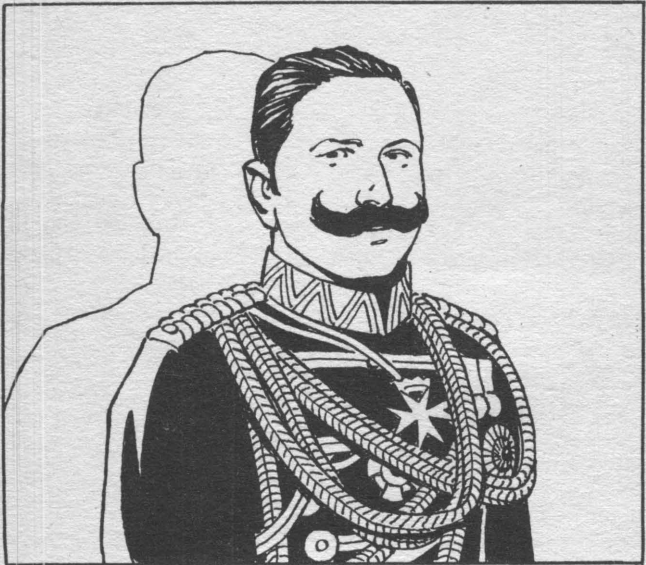
"I believe it is Germany, Detective Gregson," you state.

"Really? Why so?" His question appears rhetorical, as if he does not expect you to advance any logical explanation to support your choice.

"Because Germany would profit from both the ship plans and the information McNeal asked Admiral Weathersley to obtain about the African colonies."

"Please continue," says Detective Gregson, a look of grudging respect coming into his eyes.

"First, Germany has wanted to build a fleet to rival Britain's ever since Prince Bismark unified the Germanic states," you continue, pulling the threads together as you speak. "Second, the Kaiser has been flexing his muscles since he forcibly retired Bismark. He may not approve of the old man himself, but he admires Bismark's methods. Did you see the cartoon 'dropping the pilot'?"



"You mean the one that depicted the Kaiser as captain of the ship dropping Prince Bismark at the mouth of the harbor?"

"Yes. It is significant, I believe. Germany would like to expand her African colonies from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean in a band across the continent. If the Kaiser knew our plans, he would know when to move."

"I will not say I disagree," remarks Detective Gregson slowly, "but how do you account for these schemes against Britain when Queen Victoria is Kaiser Wilhelm's grandmother? His own mother is English, after all."

"And a precious lot of good it has done either us or her," you snap. "The Empress has suffered mightily under both Bismark and her son."

"In that you are certainly correct, Mr. Huntington," the detective replies with conviction. "They are a vicious lot, those two. Perhaps things will be better now that the old man is gone — if he stays in retirement, that is."

"I am not so sure, Detective Gregson. There is something to be said for the old saying about 'better the enemy you know'." *Check Result L. Turn to 482.*

## 250

"I have thought about this, Detective Gregson. I have come to believe that McNeal wanted the information on the African colonies for the purpose of enlisting the aid of the Boers. I am certain the House of Lords will vote against Home Rule, though that will not put the issue to rest. However, should Ireland become peaceful, men like McNeal will have no place to go. Perhaps they would emigrate to Africa."

• *If you checked Result K, turn to 161.*

• *Otherwise, turn to 219.*

## 251

"It means that Private McNeal had an accomplice. It was raining that night. The plans would have been waterlogged, too heavy to be blown away by the wind. No, someone took them." *Check Deduction 5 and turn to 321.*

## 252

Now Detective Gregson becomes more alert, leaning forward to sit on the edge of his seat. "Can you name his accomplice, Mr. Huntington?"

- *If you name the Sergeant-of-the-Guard, turn to 112.*
- *If you name the Officer-of-the-Guard, turn to 115.*
- *If you name Private Murphy, turn to 116.*
- *If you name Lady L., turn to 303.*
- *If you name Private McGill, turn to 117.*

## 253

"Yes, I believe I can. The evidence points to the Officer-of-the-Guard. As the commander of the guard detail, Captain Treadwell had the best opportunity to visit the sentries at their post." *Turn to 266.*

## 254

You take your leave of Miss Barnes and return to the Palace. When you arrive, one of the palace staff informs you the Chamberlain has requested you to call upon him. *Turn to 278.*

## 255

Less than a week later, you spend hours trying to prepare for your audience with the Queen. It is an honor your father has had only twice in his life, and you know he will be very proud of your accomplishment at such an early age.

You sit down to the hardy breakfast Vincent has prepared for you. You have more than two hours before you have to be at your tailor's on Oxford street, so you decide that a leisurely breakfast is just what you need. You pick up the morning edition of the *Daily Telegraph* and open it to the front page. An article down the page captures your attention. The headline reads: "Prince of Wales and Friends Sneak Doxy into Buckingham Palace".

The rest of the article tells the story in some detail and, worst of all, quotes an unnamed but informed source who had access to the palace but no official position there. Detective

Gregson has exacted his revenge. You have a feeling your audience with Queen Victoria will not be one to anticipate with pleasure. If you are fortunate, she will refuse to see you at all.

You cannot help blaming yourself for being so foolish as to trust Gregson with this secret, especially as he was already miffed at not being brought into the investigation earlier. Now you only have yourself to blame. At least you have the consolation of knowing that you have caught a murderer. **The End**

## 256

"I admit I have not had formal training, Detective Gregson, but I did have the best teacher. I have spent many hours at Baker Street with Sherlock Holmes, who I believe is an acquaintance of yours."

"Yes, I know him," Gregson admits reluctantly. "He is a fine detective in his own way. Perhaps even the best."

"What do you mean, 'in his own way,' Detective Gregson?" you demand somewhat hotly. "Surely Sherlock Holmes has solved more cases than any detective in Scotland Yard! And I would wager that many of them were cases in which Scotland Yard could make no progress."

"I will give you that as well, Mr. Huntington," he says holding up his hand to stop your impassioned defence of Holmes. "I did not mean to impugn his abilities; his talents are legendary. It is his motive that I disdain."

"What do you mean?" you ask intrigued.

"He is not a professional, Mr. Huntington. He is an amateur — a gifted amateur but an amateur all the same. To him these cases are a game, the more difficult and bizarre the circumstances, the better. His motive in solving each crime is to demonstrate that he is more clever and more cunning than the smartest criminal — and all the detectives of Scotland Yard into the bargain. I am a professional, Mr. Huntington. I became a detective because I wish to make the streets of London safe for the likes of you to walk. It is my life and profession. It is not a game."

"Yet do you not go to him for advice upon occasion?"

"I would consult with the devil himself if would net me a criminal. I know my limitations, Mr. Huntington. Solving the case is more important than winning a game."

You would be more impressed with his position if you had not heard Sherlock Holmes often complain that Scotland Yard usually manages to claim the credit for his successes.

"I should think, Detective Gregson, that there is enough crime for both Mr. Holmes and yourself."

"Quite right, Mr. Huntington, and Mr. Holmes has proven himself both effective and reliable over the years. You have not. Again I ask, why you?"

You sigh. "Because I am of noble birth, Detective Gregson. Queen Victoria did not wish to have members of her family questioned by commoners in a criminal matter."

"What! The Queen? What has she to do with this?"

You had been hoping to avoid this. Silently, you take the royal writ out of your pocket and hand it to him. With a quizzical look he opens the parchment and reads it.

When he is finished he gives it back to you. "It was the newspapers, was it not? They just finished pillorying the Prince of Wales over some sort of gambling scandal. She thought they would show the same lack of restraint in this."

"Precisely."

"Humph! She may have been right," he says thoughtfully, the anger leaving his voice. "Had they gotten wind of it, few of them would have been able to resist the temptation. Well, I do not agree with her reasons, but I can at least understand them." Then he shrugs, throwing off his irritation. "On to business; tell me again what you have learned during the course of your investigation." *Turn to 342.*



"Jimmy 'olston put you up to this, didn't 'e?" Turpin's face begins to turn red. "Jimmy's a-tryin' to get me job! And you're a-helplin' 'im!"

"Put you mind at ease, Mr. Turpin. I have nothing to do with Mr. Holston. I am commissioned out of the palace itself. Here is my authorization." You show him the writ.

Turpin examines the writ casually, then shrugs and hands it back to you. "Can't read. Never 'ad the time to learn," he says.

"Do you recognize the seal at the bottom?" you ask, showing him the seal. He looks back at the parchment without interest. Then suddenly, his eyes widen in astonishment.

"Do you think Mr. Holston has that much influence?" you ask.

"No, sir," he replies.

"Then will you answer my questions?" *Turn to 440.*

## 258

He misses, and you grapple with him. Bigger and stronger, you subdue him with only a modest struggle. You push him into a chair and look at him with disgust. He must have been quite handsome in his youth, though now he shows his age even more than the Prince. He is a little below medium height and portly, his hair in disarray. He squints up at you in pain and surprise.

"Big chap, are you not?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Would you mind awfully if we put off your thrashing to another time? Beastly headache, what?"

"My pleasure, My Lord."

"Well, now that you have got me, what are you going to do with me?"

"I must ask you several questions about last night, My Lord. Did you and your friends came directly to your rooms last night?"

"Why, yes. Immediately through the door, we all packed off to bed." *Pick a number and add your Intuition bonus:*

• *If 2-6, turn to 198.*

• *If 7-12, turn to 490.*



259

"Yes, I believe I can. I believe the accomplice is the Sergeant-of-the-Guard. It is his responsibility to check the alertness of the sentries at their post. He would have had the best opportunity." *Turn to 266.*

260

"Yes, I believe I can. I believe it is the woman known as Lady L. She looks familiar, and it may be that I have seen her face inside the palace. It is only a matter of matching her face with the picture of the woman in Admiral Weathersley's watch. It could very well be her, since she knew Admiral Weathersley would give in to the blackmailer's plans." *Turn to 266.*

261

"I believe you are correct, Mr. Huntington," he replies, "but I suggest you permit Scotland Yard to conclude this investigation. You have done well thus far, all things considered; however, events will take a delicate turn now, and the actions of an amateur could well prove disastrous. Will you honor my request?"

- *If you agree to do as Detective Gregson says, turn to 107.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 111.*

262

You decide to take a chance. You take the writ the Queen prepared for you from your breast pocket and hand it to the butcher. He opens it casually, but then his eyes fasten on the signature and widen measurably. He refolds the writ and hands it back to you. "All right, then. Where would you like to talk?" he asks. *Turn to 380.*

"Yes, I can," you say thoughtfully. "It can only be Private McGill, the other sentry on duty within the courtyard that evening. For information as important as this, the Separatists would never have depended on one man, no matter how capable and loyal. There would have been at least two, and McGill was the only one with the opportunity. The officers were engaged in the dispute among the merchants, and Private Murphy was in police custody for fighting."

"Very good, Richard," replies Holmes. "I agree." *Check Deduction 4.*

- *If you checked Result K, turn to 298.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 277.*

"Oh, very well. If you are on the Queen's business. I shall not delay you for longer than it takes to deliver a proper thrashing." *Turn to 162.*

You decide to question Admiral Sir George Weathersley. The admiral is related to the Queen and has lived at the palace since the death of his wife ten years ago. Though he ranks as an admiral, he has never gone to sea. Instead, it is his duty to communicate the needs of the Admiralty to a recalcitrant Parliament. He has achieved his rank by dint of hard work. He lives quietly and simply and is known to work long hours, particularly when Parliament is in session, as it is now. *Pick a number:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 353.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 226.*

"I am afraid I shall have to disagree with you. Of all the those who might have had the opportunity, only one actually did. It has to be Private McGill. The officers were off settling a dispute among the merchants, and Private Murphy was in

police custody. As for Lady "L.", she would never have had access to the palace. Too many would have remarked on her presence."

- *If Result K is checked, turn to 298.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 277.*

## 267

"No, sir," he says. "Not in a week. Thomas is up at the palace." Though you suspect he is lying, you cannot be sure. You hand him over to his superiors and return to Buckingham Palace.

- *If you have checked Decision 4, turn to 235.*
- *Otherwise, you decide to see the Officer-of-the-Guard. Turn to 485.*

## 268

"The Irish Guards," Holmes mutters under his breath.

"What?" you say.

"Sorry," he replies. "The manner in which the captain carried his sword is unique to the Irish Guards. I suppose that makes sense given all the rest."

"Well, that completes my tale, Mr. Holmes," you conclude. "What do you think?" *Check Clue H. Turn to 245.*

## 269

You pocket the invitation, deciding to use it yourself. At last you have a clue to use to unravel the rest of this mystery. You go home to prepare for the party. *Turn to 201.*

## 270

You shake your head and leave. *Turn to 289.*

## 271

"Sir, the challenge stands. Any gentleman who would insist that another gentleman rise before he is prepared to do so is no gentleman. Please be good enough to name your second!"

You are still uncertain whether Lord Sumpter is having you on or not.

- *If you walk away, turn to 202.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 144.*

Two of the other men turn to look at a third. He shuffles his feet for a moment before replying. "McNeal has a woman, sir. Sally Barnes. She works in The County Cork. 'Tis in Spitalfields in the East End."

"Anything else?" you ask. The man shakes his head and shuffles his feet. *Check Result D.*

- *If you do not go to see Sally Barnes, check Decision 5 and turn to 193.*
- *If you go to the East End to see Sally Barnes, check Decision 6 and turn to 288.*

He is on you before you can react. You throw him off once, but he snatches a nearby candlestick and swings. A lucky blow catches you on the side of the head, and you fall.

It is dark outside when you awaken inside Lord Sumpter's room. Your attacker is gone, and all you have to show for your pains is a beastly headache. You pick up the silver candlestick and read the legend: Reginald Ware, Silversmiths of Piccadilly. You replace the candlestick on the table and limp out of the room.

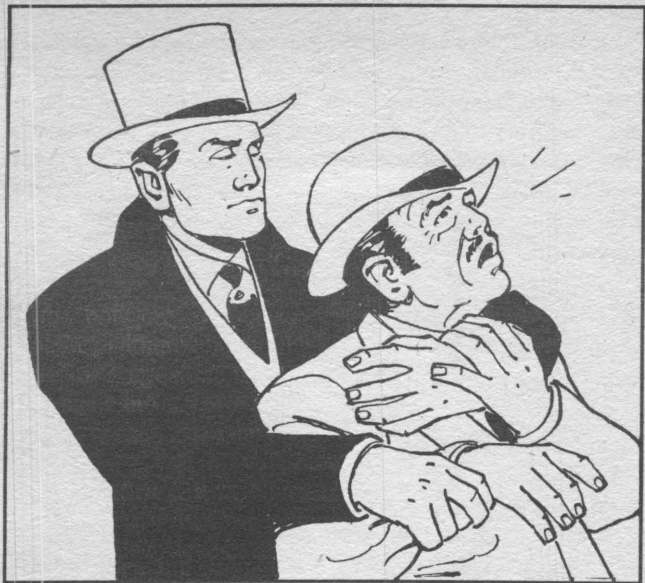
In the hall, you walk toward the front door. A footman approaches and tells you that the Chamberlain has requested to see you. Dutifully, you turn toward his office. *Pick a number:*

- *If 2-3, turn to 278.*
- *If 4-12, turn to 304.*

He refuses to talk, shaking his head, although you see fear in his eyes. You search him but find nothing other than pocket money. In disgust, you release him. *Pick a number:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 200.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 183.*





275

You hear a small shriek, and a woman pulls the covers up over her head. You back out of the room hastily. As you turn back to the Marquess, you grow quite angry.

This reckless idiot brought a woman into Buckingham Palace! In all likelihood she is an adventuress of the most common sort. If this becomes public knowledge, the scandal could forever tarnish the Prince of Wales' image. No one will believe that he knew nothing about it.

The British people have been tolerant of his antics for the past thirty years because he has always been careful not to diminish the prestige of the Queen. But this insult strikes close to heart of the monarchy. Lord Befford has given the newspapers the means to destroy the Prince of Wales and damage Queen Victoria.

"Lord Befford, my advice to you is to get 'Mr. Eagleton' out of the palace immediately. I should not mention this to anyone." *Turn to 265.*

"I stopped him and learned that he was the sentry opposite McNeal at the time of the assault. He claims to have seen and heard nothing but appears quite nervous. I believe he is trying to conceal his lack of alertness at his post. The army takes a dim view of such things."

"It is possible," remarks Holmes noncommittally. *Turn to 141.*

"From everything you have said, Richard," Holmes continues, "I believe there may be foreign power involved. It would have to be a nation that is interested in building a strong navy, one with the industrial might to build battleships. That nation would also have colonies in Africa, colonies whose future they feel might be threatened by expansion of the British colonies. There is only one nation that fulfills both requirements: Germany."

"Yes, I see what you mean, Mr. Holmes," you agree.

"I suggest, Richard, that you return to the palace and look through Admiral Weathersley's effects for some link to Germany or Germans. You must hurry before the police seal off his rooms."

You thank him and hurry to the palace. Fortunately, the police are moving at their own deliberate pace, and you manage to avoid Detective Gregson.

Now that you are here you realize there is another avenue you have not explored. You have not yet spoken with McNeal's doctor.

- *If you visit the doctor, turn to 280.*
- *If you search Admiral Weathersley's rooms again, turn to 281.*



You find the Chamberlain in his office. When you enter, he stands to greet you, his expression serious. "Mr. Huntington, I regret to inform you that Private McNeal died nearly an hour ago. I have followed the Queen's wishes and informed Scotland Yard. They will be here directly. Will you be so good as to wait and tell them what you have learned? They will assume control of the investigation, but I am certain you can save them some time. Thank you for your assistance."

- *If you begin the case again, turn to 452.*
- *If you wish to give up trying to solve the case, turn to 492.*

You overpower him easily and manage to retain the letter. He slumps back in a chair, defeated. *Turn to 460.*

You search out the location of the room where McNeal was taken and ask for the attending physician. In a few minutes you are shown into another office where you are introduced to Dr. Wesley Thornton. Dr. Thornton is a short, spare man of about forty with a sober demeanor. "How may I help you, Mr. Huntington?" he asks, handing the royal writ back to you.

"I am curious to know if Private McNeal said anything before he died, Doctor," you reply.

"Nothing that made any sense, I am sorry to say," replies Dr. Thornton.

"Even so, Doctor. Did he say any words you were able to recognize? It may be important."

"He spoke of his mother there at the end — but wait, I believe he did say something to one of the nurses. Just a moment." He walks to the door and opens it. "Miss Jones, would you be so good as to step in here for a moment?"

A very attractive young, blond woman enters the office clad in a nurse's uniform. "Yes, Doctor," she says.

"This is Mr. Huntington, Miss Jones," he says indicating you. "He is investigating the death of Private McNeal. He

asked me if Private McNeal had said anything before he died. I believe you mentioned that he had said something to you the night after the attack."

"Yes, Doctor, it was very strange," her voice is a very pleasant contralto. "He kept saying something about the 'German woman'. It was difficult to understand, but he said it over and over until he sank into a coma near morning."

"Well, there you have it, Mr. Huntington. I hope it helps you."

"It is most helpful, Doctor," you say, pleased.

As you take your leave of them, you find yourself wondering how you could contrive to see Miss Jones again. As you shake her hand you notice her smile is one of amusement, as if she knows just what you are thinking.

Now to see Admiral Weathersley's rooms. *Check Clue W. Turn to 281.*



The room is as you left it. You decide that Detective Gregson may grind exceedingly fine, but he certainly is slow. You look around but are unable to discern any obvious connection with Germany. As you pass a small table near the entrance, you see a neat stack of mail that you did not notice before. After a quick struggle with your conscience you decide to open the mail. Admiral Weathersley is certainly no gentleman, and Sherlock Holmes has already reminded you of the practical realities of criminal investigation.

Quickly, you sort through the lot. One is official-looking, and you open it first. It is an invitation to a reception to be held at the German embassy this evening. You pocket the invitation, intending to use it yourself. *Check Clue X. Turn to 201.*

In less than an hour Sir Henry returns and escorts you through the halls of Buckingham Palace to your appointment. You find your knees a little weak at the prospect of meeting your future sovereign. You walk down a corridor past a magnificent white marble staircase, noting the guards standing at intervals up the stairs. You continue past several state apartments where visitors to the palace are housed and see that several of the doors are open, the apartments unoccupied at present. Looking in, you see paintings of famous people who have visited the Queen and gifts they have left behind.

You follow Sir Henry into the Pillar Room, perhaps the most famous of the state apartments, and find Prince Edward sitting on a settee. You bow deeply, saying, "Your Royal Highness, thank you for seeing me. I shall keep my questions brief."

The Prince of Wales is not a tall man, but he cuts an imposing figure. His full beard is streaked with grey, but his vitality appears undiminished. You have heard the tales, after all, who has not? But there is an honesty in his eyes that you find yourself responding to. He smiles and says, "Mr. Huntington, there is no need for that. Take as much time as you need. I wish to have this matter resolved quickly, as does Her

Majesty, the Queen — perhaps even more,” he adds somberly. “As I understand, you wish to know about my friends. Please ask me what you wish to know.” *Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- If 2-5, turn to 359.
- If 6-12, turn to 124.

## 283

“I found her in Spitalfields, Mr. Holmes,” you say. “She lives in a room above a pub. She was the strangest woman I have ever met. She is of some breeding, though what she is doing in Spitalfields, I cannot guess. I was thinking of offering to help her, but she warned me against it.”

“She warned you?” asks Holmes.

“Yes, as if she were there by choice. She left me in no doubt of that. Her warning chilled my blood, I can tell you.”

“Most intriguing,” says Holmes. “What do you think, Watson? The fair sex is your department, after all.”

“Enough of that, Holmes,” snorts Dr. Watson. “You will give Richard here the wrong impression. But to answer your question seriously, depravity is not entirely the province of the male. It could very well be that she knows herself for what she is and has exiled herself from polite company for a reason. But do go on, Richard. Did she tell you anything else of import?”

- If you checked Clue E, turn to 178.
- Otherwise, turn to 433.

## 284

The inside of the sentry box is dark, poorly-lit, and musty-smelling. You are about to leave when you see a scrap of paper caught under the baseboard. You take it out and examine it. There appears to be nothing remarkable about it at first glance. Its shape is triangular, and there is nothing written on it. You start to back out of the box when you notice a dark spot on the floor. Bending closer, you surmise that it is a bloodstain. You recall that Sir George told you that McNeal had been stabbed, but there had been very little blood. Perhaps this blood is McNeal’s; it certainly looks fresh. You try to think what to do next. *Check Clues B and C. Turn to 494.*

## 285

"You may be correct, Mr. Huntington, but you must let Scotland Yard handle the case now. If we make an obvious search for the document, it will be as good as telling unfriendly powers there is a treasure to be found. No, best it be done quietly. Will you honor my request?"

- *If you do as he says, turn to 107.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 111.*

## 286

Discretion is the better part of a successful investigation. In addition, incurring the wrath of such a powerful noble will do your career little good. You retire gracefully. "Very well, My Lord," you say. "Good day."

- *If you have not checked Decision 16, turn to 473.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 265.*

## 287

In what seems like seconds, the footman returns to inform you that Admiral Weathersley has returned. *Turn to 226.*

## 288

You decide not to ignore the chance that the woman Sally Barnes might know something crucial to the success of your investigation. Thanking the soldiers, you take your leave of Buckingham Palace just as the ceremony is about to begin. Slipping out through a side gate, you glance at the soldiers on parade as they stand stiffly at attention. You see the guard Captain marching back and forth, and something about him catches your eye. He holds his saber by the blade rather than the hilt. The sight jogs an old memory, but you do not have time to wait for it to surface. There are no Underground stations close to Buckingham Palace. The parade has snarled traffic, so you walk down The Mall in the direction of Trafalgar Square. Before going very far, you hear the clatter of a carriage behind you. You turn to find an empty hansom. Hailing it, you give the driver the address. He seems doubtful for a moment but then shrugs and whips the horse. Your route takes you on down The Mall, under Admiralty Arch and into

Trafalgar Square. From there you drive down the Strand past Charing Cross Station and on to Fleet Street, past St. Paul's Cathedral. From there, the carriage travels up Victoria Street to Bishopsgate and into Spitalfields.

Along the way the buildings have changed from the posh elegance of the Strand Palace Hotel to the decay and squalor of the East End. The people have changed as well. The well-dressed civil servants emerging from Northumberland Avenue and the fashionable young women wheeling prams and feeding pigeons in Trafalgar Square give way to aimless ragged loungers and dirty street arabs. Your hansom pulls up in front of a seedy pub along a narrow winding side street, the sign in front so weather-beaten that it is illegible. You tell your driver to wait and go inside. The light is dim inside The County Cork. There are few customers so early in the day. Those with money to spend are at work and those without cannot afford the price of a drink.

"Hello," you say to a middle-aged, heavy-set woman who has emerged from a storeroom.

"Sure, and ye'll be askin' for a drink just when I've got me hands full," she says. "Well, ye'll have to wait." Then she catches sight of you and stops. "What do ye want? I know it's not a drink, not the likes o' you."

"Ah, I am attempting to locate Sally Barnes," you say. *Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- *If 2-5, turn to 217.*
- *If 6-12, turn to 367.*

## 289

You consider your course of action.

- *If you have not checked Decision 11, turn to 242.*
- *If you checked Decision 11 but not Decision 12, turn to 352.*
- *If you checked Decisions 11 & 12 but not Decision 13, turn to 392.*
- *If you checked Decisions 11, 12, & 13 but not Decision 14, turn to 297.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 395.*

## 290

You return to the shop on the Strand, pushing past the assistants and into the back of the bakery. In addition to the ovens lining one wall and sacks of flour lining the other, you see three bakers and racks of fresh baked bread. *Pick a number and add your Observation bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 196.
- If 7-12, turn to 123.

## 291

You decide that a head-on approach has the best chance of working. "Mrs. Hudson," you begin firmly. "I appreciate your concern for Mr. Holmes' welfare. His health is of concern to me, as well. However, it is not your place to decide whom Mr. Holmes shall see and whom he shall not. Kindly allow me to enter."

Your forthrightness works. You have wounded her and are sorry for that, but you cannot allow her to impede your mission. *Turn to 347.*

## 292

You walk north until you come to the Grand Union Canal, then turn west until you come to the rooming house where Private Murphy's brother lives. You climb the stairs to room 202 and knock loudly. *Pick a number and add your Intuition bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 437.
- If 7-12, turn to 154.

## 293

"I believe Detective Gregson has deduced something from what I told him, Mr. Holmes, but I cannot think what it can be."

"It is elementary, Richard. He has discerned that Private McNeal had an accomplice, though McNeal himself may not have known it. The accomplice took the ship plans from McNeal after Admiral Weathersley had injured him. It is the only explanation that makes sense. The plans were not recovered, and in the rain they would have become waterlogged."

"Of course!" *Turn to 321.*

Sherlock Holmes looks piercingly at you for a moment and sighs. "I am afraid you have no real leads, Richard. You have no revealing physical evidence and not enough information to suggest a motive. You must go to the Chamberlain and inform him of this. Scotland Yard should be brought in immediately, before the trail grows colder yet. I would offer assistance, but my path leads in another direction, and I must husband my strength. I wish you well."

- *If you wish to begin again, turn to 452.*
- *If you give up trying to solve the case, turn to 492.*

"I am very sorry, My Lord, but I must insist. There is too much at stake here, and I have very little time to complete my investigation. If you will give me a few moments of your time, I will be as brief as possible." *Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 458.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 330.*

You continue into the room, hoping to have enough time to finish before they are called away for the changing of the guard. *Turn to 370.*

You decide to question the parliamentary messenger first. It is most unlikely that anyone chosen as a messenger from the Prime Minister to Queen Victoria could be involved. Still, it might be wise to ensure that the man was not an imposter.

It takes you an hour to locate the proper office, but once you do, a five minute conversation is enough to eliminate the man from consideration. He entered the palace and went directly to a waiting room where he waited in full view of a guard until the Queen sent for him. Then he delivered his papers and left. *Check Decision 14. Pick a number:*

- *If 2-3, turn to 502.*
- *If 4-12, turn to 167.*

When you finish, Sherlock Holmes makes a steeple with his fingers and then gazes off into the distance. *Turn to 277.*

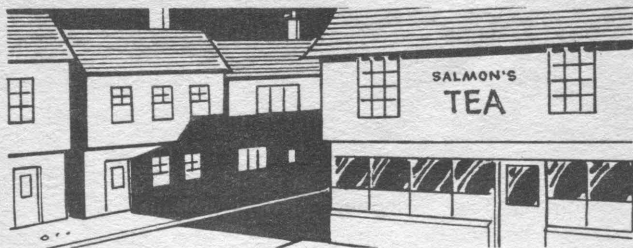
The inside of the sentry box is dark, poorly lit by the overcast sky, and smells musty. You are about to leave when you notice a dark spot on the floor. Bending closer, you surmise that it is a bloodstain. You recall that Sir George told you that McNeal had been stabbed, but there had been very little blood. Perhaps this blood is McNeal's; it certainly looks fresh. You try to think what to do next. *Check Clue C. Turn to 494.*

"Richard, are you saying the you did not press the matter because such behavior is ungentlemanly?"

"I suppose I am, Mr. Holmes," you reply.

"I thought I had taught you better than that, Richard. Even that dolt Athelney Jones from Scotland Yard would not have shied from asking such questions. If Admiral Weathersley is indeed guilty of the crime, his own act was most ungentlemanly. It was a singularly stupid thing to do! My instincts tell me that our good Admiral was the victim of blackmail. At the hands of Private McNeal! The woman may be the key," Holmes continues. "You must discover why he does not want the information to be made public. You need to be more forceful, Richard."

"I see what you mean, Mr. Holmes," you say. "How should I rectify the mistake?" *Turn to 218.*



### 301

With a cry of triumph, Admiral Weathersley manages to grab the letter from your hand. As you rush him, he turns and picks up a walking stick, pulling at the handle to reveal a long, thin blade. He holds you at bay while he sets fire to the letter.

As you watch the letter burn, you at least have the consolation of identifying the weapon that made the puncture mark on McNeal's chest. When the letter is burned, Admiral Weathersley scatters the ashes and turns back to you, lowering the daggered stick.

"You may have me, sir," he says in resignation, "but never her."

"You may as well tell me everything, Admiral," you say, hoping he will fall into the trap of thinking you know more than you do. "I already know most of it." *Check Clue S. Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 319.
- If 7-12, turn to 425.

### 302

"No, Detective Gregson, I am not satisfied. I believe there are still mysteries about this case which have not been solved."

"What do you mean, Mr. Huntington?" he asks with a penetrating look. *Pick a number and add your Intuition bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 500.
- If 7-12, turn to 109.

### 303

"Yes, I believe I can. I believe it is the woman known as Lady L. She looks familiar and it may be that I have seen her face inside the palace. It is only a matter of finding out who she is. It could very well be her, since she knew Admiral Weathersley would give in to the blackmailer's demands." *Turn to 118.*

### 304

The Chamberlain stands as you enter. "Do come in, Mr. Huntington" he says, showing you to a seat. "I am sorry to say that there has been a complaint about your conduct from Lord

Sumpter. I had to assure him I would speak with you. His words carry no weight with anyone but the Prince of Wales, but as the Prince will be King one day..." He coughs politely at the back of his hand. "I am sure you understand."

"Of course, Lord Chamberlain," you say, rising from your seat. "Will that be all?"

"Yes, Mr. Huntington," he replies. "Thank you for coming. You are doing an excellent job, if I may say so."

- *If you have not checked Decision 16, turn to 473.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 265.*

### 305

When you finish, Holmes sits back in his chair, a slight smile on his lean face. "Tell me, Richard," he says. "Were the ship plans ever recovered?"

"Not to my knowledge, Mr. Holmes," you reply.

"Then you must know what that means, Richard." *Pick a number and add your Intuition bonus:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 246.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 251.*

### 306

"I am very sorry, Detective Gregson, but I cannot do that," you reply. "I was given a mandate by the Queen herself to pursue this matter to its conclusion, and I shall do so. I have given you all the information I have, but I must see the matter through. I can do no less. Now if you will excuse me, I have business elsewhere."

"If you will not take a request, Mr. Huntington, perhaps you will heed a warning. Do not hinder or impede my investigation in any way, or I shall see to it that you are placed in police custody until this matter is concluded. Am I making myself understood?"

"Quite, Detective Gregson," you reply unperturbed. You expected the threat when you did not accede to his wishes.

"Very well, sir," He stands but does not offer to shake your hand. *Check Result N. Turn to 108.*

### 307

"No, that makes no sense at all. I fail to see how McNeal and his friends can profit from that information." *Turn to 219.*

308

You decide that McGill is probably playing on your sympathy to cover his lack of alertness. You have heard from your Uncle that many soldiers quickly master the knack of sleeping while standing up. McGill was probably asleep throughout the attack. *Turn to 152.*

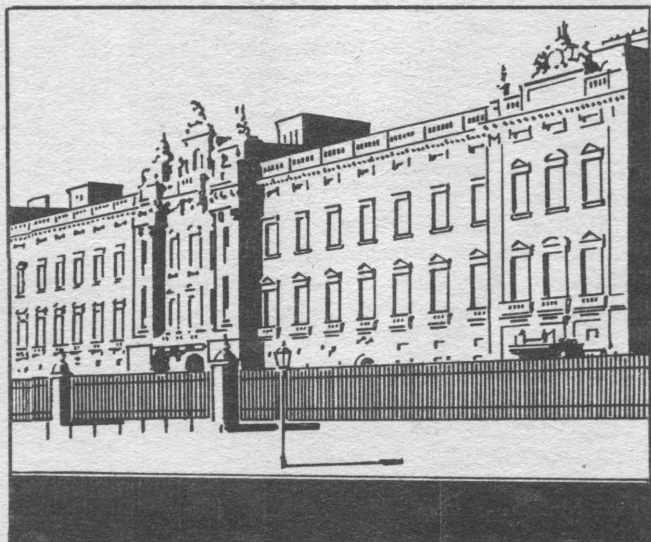
309

You do your best, but it is no use. She has no intention of letting you in. *Turn to 155.*

310

While deciding to see the Chamberlain later, you are not altogether certain that you are ready to meet with Detective Gregson either. On the other hand, he could give you valuable advice.

- *If you see Detective Gregson, turn to 114.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 177.*





### 311

You search the bunk, even stripping off the sheet, but find nothing. The trunk and wardrobe reveal nothing. Then you widen your search to include the barracks common areas, but you discover nothing. You are about to give up when you have a thought.

Going back to McNeal's bed, you turn over the mattress. There is nothing under it, but you notice a long slit on the side that had been hidden against the wall. The threads that held the slit closed must have been cut with a knife. McNeal would not have left the mattress in that condition before going on duty. Someone has stolen whatever was there. *Check Clue Q.*

- *If you have not checked Decision 18 and wish to talk with the other soldiers, turn to 428.*
- *If you seek out Captain Treadwell, turn to 227.*
- *If you consult with Sherlock Holmes, turn to 419.*

### 312

Lord Sumpter caves in. "I may as well tell you, my dear fellow. You shall uncover the truth soon enough anyway. Mr. Eagleton is no gentleman. If you wish to find him, you must ask Lord Befford." He plops down in a chair. "There was no need to be so rough; I would have told you anyway." *Turn to 473.*

### 313

"I am afraid not," you reply. *Turn to 478.*

Apparently they do not trust you. Although flogging has been outlawed, the military still treats desertion as a serious crime, and they view you as an agent of those who seek to punish their comrade. With nothing more to be gained, you take your leave and hail a cab, telling the driver to take you to 221 Baker Street. *Turn to 419.*

"Certainly, sir," he replies. "I should be quite happy to help you. What would you like to know?"

"You may begin by telling me what you know about McNeal. What sort of soldier is he? Has he any friends in the unit?"

"Well, sir," the sergeant answers after thinking a moment. "McNeal, his given name is Thomas, comes from a little village in Cork. He has been in the army for just over five years. I cannot say that he is a model soldier, but I will say that he is a little better than I expect. With his temper, you would expect him to be more of a brawler, but he rarely gets into scuffles in the barracks. He is said to be a moderate drinker and is thrifty with his money. He always seems to have a few shillings to lend his mates. Is that what you want, sir?"

"Yes, Sergeant," you say. "What about friends?"

"Not many, I think. There was one man in B watch. Bracker is his name. They have been seen coming back to camp together. Cannot think of anyone else."

"Can you tell me where I could find this man Bracker, Sergeant? Perhaps I should speak with him."

"He should be in the guard room down the hall, preparing for the changing of the guard, sir."

You thank him and leave his office, walking down the short hall to the guard room. Entering the room, you find a small group of soldiers putting on their dress uniforms and making themselves presentable. You stand quietly for a moment to get their attention. "Is there a Private Bracker here?" you ask.

One of the men straightens up and looks at you. "Here, sir," he says, standing to attention.

"Stand easy, soldier," you say. "I am only here to ask a few questions."

"Yes, sir," he answers uneasily. You gesture him to accompany you out into the hallway. "I am investigating the incident which occurred last night, soldier, and I need your help."

"Are you from Scotland Yard, sir?" Bracker's tone is a little awed.

"Nothing so glamorous, I am afraid," you reply. "This is a private investigation." *Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- If 2-4, turn to 230.
- If 5-12, turn to 488.

### 316

"No, it makes no sense," you reply. "It cannot influence the Home Rule issue directly. I saw that immediately. They could, however, sell the plans to a nation unfriendly to Britain." *Check Deduction 2. Turn to 448.*

### 317

You decide that there is no point in questioning the privates in the guard detail as they are unlikely to know anything important. The only one who may be able to provide cogent, lucid information is the guard officer. *Turn to 485.*

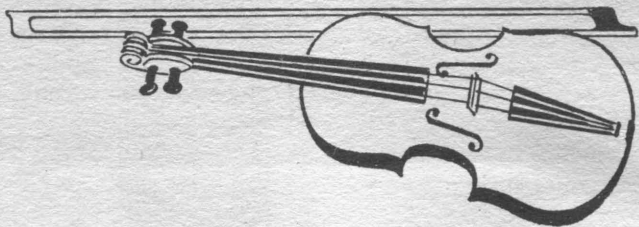
### 318

The door opens a crack. "Show me the writ," he says in a gruff voice. You unfold the parchment and place it where he can see it. "Very well, I shall honor the Queen's wishes, but I maintain you deserve a sound thrashing for waking me."

You have had enough of this fool, even if he is a friend of the Prince of Wales. "My Lord, I am on the Queen's business. If you do not come out of your room this instant, I shall be forced to drag you out."

The door opens wide and Lord Sumpter dashes through, a portly figure consumed by rage. "At you!" he shouts, and aims a wicked punch at your head. *Pick a number and add your Athletics bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 273.
- If 7-12, turn to 258.



### 319

"I think not, Mr. Huntington," he rejoins scornfully. "I believe you know very little of my affairs. Regardless of my guilt, I have no intention of satisfying your curiosity." *Turn to 157.*

### 320

Although you wait expectantly, no one comes forward. It is as if someone has poisoned them against you.

- *If you checked Decision 4, turn to 235.*
- *Otherwise, you decide to see the Officer-of-the-Guard. Turn to 485.*

### 321

"Correct," says Sherlock Holmes. "Now can you tell me the identity of his accomplice?"

- *If you name the Sergeant-of-the-Guard, turn to 259.*
- *If you name the Officer-of-the-Guard, turn to 253.*
- *If you name Private Murphy, turn to 376.*
- *If you name Lady L., turn to 260.*
- *If you name Private McGill, turn to 263.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 263.*

### 322

"I remembered from some of my uncle's tales that only the officers of the Irish Guards carry their sabers in that manner.

"Well, there you have it, Mr. Holmes," you conclude. "What do you think?" *Check Clue H (if you have not done so already). Turn to 245.*

His eyes narrow and he measures you with a long cool stare. "Very well, Mr. Huntington," he replies, standing back to allow you to enter the room. "I shall be with you directly, if you will be so good as to wait in the sitting room through that door." He points to a massive black ebony door set into one wall.

You nod and walk into the room, hearing the door to Lord Befford's bedroom close and a low murmur of voices. In a few minutes, the door opens again and Lord Befford comes into the room and sits down.

"Now what is this about?"

"My Lord, an incident took place early this morning which has very serious implications. I should like to ask you some questions."

"Am I under suspicion, Mr. Huntington?" he asks, crossing his legs with such studied casualness that the gesture makes you suspicious.

"Everyone who might have had the opportunity to commit the offense is under suspicion, My Lord," you reply coolly.

"Well then, ask away."

"May I begin by asking how you got that scratch on your cheek, My Lord?"

"Dull razor, if you must know."

You continue to ask questions which Lord Befford manages to deflect. You are getting nowhere. *Pick a number and add your Observation bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 333.
- If 7-12, turn to 463.

"I am coming, damn you. You deserve a proper thrashing for this." *Turn to 162.*

"I am afraid not," you answer. *Turn to 141.*

"Please go away, Mr. Huntington. I have no time to see anyone at the moment. I must prepare important Admiralty papers for presentation in the House of Lords tomorrow."

"I am on the Queen's business, Admiral."

There is silence for a moment. The door opens. "Show me your authorization," says Admiral Sir George Weathersley. He is not what you expected. From what Sir Henry told you earlier, this Admiral has never been to sea. Instead, he has worked all his adult life in the labyrinth of the Admiralty building, rising to his present post through meticulous attention to detail and sheer hard work. You had expected to find a small, wizened gnome, his body pale and undernourished from years of neglect.

Instead, what you see is a hale and hardy man of middle years. Admiral Weathersley is of average height with curly black hair, greying at the temples. His skin has color, and his eyes are dark. His middle is beginning to thicken, and there are lines around his eyes, but he looks more like your ideal of the captain of a three-masted frigate than any naval officer you have ever met. The effect is diminished only somewhat by the half-frame reading glasses perched on his nose. He holds out his hand for the authorization. Hastily, you dig out the royal writ and hand it to him. *Turn to 174.*

## 327

You go back to question the brother, but almost immediately realize that he was only protecting Private Murphy and knows nothing. *Turn to 200.*

## 328

You make several passes through the crowd, but are unable to find anyone who bears a close resemblance to the photograph. True, there is a beautiful young woman who vaguely resembles her, but only vaguely.

You mingle with the crowd a little longer and then decide to leave. You can accomplish what you want by following Private McGill to the rendezvous. There has been no opportunity for him to pass the plans yet. Perhaps if you hurry, you can still catch him. *Turn to 345.*

Walking into the yard, you find that the entire guard detail has been collected. There are already more soldiers in the yard than you expected, and the crowd is larger too. There appear to be two full squads of scarlet-tunicked soldiers standing in formation. The Sergeant-of-the-Guard stands in front of his men as the guard officer marches back and forth across the yard. You are somewhat surprised to see that he is not carrying his saber by the hilt; instead he carries it by the blade. You begin to think that something special is about to happen. After a moment, you hear the sound of a marching band coming up The Mall. As the band gets closer, you hear the clatter of hooves. A troop of Horse Guards ride by on their way back to barracks. Then you see the band approaching. The crowd gives way as the guards open the gates to allow the band and the guard contingent into the yard. As they enter, you catch sight of another band and guard detail coming up the Mall, and you finally realize what is happening. The ceremony is not only a changing of the guard. The responsibility for guarding the Tower of London, Buckingham Palace, and other historic London landmarks is about to shift from one regiment to another. You look back to the old guard detail and see they have come to attention, presenting arms to their regimental colors. The rest of the ceremony signals a formal conveying of responsibility. Finally, both bands march out followed by the old guard detail. You are dismayed to see the guard officer you wanted to meet marching with his men. You only have forty-eight hours and already one witness has been consumed by the ceremony. You will be forced to go to Wellington Barracks to speak with the man when he returns. Fortunately, you know his name. *Check Decision 9. Pick a number and add your Scholarship bonus:*

- If 2-7, turn to 122.
- If 8-12, turn to 411.

“There will be other trains, My Lord.” *Turn to 323.*

### 331

No one volunteers any more information.

- *If you checked Decision 4, turn to 235.*
- *Otherwise, you go to see the Officer-of-the-Guard. Turn to 485.*

### 332

"Richard, what you learned from Miss Barnes may provide the motive for murder. But first tell me what you learned from the guard officer."

- *If you checked Decision 9, turn to 208.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 456.*

### 333

You pause for a moment, thinking you heard a noise. But after a moment, you continue to question him. Finally, you decide there is no point in pursuing this aimless banter and take your leave. *Turn to 265.*

### 334

"I have no time for this foolishness, Mr. Huntington. I shall be departing in less than an hour. I have a train to catch and must collect my belongings from Sommerville House." He begins to close the door.

- *If you insist on questioning him, turn to 295.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 100.*

### 335

"Yes, it was," Admiral Weathersley replies quickly, grateful for the opportunity to change the subject. "May I get you a drink, Mr. Huntington?"

"Yes, thank you."

"A brandy?"

"A brandy would be very nice," you say. The room has become very cold. While he pours the brandy into two snifters, you go over to the fire and stir new life to the dying embers. *Pick a number and add your Observation bonus:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 338.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 381.*

"He was inebriated when brought before me, but not so much as he would have had me believe. A crafty rather than cunning man. I decided to ask him about his recent contacts with McNeal."

- *If you checked Clue G, turn to 445.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 192.*

"I spoke with the fellow at some length, but he had nothing further to add to the little I knew." *Turn to 170.*



The embers catch quickly as you stir them. You add kindling, and in moments the fire roars. You return to your seat just as Admiral Weathersley hands you a snifter. You notice a strained look on his face and decide that he remains troubled by the question you asked earlier. You sip your brandy.

"I am sorry to have bothered you with these questions, Admiral Weathersley," you comment as the brandy begins to warm you. "But you must understand that the crime was a very serious one. I hope that I have not offended you."

"I should be lying if I claimed I enjoyed the questioning, Mr. Huntington. However," he continues with a resigned sigh, "if the crime is as serious as you say, it had to be done. Are we finished?"

"Yes, we are, Admiral Weathersley. I am satisfied." The two of you chat for a few minutes, and you take your leave. *Turn to 239.*



### 339

A waiter approaches with a tray of drinks and you take one, knowing it will make you less conspicuous in the crowd. The crowd has already resolved into little knots of individual conversations, with most of them speaking French, the language of international diplomacy. You do not see the mystery woman in any of these groups. Then you notice a much larger group at one end of the largest room and wander over. Most of the group are men and once there, you see why. The woman for whose attention they are all vying is one of the most beautiful you have ever seen.

She is a small woman, not more than five feet tall. She is slight of build but very feminine, with a long graceful neck and eyes full of life. She laughs easily, favoring each of her suitors in turn with her full attention. You are certain that every man there is in love with her. Her many suitors address her as "Mrs. Mueller." *Check Clue Y.*

- *If you have checked Clue O, turn to 351.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 356.*

### 340

In less than an hour, Sir Henry returns with the news that the Prince is unavailable for the moment, but may be able to fit you in next week.

- *If you question the merchants, turn to 417.*
- *If you question Admiral Weathersley, turn to 265.*
- *If you question the Prince of Wales' friends, turn to 395.*

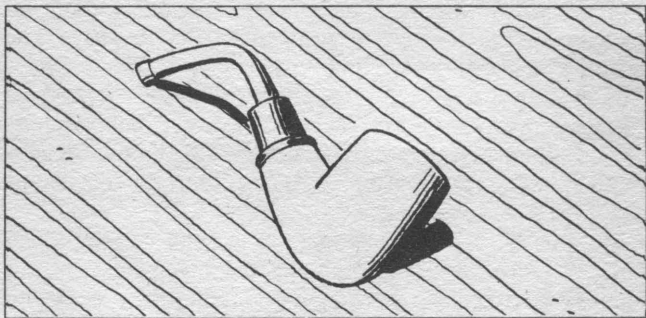
### 341

You notice the bags of flour lining the wall. The writing on the bags is in French. That in itself would not be significant. What is significant is that there are no duty stamps on the bags. The baker is using smuggled flour! That was why he ran; he thought you were investigating him for smuggling. *Turn to 270.*

### 342

You begin to tell him what you have discovered during the course of your investigation. As you talk you realize you must make a decision whether to tell him about what you learned from the Prince of Wales' friends. Do you trust this man enough to place the seeds of a scandal in his hands?

- *If you avoid the subject, turn to 232.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 357.*



"So, Mr. Huntington, you caught the murderer and accomplished it in such a manner as not to alert the newspapers," comments Queen Victoria. "We wish to express our sincerest congratulations. We knew We had presented you a most difficult task, but Our ministers spoke very highly of you."

"It was my pleasure, Your Majesty," you stammer, more than a little nervous.

"We must admit that We were surprised to learn the identity of the murderer. Admiral Weathersley has been a member of Our household for many years. His wife Elizabeth was very dear to Us. We suspect her death must have unhinged him somewhat."

"That could be so, Your Majesty," you reply. "Love sometimes has a way of putting us in difficult situations."

"It does not excuse his actions."

"No, Your Majesty, it does not."

"Mr. Huntington, We should like to confer upon you some signal honor for the service you have done Us. We have discussed the matter with the Lord Chamberlain, and you shall be hearing from him in due course. Suffice to say that you shall not lack for royal grants to carry on your work."

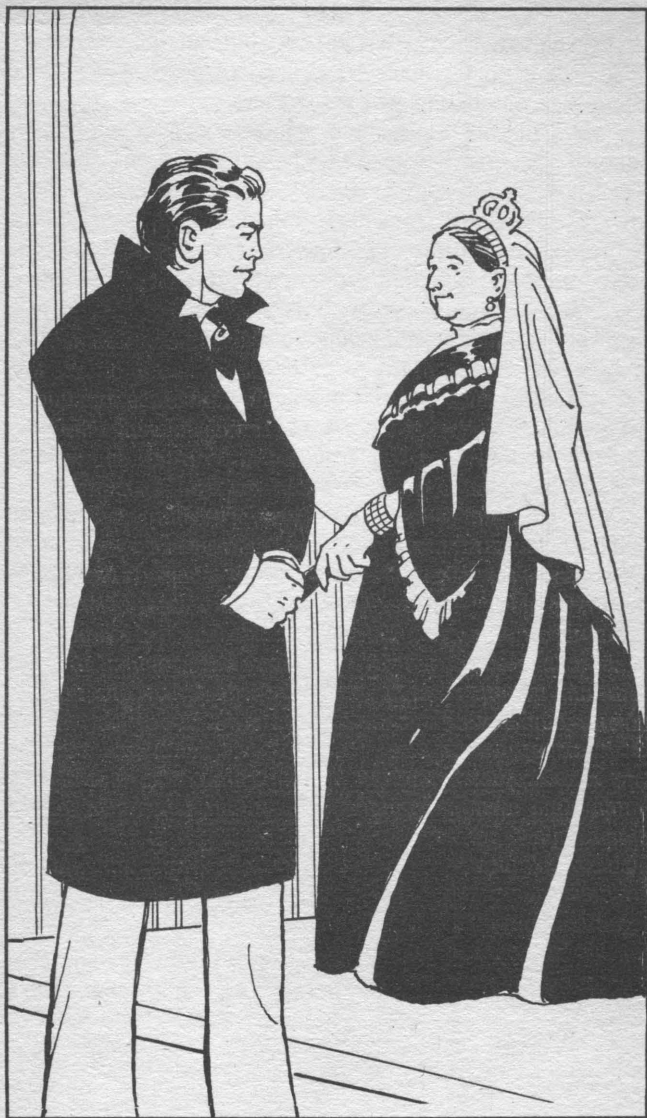
"Thank you, Your Majesty!" you say, your head spinning.

"Not at all, Mr. Huntington. Your research helps us all."

It is nearly a week later and you are at breakfast when you pick up the *Daily Telegraph* and open it to the front page. The headline screams: "Spy Ring Smashed by Scotland Yard". The article rather sketchily describes a dastardly attempt by a foreign power to secure critical naval secrets from the Admiralty. Fortunately, the ring was smashed, and the spies captured by Detective Gregson. The paper promises more details as they become available.

So, you think, there was more to the plot, after all. And Gregson had cleverly said nothing, convincing you to permit him to take over the case and get the credit for the work you did. You have the consolation of knowing you identified a murderer and helped to expose a spy ring, but you cannot help feeling a little disappointed that you were not in it to the last.

**The End**



You try to leave it at that and walk out, but find you cannot. You walk to the secretary's desk and look down at him. "You knew all along that he was not in there!"

"Sir, I did not. He has a private entrance. Hence, I only know if he is leaving when he wishes." It may even be true, but you know that he enjoyed every minute of your discomfort.

"Then I apologize for what I implied," you say, still fuming. "Bye the bye, I believe that column adds to 368, not 386," you say, pointing to one of the columns of figures on the page.

"Which column?" he says with genuine interest.

"That one," you say placing your finger on the offending number and managing to knock over his inkwell at the same time. "Drat!" you declare in mock horror. "I am not normally so clumsy; it must be the chair. Frightfully sorry." You leave with the secretary dashing around the desk, trying to mop up the spreading pool of ink.

You walk back down The Mall and enter Buckingham Palace. As you enter, you ask the guards whether Admiral Weathersley has returned yet. The sentry says that he returned less than an hour ago. *Turn to 226.*

## 345

You leave the reception, retrieve your hat and coat, and walk out of the embassy into the street to hail a cab. Hearing a clatter you turn around to find a heavy growler bearing down on you, the driver whipping up his team for all he is worth. You dive for the sidewalk. *Pick a number and add your Athletics bonus:*

- If 2-4, *turn to 454.*
- If 5-12, *turn to 361.*

## 346

"Oh, very well," he grumbles. "But I tell you I am most decidedly unhappy about it. In fact, I may thrash you." *Turn to 162.*

Walking down the hall, you meet Dr. Watson on the stairs.

"I was just coming to see what the commotion was about," he declares. "Hello, Richard, how are you?"

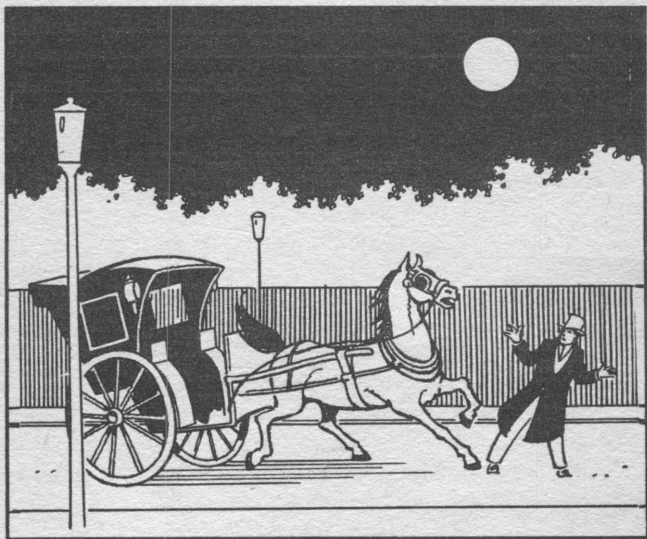
"I am well, Dr. Watson," you reply. "My Uncle Gerald sends his best regards. Sorry for the disturbance, but Mrs. Hudson was barring the door like a lion."

"I see that she has taken what I said a little too seriously. I shall have a word with her directly. Please convey my regards to your uncle when you next see him. How is his leg?"

"Quite well, Dr. Watson. He walks to the post office and back every day. He asked me to tell you that he would be ready for that walk in Surrey you promised him by spring."

"Delightful! I will look forward to it. In the meantime, I suppose you are here to see Holmes?"

"Yes, I am." *Turn to 171.*



"One of the soldiers was in a great hurry to leave as I entered the guard room," you answer.

- *If you checked Deduction I, turn to 391.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 276.*

"Private Murphy described his life growing up in a Ireland. As grim as his tale was, I did learn that McNeal had been a member of an Irish gang. Private Murphy claimed that McNeal had dropped out before the recent violence began. He said that McNeal did not approve of their methods."

- "Commendable," remarks Holmes dryly. "Anything else?"
- *If you checked Result F, turn to 213.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 337.*

"What is it you're wantin' to know then?" Murphy says sullenly.

"First, why did you leave the barracks?"

"Because of the money," he answers, refusing to meet your eye.

"What money?" you ask.

"The money I took from Thomas' bunk," he says as if the answer was being torn from him. "He said I could have it, should anything happen to him, indeed he did, sir. I would have waited too, waited until he died." Now the words tumble out of him in a rush. "But I was afraid you would find it and it's near three hundred pounds — a bloody fortune! I couldn't take the chance. Truth to tell, sir, that was why I ran. Havin' all that money in the barracks, and no one to protect me."

"Why did he want you to have the money, Private Murphy? I was given to understand that you were not very close."

"'Tis true, sir, but he wanted me to do something for him, should something happen to him."

"Yes? What did he wish you to do?"

"I was to go to The County Cork and tell the owner."

"What were you to say?"

"Just that something had happened to him."

"And for that you were to keep the money?"

"Yes, sir. 'Tis the truth. I swear it is."

"I believe you, Murphy. Tell me, have you delivered your message yet?"

"No, sir. I was not to go there until afternoon."

"Very good, Murphy, but now I have some advice for you," you say. "Go back to your unit and report to Captain Wren. I have convinced him to go easy on you. Otherwise, the police will be alerted."

"I was just talkin' about that with me brother. Patrick said the same thing."

You release him, and the two of you go your separate ways.

- *If you visit Sherlock Holmes, turn to 200.*
- *If you go to the pub, turn to 414.*

### 351

She has matured since you saw her last. Her face has lost some of the gamine quality of her adolescent years, but her dark eyes are the same. She expresses more in a single glance than most women do in hours of intimate conversation. You watch her in the space of a single exchange go from cool reserve, thawing gradually to open frankness and then to provocative intimacy as she makes another conquest. It is the sense of intimacy she can create between herself and another, even in the midst of a crowd, that is her greatest weapon. For the man who is the object of her attention, there is no crowd. There is no one but her in all the world.

She plays the reluctant wife now, this young actress you first saw in Berlin. On her hand is a wedding ring, but you cannot distinguish her husband from any of the others in the group. No doubt he is as captivated by her as anyone there. You shudder at the thought of what he must go through at parties, each time the men gather around his wife. You join the group and await your turn.

In time she turns to you, and you feel the impact of her eyes. They smolder, they promise nothing and yet everything. They are the eyes of Lorelei, the German temptress who lures men to deaths, broken on the rocks of their passion.

"I do not believe we have met, sir," she says with a faint German accent. "I am Mrs. Ludmilla Mueller."

"We have not, madam," you reply, bearing up with an effort under the force of her allure. Now that her attention is focused in your direction, you begin to understand her power. Even knowing what you do, you find it difficult to resist her. "My name is Richard Huntington. I am a friend of Admiral Weathersley's. He asked me to express his regrets."

"Admiral Weathersley?" she asks, somewhat confused as if unable to place him. She is very good, but you saw her eyes widen just a bit.

"I always meant to tell you how much I enjoyed your performance several years ago in Berlin, madam. You have a lovely voice," you say with a smile, watching her composure for cracks. "I did not know you had been married. Do you not remember Admiral Weathersley?"

"No, I am sorry, sir, but I meet so many people at affairs like these. I could have met him once but not remember his name." She has neatly covered her tracks, but you did not miss the meaningful glance she shot at someone over your shoulder.  
*Turn to 369.*



The establishment of Holston & Sons, Bakers on the Strand, is housed in a fine stone and glass-fronted three-story building three blocks from Trafalgar Square and just one block from Charing Cross Station. The store smells of fresh-baked bread, making your mouth water. You ask for James Holston.

After a short wait, a man comes from the back, wiping his flour-covered hands on a white apron. "Yes?" His clipped voice contains a hint of a French accent, "I am James Holston. I have no time for idle chat. Please tell me what you want. I have bread about to burn."

"I am here to investigate a crime," you say. "I have been commissioned by the Lord High Chamberlain, and I should like to ask you a few questions." *Check Decision 12. Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 449.
- If 7-12, turn to 207.

## 353

You learn from the palace staff that Admiral Weathersley is still at the Admiralty. He is not expected back until late tonight.

- If you go to the Admiralty to see him, turn to 401.
- If you await his return, turn to 457.

## 354

You dash out of the building, but Admiral Weathersley is nowhere to be seen. He has obviously taken a cab. You decide to walk back in case he stops along the way.

You hurry down The Mall to Buckingham Palace. As you are entering the gate, you ask the guard if Admiral Weathersley has returned. He informs you that the Admiral returned less than ten minutes ago. *Turn to 226.*

## 355

You summon a passing constable and explain to him what you have learned. Then you depart, leaving the matter in his hands. *Turn to 289.*

You know this woman. You are sure of it, though you cannot place her. Her dark eyes express more in a single glance than most women do in hours of intimate conversation. You watch her in the space of a single exchange go from cool reserve, thawing gradually to open frankness and then to provocative intimacy as she makes another conquest. It is the sense of intimacy she can create between herself and another, even in the midst of a crowd, that is her greatest weapon. For the man who is the object of her attention, there is no crowd. There is no one but her in all the world.

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"No, I am sorry, sir, but I meet so many people at affairs like these. I could have met him once but not remember his name." She has neatly covered her tracks, but you did not miss the meaningful glance she shot at someone over your shoulder.

*Turn to 369.*

You decide you must tell him everything if he is to understand how you arrived at Admiral Weathersley as the principal suspect. It may be necessary for his conviction. *Check Result J. Turn to 408.*



You decide you will see the Chamberlain first. The police will be here for some time, after all. You can always see Gregson.

You find the Chamberlain in his office. He rises to greet you. "Ah, Mr. Huntington," he says. "So glad you could take the time to see me."

"A pleasure, Lord Chamberlain," you reply.

"I wished to thank you for your assistance in this affair. I understand you caught the murderer. Fine work, Mr. Huntington. I am certain the Queen will be pleased to have this unfortunate incident brought to a successful conclusion."

"A man was killed, Lord Chamberlain," you say.

"Why yes, of course," he replies with a faint smile, "and not by anyone important. The Admiral's blood relationship to the Queen is faint, you see. He was allowed to live in the palace on the Queen's sufferance because of the love the Queen bore Admiral Weathersley's dead wife. There will be no sordid speculation in the newspapers. That is enough."

"I see," you say. You cannot disagree with the Chamberlain's logic, but what you have heard has somehow tarnished your victory. Now you just want to be away from this man. "If you will excuse me, Lord Chamberlain."

"Of course, Mr. Huntington, of course." He favors you with a tight-lipped smile as he shakes your hand.

- *If you are satisfied with the investigation, turn to 209.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 108.*

When you finish, he looks at you for a long moment before replying, "I am sorry, Mr. Huntington, but I cannot help you. My friends entered the palace after I did, and whilst I cannot conceive that they would have anything to do with such an atrocious act, I cannot in truth say that they did not have the opportunity. You must talk with them and draw your own conclusions."

You thank the Prince and take your leave.

- *If you question the merchants, turn to 417.*
- *If you question Admiral Weathersley, turn to 265.*
- *If you question the Prince of Wales' friends, turn to 395.*

## 360

You decide to question the Earl of Sumpter, one of the oldest and dearest friends of the Prince of Wales, and reportedly a difficult man to deal with. You follow a footman to the suite Lord Sumpter occupied for the previous evening and wait while he knocks on the door. There is no answer. You order the footman to knock louder. Still no answer.

"Use your passkey," you say.

The footman looks very doubtful, but does as you say. In a moment the door is unlocked and you enter, closing the door behind you with a thud.

The room you have entered is larger than one entire floor of the house in which you live. It is paneled in lustrous oak and hung with brocaded curtains. Faded tapestries cover two walls while the others are hung with portraits in gilded frames. On a small stand in one corner sits a glass case covering a medieval knight's helmet, polished to a silvery sheen. In another is a stand supporting a small but exquisite music box inlaid with gold, silver and mother-of-pearl, and set with rubies and sapphires. It is breathtaking. There is enough wealth in this one room to buy your father's estate several times over. You walk over to the curtains and throw them back, allowing the fading sunlight to enter.

Then you walk to a door on the far side of the room and knock. You hear a groan from the other side. You knock louder.

"Go away!" is the blurred command from the other side.

"I shall not go away, My Lord, until you arise."

"Go away or I shall have you thrown to the pigs!" The voice is louder this time.

"There are no pigs at Buckingham Palace, My Lord," you answer.

"What do you have then?" he snarls.

"Dogs, My Lord."

"Dogs it is then," he says.

You wait but after several minutes but only silence comes from the other side of the door. You knock again, louder than necessary. Another groan arises, this time with a hint of desperation. *Check Decision 15. Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- If 2-7, turn to 229.
- If 8-12, turn to 503.

### 361

You manage to roll out of the path of the cab, but it was a very near thing. Your carelessness nearly cost you your life, but you cannot help having the feeling that this encounter may not have been accidental. Perhaps you are getting close enough to worry someone.

You make your way to Wellington Barracks. Just as your cab pulls up and you are about to step out, you see Private McGill come out of the entrance. The police have obviously lifted the soldier's confinement since they have the murderer in custody. You decide to follow him. *Pick a number and add your Artifice bonus:*

- If 2-5, turn to 383.
- If 6-12, turn to 496.



"I shall not put up with this harassment, sirrah. I will have satisfaction. To whom shall I send my man?"

The fool has challenged you to a duel! You wonder if he is serious or just playacting. He acts the buffoon, but all this could turn very serious unless you tread carefully.

- *If you try to talk sense into him, turn to 491.*
- *If you show him the writ from the Queen, turn to 216.*

You walk into the room and find it empty. Making a quick search, you find nothing. But upon inspecting the wardrobe once more, you discover an article of women's clothing. Suddenly, everything makes sense. This reckless idiot brought a woman into Buckingham Palace! In all likelihood she is an adventuress of the most common sort.

If this becomes public knowledge, the scandal could forever tarnish the Prince of Wales' image. No one will believe that he knew nothing about it. The British people have been tolerant of his antics for the past thirty years because he has always been careful not to diminish the prestige of the Queen. But this insult strikes too close to heart of the monarchy. Lord Befford has offered the newspapers the means to destroy the Prince of Wales and damage Queen Victoria.

"Lord Befford," you say to the Marquess standing in the door. "My advice to you is to get 'Mr. Eagleton' out of the palace immediately. I should not mention this to anyone." *Turn to 265.*

Later, you leave your house just off Regent's Park and accept Sir Henry's offer of a ride to Buckingham Palace. On the way you have a chance to ponder the extraordinary request which has been made of you — and the almost undignified eagerness with which you accepted. Sir Henry was brief but thorough in his explanation of the assault as well as the Chamberlain's request. You have agreed to respect the Queen's desire for secrecy. Also, you are under no illusions as to why you have been selected.

No one expects you to succeed — with possible exception of the Queen. To the Chamberlain and his subordinates, you are nothing more than a cipher needed to fill a spot in a column of figures, a name to give the Queen. You feel your jaw muscles tighten. If it is humanly possible, you will solve this crime and justify Queen Victoria's faith in you!

The carriage passes through Trafalgar Square and under Admiralty Arch, making its way down The Mall toward the palace. You begin to plan how you will conduct the investigation. The need for secrecy will hamper you. On the other hand, the Chamberlain has promised to intercede for you in difficult situations. Dealing with nobility, all of whom outrank you, will be tricky. But, perhaps most difficult of all will be the arbitrary time limit the Queen has placed on your investigation. You will need all the help you can get. To that end, you decide you will involve Sherlock Holmes in the investigation at the earliest opportunity. Even if he cannot be an active participant, he will be invaluable in a consulting capacity — provided you can gain his attention. You remember the case you brought him last year. Holmes scoffed at it and suggested you go to the police — the ultimate indicator of its pedestrian nature. Hopefully, this one will contain something to spark his interest. Your carriage stops while the guards in front of Buckingham Palace pull the gates open. Once they are open, you enter and then drive through a short passage into an inner courtyard. You dismount from the carriage, glance at the sentry boxes on either side, and then follow Sir Henry into the palace. On the way you stop for a moment to straighten your tie in a hallway mirror. Looking critically at your own reflection you see a tall, lean man with dark hair and sharp features. Anyone who does not know you would put your age at thirty, though you are still two months short of your twenty-fifth birthday. The pain of the loss of your wife and daughter is still etched in the lines in your face, and a haunted look lingers in the depths of your eyes. You straighten your tie and hurry to catch up with Sir Henry. The Chamberlain stands when you enter. "Ah, Mr. Huntington, do come in," he says, shaking your hand. "So gratified you could spare the time to assist us in this unpleasant matter."

"My pleasure, Lord Chamberlain," you reply. "Sir Henry has already briefed me on the particulars of the case. Is there any reason I should not get right to it?"

"The sooner the better, Mr. Huntington, but there have been several developments since Sir Henry left to fetch you. For one thing, the entire guard detail has been confined to Wellington Barracks for the next two days — to keep the news from getting out too soon and to assist your investigation. Also I have something for you." He hands you a small rolled parchment. "This is a writ from the Queen giving you authority to question members of the royal family and forbidding them from taking insult. It may help in those cases where you cannot reveal the nature of your investigation."

"Thank you, Lord Chamberlain," you say. "The writ will be most helpful. There is one other thing I should like, if it is not too much trouble."

"Of course, Mr. Huntington. What is it?"

"I should like to examine the Queen's seal."

"That is no trouble at all; I still have it here in my office." He reaches into a compartment in his desk, extracts the seal and hands it to you. You examine the cylinder carefully, noting the scratches in the metal and the places where the embossing has been damaged. You look up.

"Did you have the seal cleaned, Lord Chamberlain?" you ask.

"Certainly. I could not take it in to the Queen looking the way it did this morning. Why do you ask?"

"This may turn out to be a murder weapon, Lord Chamberlain. In its original state it could have provided valuable clues to the identity of the attacker."

"Ah, yes," replies the Chamberlain without a great deal of interest. "I see now I should not have had it cleaned." He rises to indicate the meeting is at an end. "It is comforting to know we have an expert on the case. Good luck, Mr. Huntington." Sir Henry sees you to the door. *Check Clue A and Result A.*

- *If you go to the scene of the crime, check Decision 1 and turn to 452.*

- *If you question the officers of the guard, check Decision 2 and turn to 396.*



You jump to your feet and, making your apologies, leave to seek out Captain Wren, Private Murphy's company commander. He permits you to question the men in Private Murphy's barracks. Gathering them, he turns them over to you.

"Men," you say to the assembled group. "As you are aware, there a serious incident occurred last night, resulting in one of your number being seriously injured. We have reason to believe that Private Murphy is somehow connected to the incident. We must contact him immediately. You have Captain Wren's assurance that he will be well-treated, but I must know where he is." *Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- If 2-7, turn to 314.
- If 8-12, turn to 145.

Sherlock Holmes remains silent for a moment, then turns to Dr. Watson and says, "What do you think, Watson? Why was the guard attacked?"

"Very well, Holmes, I shall rise to your bait. I am in complete agreement with Richard on one issue. I do not believe robbery was the motive for the attack. The fact that McNeal is an Irish name and that he belongs to the Irish Guards suggests nothing in itself, but when viewed in the larger context, might suggest the activities of one of the Irish gangs of terrorists. I believe it is somehow connected to them. Perhaps they attacked him because he was unwilling to give into their demands."

"Well said, Watson," applauds Holmes. "However, I believe your conclusion is incorrect."

"How so?" demands Dr. Watson, a trifle indignant.

"This case may involve the Dynamiters, but I believe it revolves around blackmail. Money is central to the crime. McNeal was blackmailing someone, I contend, in all likelihood someone at Buckingham Palace. His demands evidently became more than his victim could bear, and McNeal may die for it."

"Then what is your advice, Mr. Holmes?" you ask. "I must confess that the thought of blackmail did enter my mind, but I dismissed it because of other aspects of the case."

"I believe you have exhausted the possibilities within the guard detail for the present," comments Holmes, standing to pace as he is wont to do when deep in thought. "Perhaps you should go now to the other end of this puzzle and identify those with opportunity," he continues.

"Buckingham Palace is well-guarded inside and out. No one can move about without being noticed. Check the comings and goings at that hour. Who had access to the guards? Who might have been a candidate for blackmail?"

"I see," you reply. "That presents me with a whole new avenue of investigation. I shall pursue it immediately. May I come to you again?"

"Of course, Richard," Holmes agrees, "but I shall be leaving soon myself. No, no, Doctor, do not trouble yourself." Holmes raises a hand to quell Dr. Watson's gathering protest. "I know what I am doing. This last month has been a sort of purification process, not unlike the ceremonies some American Indians undergo before going into battle. I shall certainly need all of my faculties for this game of wits. It will take a superior hound to run this fox to earth."

"What in Heaven's Name are you talking about, Holmes?" demands Dr. Watson indignantly. "And what is all this about purification?"

"You may deplore my methods, Doctor," Holmes chides, "but you must admit they have been effective. I face the greatest test of my life. You shall know all about it in due course." Then he straightens and turns back to you. "But we are delaying Richard from his duties, Doctor. Do not let us keep you, Richard."

You rise from your chair and, thanking them both, take your leave. *Pick a number and add your Observation bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 248.
- If 7-12, turn to 185.

"Sally Barnes! And why would a fine man like yerself be wantin' to find Sally?" You start to answer, but she cuts you off. "No matter," she says. "Sure and I don't want to know. She's trouble, that one. Told Teddy that all along. Told them all." She tails off into a mutter and then jerks her eyes back to you as if she had forgotten you were there. "Sally's upstairs, fer all the good it'll do ye. Over there." She nods toward the stairs at the end of the room. "First door on yer right at the top."

You climb the stairs, find the door and knock.

"Helen?" calls a voice from behind the door. "Is that you?" It is a rich and melodious voice; you begin to wonder what Sally looks like.

"It is not Helen," you say. "I am Richard Huntington, and I must speak with you regarding a confidential matter, Miss Barnes. Could you open the door and come out for a moment?"

The door opens. You see a woman's figure standing silhouetted in the light from the open window at the other end of the room. Then your eyes adjust, and you see her face. She is a young woman, no more than twenty with rather plain features — except for her hair, which is gold and worn in heavy coils upon her head. She looks piercingly at you for a moment and then opens the door wide. "Come in, Mr. Huntington," she says. "You will not take offense if I leave the door open, will you?"

"Not at all," you reply with what you hope is a disarming smile. Then you allow your manner to become more serious. "I am here on a very delicate matter, Miss Barnes. I would like to ask you some questions about a gentleman of your acquaintance. A soldier named Thomas McNeal."

"A gentleman," she says with a small laugh, shaking her head. "I doubt he has been called that before! But I do know him. Go on. Is he in some sort of trouble?"

"I do not believe he is accused of anything, Miss Barnes," you temporize. "I would like to know something of the man. Does he have friends? What are his habits? Where does he go when he is not in the barracks?"

"Are you with the police, Mr. Huntington?" she asks.

"No," you reply. "I am not, Miss Barnes. But it would not surprise me if the police come to ask the same questions in a day or two."

"Can you not tell me why you are asking these questions?"

Listening to her you begin to wonder what a woman of such obvious breeding is doing in these squalid surroundings. "I am sorry, Miss Barnes," you say, "but I am not permitted to tell you at the moment. Will you answer my questions?"

She shrugs. "I suppose it can do no harm. What do you wish to know?"

"Did he behave strangely of late?"

"Funny you should ask," she says thoughtfully. "He said another week would see his fortune made." She looks defiantly at you. "He wanted to marry me, you see."

You nod understandingly. "Did he say where he intended to get the money?"

"No, he did not, Mr. Huntington. And since I did not think he was serious, I did not ask him."

You continue to ask questions, but it is obvious that the woman will be of little assistance. 'She deserves better than this,' you think.

"Do not think I am here in Spitalfields by some unfortunate incident, Mr. Huntington," she continues. "I belong here. I am one of them, no matter how much you may believe otherwise," she declares, a steely tone creeping into her voice. "This is my lot. I have chosen it, and it has chosen me. We are a match, you see. Now please leave."

You find that the small hairs on the back of your neck have risen and are only too glad to obey. You have the uncomfortable feeling that the old woman behind the bar was right.  
**Check Clue E. Pick a number:**

- If 2-10, turn to 481.
- If 11-12, turn to 254.

### 368

You are certain that there is more to this than McGill wants you to believe. He knows something — something important!  
**Check Deduction 1. Turn to 152.**

"Well," you shoot back. "It matters not; he has been arrested for treason and murder."

At first she had weathered the storm like the actress she is, but your statement finishes her. She starts; her hand goes to her mouth in fright. Then she turns and makes a quick exit. To the black looks of every other man in the group, you follow, knowing that if you can just get her alone for a moment, you may get all the answers you need.

She runs up the stairs and you attempt to follow, but you are intercepted. Blocking you from the stairs is a man. "May I help you, Mr. Huntington? I am Otto Mueller, Second Secretary and the lady's husband," he says coldly without a trace of an accent. He is of medium height with blond hair turning white at the temples. You put his age at about forty. His pale blue eyes are those of a killer, belying his diplomatic profession. Underlining the contradiction is the dueling scar on his cheek, thin and white, jagged like a lightning bolt.

"I must see your wife, Mr. Mueller," you say, knowing it is hopeless. "She has information I need."

"You are only the latest in a long line of men who wish to pay their respects to my wife, Mr. Huntington. Nearly all of them wish to see her alone too. Please leave." There is nothing else you can accomplish here, standing on German soil, so you leave. *Check Clue Z. Turn to 371.*

## 370

You enter the room, addressing the remaining soldiers. "Men," you begin. "I have been appointed by the Chamberlain to investigate last night's incident and want to ask you a few questions. Do any of you know anything about Thomas McNeal's private life?" *Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- If 2-6, *turn to 320.*
- If 7-12, *turn to 272.*

## 371

This line of investigation seems to have run into a dead end. You decide to go back to Baker Street and seek Sherlock Holmes' counsel. You walk out the door and into the night, deciding to hail a cab. Hearing a clatter you turn around to find a heavy growler bearing down on you, the driver whipping up his team for all he is worth. You dive for safety. *Pick a number and add your Athletics bonus:*

- If 2-5, turn to 454.
- If 6-12, turn to 394.

## 372

As much as you would like to watch the ceremony, you do not have the time. There are questions you would like to ask the Chamberlain. Unfortunately, you find he has left his office for the morning, so you decide that you may as well accept Captain Treadwell's invitation and watch the ceremony. It only takes you a few minutes to find a good viewing spot. *Check Decision 10. Turn to 329.*

## 373

You decide to search McNeal's bunk. Although his officers have already gone through this personal effects and found nothing, it occurs to you that he may have hidden something near his bunk. Perhaps you will find some evidence of black-mail leading to the person who attacked him, if indeed that was the motivation for the assault.

You walk over to his area, a corner in the barracks. Normally, the bunks would have been stacked two or three high, but royal guard duty carries with it a few privileges. McNeal's bunk is placed in the corner. A round-topped truck lies at the foot of the bed, and a tall narrow wardrobe stand against the wall between McNeal's bunk and the next one. *Check Decision 17. Pick a number and add your Observation bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 159.
- If 7-12, turn to 311.

374

After another thirty minutes of searching, you give up. There must have been some other reason the baker fled. *Turn to 289.*

375

He looks startled for a moment but shakes his head in disagreement. "You could be correct, though I disagree. It is a novel idea. Allow me to tell you who I believe is the intended recipient of the spoils of the blackmailer's art." *Turn to 443.*

376

"Yes, I believe I can. The evidence would suggest it is Private Murphy. After all, the plans were of such importance to the Separatists that he could have been instructed to watch Private McNeal. Since he is a member of the guard, though not on duty that evening, he could have gained access to the palace grounds without being recorded in the logs. He probably secured the plans and left." *Turn to 266.*



You have exhausted the possibilities here. It is time to call upon Sherlock Holmes. You leave the barracks after thanking Captain Wren and, once on the street, hire a hansom to take you to 221 Baker Street. *Turn to 390.*



No one steps forward. Either you have not asked the right questions or they do not know anything.

- *If you have not checked Decision 17 and wish to search McNeal's bunk, turn to 373.*
- *If you seek out Captain Treadwell, turn to 227.*
- *If you consult with Sherlock Holmes, turn to 419.*

"And Mr. Eagleton, My Lord?"

"Mr. Eagleton?" He looks puzzled.

"Your companion from last evening, My Lord."

"I do not know....," he begins firmly and then stops, a light dawning in his eyes. "Ah yes, Mr. Eagleton. What do you wish to know?"

"Is Mr. Eagleton with you now, My Lord?"

"No," he answers evasively. "Mr. Eagleton is not with me. He must be in his own suite. Or perhaps he has gone home."

"He has done neither, My Lord. I must speak with him."

"Well, he is not here. Do you wish to search the apartment?"

"No, My Lord. If you say he is not here, then he is not here. Do you know where he is, My Lord?"

"Of course not. It is not my responsibility to keep track of all the comings and goings in the palace." *Pick a number and add your Intuition bonus:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 121.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 125.*

"I am investigating an incident which took place early this morning at Buckingham Palace, at about the time you were making a delivery. What can you tell me about that?"

"Nothing. I pulled my wagon in alongside the baker, Holston's. Now there is a dishonest man. You should be talking to him, not me."

"I intend to," you say. "Please go on."

"He and Bill Turpin almost came to blows. The guard had to separate them."

"What else?" you say persistently.

"Nothing," he says flatly. "After I unloaded my wagon, I left."

"Why did you say the baker was a dishonest man?" you ask.

"He got his contract with Buckingham Palace by bribing one of the staff, that's why."

"Is he a violent man?"

"No, not really. He's too soft to be violent. Eats too much of that bread of his."

You ask more questions but learn nothing more. Finally you dismiss the butcher and leave. *Turn to 289.*

You are about to stir the embers when you notice a partially burned sheet of parchment in the dying fire. The soot is too heavy and the light too poor for you to see the color, but it has a triangular-shaped corner missing. Then the embers catch. The parchment goes up in flames before you can retrieve it. Resignedly, you add kindling and in moments, the fire roars. You return to your seat just as Admiral Weathersley hands you a snifter. You notice he has a strained look on his face. You sip your brandy slowly, considering the implications. *Check Clue P.*

- *If you question the Admiral about the parchment, turn to 393.*
- *If you say nothing, turn to 195.*

"He gave me no other information useful to the investigation." *Turn to 142.*

You follow him on foot from Wellington Barracks north to Marble Arch. By now it is late, and there is little pedestrian traffic. You have to move carefully between the gas street lamps so as not to alert your quarry. He looks behind him from time to time, but appears to be unaware of your presence.

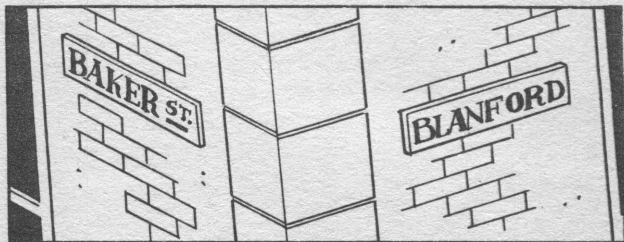
Then you move into the darkness of Speaker's Corner, trying to keep him in sight. For a moment you lose him and hurry to close the gap. Then he suddenly steps from a pool of darkness, his hand holding a small pistol which he aims at you.

You dive to the ground as you see a flame spurt from the barrel. *Pick a number and add your Athletics bonus:*

- If 2-5, turn to 432.
- If 6-12, turn to 399.

You catch Holston just as he is about to enter the warren of Covent Garden. "The game is up, Mr. Holston," you say. "You may as well confess. I have you now." *Pick a number and add your Intuition bonus:*

- If 2-5, turn to 176.
- If 6-12, turn to 160.



"I am sorry, sir," he replies stiffly. "I am afraid I cannot help you. I am under strict orders not to discuss the matter. You must speak to the Captain."

- If you checked Decision 4, turn to 235.
- Otherwise, turn to 485.



### 386

You try to just leave it at that and walk out, but find you cannot. You walk to the secretary's desk and look down at him. "You knew all along he was not in there!"

"Sir, I did not. He has a private entrance. Hence, I only know if he is leaving if he informs me." It may even be true, but you know he enjoyed every minute of your discomfort.

"Then I apologize for what I implied," you say, still fuming. "Bye the bye, I believe that column adds to 368, not 386," you say, pointing to one of the columns of figures on the page.

"Which column?" he says with interest.

"That one," you say placing your finger on the offending number and managing to knock over his inkwell at the same time. "Drat!" you declare in mock horror. "I am not normally so clumsy; it must be the chair. Frightfully sorry." You leave with the secretary dashing around the desk, trying to mop up the spreading pool of ink.

You walk back down The Mall and enter Buckingham Palace. As you enter, you are met by a footman informing you that the Chamberlain would like to see you. *Turn to 278.*

### 387

With determination, you rise from the chair. *Pick a number:*

- If 2-4, turn to 169.
- If 5-12, turn to 422.

You twist the candlestick out of his hand and return it to the table from which he took it, noticing as you do that the bottom bears the legend: Reginald Ware, Silversmiths of Piccadilly.

Lord Sumpter slumps back against the table and passes his hand shakily through his hair. "I may as well tell you, my dear fellow. You shall discover the truth soon enough anyway. Mr. Eagleton is no gentleman, but if you want to find him, you must ask Lord Befford." *Turn to 473.*

"The victim, McNeal, seems to be a fine, upstanding soldier. One of the more remarkable things I learned was that he was engaged in some confidential undertaking, something he believed was of great service to his country."

Holmes says nothing but looks thoughtful and strokes his chin. *Turn to 478.*

On the way, you become aware of someone's eyes upon you. You check the crowded sidewalks, but your hansom has picked up speed, and you are unable to determine the source of your uneasiness. *Turn to 206.*



"I stopped him and learned he was the sentry opposite McNeal at the time of the assault. He claims to have seen and heard nothing, but seemed to be quite nervous. I suspect he knows more than he is saying. I shall question him again."

"Very good, Richard," says Holmes. *Turn to 141.*

The establishment of Reginald Ware, Silversmiths of Piccadilly, is very elegant. The black enameled facade with white framed windows facing Piccadilly Street is a model of understated refinement. You enter the store and stand for a moment shaking the light dusting of snow from your coat. Almost instantly a young man materializes at your side.

"May I help you, sir?" he inquires unctuously.

"Why yes," you reply. "I am here to see one of your employees, a William Turpin."

His manner cools noticeably. "Mr. Turpin is one of our artisans. He is away at the moment. May I be of assistance?"

"Possibly," you say. "Are you responsible for the fellow's conduct at Buckingham Palace this morning?"

"Ah," the man hesitates, sensing the waters are rising above his head. "May I ask why you wish to see Mr. Turpin?"

"My name is Richard Huntington. I have been appointed by the Lord High Chamberlain to investigate a matter which occurred this morning at the palace. Your man may have been involved."

The apprehension you see in his eyes turns to true fear. "I believe I just heard Mr. Turpin return, Mr. Huntington," he says hastily. "If you will just wait here." He dashes into the back of the store. A moment later another man comes through the swinging doors. He is taller than you and slender, with thinning brown hair, a hook nose, and hands with the longest fingers you have ever seen.

"You want to see me?" he asks tentatively. "Mr. Smoller says yer 'ere because of somethin' I did up to the palace this mornin'. I done nothin' wrong, sir. I swear I didn't."

"I did not say that you did anything wrong, Mr Turpin. I only want to ask you some questions about this morning. Will you answer?" *Check Decision 13. Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 257.
- If 7-12, turn to 440.

"I believe you know what I found in the fire, Admiral."

"What do you mean, Mr. Huntington?"

"It was a piece of the Queen's personal stationery."

"What of it? She often sends me requests for information. Would you like to see one?" He gets up from his chair and walks over to his desk, opening the center drawer to withdraw several additional sheets of the same paper. He hands them to you.

One is a request for information from the Admiralty about the status of discipline and morale in the fleet since the demise of flogging. Another is a request for an accounting of a nautical accident involving a collision between British and American warships. You remember seeing an account in the newspapers some time ago. You hand them back to him.

- *If you press him about the piece with the corner missing, turn to 421.*
- *If you thank him and take your leave, turn to 239.*

You just manage to dive out of the path of the runaway cab. Was this an accident, you wonder. Picking yourself up, you brush off the dirt and continue to Baker Street. *Turn to 413.*

You decide to question the Prince of Wales' friends. You have discovered that both Lord Befford and Lord Sumpter spent the night in separate state apartments on the ground floor of Buckingham Palace. Although there is no record of him, you surmise the man Private McGill identified as Mr. Eagleton must have stayed with one of them, for it unlikely that the Prince of Wales' friends would attack a common soldier for no reason.

- *If you question Lord Befford, turn to 473.*
- *If you question Lord Sumpter, turn to 360.*

### 396

You decide to question the guard officers, who will be off-duty soon, as you do not want to walk over to the barracks to find them later.

- *If you question the Sergeant-of-the-Guard, turn to 143.*
- *If you question the Officer-of-the-Guard, turn to 485.*

### 397

"Not for two days, sir. I was askin' him to switch guard tours with me for last night. I was after findin' out what Molly McGee does with her time when her darlin' Murphy's on guard duty. Thomas din't mind. Said he had something to do tonight anyway, he did." Grim and silent, he will say nothing more.

You release him to his superiors and return to the palace.  
*Check Clue G and Result G.*

- *If you have checked Decision 4, turn to 235.*
- *Otherwise, you decide to see the Officer-of-the-Guard.*  
*Turn to 485.*

### 398

Something does not ring true about McGill's attitude. His defiance seems calculated. He undoubtedly knows more than he is telling. *Check Result C. Pick a number and add your Intuition bonus:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 308.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 368.*



You hear the whine of the bullet as it goes by your ear. McGill then throws the pistol in your direction and sprints into the darkness. You climb to your feet and race after him. *Pick a number and add your Athletics bonus:*

- If 2-5, turn to 403.
- If 6-12, turn to 407.



"Soldier! Hold on there," you say in your best parade ground voice.

The man stops. "Yes, sir," he says somewhat sullenly.

"I want to ask you about last night," you continue. "Where was your guard post, and what shift were you on?"

"C watch, sir," he says hesitantly and then continues almost defiantly. "I was the guard in the sentry box opposite Private McNeal."

"What can you tell me about last night, Private?" you ask.

"Nothing to tell, Sir. Cold it was, and wet. When the sergeant came round with the relief, they found poor Thomas near dead in his box."

"And you heard nothing? A man was terribly beaten and stabbed not a hundred feet from you, and you heard nothing?"

"That's right, sir!" he snaps. "I heard nothing! I know you don't believe me, and neither does the Captain, but you weren't out there in the wind and sleet last night. I was."

"What is your name, Private?" you demand.

"Private Joseph McGill," he says.

"American, are you?"

"Canadian, sir."

*Pick a number and add your Intuition bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 163.
- If 7-12, turn to 398.

Too much time has already passed; you cannot afford to waste any more awaiting Admiral Weathersley's return. You have just a little under thirty hours remaining to solve the case before the Chamberlain summons the police, assuming that McNeal does not die in the meantime.

You leave the palace and walk down The Mall toward the Admiralty in the darkness. The rain has almost stopped, and the rising temperatures give promise to heavy fog later in the evening. The streetlamps seem to be enclosed in globes of golden light. Your footsteps on the lightly graveled path seem to echo within the mist. Then you hear a noise off to one side. Listening, you hear the sound of stealthy footsteps; someone is pacing you just out of sight. He may be just another evening stroller, but the fact that he seems to stay in step with you indicates that he is not. You stop and turn to face him.

You see nothing, and now the sound is gone as well. You walk a few paces back the way you came, but see and hear nothing. Passing under a street lamp, you note the shadows thrown up by your own footprints in the damp earth. You bend down and examine one. It is partially covered by another footprint. You look intently down your backtrail but still see nothing. After a moment's hesitation, you turn and set off for the Admiralty.

You enter and ask for Admiral Weathersley's office. A clerk gives you directions, and you walk up the three flights of stairs to the room.

You open the door and enter the office. A man sits at a cluttered desk. While you have never met Admiral Weathersley, you are certain that this fellow is not he. Deciding that this must be his secretary, you approach the desk.

"Yes?" the secretary says without looking up from the papers he is reading.

"I am Mr. Richard Huntington," you say. "I have urgent business with Admiral Weathersley."

"And what business would that be?" asks the secretary in an officious tone. Inwardly, you curse: another guardian at the gate.

"I am afraid that is confidential," you say. "It is most urgent, however." *Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

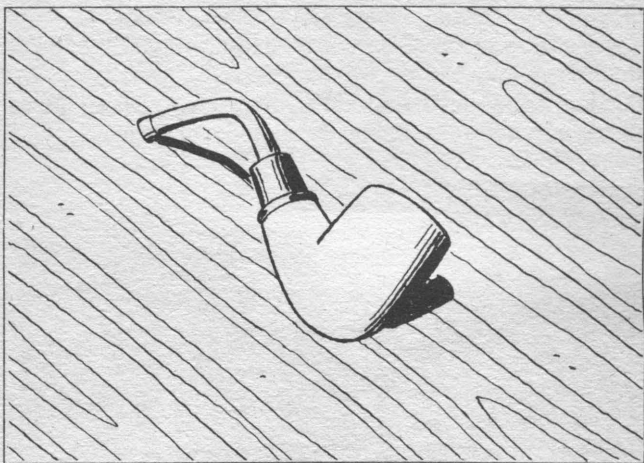
- *If 2-7, turn to 466.*
- *If 8-12, turn to 156.*

#### 402

You have lost Private Murphy. The East End is like a rabbit warren, and he knows it far better than you. You will never find him. Hailing a cab, you tell the driver to take you to 221 Baker Street. *Turn to 419.*

#### 403

In the darkness you lose him. After combing the park for more than an hour, you must accept that he has slipped out of your grasp. *Turn to 497.*



In a few minutes, you hear footsteps coming down the hall and see the doorknob turn. Admiral Weathersley comes into the room and does not see you at first. He runs his hand through his hair nervously, then reaches for the rum bottle on a side table. As he is picking up the bottle he catches sight of you and starts violently.

"Good afternoon, Admiral," you say evenly. "I hope I did not startle you."

"What are you doing here?" he snarls angrily. "Confound you anyway, Huntington! This is not a public room. Get out!"

"Why are you so agitated, Admiral Weathersley? Has something happened? Let me guess; Private McNeal died and now you are officially a murderer."

"I have no idea what you are talking about," he says, pouring himself a shot of rum with shaking hands.

"Surely, you did not want him to live, Admiral," you continue. "He would only have identified you, after all. Or would he? Perhaps he would have hesitated to name you. After all, you had done him quite a service, had you not?"

"What do you mean?" A horrified fascination fills his eyes now.

"I know all about it, Admiral Weathersley," you say, taking the folded letter from your pocket and showing it to him. *Pick a number:*

- If 2-6, turn to 215.
- If 7-12, turn to 158.



"How do I know he is in his office?"

"He just went in, sir."

"Please check," you request in a tone which leaves no room for argument.

With an air to suggest he suffers fools only with the greatest reluctance, the man stands and walks to Admiral Weathersley's office. He opens the door and leans inside. Then he shuts the door and turns to you with a puzzled look. "The Admiral is not in his office," he admits in a scandalized tone. "He must have left for the palace. The figures will never be ready by tomorrow!"

You thank him and leave. *Turn to 422.*



Lord Befford's face is suffused with blood as the insult you have dealt him sinks in. "Damn your eyes, Harrington! There is a woman in there. I disguised her as a man and slipped her into the palace. 'Twas foolhardy, I know, but the deed is done."

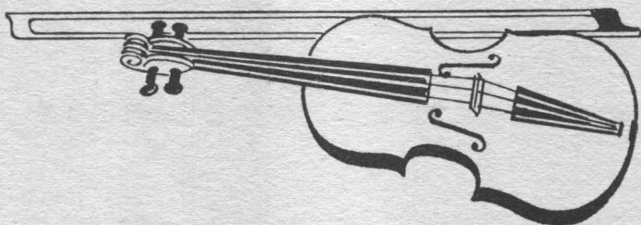
This reckless idiot brought a woman into Buckingham Palace, and in all likelihood, an adventuress of the most common sort! If this incident becomes public knowledge, the scandal could forever tarnish the Prince of Wales' image. No one would believe that he had nothing to do with it.

The British people have been tolerant of his antics for the past thirty years because he had always been careful not to diminish the prestige of the Queen. But this is too close to heart of the monarchy. Lord Befford has given the newspapers the means to destroy the Prince of Wales and damage Queen Victoria.

"Lord Befford, my advice to you is to get 'Mr. Eagleton' out of the palace immediately. I should not mention this to anyone." *Turn to 265.*

You barely manage to keep him in sight. When he slows, you throw yourself behind a tree thinking he might have another pistol. But McGill is only checking behind him, and after several minutes of looking, he appears satisfied and strides off down the path. You decide to follow even though you know he is wary now. *Pick a number and add your Artifice bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 420.
- If 7-12, turn to 426.



When you have finished, Detective Gregson sits back in his chair and thinks. Finally, he looks back to you. "You certain you have no clue to the identity of the mystery woman, Mr. Huntington? You have not made a bargain with the murderer, have you?"

"Of course not! I should like to know her identity as much as you."

"Very well, Mr. Huntington. It appears that you have done quite well — for an amateur. I believe, however, we would have completed the investigation sooner and with fewer unanswered questions."

"What do you mean, Detective Gregson?" you ask.

"Does it make sense to you that McNeal would want plans to a modern battleship?"

- If it makes sense, turn to 166.
- Otherwise, turn to 316.

He reaches out to move some papers from one stack to another. The gesture appears to be unnecessary to you, possibly arising from nervousness. As he draws his hand back, you see a nasty cut on across two knuckles — and it looks recent. *Check Clue M. Turn to 468.*

“Private Murphy, do you expect me to believe that you no longer belong to that organization?” You are groping in the dark.

He sags in defeat. “No, sir. You have caught me out, true enough. But ’tis true what I said about Thomas McNeal. He fell away from us years ago. I did try to bring him back, that I did. But he didna like the violence, he said.” He looks apprehensively at Captain Wren. Hoping to forestall what is sure to come, he adds, “I was just a messenger, sir. I didna ever kill anyone.”

“Precious lot of good it will do you, Murphy,” Captain Wren snaps. Then he turns to you. “Are you finished with him, sir?”

“Not yet, Captain, if you please.” *Check Result F. Turn to 423.*

Something about the ceremony you witnessed bothers you — an elusive memory of something your Uncle Gerald, an old campaigner, once told you. You stop for a moment to allow the memory to rise to the surface. It has to do with the way Captain Treadwell carried his saber in the ceremony. Then you recall it! The only regiment whose officers carry their sabers in that manner is the Irish Guards! You wonder if that fact might be significant. *Check Clue H. Turn to 235.*



You leave Baker Street for Buckingham Palace, still smarting under Holmes' criticism.

Once you arrive, you go immediately to Admiral Weathersley's rooms and knock on the door. There is no answer. You knock again. Then a passing chambermaid informs you that the Admiral was called away more than an hour ago.

"Called away?" you ask. "Do you know who sent for him?"

"No, sir," she replies. "The Admiral received a message this mornin'. Upset 'im, it did. 'e left 'ere in quite a 'urry. Didn't say when 'e would be back."

- *If you try to get into his rooms, turn to 119.*
- *If you await his return, turn to 102.*

You find Sherlock Holmes at home when you arrive. He is deep in thought and does not seem to be happy to see you. Then he dispels that notion with his first words. "Come in, Richard, come in. I shall be happy to think about something other than my own case, which I must admit has led to nothing. This fox is very sly. Tell me what you have learned."

You tell him everything you have learned since the last time you met, remembering to include as much detail as you can while avoiding unnecessary words. He becomes very interested when you describe your meeting with Otto Mueller.

"Describe this man Mueller, Richard," he says.

"He is about five feet eight inches, Mr. Holmes, with fair hair and skin and ice-blue eyes. They are the coldest eyes I have ever seen. He has a dueling scar on his right cheek."

"Richard, think hard. Is the scar crooked and shaped like the tines of a fork?"

"Well, I would have described it as a lightning bolt, but yes, I suppose so. Why? Does it make a difference?"

"All the difference in the world, Richard. The man you just described is Count Helmut von Steincastle, Prince Bismark's spymaster and more than once, his trusted assassin. It explains much."

"Bismark? But he has retired," you say.

"The man has obviously found a new master, probably the young Kaiser. Richard, this man is very dangerous. Seek the assistance of the police in this matter. Do not attempt to capture him yourself. Count von Steincastle has been responsible for the deaths of more than a dozen men that I know of — and probably many I do not. He is a ruthless killer. It is even rumored that he killed his own king."

"His king?" you ask, intrigued. "Which one?"

"He is Bavarian by birth, though he moved to Prussia soon after leaving home. I have uncovered evidence that early in his career and at the behest of Prince Bismark, it was Count von Steincastle who assassinated mad King Ludwig of Bavaria. The assassination was made to resemble an accident, but I know better. The deed brought the independent kingdom of Bavaria under Prussia's control, and is in some measure responsible for the preeminent position of the Kaiser in Germany today."

"Then what part do you believe he plays in this affair?"

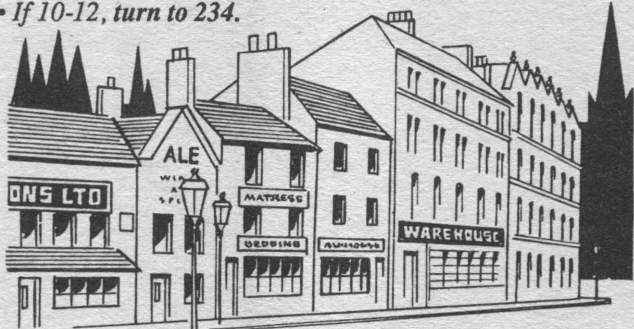
"I would not be surprised to find that he manipulated this whole business. The woman is probably not his wife, and it was probably he who guided the liaison with Admiral Weathersley. The Separatists were undoubtedly brought in to act as intermediaries, though neither they nor Admiral Weathersley ever suspected that the Irish extremists were not in control of the situation. It was von Steincastle from the beginning. You can be sure of it." *Pick a number and add your Intuition bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 416.
- If 7-12, turn to 418.



You find you are not far from the pub. It is almost noon, so you go there. It does not escape your notice that all conversation ceases the moment you walk in the door. You look like what you are: an English gentleman. You will fool no one here, and any attempt to draw out the barkeep is only likely to get you a knife between the ribs. Still, it is interesting to know that McNeal was not acting on his own. *Pick a number:*

- If 2-9, turn to 104.
- If 10-12, turn to 234.



You think that you have struck a chord within this man. He is agitated about something — and it could be the very crime you are charged with investigating. It appears that he strokes that watch of his the way a village shaman would a talisman. *Turn to 453.*

“What do you suggest, Mr Holmes? In addition to alerting the police, I mean.”

“The salient point here is that von Steincastle is not yet in possession of the plans. There has been no opportunity for him to get them as his contact, Private McGill, has been confined to barracks until today. He will probably arrange to meet the man tonight and then slip quietly out of the country.”

- If you summon the police as Holmes suggests, turn to 492.
- Otherwise, turn to 435.

# 417

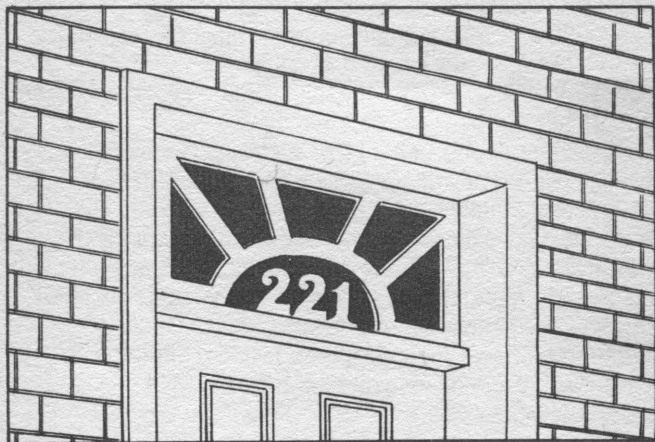
You decide that the merchants are a likely possibility. Royal contracts are very lucrative; McNeal could have been blackmailing one of them.

- *If you question James Holston of Holston & Sons, turn to 242.*
- *If you question William Turpin of Reginald Ware, Silversmiths, turn to 392.*
- *If you question Andrew Larson of Larson & Trembley, turn to 352.*

# 418

It has just occurred to you that Count von Steincastle does not yet have the ship plans. He would have already left the country if he had managed to secure them. His contact, Private McGill, has been delayed by your own investigation! The man will be free now that the police have Admiral Weathersley, but the meeting has not yet taken place. You turn your attention back to Holmes. *Check Deduction 6.*

- *If you summon the police as Holmes suggests, turn to 492.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 435.*



You arrive at 221 Baker Street just after noon. Schoolboys in uniform cross the street in front of you. Then you must move aside for a chimney sweep and his ladder. You walk across the street toward Holmes' residence only to be accosted by an old beggar, crippled and blind in one eye.

"Pity, good sir," he cries, peering blearily up at you, his head cocked to one side, two liver-spotted hands clutching at your sleeve. "Blind I am. A pox on 'im what 'as no pity for them less fortunate than themselves." He waves his cup in front of your face. You try to sidestep him, but feeble as he is, he anticipates you. "Kind sir," he wails, drawing the attention of another flock of schoolchildren marching past. "A farthing, no more. Can ye not spare a farthing for an old man?" He reaches out with grime-encrusted hands to pluck your sleeve again. You jerk your arm away and turn to walk away.

"Why, Richard. Do you not have even a farthing for an old beggar?" says a familiar voice behind you.

"Mr. Holmes, good God!" you exclaim. You turn to greet him, but Sherlock Holmes is nowhere in sight. Pedestrian traffic crowds the street. They steer wide berth around you and the old beggar, but Holmes is gone. Confused, you look at the old man — only to see him grinning at you.

Sherlock Holmes straightens up and laughs at your consternation. "Well met, Richard," he declares.

"Mr. Holmes, you gave me such a fright! What on earth are you doing?"

"I shall tell you, Richard," he replies with excitement. "A beggar can go anywhere and be invisible, a truly singular experience. People simply do not want to see you! The game is up, and I have the scent. This is the challenge of my life, my destiny." You have never seen Holmes so bursting with energy. His eyes sparkle as he paces back and forth, talking. His voice is alive with excitement.

"Mr. Holmes," you say. "I hope I am not intruding on your work, but I must speak with you."

"Certainly, Richard," Holmes agrees, "let us adjourn to my sitting room." The two of you enter the house and walk upstairs, passing a very disapproving Mrs. Hudson along the way.

Once in the study, Holmes tells you to begin while he goes about removing his disguise. You describe what you have discovered in as much detail as you can remember. When you finish describing what you have learned from Admiral Weatherley, Holmes stops you.

- *If you checked Result H, turn to 132.*

- *If you checked Result I, turn to 300.*

## 420

He spots you again and sprints off into the darkness, changing direction. You are so far behind him that he is able to duck out of sight. In minutes he is swallowed up in the enormous dark expanse of Hyde Park.

You think you hear movement in a small copse of oaks and you creep over there to investigate, but find nothing. You straighten up, hearing the rustle of cloth, when something very hard crashes against the back of your head. Everything goes black.

Gradually the white mists clear and you wake to find Nurse Jones holding your hand. "You are much better today, Mr. Huntington," she says. "The swelling is nearly gone, and the doctor thinks you are out of danger."

"Where am I?" you ask, reaching up to feel the bandages on your head.

"St. Thomas Hospital," she replies, standing and looking just a little flustered. "Now that you are conscious, I must fetch the doctor."

"Have you been here all along?" you ask.

"No, of course not. Just the odd moment." Then she leaves, but you have the distinct impression she is not telling the truth. You have a vague recollection of someone calling your name over and over through the mists. *Turn to 497.*

"That is all very well," you say, noticing that the Admiral seems to have regained his composure, "but why would she have asked you, an Admiral, to fetch her information on the African Crown Colonies?"

The Admiral starts, as if your question has suddenly turned into a hot coal and burned him. "How would you know that?" he says in confusion.

"Because there is a treatise on the subject in that file box." You indicate the paper you had seen while walking back from the fireplace. "The one under the wall lamp."

"Oh," he says nonplussed. "She sometimes asks for special favors, probably because I live here in the palace." You have no way of knowing whether his answer makes sense, but you view it with skepticism. In your estimation, his reaction to your question indicates you have scored another hit. Now if you just knew why.

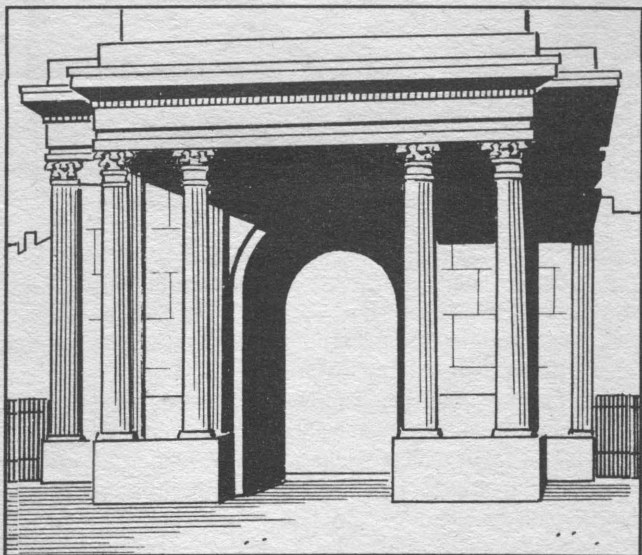
You ask a few more questions, but it is obvious that Admiral Weathersley has had quite enough and is barely civil. You decide to take your leave for the moment. *Turn to 239.*

You walk down The Mall to Buckingham Palace. As you enter the gate, you ask the guard if Admiral Weathersley has returned. He informs you that the Admiral returned less than five minutes before. Had it been light, you would have undoubtedly seen him. *Turn to 226.*

"Tell me, Private Murphy," you say. "Have you spoken with Private McNeal recently?" *Check Decision 8. Pick a number and add your Intuition bonus:*

- If 2-6, *turn to 267.*
- If 7-12, *turn to 397.*

The inside of the sentry box is dark, poorly lit by the overcast sky, and smells musty. You poke around inside but find nothing. *Turn to 494.*



425

"I will tell you whatever you wish to know, Mr. Huntington," he replies, spreading his hands in surrender. "I have never thought myself a muderer; it was the first time I have ever killed anyone. The deed weighs heavily upon my conscience."

"He was blackmailing you then?" you ask.

"Yes, but you already know that," he replies, shrugging.

"What was he using as evidence?"

"I will not discuss that part of it, sir," he states flatly. "I will tell you whatever you want to know about my own actions, Mr. Huntington, but I will not drag an innocent woman's name into this sordid episode. Please respect my feeling upon this matter. She would be in grave danger, should certain information be revealed."

"I will respect your wishes, Admiral Weathersley. For the moment anyway," you reply, adding the last as you remember Holmes' recent admonition. "What did Private McNeal want from you?" *Turn to 476.*



Suddenly, there he is, standing under a streetlamp. You sink back into the shadows and wait. Ten minutes go by and you see McGill grow restive. He seems nervous and indecisive, ready to abandon the rendezvous, but then he turns to meet another man striding toward him.

The two men converse in low tones and move out of the pool of light cast by the gas lamp. Then, moving closer, you see McGill hand over a packet. The other man appears to examine it, then nods and hand over a paper-wrapped package. He shakes hands with McGill, who turns to leave.

Without warning, a gleam of light flashes off the blade of a knife, and the stranger throws himself on McGill. He places one hand over McGill's mouth and, with a practiced motion, slides his blade in to its hilt between the Irishman's shoulder blades. McGill crumples without a sound. The stranger then retrieves the wrapped package and turns to leave.

You have just watched a cold-blooded murder, practiced by a man who has undoubtedly done it many times before. You know this man is the key to your entire case. You gage his direction and then race off into the darkness, hoping to get ahead of him. After a good ten minutes, you come upon the path again and look for a tree to hide behind.

You wait, your heart thumping in your chest both from the exertion and in anticipation of what is to come. Then you hear the crunch of cinders as the man approaches your hiding place. You allow him to draw even with you and then launch yourself at him. You know you will have to make this quick. Your opponent is a skilled fighter. *Pick a number and add your Athletics bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 439.
- If 7-12, turn to 442.

"Certainly," you say. "I am quite prepared to wait." You settle in the chair with what you hope is a determined look on your face. The secretary favors you with a knowing smile in return.

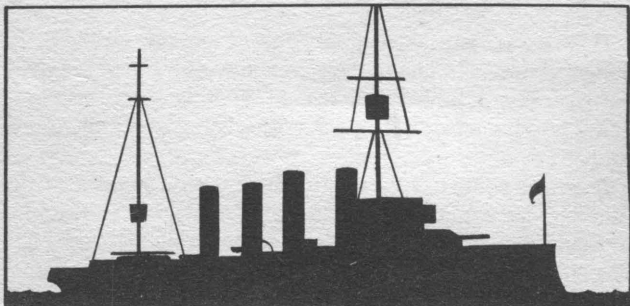
After an hour, you begin to think the chair in which you are sitting is even more uncomfortable than it looks. "Excuse me," you say to the secretary. "Will you at least tell the Admiral I am waiting to see him?"

"I cannot enter until he comes to the door, sir," the secretary replies with a grimace vaguely resembling a smile. "He was quite specific about it."

- *If you continue to wait, turn to 184.*
- *If you leave and return to Buckingham Palace, turn to 387.*

You decide to talk with the other soldiers in the barracks. Perhaps one of them has remembered something of importance. You ask them to gather at one end of the large downstairs room and begin questioning them. *Check Decision 18. Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 378.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 447.*



"I looked over the scene very carefully, Mr. Holmes," you say, "but I found nothing." *Turn to 150.*

The East End is a long way. Even this early you will run into traffic as you must cross the busiest part of London to get there. You debate whether to take a cab or try to put up with the smoke of the Underground. There is a subway stop nearby.

The nearest station is Charing Cross. You set out from Wellington Barracks and by chance, find an empty cab.

Dismounting at Charing Cross, you find your way to the Underground station and purchase a ticket. Then you walk down to the platform and await the train.

The station is one of the older ones in London and shows the grime from the coal burners which used to pull the cars on this line. Electric trains have been in service for nearly five years now, but the stain from the coal dust remains.

You do not look forward to changing to a coal burner near the Tower of London to carry you to your destination. Briefly you consider walking to the canal from the Tower, but you know that such a trek would be unrealistic. You must put up with the dust.

You also examine your fellow passengers and look around for unattended packages. The Dynamiters are on the loose, and several Underground stations have been hit recently. Everything looks normal, so you relax. Then your train pulls into the station, and you get on.

The train is uncrowded at this time of the day, unlike early in the morning and late in the afternoon. You find a seat and look over your fellow passengers. Most of them are businessmen. The passengers too will change when you change trains and head north.

Then you come to your intermediate station and prepare to get off. Once again, you feel the back of your neck prickle. You are being watched. Casually, you turn around to look, but the train stops, and people rush off. You are unable to determine the source of the attention you were receiving. You step off the train and onto the platform.

Making your way to the proper level to catch the north-bound line you watch your backtrail, even pausing in a kiosk along the way to purchase a newspaper. No one is following you.

Later, you dismount from the coal-burner, your eyes smarting, make your way up to street-level and set off for the canal. *Turn to 292.*

### 431

"I believe it is the United States," you say. "The United States has long been an enemy of Britain, regardless that they enjoy general favor with the British public. We have already fought two wars against them. Only the Prince Consort prevented a war thirty years ago, and we could very easily be in another soon over the Trinidad affair." *Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 214.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 375.*

### 432

You feel the impact of the bullet as it hits your chest. Your legs collapse. Then everything goes dark for a very long time.

Gradually the white mists clear, and you wake to find Nurse Jones holding your hand. "You are much better today, Mr. Huntington," she says. "The wound is nearly healed and the doctor thinks you are out of danger."

"Where am I?" you ask, reaching up to feel the bandages on your head.

"St. Thomas Hospital," she replies, standing and looking just a little flustered. "Now that you are conscious, I must fetch the doctor."

"Have you been here all along?" you ask.

"No, of course not. Just the odd moment." Then she leaves, but you have the distinct impression she is not telling the truth. You have a vague recollection of someone calling your name over and over through the mists. *Turn to 497.*

"No, she did not, and I left," you reply.

"Did you speak with the guard officer, Richard?" asks Holmes.

- *If you checked Decision 9, turn to 208.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 456.*

You would like to pursue this lead, but the East End is just too far when you have less than a day to solve the crime. You take your leave and hail a cab, telling the driver to take you to 221 Baker Street. *Turn to 419.*

"If you can get this information to the police quickly enough," Holmes continues, "they should be able to arrest him and recover the plans."

"They will not be able to arrest the Count, Mr. Holmes. His position at the embassy would grant him diplomatic immunity."

"I would very much doubt it, Richard. There probably is a Second Secretary named Otto Mueller somewhere, and he will appear should Count von Steincastle be caught."

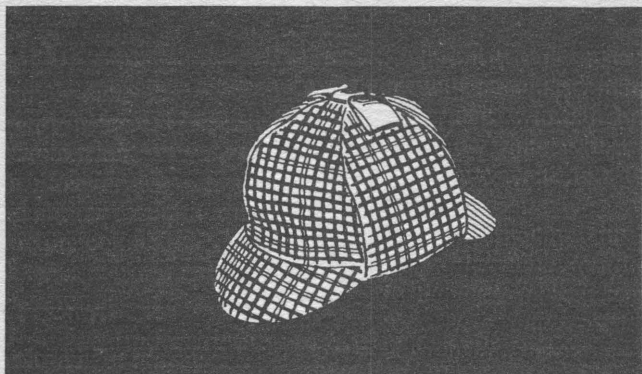
You thank him and leave, thinking to yourself that you may not have the time to take this information to the police. Count von Steincastle has undoubtedly set the meeting to take place tonight. You might just have time to get back to the embassy and try to follow him to the meeting.

Guests are still leaving when you arrive. Instead of dismounting, you tell your driver to pass the embassy, turn around, and then pull over to the curb. There, you tell him to wait, get out and walk down the street to a good vantage point.

A short time later, a heavily-cloaked figure emerges from a building down the street and steps into a waiting carriage. You would never have noticed him but for the flash of a scar on his cheek as he passed under a gas lamp. It is the Count! You race back down the street and tell your driver to follow.

Count von Steincastle pulls up at Lancaster Gate on Bayswater, dismounts and sends his carriage off then walks quickly into Kensington Gardens. You follow, trying to keep out of sight. *Pick a number and add your Artifice bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 462.
- If 7-12, turn to 459.



#### 436

You believe him, and while you are convinced that he is hiding something, whatever it is must be harmless. There is no evil intent in this man.

- If you have not checked Decision 16, turn to 473.
- Otherwise, turn to 265.

#### 437

No one answers your knock. They have apparently seen you and fled. You had best see Sherlock Holmes. You take your leave and hail a cab, telling the driver to take you to 221 Baker Street. *Turn to 419.*

#### 438

"No, I am afraid that I learned nothing else," you admit.

"And what of the Officer-of-the-Guard?" asks Holmes.

- If you checked Decision 9, turn to 208.
- Otherwise, turn to 456.

He reacts more quickly than you could possibly have anticipated. The knife suddenly appears in his hand and sinks deeply into your chest. You hear him race away but you are too weak to pursue. In fact, you find it increasingly difficult to breathe. You sink to the ground as you feel the darkness closing in around you.

Gradually the white mists clear, and you wake to find Nurse Jones holding your hand. "You are much better today, Mr. Huntington," she says. "The wound is nearly healed and the doctor thinks you are out of danger."

"Where am I?" you ask, reaching up to feel the bandages on your head.

"St. Thomas Hospital," she replies, looking a little flustered. "Now that you are conscious, I must fetch the doctor."

"Have you been here all along?" you ask.

"No, of course not. Just the odd moment." Then she leaves, but you have the distinct impression she is not telling the truth. You have a vague recollection of someone calling your name over and over through the mists. *Turn to 497.*

"Yes, sir. Course I will. I'll tell it ye just like it 'appened."

"Good. Now then, when did you arrive at Buckingham Palace?"

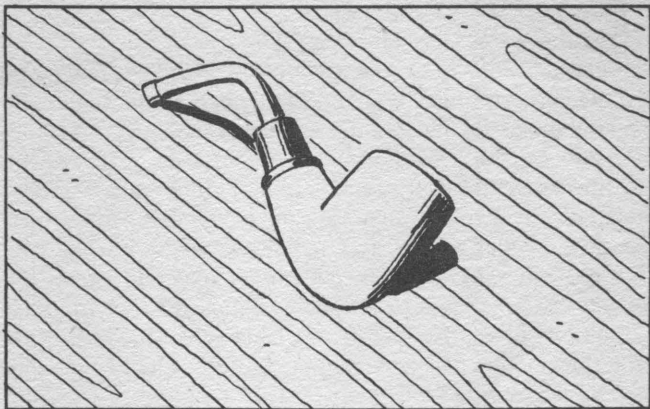
"Twas near dawn, sir. I 'aven't a watch but we'd a-passed Big Ben ten minutes before, and it was near five-thirty then."

"Good. You said we. You had someone with you?"

"That's true, sir. My son, Jack. 'e rode with me. I 'ad 'im sit under the tarpaulin since it was a-rainin' and all."

"I understand there was an altercation this morning."

"Guess you could call it that. I pulled up behind Jimmy 'olston and 'ad my boy run inside with them two candlesticks for Lord Nevy. Jimmy came out then and ordered me to leave so's 'e could back up. Ordered me! Like 'e was some county squire or somethin'! Jimmy's bigger than me but I ain't a-ferred of 'im. We'd a-squared off just when the guard showed up. By then my boy come back and 'e got in the wagon, and we left. And that's all there is to tell, sir." *Turn to 135.*



#### 441

There is something out of the ordinary about the bags of flour lining the cellar. The bags are lettered in French, although that is not particularly unusual. Then you realize what has been eluding you. There are no tax stamps on the bags. Holston is using smuggled flour! That is why he ran! You shake your head in disgust and leave.

- *If you call the police, turn to 355.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 504.*

#### 442

You grapple with your all but unseen opponent, trying to keep him off-balance. Then you see him twist his arm in a peculiar motion and remember him doing the same thing just before the knife appeared in his hand and he stabbed McGill. Nothing happens! He tries again. It is stuck! You have only one chance and lash out with all the strength in your young body. Your fist connects with his jaw, his head snaps, and his knees buckle. You hit him again and again, and then he lies on the ground.

You truss him with his own belt and fetch a policeman, holding your throbbing knuckles with your good hand.

Another day finds you in audience with the Queen! *Turn to 471.*

"I believe it is Germany," he says.

"Germany? Why Germany?"

"Because Germany would profit from both the ship plans and the information about the African colonies."

"How so?" you ask.

"Germany would very much like to build battleships the equal of our own, but they lack the nautical experience we possess. Second, the Kaiser has been busy with his own schemes after forcing Prince Bismark into retirement. He would like to expand the German colonies in Africa from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, in a band across the continent. The information McNeal attempted to get would be invaluable in that regard."

"I never thought of that, "you say, "but how do you account for these schemes against Britain when Queen Victoria is Kaiser Wilhelm's grandmother? His own mother is English, after all."

"And a precious lot of good it has done either us or her," Gregson snaps. "The Empress has suffered mightily under both Bismark and her son."

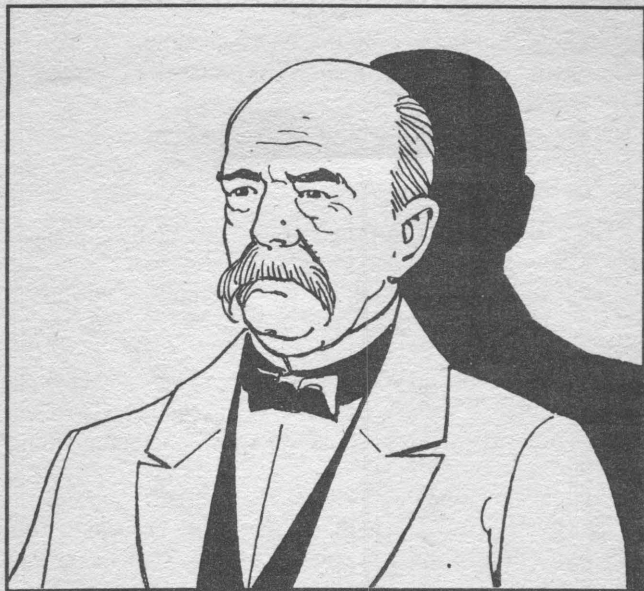
"Yes, they are a vicious lot, those two. Perhaps things will be better now that the old man is gone — if he stays in retirement. Of course, there is also something to be said for the old saying about better the enemy you know'." *Turn to 482.*

"I also learned that McNeal had a boyhood friend in the unit, one Michael Murphy, also a private. I asked to see him."

"Go on," says Holmes.

- *If you checked Decision 7, turn to 498.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 336.*

"He told me that he had requested McNeal to exchange guard tours with him. Private Murphy wanted to check on an errant ladyfriend. The interesting thing about it is that McNeal agreed because he wanted to be free the next night — tonight. I wonder why." *Turn to 127.*



446

Lord Sumpter passes his hand through his hair and caves in. "I might as well tell you, my dear fellow. You shall discover the truth soon enough anyway. Mr. Eagleton is no gentleman, but if you want to find him, you must ask Lord Befford." *Turn to 473.*

447

One of the soldiers begins to say something, but then thinks better of it and shakes his head. Either you have not asked the right questions or they do not know anything.

- *If you have not checked Decision 17 and wish to search McNeal's bunk, turn to 373.*
- *If you seek out Captain Treadwell, turn to 227.*
- *If you consult with Sherlock Holmes, turn to 419.*

"And does it make sense that McNeal and his Irish comrades would want information on British Crown Colonies in Africa?" asks Gregson.

- *If it makes sense, turn to 250.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 307.*

The baker blinks in surprise and looks suddenly apprehensive. Then he asks, "What crime?"

"That information is confidential," you reply. "Can you tell me if you saw anything unusual at Buckingham Palace this morning?"

"Unusual? What do you mean unusual? I have never made a delivery there before. My driver was sick, and I had to make the delivery myself, so I would not know whether anything was unusual or not."

"I understand that there was an altercation," you say.

"Not much of one," he replies. "That idiot Turpin pulled his wagon in behind mine, so I could not leave. Then he refused to move it."

"Why did he do that?"

"He said he was in a hurry and was just stopping long enough to deliver two silver candlesticks to replace a set which had become tarnished. Said he would not move. I threatened to bend those precious candlesticks over his head if he did not move, and he called out the guard. They stayed there until we both left."

"Was anyone else there making delivery?"

"Yes, a man named Larson. He was delivering meat, I believe. Now that I think of it, there was something strange about Turpin's wagon."

"What do you mean?" you ask, your interest piqued.

"Someone crawled out of the back of his wagon. He was hidden by a tarpaulin and slipped out the back as I came out to get back in my own wagon."

"Did you not inform the guard?"

"I was quite sure they saw him. It was raining and cold, and I only wanted to leave," he retorts, apparently having lost his fear of you. *Turn to 289.*

## 450

You decide to see the Prince of Wales, hoping that he might shed some light on the investigation. You make your way to the Chamberlain's office and locate Sir Henry Lowe, his Second Secretary. You explain what you have learned and ask him to arrange an audience with Edward Albert, the Prince of Wales. *Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 340.
- If 7-12, turn to 282.

## 451

A gentleman would never ask another gentleman about an illicit liaison, so you make no comment about it. The Admiral looks absolutely stricken as he puts away the watch.

"I do hope it is not broken," you comment sympathetically. "It seems a fine watch. A gift from your father, you say?" *Check Result H. Turn to 335.*

## 452

Deciding to examine the scene of the crime, you walk back out into the courtyard and approach one of the guards. Fortunately, it is still early morning and there are few people about. "Are you permitted to speak?" you ask him.

"Yus, sir," the man replies.

"I have been appointed to investigate the incident of last night," you say. "I must examine the sentry box where Private McNeal was standing. Which one was it?"

"Twas the one behind me."

"Can you march about while I examine it?" you continue.

"Aye, that I can do," says the soldier. The guards begin a stately march back and forth along the walls of the courtyard while you peer at the sentry box. It is a narrow wooden box without a door and topped by a peaked roof. You look inside. *Pick a number and add your Observation bonus:*

- If 2-4, turn to 424.
- If 5-7, turn to 129.
- If 8-9, turn to 299.
- If 10-12, turn to 284.



453

"Very well, Mr. Huntington," he says. "What is it you wish to know?"

"I would like to know what time you returned to the palace last night, Admiral," you declare.

"I should think it was just after midnight." He continues to fondle the watch case, as if totally unaware of it.

"When you returned, through which gate did you enter?"

"The main entrance, Mr. Huntington. It was beginning to rain, so I took a cab from the Admiralty."

"Did you see both sentries when you entered the courtyard?"

"Yes, they were in their boxes."

"Did you know either man?"

"I did not have the window down because of the rain," he answers firmly. You notice that he is stroking the watch even more briskly now. Then he sees you watching him and looks down at the watch in his hand, as if noticing it for the first time. He pulls the watch fob from his other pocket and bundling the chain with the watch, places it on the top of his desk near his right hand.

"I have a habit of stroking the watch," he smiles apologetically. "It was my father's. I am afraid I may have permanently weakened the top. Sorry, what was your question?"

“Did you know either of the guards?”

“No, I did not. They change so often, it would be impossible.”

“Did you go directly to your rooms, Admiral Weatherley?”

“No, not directly,” he says looking thoughtful. “I wandered down to the kitchen about an hour later. I had forgotten about eating. There had been no time with all the scurrying about to justify the Navy’s expenditures to Mr. Gladstone.”

“Is he not in favor of the Navy?” you ask.

“Well, yes, he is. But it is a matter of direction,” he replies, obviously feeling more relaxed. “He will not favor the new steel battleships now planned for construction unless he is convinced that they can be built without sacrificing his domestic programs.”

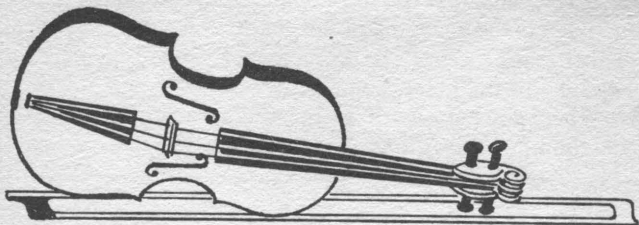
“I see. But I was led to believe you worked exclusively with the House of Lords.”

“Normally, yes, but not when matters of such importance to the Navy hang in the balance...” He is getting more relaxed by the minute. You need to change the subject.

“Admiral, you would have no reason to attack one of the sentries, would you?”

“What! How dare you!” he explodes, slamming his hand down on the top of the desk. The watch he so carefully placed there only moments before slides off the top and crashes to the hardwood floor. *Pick a number and add your Observation bonus:*

- If 2-5, turn to 194.
- If 6-12, turn to 465.



There is a terrible crash as the cab knocks you from your feet. Then everything goes dark for a very long time.

Gradually the white mists clear, and you wake to find Nurse Jones holding your hand. "You are much better today, Mr. Huntington," she says. "The swelling is nearly gone, and the doctor thinks you are out of danger."

"Where am I?" you ask, reaching up to feel the bandages on your head.

"St. Thomas Hospital," she replies, standing and looking just a little flustered. "Now that you are conscious, I must fetch the doctor."

"Have you been here all along?" you ask.

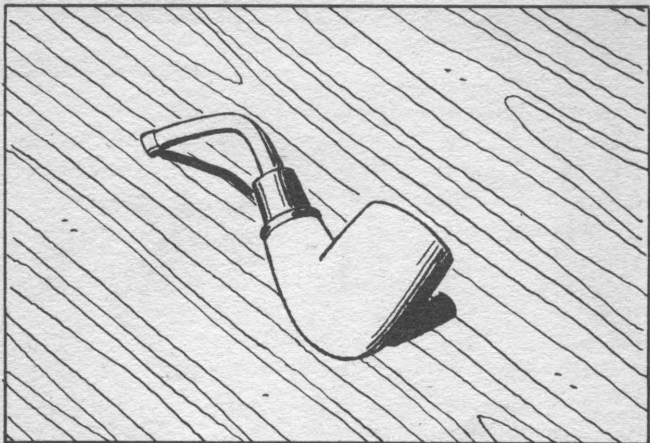
"No, of course not. Just the odd moment." Then she leaves, but you have the distinct impression she is not telling the truth. You have a vague recollection of someone calling your name over and over through the mists. *Turn to 497.*

It is dark outside when you awaken inside Lord Sumpter's room. Lord Sumpter is gone, of course, and all you have to show for your pains is a beastly headache. You pick up the silver candlestick and read the legend: Reginald Ware, Silver-smiths of Piccadilly. You replace the candlestick on the table and stagger from the room.

In the hall, you walk toward the front door. A footman approaches and tells you that the Chamberlain has requested to see you. Dutifully, you turn toward his office. *Turn to 304.*

"I was unable to see the Captain at the palace as he was involved in the changing of the guard. Perhaps I shall have a chance to see him later. At the moment I decided the best thing I could do would be to come here.

"There you have it, Mr. Holmes," you conclude. "What do you think?" *Turn to 245.*



457

You decide to wait for Admiral Weathersley to return. You have no intention of trying to chase him down in that warren called the Admiralty. Besides, you need the rest. A footman shows you to a room and assures you that he will notify you the moment Admiral Weathersley returns. You close your eyes. *Turn to 287.*

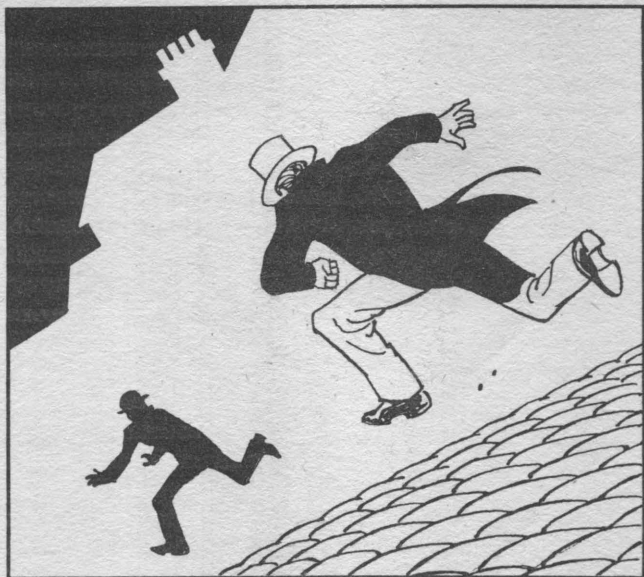
458

"And I must refuse, Mr. Huntington! Really, sir, you are beginning to bore me. Leave now or I will throw you out!"

You unfold the parchment and hand it to him. "My Lord, as I said, I am on the Queen's business. She has a personal interest in this investigation. If you do not answer my questions, you will be disobeying her direct wishes. And I shall report your actions."

"Why did you not tell me you had a royal writ, you dolt!" he says in exasperation.

"I was asked to keep the writ in confidence," you reply. "I trust you will do so." *Turn to 323.*



#### 459

You manage to avoid being spotted by von Steincastle. He moves through the park with the assurance of a panther stalking his prey. Then, standing under a streetlamp is McGill. The Count walks up to him and shakes his hand.

The two men converse quietly and move out of the pool of light cast by the gas lamp. Then, moving closer, you see McGill hand over a packet. The Count appears to examine it, nods and hands over a paper-wrapped package. He shakes hands again with McGill, and the Irishman turns to leave.

Without warning, the gleam of light flashes off the blade of a knife, and von Steincastle throws himself on McGill. He places one hand over the Irishman's mouth and, with a practiced motion, slides his blade in to its hilt between the soldier's shoulder blades. McGill crumples without a sound. The Count looks around, retrieves the wrapped package, and turns to leave.

You have just witnessed a cold-blooded murder. You know now that von Steincastle man is the key to your entire case. You gage his direction and then race off into the darkness, hoping to get ahead of him. After a good ten minutes, you come upon the path again and look for a tree to hide behind.

You wait, your heart thumping in your chest both from the exertion and in anticipation of what is to come. Then you hear the crunch of cinders as he approaches your hiding place. You allow him to draw even with you and then launch yourself. You must make this quick. Von Steincastle is a skilled fighter.

*Pick a number and add your Athletics bonus:*

- *If 2-7, turn to 487.*
- *If 8-12, turn to 486.*

## 460

"I will tell you whatever you wish to know, Mr. Huntington," he replies, spreading his hands in surrender. "I have never thought myself a murderer; it was the first time I have ever killed anyone. The deed weighs heavily upon my conscience."

"He was blackmailing you then?" you ask.

"Yes, but you already know that," he replies, shrugging.

"What was he using as evidence?"

"I will not discuss that part of it, sir," he states flatly. "I will tell you whatever you want to know about my own actions, Mr. Huntington, but I will not drag an innocent woman's name into this sordid episode. Please respect my feeling upon this matter. She would be in grave danger, should certain information be revealed, as you should know from reading my mail."

"I will respect your wishes, Admiral Weathersley. For the moment anyway," you reply, adding the last as you remember Holmes' recent admonition. "What did Private McNeal want from you?" *Turn to 476.*



### 461

"Private Murphy," you begin. "I should like you to tell me all you know of Private McNeal's background. His life in Ireland, his family, anything at all. He has taken ill, and we must get word to his family." *Check Decision 7. Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 484.
- If 7-12, turn to 231.

### 462

Unfortunately, he sees you and races off into the darkness of the park. You search the grounds, berating yourself for not following Sherlock Holmes' advice, but you know it is useless. Finally, you give up and leave. *Turn to 495.*

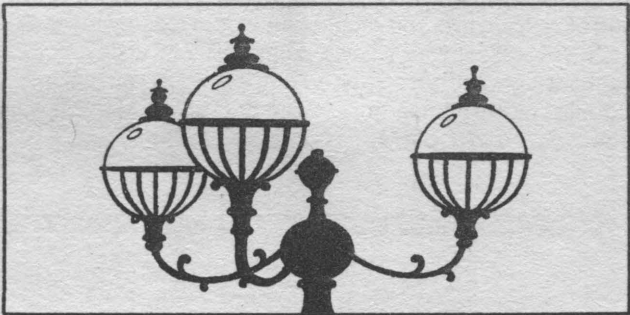
### 463

You pause for a moment, sure you heard a sound outside the door. You stand and walk quickly over to the door, trying not to make any undue noise. In spite of your decisive action Lord Befford stands there before you, barring it. You find it disconcerting that a man of his size can move so quickly.

"Where are you going, Mr. Huntington?" he demands in a loud harsh voice.

"I am certain that someone was listening at the door, My Lord. I wanted to discover the identity of the eavesdropper."

He opens the door and looks. "There is no one there," he says. "I believe you are imagining things." *Turn to 212.*



You decide to find Private Joseph McGill, the opposite gate guard. You want to make certain you have the names of all the visitors who entered by the front door. You make your way to the barracks and ask for McGill.

When he is brought before you, he seems nervous.

"Private McGill," you begin. "Do you remember who came and went at the front gate of the palace last night?"

"Yes, sir," he replies. "It should all be in the log."

"I should like for you to tell me, all the same," you say.

"It was a bad night, sir. There were not many," he says somewhat defensively. "Just the Prince of Wales and his party about one o'clock and a bit later Admiral Weathersley returning from the Admiralty."

"Do you know the names of the Prince of Wales' friends?"

"Yes, sir. There was Lord Befford and Lord Sumpter and another I did not know, a Mr. Eagleton."

"And when did they depart, Private?"

"I don't know, sir. They were still there when I went off-duty."

"You mean they spent the night in the palace?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does that happen often?"

"Not often, sir. Maybe once a month."

"Did they all come in together?"

"No, sir. The Prince arrived first and his coachman said his friends were following along directly."

"How long after that did they arrive?"

"No more than fifteen minutes, sir." You notice that the man's nervousness has abated. Perhaps he had thought earlier that you were here to investigate his duty performance. You thank him and take your leave. Now you feel you have some of the pieces of the puzzle. It is time to see which ones fit together. *Check Clue I.*

- *If you question the merchants, turn to 417.*
- *If you question the Prince of Wales, turn to 450.*
- *If you question Admiral Weathersley, turn to 265.*
- *If you question the Prince of Wales' friends, turn to 395.*

You look at the watch, fearing it is damaged. You see it lying on the floor, its case open and the broken glass of the watch bezel strewn across the room. You bend down to retrieve it. As you pick it up, another lid cleverly concealed within the first springs open, and you look inside what could only be a secret compartment.

Inside the compartment is the picture of a woman, a beautiful dark-haired woman. Admiral Weathersley snatches the watch from your hand with a horror-struck look. But what you have seen may be significant. The woman whose picture you saw is not the same woman as the one in the portrait, although there are striking similarities between them.

If the portrait is the Admiral's dead wife, this photograph is of someone else, for the portrait depicted a woman of more mature years. Also the photograph was unfaded and appeared new, while the portrait might be several years old. *Check Clue N. Pick a number and add your Scholarship bonus:*

- If 2-7, turn to 477.
- If 8-12, turn to 474.

"If you would be so good as to have a seat, sir," the secretary says primly, indicating the most uncomfortable-looking chair you have ever seen. "The Admiral left word not to admit anyone until he has completed the budgetary proposal due for review by the House of Lords tomorrow. He will see you when he has finished, if you care to wait." *Pick a number and add your Intuition bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 427.
- If 7-12, turn to 405.

"It means that the papers have not been recovered, Detective Gregson. We must find them. If the wind did not get them, it is possible a ragpicker or even a street sweeper found them. We must question everyone who might have been in the vicinity that morning." *Turn to 285.*



468

"I am sorry, Admiral, but I am not permitted to say for the moment. It must be held in highest confidence. I can assure you, however, that it is very serious and involves an act of violence." You notice that he has removed a watch from his pocket and strokes the back of the case. It appears to be a nervous habit, and from the smoothness of the watch case, one he has practiced for years. *Pick a number and add your Observation bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 147.
- If 7-12, turn to 415.

469

You decide that nothing will be gained here and decide to consult with Sherlock Holmes. You take your leave and hail a cab to 221 Baker Street. *Turn to 419.*

470

"I did not pursue it, Mr. Holmes. I doubt that McNeal's private life would reveal a motive for the attack. I only have forty-eight hours to solve the case. I could not afford the time."

"Probably a wise decision," remarks Holmes. "And you did have to make a choice. I cannot gainsay you at this juncture."

- If you checked Result E, turn to 444.
- Otherwise, turn to 146.



"Mr. Huntington, We wish to express our sincerest thanks for the manner in which you conducted a most difficult task. You have succeeded beyond Our expectations and still managed not to alert the newspapers," comments Queen Victoria, her manner gracious yet regal. "We had no doubt you would discover the identity of the murderer. Our ministers spoke very highly of your skills."

"Thank you, Your Majesty," you stammer, more than a little nervous.

"We must admit We were surprised to learn the identity of the murderer," she continues. "Admiral Weathersley has been a member of Our household and a friend for many years. His wife Elizabeth was very dear to Us. We suspect her death must have unhinged him somewhat."

"That could be, Your Majesty," you reply thoughtfully. "Love sometimes has a way of putting us in difficult situations."

"It does not excuse his actions."

"No, Your Majesty, it does not."

"Mr. Huntington, We should like to confer upon you some signal honor for the service you have rendered Us. We have discussed the matter with Our Lord Chamberlain, and you shall hear from him in due course. For the present, suffice it to say that your father will not be the only one in your family elevated to the peerage."

"Thank you, Your Majesty!" you say fervently, your head spinning.

"It is no more than you deserve, Mr. Huntington," she declares. "Also, We rather suspect you will have little difficulty securing royal grants with which to carry on your work among the criminally insane."

"Thank you once more, Your Majesty."

"Not at all, Mr. Huntington. The work you do serves all of us."

"Your Majesty," you say, summoning your courage. "I am extremely grateful for everything, but I believe I would be remiss if I failed to say I had substantial assistance in this investigation. I could not have brought it to a successful conclusion without the help of Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. John Watson."

"Yes, Mr. Huntington. We are aware of both Mr. Holmes and Dr. Watson. We have read of Mr. Holmes' successes as portrayed by Dr. Watson and find them illuminating."

An hour later you leave the Palace. As you walk toward the guards on duty inside the courtyard, they come to rigid attention and then in unison to present arms, a signal honor in view of the fact that you are a civilian. You realize they are thanking you for avenging one of their own in the only way they can. How will they feel when they discover that he was a traitor? You smile at them and walk through the short tunnel into the bright sunlight outside. "Sir Richard," you muse quietly to yourself, a spring in your step. **The End**

#### 472

"Regretfully, I do not agree. I am investigating a very serious crime and can take nothing on faith." You walk through the open door across the room and open the door to the bedroom. *Pick a number and add your Observation bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 363.
- If 7-12, turn to 275.

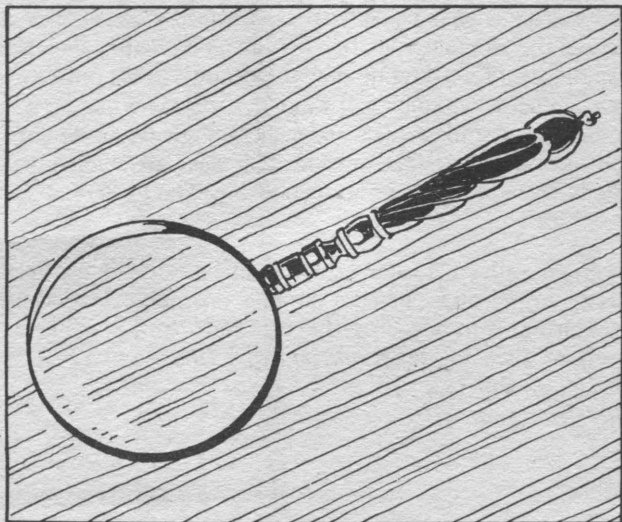
You decide to question the Marquess of Befford. He is in the farthest of the state apartments, so you must walk a considerable distance behind the footman to reach the door. You knock. "Who is it?" asks a sharp voice from the other side.

"It is Mr. Richard Huntington, My Lord, and I am here on the Queen's business."

After a moment the door opens wide and you are confronted by Lord Befford. He is massively built with flaming red hair and ruddy cheeks. Befford is a good fifteen years younger than the Prince of Wales and clean-shaven, although his eyes are bloodshot and there is a long scratch on one cheek. "Speak, then. What do you want?"

"I should like to ask you a few questions concerning an incident which took place at the palace late last night or very early this morning," you say. *Check Clue L and Decision 16. Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 334.
- If 7-12, turn to 323.



The woman's face revives a memory. You have seen her face before. A woman as beautiful as this one is unique enough to command your attention. A moment later, you have it.

In Berlin several years ago, you and your late wife attended the theater, seeing a Wagnerian Opera as the guest of a friend. You are not particularly fond of Wagner, but you had been riveted by the young actress playing the lead. Though the theater brochure had said she was not yet sixteen, you recall being struck by her beauty. She had seemed so out of place in that opera, so frail and vulnerable among the warriors and valkyries.

You cannot be sure it is she. You have only seen her the once, and she would be in her early twenties now, a grown woman. Still, you know if you heard her sing you would know. The young girl that evening had seemed very out of place until she had sung.

Then her voice had filled the opera house to overflowing, rich and penetrating beyond her years, beyond her slender body. From that moment on she had captured the stage and the attention of the audience, transforming a dull and heavy opera into a thing of wonder and beauty. Is it possible it is she? And if so, what is her photograph doing in Admiral Weathersley's watch? *Check Clue O.*

- *If, being a gentleman, you do not ask about her, turn 451.*
- *If, being a cad at heart, you ask Admiral Weathersley about her, turn to 172.*

You take your foot from the door and dash down the stairs three at a time, out the front door and down the stairs into the street. Unfortunately, the second stair from the top gives slightly as you step on it, just enough for you to lose your balance. You tumble down the short flight and bang against a delivery wagon. By the time you regain your balance and your breath and make your way to the back of the building, Private Murphy is gone.

- *If you return to question the brother, turn to 327.*
- *If you leave, turn to 402.*

"It was money at first. But later he demanded information."

"Information?" you ask, "What kind of information?"

"There were several items that most interested him. One in particular was information concerning the British Crown Colonies in Africa."

"Africa?" you say. "Whatever did he want that for?"

"I am sure I do not know, nor do I care," replies the Admiral.

"What did he want to know about the colonies?" you persist. "For example, was he interested in diamond mines or mineral deposits?"

"No, none of that. He wanted to know about plans to expand the colonies. Which colonies, what direction, and when the expansion was planned — that sort of rot."

"How very remarkable. A singular request, I must say."

"Yes, I suppose it was," he agrees without interest. "But that was not all. He also wanted the plans for the new class of steel battleship the Admiralty are seeking money to build."

"What?" you exclaim. "That is even more bizarre! What would he do with the information?"

"Sell it, would be my guess. It would be worth quite a bit of money to the right people."

"I believe you are correct, Admiral. Tell me, did you give him the information he demanded?"

"At first, I refused. Oh, I was willing to give him money — and I was even willing to give him what he wanted concerning the African colonies. I cannot imagine anyone getting any use from that anyway. But I had no intention of giving him the plans for the ship, and since I had no access to the information on the colonies, I refused and offered money instead. I have little, but I was willing to give him what I had."

"What did he say to that?"

"He did not accept my refusal, as you can well imagine. He threatened a friend with exposure, and the threat to her convinced me to give him what he wanted. I could not bear to see her hurt. What happens to me is unimportant. So I agreed to do what he asked."

"Yet you said you had no access to the information on the African colonies," you comment. "If that was true, how did you secure it?"

"I could not secure it myself, but I could make it possible for him to get it. I obtained a sheet of the parchment the Queen uses for her correspondence and wrote a request for the information. I have done that many times for legitimate requests, for once she puts her seal upon it, the request becomes official."

"Then you were the one who took the Queen's seal?"

"Of course. I am in her study quite often; no one would think anything of it. I was not seen that night near the study, and the guards in the halls are accustomed to seeing me working late."

"When did you hand over the information, Admiral Weathersley?"

"The assignation was planned for this evening under Admiralty Arch at midnight. But I saw him on duty the night before last and decided to bring the documents to him then. I still had hopes of appealing to his conscience."

"Why did you have the seal with you?" you ask.

"I had taken it earlier, but I could not get back into the study until morning, when I was to help prepare a response to the letter Mr. Gladstone's messenger brought. I had planned to slip it back in its stand before anyone noticed. I took it with me to the meeting because I dared not leave it behind."

"So you took the documents to him then?"

"Yes, I slipped out into the courtyard when I saw the guard officers were both involved in a dispute at the service entrance."

"And you met with him in front of his sentry box?"

"Yes, it was very dark, and the sound of the sleet falling covered our voices. I brought with me the request for the information he demanded on the African colonies. I had attached the Queen's seal. I also brought with me the ship plans. I gave him the former and then offered him a thousand pounds instead of the latter. It was all the money I have in the world."

"And what did he say?"

"He refused. I appealed to his sense of patriotism. I told him that selling the ship plans would do irreparable damage to Britain."

"What did he say to that?"

"Whatever weakened the enslaver would strengthen his victim," he said. His loyalty was to a free Ireland, he said. It was all because he is certain that the Lords will vote down the Home Rule bill."

"And then what did you do?"

"I handed over the documents."

"But if you had already given him what he wanted, why did you attack him?"

"He made rude comments about the woman I love."

"Just a moment, Admiral. Do you mean to tell me you were willing to betray your country to McNeal and his comrades, but you refused to permit him to insult your mistress?"

"Have a care, Mr. Huntington! Do not speak of her so. She is not my mistress! We love each other, though we may never be together."

You have a hard time crediting the Admiral's sense of priorities. Still, there are a few things you must know. "What did he say that caused you to attack him, Admiral Weather-sley?"

The Admiral pauses for a moment, a look of anguish on his face. "Just as I was leaving, he said that he might have his way with her. He said he wanted to know what it was about her that could make an Admiral betray his country. He said she had not paid him anything for his silence yet."

"So you attacked him."

"I would never permit him to lay his filthy hands on her."

"Especially," you remark dryly, "when you could not. Is that it, Admiral? It sounds more like jealousy than love."

"Call it what you will, Mr. Huntington," he grates, clearly irritated by your insight. "I attacked him with the seal as it was at hand," he continues, the words tumbling out of him. "I used it as a bludgeon. Then finally, he managed to tear it from my grip, and..." His voice sinks to a whisper. "I...I bared my steel

and stabbed him." At this he clasps his hands in front of him in misery. "You must believe me, I did not think to kill him."

"Then what?" you ask persistently. You want to hear all of it.

"He fell back into his sentry box, barely conscious. I tried to get the seal from him, but he had it in a death grip. I could not free it. Our struggle tipped his rifle, and it fell to the pavement with a great clatter. I ran. I panicked and ran. I had managed to retrieve the Queen's parchment, tearing it where he lay upon it. I ran back into the palace, and no one saw me. Now you know everything, Mr. Huntington. Do with me what you will."

"I shall, Admiral Weathersley. By now there are detectives from Scotland Yard here who will want to talk with you." You find yourself with very little sympathy for the man. "Tell me one more thing, Admiral. Do you still believe it was worth it?"

"Love is a very rare thing, Mr. Huntington."

"Love does not require that you betray your country, Admiral Weathersley. That you decided to do on your own. Your actions befoul the very love you sought to protect. Perhaps you should think about that."

You take him back downstairs to the police. You give one of the policemen, a detective named Tobias Gregson, a summary of what you have learned. He requests that you adjourn to the office which has been put aside for his use and complete your discussions. Just then a footman approaches with word that the Chamberlain requests your presence. Check *Clues T, U, and V*.

- *If you stay where you are, turn to 310.*
- *If you see the Chamberlain, turn to 358.*

#### 477

The woman's face jogs a faint memory. She looks like someone you know or someone you have seen before.

- *If, being a gentleman, you do not ask about her, turn to 451.*
- *If, being a cad at heart, you ask Admiral Weathersley about her, turn to 172.*

"Did any of the other soldiers come forward with anything useful?" Holmes asks.

- *If you checked Result C, turn to 348.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 325.*

You decide to see if any others in the guard detail might know something. As you enter the guard room, one of the soldiers is leaving with his gear. He seems to be in a hurry.

- *If you stop him, turn to 400.*
- *If you let him go and concentrate on the others, turn to 370.*

After another hour, your patience and your temper have worn very thin. You are uncertain whether you can stand.

"I must insist upon seeing the Admiral now," you say. "I have duties to perform which are every bit as important as his. Interrupt him. NOW!"

The secretary jumps to his feet and rushes to the Admiral's door. Opening it, he leans inside and begins to tell the Admiral you are here. Then he stops and straightens, closing the door and turning to face you. "He has left," he says in triumph. "Please call again tomorrow." With that he goes back to his desk, sits down, and begins reading his stack of papers once more. *Pick a number:*

- *If 2-6, turn to 386.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 344.*

You have exhausted all the possible sources of information here and so decide to leave.

- *If you wish to visit the scene of the crime and have not checked Decision 1, turn to 452.*
- *Otherwise, you decide to visit Sherlock Holmes. Turn to 206.*

"So," he concludes. "McNeal and his comrades settled upon this blackmail scheme as a way to obtain foreign support for their cause. They probably intended to sell the information to Germany, but were foiled by their victim, albeit for all the wrong reasons. That is how I see it. Do you not agree?"

- *If you agree, turn to 205.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 302.*

His explanation is not plausible. The photograph is recent. A photograph of Admiral Weathersley's mother could have been printed on modern photographic paper, but it would not have pictured her in modern clothes. You will get no further following the present line of questioning as he has already resorted to lying.

"I do hope the watch is not broken," you comment sympathetically. "It seems a fine one. A gift from your father, you say?" *Turn to 335.*



"Thomas McNeal? Sick? He was never sick a day in his life, I'm thinkin', sir. You wouldn't be tryin' to trick me, now would you, sir? Me with my pur head a spinnin' and all.

"The man's speech is slurred. As difficult as it is for the man to stand, his eyes look clear. You suspect that he may not be inebriated at all. "Just tell me what you know, Private," you say.

"Didna know him that well, sir. His house was down the street an' me father and his warn't friends. Truth to tell, they hated each other. Thomas and me, we left just as soon as we could. It was either that or starve. We both hied off to join the army as soon as they'd take us. That's all I know.

"If the man knows anything more, he is not about to divulge it. Reluctantly, you release him. *Turn to 377.*

You suspect the guard officer will not know McNeal as well as his sergeant, but decide to question him anyway. It takes you a good deal of time to locate him, as you seem to be one step behind him wherever he goes. Unfortunately, by the time you find him, he is engaged in the changing of the guard. He introduces himself as Captain Jacob Treadwell and invites you to observe the ceremony from inside the palace grounds. *Check Decision 4.*

- *If you watch the ceremony, turn to 329.*
- *If you see the Chamberlain instead, turn to 372.*

He kicks at you while fumbling with something inside the sleeve of his jacket, but his foot slips on the loose gravel and he falls to the path. You have your chance and make the best of it. As he tries to climb to his feet you lash out with all your strength. You are not a skilled fighter, but you are a lucky one. Your fist catches him on his jaw and he crashes over, his head slamming against the trunk of a tree.

You truss him with his own belt and then fetch a policeman, holding your throbbing knuckles with your good hand.

One more day finds you at Baker Street. *Turn to 493.*

Von Steincastle reacts very quickly. A knife suddenly appears in his hand, and you feel it sink in your chest. You hear him race away but are too weak to pursue. In fact, you find it increasingly difficult to breathe. You sink to the ground as you feel the darkness closing in around you.

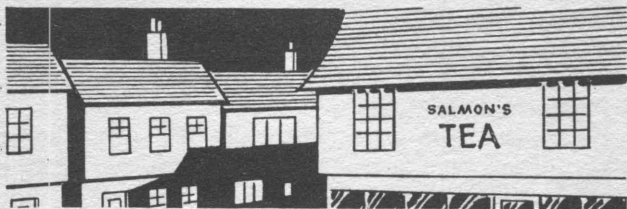
Gradually the white mists clear, and you wake to find Nurse Jones holding your hand. "You are much better today, Mr. Huntington," she says. "The internal bleeding has stopped, and the doctor thinks you are out of danger."

"Where am I?" you ask, reaching to feel the bandages on your chest.

"St. Thomas Hospital," she replies, standing and looking just a little flustered. "Now that you are conscious, I must fetch the doctor."

"Have you been here all along?" you ask.

"No, of course not. Just the odd moment." Then she leaves, but you have the distinct impression she is not telling the truth. You have a vague recollection of someone calling your name over and over through the mists. *Turn to 495.*



#### 488

You watch the eagerness fade from Bracker's face; you must do something to hold his attention. "I am commissioned by the Lord High Chamberlain himself in this matter. The police will be here in due course, and they will question you too." This statement has the effect you desired. "What can you tell me about Thomas McNeal? I am given to understand you are friends."

"Not exactly friends, sir, but I know 'im better than most. 'ave you seen 'im, sir? Is 'e all right?"

"No, I have not. He is still under the doctor's care, I believe. What do you know of him?"

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, but 'e is not an easy man to know. All tight and bound up inside, 'e is. An Irishman but loyal to the Queen, sir."

"Why do you say that, Bracker?"

"'e is always talkin' about doin' somethin' special, sir. 'e was talkin' about it just yesterday. Said 'e was doin' a great service for 'is country. 'e wouldn't tell me what, but 'e also said 'e would make 'is fortune by it." *Check Clue D.*

- *If you question other members of the guard detail, turn to 479.*
- *If you have not checked Decision 4 and leave to seek out the guard officer, turn to 317.*

"I shall respect your wishes, My Lord," you say thoughtfully. "But you must convince me that the person in there was not the one who committed the offense."

"If by offense you mean an act of indelicacy and foolhardiness, then I am your man," he answers, all guile gone from his voice.

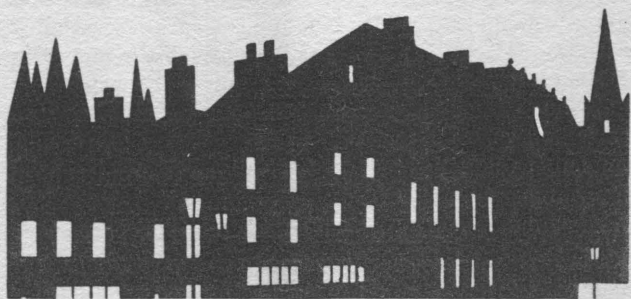
You shake your head. "No. I refer to an act of violence."

"Violence?" he asks in surprise. "There was no violence."

"Your cheek, My Lord."

He reaches up to touch the scratch. "This? This was a wound of love, not of violence, Mr. Huntington." *Pick a number and add your Intuition bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 180.
- If 7-12, turn to 101.



You believe he is hiding something. While he is not lying, he is avoiding telling the entire truth. *Turn to 379.*

"My Lord, if you will but come to the door, we shall undoubtedly clear the matter up at once. There is no need for harsh measures." *Pick a number and add your Communication bonus:*

- If 2-6, turn to 271.
- If 7-12, turn to 324.

You decide to do as Holmes suggests and summon the police. You would like to handle this yourself, but the price Britain will pay if you fail is too high. You take a cab to Buckingham Palace where you seek out Detective Gregson and tell him what you have learned.

"Thank you, Mr. Huntington," Detective Gregson replies without emotion when you are finished. "Since last we talked, I have spoken with the Lord High Chamberlain. Your royal writ is revoked. The Queen is perfectly willing to see Scotland Yard conclude the investigation, now that there is no chance of a scandal. Please give it to me." He holds out his hand, and you have no choice but to give it to him. "Now go home, Mr. Huntington. You have been invaluable, but you are not the police and you are not Sherlock Holmes. You will not interfere in this investigation again or you will see the inside of the Old Bailey. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand, Detective Gregson," you reply, disheartened.

Two days later at breakfast, you pick up the *Daily Telegraph* and open it to the front page. The headline screams: "Spy Ring Smashed by Scotland Yard". The article rather sketchily describes a dastardly attempt by a German Count to secure critical naval secrets from the Admiralty. Fortunately, the ring was smashed, and the spy captured by Detective Gregson. The paper promises more details as they become available.

So, you think, Gregson has managed to take the credit for the work you did. You have the consolation of knowing that you identified a murderer and helped to expose a spy ring, but you cannot help feeling a little disappointed that you were not in it to the last. **The End**



"Congratulations again, Richard," says Dr. Watson, hoisting his glass once more. "It was fine work!"

"I could never have done it without your help and that of Mr. Holmes," you reply modestly. "I still feel it unfair that I receive all the credit."

"I was involved only in a consulting capacity, Richard," declares Holmes, uncurling from the sofa and reaching for the port. "You did all the work. It is not as if you took all my advice, after all."

"Yes, well, my independent thinking might have captured the spymaster, but it almost got me killed into the bargain."

"I am not sure I comprehend it all yet," complains Dr. Watson. "Holmes, you said this fellow Count von Steincastle was behind the whole affair, but I cannot see how he could have been. These Irish bombers do not kowtow to the Kaiser."

"You are right, of course," you reply. "But McNeal and his friends were unaware they were doing the Count's bidding."

"Correct, Richard," interjects Holmes, "though we may never know just how the information was presented to the Separatists. I rather suspect that von Steincastle and others like him provide a certain amount of discreet assistance to organized groups outside the law. There are occasions when these groups would prove useful as cat's paws. I would not be surprised to learn that some of McNeal's friends owe their first loyalty to the Kaiser. Private Murphy, for example."

"Murphy!" you exclaim. "Not that dolt!"

"That dolt, as you call him, fooled you, Richard," remarks Holmes coolly. "You suspected all along that Private McNeal would be watched by another of the Irish gang. That proved to be Private McGill. But there was another observer: Private Murphy. But he did not work for the Irish; he was von Steincastle's man. He saw to it that McNeal would be free for his rendezvous with Admiral Weathersley and then later with the Count by switching shifts with him."

"But the man was unreliable; he ran away."

"Only when you got too close to their scheme. I suspect it

was he who carried the word of your investigation to Count von Steincastle. He was the reason you were watched and later, nearly killed. He has disappeared, you know."

"What!" you exclaim.

"Yes, once Count von Steincastle was placed in police custody, Private Murphy disappeared. The woman you knew as Ludmilla Mueller has disappeared too. They probably left the country together. I suspect that Murphy is German and was placed here as a spy many years ago."

Gaping at Holmes, you shut your mouth, unable to think of anything intelligent to say. The waters have risen well above your head.

"You did not think to get all of them, did you, Richard?" Holmes says with a sardonic smile. "Count von Steincastle was the big fish. He is worth more than all the others."

"Is he talking to the police?" asks Watson.

"Not a word about anything important, Doctor. You would think he had forgotten English since his capture. He will answer only in German. But that is not the reason he is valuable; it is because whilst we hold him the German espionage apparatus will limp on inefficiently. Just by keeping him, we cripple them."

"What will happen to Admiral Weathersley?" asks Dr. Watson, turning to you.

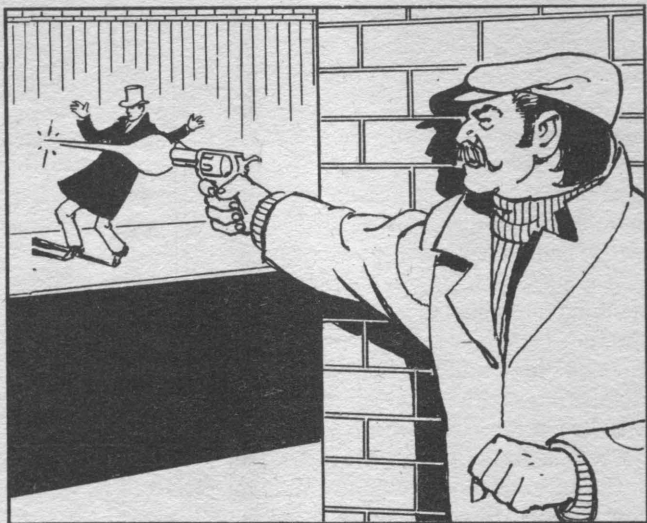
"The rope, more likely than not," you reply. "He did betray his country, after all."

"I understand, but I do pity the man," he replies. "I believe Holmes told me you have been granted an audience with the Queen tomorrow. Is that right?"

"It is quite right, Dr. Watson," you say, standing to leave. "I had best leave now. I had forgotten I have an appointment with my tailor in less than twenty minutes."

"Very well, Richard," says Dr. Watson as they both rise to wish you farewell. "Do come back and tell us about it sometime soon."

You agree to do so and leave. *Turn to 471.*



494

You pause to collect your wits.

- *If you have checked Decision 2, you decide to visit Sherlock Holmes. Turn to 206.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 396.*

495

Your investigation is a moderate success. You have caught a murderer and exposed a spy ring before its members could do any serious damage. Although the spymaster Count von Steincastle has escaped to work his deadly magic elsewhere, you are not realize the outcome of this bloody cat-and-mouse game might have been much worse.

- *If you begin again, turn to 452.*
- *If you want to read the solution, turn to 493.*

496

You follow him, trying to keep to the shadows, hoping he will not turn and see you. Just when you cross the dim pools of light cast by the streetlamps, he turns but appears unaware of your presence. *Turn to 426.*

## 497

Your investigation is a moderate success. You have caught a murderer and exposed a spy ring before its members could do serious damage. Although the mysterious spymaster himself has escaped, you know the outcome of this deadly cat-and-mouse game might have been much worse.

- *If you begin again, turn to 452.*
- *If you just want to read the solution, turn to 493.*

## 498

"He was inebriated when brought before me, but not so much as he would have had me believe. A crafty rather than cunning man. I decided to question him about McNeal's background."

- *If you checked Clue F, turn to 349.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 382.*

## 499

"Captain Treadwell," you ask, "has anything unusual happened in the guard unit overnight?"

"No, nothing," he replies at once. "Oh, wait a moment. There was something at that. Over in Two Company, a man was missing. This is such easy duty that an absence is unusual. Probably a woman involved..."

"Do you know who the missing man is?"

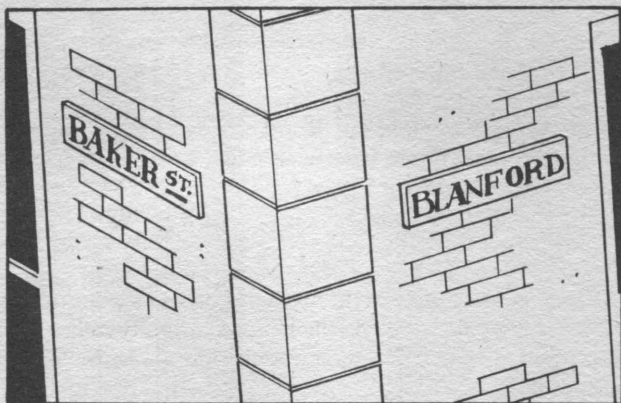
"Why, yes. A private named Murphy, I believe."

- *If you leave to see Holmes, turn to 469.*
- *If you question the other soldiers in Two Company, turn to 365.*



## 500

"I cannot say precisely what it is that bothers me about the affair; I just have a strong conviction that it is not yet finished."  
*Turn to 261.*



## 501

"Is there anything else you can tell me, anything at all?" The men are silent for a moment. Then one of them looks up and says, "There is a man in the Second Company who may know something, sir. He and Thomas are not friends, but he says they grew up in the same town in Ireland."

"What is his name?" you ask.

"Private Michael Murphy," he answers.

You thank them all and leave to find Private Murphy. You make your way to Wellington Barracks and ask to see the company commander, Captain Lesley Wren. In a short time you are shown into his office. He stands to greet you, offering his hand.

"My clerk tells me you wish to see one of the men in my command, Mr. Huntington. Can you tell me why?"

"I am afraid I cannot, Captain Wren," you reply. Then you continue in an effort to make him understand. "I am here by the authority of the Lord High Chamberlain on a most delicate matter. I am not at liberty to discuss it. You may check if you like."

"I do not believe I need to do that, Mr. Huntington," declares the Captain. "Your word is good enough for me. Who is it you wish to see?"

"Private Michael Murphy."

"Private Murphy? That one!" he exclaims. "The constables just delivered him to us after keeping him locked up all night. He was in a brawl last night — a big one from the looks of him! Good Lord! Did he get in a fight with someone important? I'll have him flogged, so help me — even if it is illegal!"

"No, no, Captain," you say, trying to reassure him. "It is nothing like that. He may have some information I need."

"Oh," Captain Wren replies. "Thank God! I shall have him brought here immediately." He offers you a chair while he sends someone to fetch Private Murphy. A short time later Private Murphy arrives escorted by a burly corporal. Murphy is a small, wiry man with the feral look of a criminal. He sports a black eye and several cuts around his mouth. His lips are swollen.

"This is Mr. Huntington, Murphy," Captain Wren begins. "You are to give him every assistance. Do you understand?"

"Aye, sir," Murphy mumbles, "that I do."

"Private Murphy," you say, fearing the man might pass out at any time. "I have some questions to ask you about Private Thomas McNeal." *Check Result E.*

- *If you ask him about McNeal's background, turn to 461.*
- *If you ask him about his recent contacts with McNeal, turn to 423.*



502

You are walking back to Wellington Barracks to question the opposite courtyard guard when a man approaches you. He identifies himself as a messenger from the Lord High Chamberlain and requests that you accompany him to the palace to see his superior. *Turn to 278.*

"Are you STILL there?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"I will reward you handsomely if you depart."

"I shall not leave, My Lord," you say.

"Drat, I thought not. Well then, I shall have to get up and thrash you soundly." You hear his feet hitting the floor and a moment later another groan, this one quite miserable. "What time is it?" he asks.

"Half six, My Lord."

"God! Is it still light?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Then I owe my brother a hundred pounds! And it is not even a month yet. All because of you!"

"I am really quite sorry, My Lord," you say.

"Not as sorry as you will be when I have finally gotten these besotted boots on." *Turn to 162.*

You decide you have caused enough trouble for the portly baker today. *Turn to 289.*

When you finish Dr. Watson clears his throat and says, "From what you have already told us, Richard, this woman must be young and beautiful and German. I believe I saw something in the *Sentinel* this evening that may have a bearing on the case." He reaches into the pocket of his coat and extracts a folded newspaper, opens it, and looks for the relevant article. "Ah, here it is. It appears there will be a reception at the German embassy tonight. Acting as hostess will be the celebrated beauty, Mrs. Ludmilla Mueller, who will also sing as a part of the evening's entertainment. Does it strike a bell?"

"Yes!" you say excitedly. "I must secure an invitation."

"I believe I can be of some assistance there," comments Holmes with a smile. "I shall have your invitation delivered to your house in an hour."

You thank them both and leave to prepare for the reception. *Turn to 201.*

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6	11	8	9	7	5	6	9	8	5	7	3
7	4	10	6	3	12	7	2	10	8	4	11
9	6	5	7	4	8	5	6	9	7	10	8
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10	8	4	11	7	4	10	6	3	12	7	2
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