You take a deep breath, and point squarely at the reclining army veteran.
“It was Jack. He strangled Mr. Bodwell in the Kitchen.”

Diane and Eleanor gasp in unison, and Victor drops his drink.

“Jack, how could you?” growls Kasandra.

Jack remains motionless and silent, his eyes growing wide in shock.
“Well, that’s ridiculous! How could... no proof... impossible... why would I... no motive...” He trails off.

“Jack, you’re under arrest for the murder of Mr John Bodwell. My colleagues are on their way to take you in.”

“But can you prove it, detective? Jack? A murderer?” says Jacob in a reserved, yet incredulous tone.

“I found the body after a thorough search of the Kitchen. It appears that Mr. Bodwell recently changed his will, depriving Jack of a collection of hunting rifles and some antique furniture, along with a good deal of money. Even though he was dead by the time I arrived, Mr. Bodwell knew what Jack was planning and had prepared to lead me straight to him. All it required was a little bit of creative thought and logical deduction.”

Jack bursts from the couch and makes a run for the door. “Get him!” cries Victor, and the others jump up to give chase.

You run after them, all chasing Jack; except for Jacob, who dashes off towards the Kitchen. Jack races faster than all the others, moving swiftly for a man of his age and girth. He doesn’t turn towards the front door, but takes a left past the Library.

“He’s going for the secret passage!” cries Diane, “Quickly! I don’t know how to open it if he closes it behind him! He’ll get away!”

Jack looks back over his shoulder at his pursuers, stumbles, and almost falls. Victor crashes into him and is knocked against the wall. Jack gets back onto his feet and runs towards the Conservatory.
“Stop!” yells Jacob from the corner of the Billiard Room. The pursuers, yourself included, come to a halt - Jack, however, continues to run. There is an almighty crash, and the tikis descend from their perilous chandelier, squarely on top of Jack. He cries out as one of the sculptures pins his leg to the floor. You all rush over to survey the damage.

Jack is still conscious, but clearly disoriented. “Jack, you’re nicked.” Jack’s lip curls in anger. You look up and smile at Jacob, who crosses himself silently in shock.

“Oh Jack, you silly boy,” says Kasandra, “that furniture was positively frightful!”

Half an hour later, Jack is struggling against the firm grip of the constables and limping considerably. “No, you can’t do this to me! I fought in the Great War! I’m a war hero! I’m innocent, I tell you!”

His cries are muffled after the door slams shut. You feel a sense of immense satisfaction as you watch them drive him away to face justice.

Victor, nursing a sore head and another glass of brandy, is re-creating Jacob’s use of the trap to a group of neighbours with much gesticulation, while Jacob looks on guiltily. Diane and Eleanor lean on each other as Mr. Bodwell’s body is carried out on a stretcher into a waiting ambulance.

The Commissioner himself, Sir William Nott-Bower, arrives shortly thereafter, and you debrief him. After you finish your retelling, he smiles proudly. “Well done, Detective Cisra. Bodwell was a good friend of mine. Brilliant mind. If you could crack his damnable codes in a single night, then I believe you’re owed a promotion - fancy a stint as Chief Inspector?”

You look up at the beautiful old mansion, and vow to carry on Mr. Bodwell’s legacy. “Delightful. When do I start?”

***
"I challenge you to a duel!"

[Sulphur Uranium Muiramas]

Lump Bubble

It’s, um, so Greek!

Differences — Parts

(triangle, square, circle, cross]
[square, cross, circle]
[square, triangle, cross, triangle, circle]
(triangle, square, circle, cross]

As a whole, first series’ confusions must not end!