As you neatly stack the blocks in the corner, the story of Mr. Bodwell’s last night slowly coalescing in your mind, you notice Eleanor standing with her arms crossed, staring angrily down the corridor.

Fed up with trying to console the guests and determined to get to the bottom of the case you have found yourself engrossed in, you ask her to go and fetch Jacob.

The prim and proper figure she casts is promptly replaced with the stately, august figure of Jacob. He smiles serenely, extending his hand in greeting.

“Pleasure”, he says as you shake his hand. His grip is firm and sure.

“Jacob, have you seen the Conservatory?”

“Oh, of course, Mr. Bodwell was most fond of this room. He has an impressive collection of books, as well as folios on the biological studies he’s conducted in the world’s jungles.” He moves towards the entrance, but takes a hasty step to the right in shock. A piece of paper drops from somewhere on his person and lands between his feet.

“Are you alright?”

“Oh, it’s nothing, nothing at all. Excuse me.” Looking extremely flustered, he hurries back down the corridor.

The reaction is interesting, and you file it away for later consideration. However, of even more interest is the slip of paper - actually a photograph. Some sort of heiroglyphics seems to have been written on it, or perhaps a code...?
Act II
Scene 1

Camouflage

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