It’s getting late. Eleanor is peering over your shoulder expectantly, and you smile to yourself as you realise that she was right.

“It was a clue! Oh, my husband would have been thrilled, bless his soul. Married forty years, we were.”

She certainly doesn’t look a day older than forty, but you let it slide. You make a few notes in your notebook, and find Jacob standing a few feet away, clearing his throat.

“I regret my demeanour on the previous occasion on which we spoke. I feel I owe you an explanation. Please, follow me.”

Jacob takes you to the Billiard Room, and positions you directly to the right of the Western entrance.

“Now Mr. Bodwell was an avid collector of strange artifacts from all over the world. I had wanted to show you the Conservatory, but I remembered a rather intimidating trap he had installed.”

“Trap? As in, a trapdoor?”

“Oh, not quite. He was visiting Polynesia a few months ago and brought back a startling array of tiks. I’ve disabled them now, it should be quite safe. Look up.”

As you do so, you see enormous carved wooden statues suspended by ropes above you. You shiver at the size of them, and how much damage they would do.

“Now I have no idea why he would be so paranoid, and why he would use such priceless artifacts in such a crude manner.”

Where did these things come from? And what does it mean?
Act III
Scene 1
From Far Far Away
Author: Robert Tang