You make your way back to the Dining Room. You feel tantalisingly close to the answer you’ve been seeking all night.

You arrive just in time to see Kasandra leave from the Eastern exit. She closes the door behind her, shutting out the noise from the other guests. You watch from around the corner as she turns right and walks along the wall, trailing her elegant right hand over the fine woodwork.

“Hello Detective.”

“Hello Kasandra.”

After three long strides, she comes to a stop, leaning with her back to the Eastern wall. “I have something I would like to show you.”

She draws a little black notebook from inside her blouse. She slips through it and raises her eyes to meet yours.

“These are some notes I made during Mr. Bodwell’s dinner speech. I was confused then, and I’m still confused now. You should know, I don’t like being confused. Perhaps you can help me, Detective?”
The dorsal world is the country where I want to be.
Amongst the sunburnt and confused, I sat Laura down.
At sunrise they nip on ahead.
When anybody follows a germ, they see zur Hausen’s domain.
AC and a portable Acer.
Producer of vodka seems to be in a hurry.
The dormant Brobdingnagian is a power.
Centred on the soul, it officially starts as Rousseau opposes Kant.
Source of tapas painting.
Freedom-loving country at the heart of accusation.
The French dong... friend’s plate.