Under the stars, things seem a lot more peaceful. Unfortunately, you must get back to work.

“Detective?” calls Diane from the porch. “Please follow me.”

You dutifully follow.

She leads you to the Kitchen and goes inside. It is truly a palatial Kitchen, spotless and gleaming.

“Now I know Kasandra is up to something. Look, I’ll show you. I saw Mr. Bodwell do this once, I don’t think he knows I saw. I’ll try to do what he did.”

She grabs a teatowel and a knife, and ties the teatowel around her head to form a blindfold. She leaves the Kitchen and takes a deep breath, before stepping once forward, turning right, and stepping forward twice. She stops, before plunging the knife downwards. There is a sharp metallic twang as the knife slices through the wood.

“Oh, there it is.” She removes the blindfold and pries up the board, revealing a small tin box.

“This box contained all the love letters Mr. Bodwell received. The box is empty now, except for this poem. I think Kasandra may have written it, and I think she did it! Killed him, that is!”

She hands it to you, and you begin to read...
War was beginning:

"All your base are belong to..."

"What you say?"

"Ha ha."

Polygon form is region from line a useful geometry shape.

Lightens headache, cough, jaw, brain and other disease. Usually is safe.

"See us if he is jealousing, we are best in Japan at sneaky!"

Shiny gold in an Olympic proportion!

"You forgot?"

"No, Shinto."

Values please to leave at front desk.

"I threat you, to roof for a duet."

"Origin towards destination is happy safe flight if strap-on!"

Knowing is good for brain, me and you will sing and practise alphabet!

"Be aware the smaller quality, this more fun: not tear when pleasuring."

Vegan chicken so nice you will eat your finger off very happy.

"Leave your clothes here we wash them while you are can go out for a good time."

Safety please: you must be careful at road and let zebra cross with you.

Adults having one tablet three times/day until he is passing by.