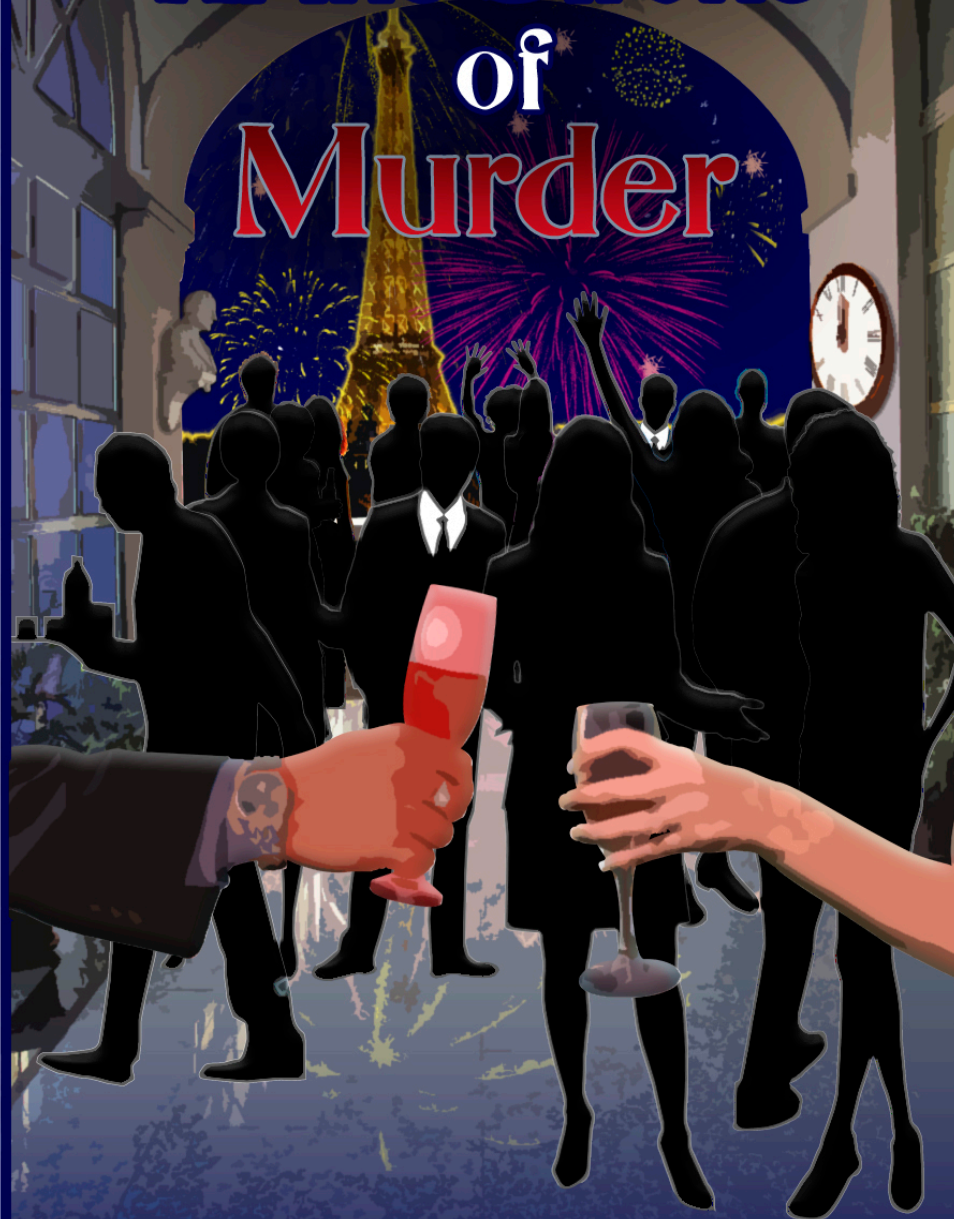


Supper Sleuths presents

At the Stroke of Murder



Brandy Slake
Player Booklet

Brandy Slake

Player Booklet and Secret Clue

How to Play the Game

This room is full of murder suspects – and you are one of them! You must try to figure out who the murderer is tonight, by both accusing your fellow players and also trying to convince everyone else that you are innocent.

This game has four rounds, each round revealing new pieces of information about each character. Do not turn the page in your player's booklet until the host tells you to do so.

On the top of each page is information you are to share with the whole group. You can either ad lib or read directly from the page, but make sure that before moving on to the next round, you share all information on the top of each page with the whole group.

On the bottom of the page, you will see hidden information about your character. Do not reveal this information until you think it is the appropriate time. You may not lie if someone asks you about this information, but you do not need to offer incriminating evidence about yourself without a direct question. However, if you find out that you are the murderer, **DO NOT TELL!** If asked about it, you should say, "I am not aware of that information at this time," or just lie if you have to. Likewise, if someone asks you a question you do not know the answer to, just say, "I am not aware of that information at this time." The murderer is the only one permitted to lie at any time in this game.

There are also 8 secret clues that different players will reveal throughout the night. Make sure you do not look at your clue until your player's booklet tells you to look at it and pass it around to the group. When that time comes, just detach it and pass it around. You may also use the next page to take notes throughout the evening.

At the start of the game, the killer is not aware of his or her identity – it could even be you! Be suspicious of everyone's motives, and remain in character throughout the evening. After dessert, you will be given a chance to make your accusation. You may accuse any player of being the killer, including yourself. However, you must give evidence from the clues, and again, **DO NOT TELL** if the booklet says you are the killer! Have fun!

Appetizers

Share this information with the group after Jake Spaulding:

Well, hey I'm Brandy Slake. Like Mr. Rockstar over here, I'm from Mother England as well. Not that I miss my own mother. But seriously, I work here as a waitress to get tips, money to pay for acting school, and one of these days, I hope to be a big cheese. For now, I am content working under the big cheese himself, Mr. Jacques Charles. I must admit, I do feel a bit odd though. I'm used to serving here and now I'm sitting. I hope I don't get fired for it but just doing as told. (Snap your gum). So, I'm on the first night of the job just hanging out with all of you. In the hot seat if you will. But as far as this classy dame who got bonked on the head, I am as far away from being a suspect as John Lennon was from committing suicide. Speaking of rock stars, I'm a huge fan, Jake. Later, do you think I can get an autograph for me mum? Nasty woman that she is, wouldn't see it bloody coming!

Appetizers

Hidden Information:

(Do not share until you feel it's necessary.)

If you brought a small bottle, use it now and pretend to pour small amounts into your drink in the view of others playing, although try to make it out as if you are hiding it. When others accuse you of being drunk, just smile and say the waitress has to try what she serves. Say this was the first rule on the job back in the pubs you used to work for.

If the psychiatrist says anything about you not liking your mother, challenge him about his own mommy dearest.

Brandy Slake



Do NOT turn the page until your host allows.

Soup/Salad

Share this information with the group first, before anyone else:

Jakie, can I please get that lovely signature of yours? Worth quite a bit of sixpence back at home, may even buy 'me own Ipod so you can be always close to me. At least my Ipod will always listen to me too. Awwww. You should all hear him croon, "Oh my girl, saw you in a crowd, you are my true pearl." On the other hand, Mr. Hardley over here has absolutely no talent or money. I was just sitting at the cash register tonight, when Mr. Hardley asked me to run this credit card so he could buy his woman a drink. It was Ms. Pascal's card - he said it was his wife's name and told me all about how he'd lost several wives to illness. Well, I went to run the card, and it said Lost/Stolen. So, I went back onto the computer program in the back and checked him out on the Internet. Never trust a man with a mullet, I say. Turns out he is a widower several times over and each time his wife was lopped off. See the article? Show the group your clue.

Soup/Salad

Hidden Information:

(Do not share until you feel it's necessary.)

Another bad habit of yours is that you like your drink strong. You spilled alcohol all over your shirt when you were trying to get a quick lick of a bloody Mary. You ran into the laundry room, grabbed a new shirt, and stuffed yours in the trash. When you are accused about this, tell others that you are a bloody bartender and that you can make mistakes. Don't mention the fact that you were drunk on the job unless directly questioned. Chewing gum hides your stinky breath. If it comes up, let them all know you have the teensiest problem with drinking. One that has gotten you in jail a couple of times for belligerence.

Brandy Slake



Do NOT turn the page until your host allows.

Main Course

Share this after Celeste Pardon accuses you:

Well, looksie here. Mrs. Helpful has a wicked side. I never would have pegged you to be a gossip, Ms. Celeste. But since I seem to be in the spotlight prematurely, I'm game. Sure, I (hiccup) drink on occasion. It's bloody New Year's Eve. Who doesn't? The drink on my shirt? Bloody Mary. I'm sorry your snooping skill didn't lend itself to sniff out the evidence before you blasted me. I wouldn't quit my day job, Celeste. But truly, I am not going to murder a woman just because made me spill a drink on my shirt. It was on the house anyway, right Jacque? While we're talking about your excellence, why anyone would blame Jacque Charles for a murder. I mean, Jacque and I have been colleagues all through my one-week of training and he is a busy man. A very busy man.

Main Course

Hidden Information:

(Share after Celeste Pardon accuses you.)

Your father was a rival scientist who says that Ms. Pascal stole his discovery right out from under his nose. You don't know much about science, but you do believe your darling daddy.

Brandy Slake



Do NOT turn the page until your host allows.

Dessert

Share this information with the group after Chef Jacques Charles.

Well, I have to admit, I'm not sorry to rid the world of one more conniving dame. The great Chef Jacque is right to be offended by all of the scummy American activity here tonight. But anyone who knows a true Brit, knows I would never have lopped anyone off with my own drink or especially a 1939 Chateau Blanc. That's much too valuable to me to even think about sacrificing. Yeah, daddy isn't too thrilled about Ms. Pascal coming and taking over his prized discovery, but I can't say it hasn't happened before. Daddy dearest discovered a great many thing that have been stolen right out from under his knickers, like the Clapper, the Chia pet, and the George Foreman. All's well that ends well, I say. Except I am looking for a job. Anyone know who's hiring a waitress? Better yet, a bartender. Cheers!

Dessert

Hidden Information:

(Do not share until you feel it's necessary.)

Leading Question to Ask This Round: Ask Dr. Jean Paul Brughni how Ms. Pascal felt about him if no one has yet asked.

Brandy Slake



Do NOT turn the page until your host allows.

Solve the Mystery

Take a few moments to think through the following questions and decide for yourself who committed the murder. There are a lot of crooked guests here, but only one is a murderer!

Motive:

Who would most want to kill this woman? Why?

Weapon:

Who would have had the means to do so?

Overall Evidence:

Whom does the evidence point to most strongly?

I, Brandy Slake, believe

committed the murder of
R. I. P.

CRIME SCENE DO NOT CROSS

Secret Clue for Brandy Slake

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Totally True Tales
from
the
Daily Dish

by Kristi Jonesy

Southern Gentleman Logan Hardley, has been around the block more times than the paper boy, maritally that is! Mr. Hardley is reportedly a wealthy man who has been becoming quite the professional widower in the southern states of Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, and Georgia, to name a few. We at The Daily Dish were doing our summer search when we caught wind of this story at a local diner in Peachtree, AL. A waitress told us: “That Mr. Logan Hardley is a strange man with a serious problem, every woman he’s married (and he’s married quite a few) has died by her first anniversary!” **Every woman he’s married ...has died by her first anniversary!** Apparently, Logan’s also earned a pretty penny the “inheritances.” But don’t go thinking he’s daddy, ladies. We pulled Hardley’s credit out he is “hardly” going to impress anybody his pocket (speaking of his wallet.) Our have also caught Hardley on film with his new drive thru! (See p 44.) This girl must have been he ordered two extra large combo meals. What a gentleman indeed! What we want to know is why “till death do us part” means hardly 12 months to Mr. Hardley. Don’t worry, as soon as we find out, we’ll keep our faithful ones posted. To offer a tip, write to kjonesy@dailydish.com.