

*Supper Sleuths presents*

# At the Stroke of Murder



**Logan Hardley**  
Player Booklet

# Logan Hardley

## 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 Celeste Pardon:**

Howdy, y'all. I'm Mr. Logan Hardley, and as you know, this here's my wife, Jenn- I mean, Julie Hardley (laugh it off easily). I'm here tonight because my wife and I are on a little lover's getaway or honeymoon as we say in the US of A. We're from a tiny place called Texas. Haha! Anyway, I come to take my babe out for a good time and now we're in a murder case, stuff small town people like us don't have no business understanding, So you gentries and gals will have to excuse us. Nobody really thinks people like me and her could ever do any harm. (Clear your throat) Ya know, (point to the front desk clerk), excuse me Ma'am but you look a lot like one of my first wives' (count on your fingers which wife it was) - my second wife, yeah. Amber Lee Rose. Rest her soul, poor dear. Had her a memorial over a two years ago now.

# Appetizers

**Hidden Information:**

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

You don't have a penny to your name. You are hoping the food here's free tonight.

Logan Hardley



Do NOT turn the page until your host allows.

# Soup/Salad

Share this after Brandy Slake accuses you.

You know, I've read this thing four times (one for every time I've been married) and this woman goes on the Internet and finds it and thinks she struck oil. I mean, heh heh, I don't get it, do y'all? So I missed out on beautiful years with not one but three priceless woman in my life and you're gonna say I killed them? First of all, none of 'em had a dime to their names, and second of all, why would I do that when I just have to go find a new one anyway. As far as the credit card thing, GUILTY AS CHARGED. But being in foreign parts, I hardly think its worth it to stick me for stealing a crummy credit card for a drink. The misses wanted one, and when the misses wants something, you move. Or get moved out, right cowboys? See what happened was, I misplaced my own wallet, and Ms. Pascal was kind enough to lend me hers for the moment - just a little joke between us to see if the waitress would even card me for carrying a woman's credit card.

# Soup/Salad

**Hidden Information:**

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

Leading Question to ask this round: "Hey Jacques Charles, I've got some friends in Texas in the oil business, what kind of oil do you usee for your cookin' grease?"

Logan Hardley



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# Main Course

**Share this information with the group after all other suspects:**

Well, I'll be. I never would have known you all to be so danged devious – this here's almost as good as my YouTube video falling off the tractor when my pants fell down, ain't it, Mary Jo, I mean, Julia. (Roll your eyes). Don't mean to brag or nothing, but that's how I got rich. So many views online bought us tickets to paradise, right baby?

Oh yeah, but I need to stay focused. Jake Rock Star ain't all he's cracked up to be. A man dressed like him in my town would get the stuff kicked out of him. After the concert, that sweet woman who was murdered and I were chit chatting over at that bar. She told me he was trying to get the press after her because he had some bad effects from her plant research. Something about losing his hair in all the wrong places and his high voice. She said the product was too early to be used and he should never have tried it. Anyway, that sweet darlin' said that he had tried to buy her off. Imagine that! Poor thing was near tears. Till I showed her a clip of my video that is – then her tears changed to tears of joy. I'm glad I made a woman cry for the right reason this time. I'm learning. Only took me four times to figure this stuff out. Police gave over this letter from her purse (Show the group Clue #5).

# Main Course

## **Hidden Information:**

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

You fled the USA because you were escaping your loan sharks. They are to blame for the death of at least two of your first three wives. You always seem to manage to get out of the trouble but your wives never do. Since history repeats itself, rat Julie out at the end to take the blame off of yourself.

Logan Hardley



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# Dessert

**Share this information with the group after Jean Paul Brughni:**

Y'all, it's been fun, it's been real, but it ain't been real fun. In fact, I can't wait to get home to my John Deere and just ride down to the bull pit again, I thought I wanted to come stay here in France but y'all have your own kinda trouble here worse than mine. As my first wife, Wanda Bean used to say, if you don't like it, leave it, if you can't leave it, love it, and if you don't love it, laugh it off and lie about it. She was so darn poetic. Jules, you riding home with me or stayin' here in France? There's room for you at the home front even if you are still sore about me ratting you out. But whatever you done I'm your hubby, at least as long as we both shall live. Or at least till I can pay the wedding band off. (Laugh heartily)

# Dessert

**Hidden Information:**

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

Leading Question to ask this round: I understand you not wantin' Ms. Pascal at y'all's class reunion, but why were you trying to get revenge on her?

Logan Hardley



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, Logan Hardley, believe

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committed the murder of  
R. I. P.



CRIME SCENE DO NOT CROSS

Secret Clue for  
**Logan Hardley**

**POLICE COPY**

**DO NOT RELEASE WITHOUT AUTHORIZATION UNDER PENALTY OF LAW**

Dear Mme. Pascal;

I am following up on the last letter I wrote you about my client, Mr. Jake Spaulding. It has been one week and I have not heard a word. It appears you have decided to ignore our kind offer to pay you handsomely to repair the damage caused by that cursed product of yours. Mr. Spaulding is losing his patience, not to mention more hair as we speak. Fix it. If you foolishly decide not to comply the easy way, we shall have to think of approaching the matter the hard way. I believe you know what that might mean.

Yours,



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