

Supper Sleuths presents

Crime Scene Christmas:

A Merry Mystery Party Game



Robert Ratchet

Robert Ratchet

Player Booklet

How to Play the Game

This room is full of crime suspects – and you are one of them! You must try to figure out who the criminal 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 criminal, **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 criminal 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 responsible for the abduction! Have fun!

The Characters

Mindy Sue Lewis - This former child actress holiday movie star is now on a mission to bring Christmas joy to the world. She knits non-ugly sweaters and custom Christmas cards for a little jingle in her stocking. However, when her Christmas fantasy starts to unravel, let's just say she emotionally comes apart at the seams!

Jolly Gimballs - This emo elf pronounces her name "Jolie," as jolly she is anything but! She *loves* wearing black and grey as it matches her outlook on life. Jolie couldn't care less about Christmas spirit. In fact, she's been begging Mr. and Mrs. Claus to cut out commercialized Christmas for years. But has she gone so far as to cut out Santa?

Martha Mayfield - This gaudy gal believes she is the single greatest example of Christmas spirit the world has ever seen, and she loves nothing more than boasting about what wonderful things she's doing in the name of Christmas. But pride comes before the fall, and this time she's done something she's not proud of!

Misty Pinch - This judgmental, cranky librarian is utterly indignant that no one can seem to remember the true meaning of Christmas these days! She believes a little Dickens would do us all some good, and wags her finger at anything that doesn't meet her high and lofty standards. But is the prim and proper Pinch only *playing* innocent?

Devon Mack Alister - This has-been Christmas hero with Peter Pan syndrome doesn't have many friends these days, as most people just can't handle his wisecracks and practical jokes (which have been known to go way too far!) But with so much riding on the line tonight, could he have another trick up his sleeve?

Jacque Frostier - This self-made billionaire tech mogul, made himself rich and famous by inventing the coolest high tech tools to predict the weather and harness the energy of the aurora borealis for intercontinental flight. But hold it right there, freeze, there's a chance of mystery in the forecast that will put Christmas on thin ice!

Robert Ratchet - This humble, kind-hearted man works long hours at the office to keep food on the table for his family of nine children, not to mention the many medical bills for his ailing son. He feels desperate to win this thing, and desperate times call for desperate measures. The question is, just what is he willing to do?

Evan Scrunge - This wealthy, shrewd businessman has pulled himself up by his own bootstraps to work his way up from rags to riches. But beware, he's burned a lot of bridges to get to where he is today, and there's a rumor spreading that Scrunge may try to surpass apprentice for the role of head honcho himself!

Rudy Buck - This real-life reindeer rancher from rural Manitoba is strong, skilled, but simple-minded, and a tad on the clumsy side. Though the odds might be slim that Santa would choose someone like him to guide anything, let alone his entire European Satellite Campus, he's dead-set on making sure he goes down in history!

Ginger Bredman - This sweetie is famous not only for her gorgeous looks, but also her beautiful baked goods and the biggest and best cookie exchange every year! No one ever gets a peek at her legendary recipes, but what else is she hiding? Could it be that her breadcrumbs have left a trail to a skeleton in her closet?

Appetizers

You should speak right after Martha Mayfield.

(Speak in your best British accent.) A Merry Christmas to you all, mates. May God bless you! Name's Robert Ratchet and I must say I was feeling proper chuffed to get here, but are you telling me now it's all to pot? You suppose there will be any consolation prize? Reimbursement for the cabbie maybe? A man's mind races, you must understand, with nine ankle biters at home to feed, not to mention the missus is sure to throw a wobbly if I don't bring home the win! Oh, what will I say to little Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, and Vixen. And then there's Comet, Cupid, Donner, and Blytzen with a y. My wife has a thing for Y's. Yes, my 9 little beauties are all named after Santa's magical reindeer, including Rudolph, the runt of the litter. In our home we honour Christmas in our hearts, and try to keep it all the year. In fact, everyone does their part to scrimp, pinch, and save so that we can host our annual Christmas dinner party. The food is proper posh and my miss makes the most scrummy plum pudding in all of London! Of course, you can't make plum pudding if you're plum out of money! (sigh.)

Appetizers

Hidden Information:

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

Your wife rules the roost. She promised not to let you step foot back in the house unless it's with a new job title, Santa's Apprentice!

Robert Ratchet



Do NOT turn the page until your host allows!

Soup/Salad

Share this right after Evan Scrunge accuses you:

What? You're giving me the boot? I'm completely gobsmacked! Santa is missing and you want to muck about and kerfuffle over space heaters? Accuse me of nicking electricity? of skiving off work? After the long hours I've put in, all the late nights I'd go home utterly knackered! What a load of tosh! Good people, don't listen to this dunderhead, he speaks pork pies! Scrunge pays me a pittance, so yes, I had to take on a second job as a mall Santa. And It wasn't easy, either. Those spoiled rotten kids demanding BB guns, Turbo Man, and princess unicorn dolls or they'd tantrum on the spot! All those not yet potty-trained sitting on my knee over and over and over all evening long! Do you know how disgusting that is? A big one with B.O. sits and lets out a real stonker. Can you imagine how that feels? And then, *then* this hysterical dame approaches the throne and asks me what song she sung me on my birthday. When I looked at her and said, "no idea," she literally lost the plot, pulled off my beard, whipped out some long sharp needles and chased me off. Oh, how I wish I knew who that twit was. You know what I think the problem is? The real Santa raises the bar too high. How can any mall Santa, or even any struggling mummy or daddy for that matter, compete with Father Christmas and his limitless supply of whatever a child wishes to put on a list? It's not fair, I tell you, it's just not fair! (Sob.)

Soup/Salad

Hidden Information:

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

You are sorry but not sorry that Santa is missing. A part of you hopes there will be less competition in winning the appreciation from your children each Christmas.

Robert Ratchet



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Main Course

You should speak 2nd, right after Jacques Frostier:

Cor blimey! Now hold on just a moment, chap! Are you completely mental? What's all this rubbish about rubbing out Santa Claus? Slagging him off behind his back, are we? Now I might not like the competition for my kids attention on Christmas Eve, but that doesn't mean we should rub him out. You're a complete nutter if you ask me, a jolly plonker you are!

Main Course

Hidden Information:

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

If there's a lull, pretend to call your wife and act like she hung up on you. "Hi, angel, no I don't have the apprentice job yet. Santa's missing. No, I can't help it! Wait! Don't hang up! Hi kids!"

Robert Ratchet



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Dessert

You are the second to speak, right after Martha Mayfield shares her clue:

So it was YOU, Mindy Sue! YOU'RE the spaz who flipped her lid and made a complete pig's ear out of the Christmas display! It's all your fault I was canned and kicked to the curb! You owe me big time, Miss! If not money, at least 9 of your sweaters! Speaking of my nine curtain climbers, could I get a doggy bag perhaps to bring some home to the littles? That would be jammy! This food is quite scrummy, innit. Proper posh it is!

Dessert

Hidden Information:

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

Fun fact: Dickens wrote more than a dozen Christmas tales, and A Christmas Carol is merely the best known today. Because the previous ones didn't sell well, he couldn't find a publisher, so he paid for the printing of A Christmas Carol himself. It went on sale December 19th and sold out by Christmas. The rest is history.

Robert Ratchet



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Solve the Mystery

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

Motive:

Who would most want to get Santa out of the way? Why?

Weapon:

Who would have had the means to do so?

Overall Evidence:

Whom does the evidence point to most strongly?

I, Robert Ratchet, believe

committed Santa sabotage!