

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE

Opening Activity

You are the Detective #4

The Case of the Halloween Tragedy

Name: _____ Period: _____ Row: _____

MATCH WITS WITH WORLD FAMOUS INSPECTOR CLOUSEAU:

The inspector loved Halloween. It gave him a chance to dress up as his idle Sherlock Holmes and still seem normal. The lanky detective was in his usual costume, escorting a squadron of children down Wellington Street, when he noticed a crowd gathering in front of old Miss Richardson's house. "She must be up to her old Halloween tricks as usual," chuckled the inspector. "Probably putting on some monster mask and scaring the kids at the door to her house as she gave out candy."

Miss Richardson was indeed scaring the kids, but not intentionally. Gazing inside the open door, Clouseau could see her frail body lying in the entry hall, wearing a monster mask, her head surrounded by blood. A glass candy bowl lay nearby, its contents of wrapped candy strewn everywhere. Sergeant Carlson stood beside the body. He glanced over at the man with the calabash pipe and deerstalker cap. "Is that a costume you are wearing, Clouseau? With you it's hard to tell you know."

"What happened, Sergeant Carlson my esteemed partner in crime?"

"It took us a while to reconstruct what actually happened but it was an accident Clouseau." Carlson pointed up to where a strand of large pearls lay centered at the top of the steps. "We believe she was upstairs when the first trick-or-treaters rang the door bell. She put on the monster mask and grabbed the candy bowl. She must have slipped on the pearls because wearing the mask made it harder to see and tumbled down the stairs to her untimely death."

Two cars suddenly pulled up at the curb, one stopping behind the other. Clouseau recognized Miss Richardson's niece and nephew, Sally and Ricky, as they got out of the cars and approached the front door, both dressed for a night out and seemingly unaware of the tragedy.

"Aunt May" Ricky gasped. "Your aunt had an accident," Sergeant Carlson told them. "She had a terrible accident and has died. The kids had been coming up to the door for half an hour or so and getting no answer. One of them finally looked through the window and saw her."

Ricky noticed the spilled candy and the mask. "What's she doing wearing a mask?"

"She was obviously doing her Halloween thing," Sally said.

"She promised us she wouldn't be handing out candy this year. We were taking her out to dinner."



"Well, obviously she changed her mind," Sally said, shaking her head. "I don't know how many times I told her not to wear a mask on the stairs."

"When did you last see your aunt?" asked Inspector Clouseau.

Ricky stared at the rather overage trick-or-treater. "Well, I dropped by this morning to pick up a skateboard my daughter left here. Aunt May made me a cup of coffee and we sat in the living room and chatted for about an hour."

Sergeant Carlson grabbed Inspector Clouseau by the collar and dragged him aside. "Don't try to make this accident into a murder the family is in mourning over her loss. The neighbors say there were no visitors since this morning."

"Someone could have driven up the back alley and come in that way," argued Clouseau. "Believe me, Sergeant, this was murder."



WHY COULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN ACCIDENTAL?

WHOM DOES INSPECTOR CLOUSEAU SUSPECT AND WHY?
