

THE CLUE COLLECTIVE

Welcomes You to the Benefit for

ORPHANS FEEDING ORPHANS





Costuming

Below are suggestions if you decide to dress up:

The show takes place at a fancy masquerade gala, and your characters are celebrities, celebrity personalities, and other very wealthy people. Break out your best red carpet looks.

No matter your pronouns, black tie evening wear is appropriate -- think Oscars, Met Gala, prom. Ball gowns, tuxes, dressing to the nines. Or be meta and wear something casual that is a parody of fancy dress.

It's also a masquerade ball, so feel free to break out a favorite mask-- Venetian style.



Suspect Notes

Matilda Zuckerborough

PROFESSION: CEO of Poise

GREATEST FEAR: Porcupines

FAVORITE QUOTE: "If poisons were ponies, I'd put my money on cyanide." (Alan Bradley)

I love extravagant events, so I'm delighted to attend this masquerade ball. Orphans Feeding Orphans is a worthy charity, I'm sure. But I don't pay attention to non-profits. *I'm* all about the profit. I want to make outrageous amounts of money. Money that can buy a person a fleet of limos.

I'm the rising star of the tech industry. My company Poise just released its flagship smartphone app, and it's going to make me rich. Poise sells yoga packages, but I'm planning to expand the business. I want to be on the cover of Forbes, The New York Times, and the Weekly World News.

I'm here tonight to finalize a deal with Alistair. He's about to make a five million dollar investment in Poise, and I'm thrilled. When I get home, I'm going to buy a yacht to celebrate. Maybe three yachts. And a small country. If anyone else here wants to give me money, I'm here with arms open.

Stop!

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Matilda Zuckerbrough

HOW I KNEW ALISTAIR: Alistair was about to invest in my company Poise.

Well then. I would say that because Alistair ceased to be alive, I just lost five million dollars. But that's not quite true. Even if Alistair had stayed alive, I was still likely to lose the investment. He found out tonight that Poise doesn't only sell yoga packages. It also sells poison.

But Alistair couldn't see the potential of the poison market, and he was going to expose me tonight! But now that he's dead, Poise's new business model will remain on a need-to-know basis only. I'll just have to find some other extremely wealthy (but more discreet) people to invest in Poise. I'm already planning a sponsorship deal with Poise's best and most famous customer, Brooke Lee Fjord. Also, I saw Sir Wilbert Wordfellow writing down a list of poisons, so perhaps I'll reach out to him to join our Research and Development team.

Earlier this evening, Sarah Chester Wind showed me her collection of rifles. They're in a locked glass case, and she wears the key in a locket. While she was polishing a .38 caliber Winchester, Sarah told me that she and Alistair were embezzling funds from the Orphans Feeding Orphans trust. Now that he's dead, she gets all the stolen money for herself. Sarah plans to build another house on top of her house.

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Matilda Zuckerbrough

I talked to Wilbert about his poison list, but it turns out that it's just research for his writing. Wilbert's not interested in the nuances of poisoning in the real world. It's such a shame. We could've used a free-thinker like him for our R&D Department.

Last week, I stumbled upon a garage sale, and the homeowner was selling poison that she'd found stashed away in her attic. All the bottles were past their expiration date, so I didn't feel threatened by her garage-sale business model. Expired poison does work, it just doesn't taste as nice. While I was there, I saw Arnold Oakley and Benedict Egbert reaching for the same bottle of poison. They simultaneously said, "Oh no, you take it." In the end, they paid for it together, and Benedict poured his half into his water bottle.

I wanted to see the bathroom that Alistair commissioned last month, but because I'm not a member of the Old Money country club, I don't have a key card to get in. The bathroom features two Dada masterpieces: the gold toilet "America" and the urinal "The Fountain." I'm an art aficionado, so I'm disappointed I can't view such treasures.

Last year, Dr. Scarlet Pfeiffer replaced my foot with a different foot. She specializes in unnecessary surgeries, and a few weeks ago she implanted Alistair's house key into his ear. If he ever gets locked out, Scarlet can surgically remove the key and use it to open the door. Scarlet told me that Alistair never paid her for the operation, and that she brought his bill tonight hoping he'd finally compensate her.