

THE CLUE COLLECTIVE

Welcomes You to the Benefit for

ORPHANS FEEDING ORPHANS





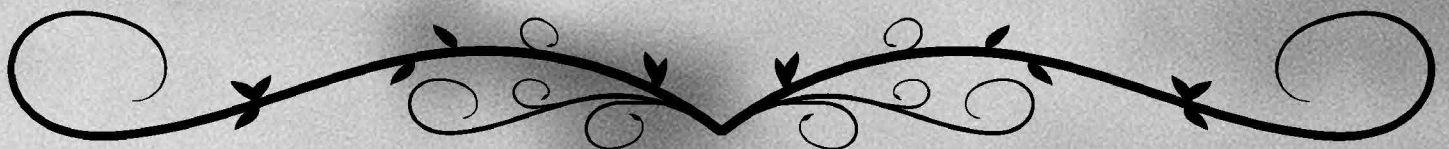
Costuming

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

Gary Washington

PROFESSION: Senator

GREATEST FEAR: Investigative reporters

FAVORITE QUOTE: "I am not a crook." (Richard Nixon)

I'm a man of the people. I support small businesses, I support our schools, and I support our plumbers. I'm loved by my constituents, and babies smile at me when I walk down the street. What better way to show my devotion to the world's unfortunates than to attend this Orphans Feeding Orphans fundraiser? Orphans are great for publicity. And I'm up for reelection, so I need all the votes I can get.

I'm thrilled that this fundraiser is hosted at the Old Money country club. This is the place to be. I'm a member, because all the wealthy donors play shuffleboard here.

Alistair and I are running for the same office this November. He doesn't have the flashy smile that I do. Or the chiseled face. Or anonymous donations from Swiss bank accounts. That's the key to winning any election.

Stop!

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Gary Washington

HOW I KNEW ALISTAIR: Alistair and I were running against each other in a heated race for senator.

It's a political miracle that Alistair is kaput. I need to win this election *at any cost*, because I don't have any marketable skills besides saying, "That's our campaign's top priority." But now that Alistair's dead, I'm guaranteed to finish first in the race for senator. I'm saving millions of dollars now that I don't have to buy campaign buttons, run attack ads, or hire the mafia.

Alistair wasn't just a thorn in *my* side. He made lots of enemies. I watch the soap opera "Everyone Has Amnesia" religiously, and I follow all the gossip from behind the scenes. Alistair produced the show, and he was about to fire its lead actor Lorenzo Valentino by writing him out of the show. What a fool. Lorenzo is brilliant.

Opera's talk show "The Baritone" airs after "Everyone Has Amnesia." Last night, Opera asked her assistant for poison when she thought her mic was turned off. Her ratings rose five percent.

Matilda Zuckerborough told me that Alistair was about to invest in her startup Poise, but he withdrew his offer at the last minute. I'm appalled that Alistair didn't support local businesses. It's a gift to the community that he's dead.

Stop!

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Gary Washington

By working in the government, I have access to a lot of classified documents. A particularly juicy secret is that for fifty years Sarah Chester Wind was an undercover agent in Canada. Her spying broke apart an illegal Mountie horse racing scheme, an underground hockey syndicate, and a maple syrup smuggling cartel.

I've also achieved greatness in government. In my time in office, I almost passed legislation designating June 18th as National Picnic Day. Unfortunately, I didn't notice that there was a typo, and June 18th is now National Panic Day. Still, I united legislators of all political persuasions to give the people a holiday they deserve.

My house has a terrible rat problem. A few days ago, I found three of them cooking ratatouille in the middle of my kitchen. I went to the hardware store to buy rat poison, and I saw Dr. Scarlet Pfeiffer browsing the selection. She bought a small vial of poison. After she paid, she brought her fingers to her lips and whispered, "shh."

Also, it turns out that Opera's assistant didn't get her poison, but bought her a python instead. What incompetence. I think Opera put the snake in someone's purse.