Solve a whole series of puzzling crimes...

A is for Arson,
B is for Bullet,
C is for Chocolate,
D is for Diamonds,
E is for Espresso
F is for Feline
G is for Golf
H is for Housewives
I is for Internet

www.tdcgames.com
F is for Feline

INSTRUCTIONS FOR DETECTIVES:

1) Read the story and complete the two puzzles, one of which shows the crime scene and the other, further evidence of the crime.

2) Check the puzzles for clues and solve the mystery.

3) Hold the crime solution up to a mirror to read the answer to the mystery.

“Mrs. Gora, did you discover the body?” Callico inquired.

“I did indeed, and a sorrier thing I have never done in all my born days,” came her saddened reply.

“Have you touched anything or cleaned up since you came in?” he continued.

“I... I opened the doors... used the phone, and of course I checked the Mrs.’ pulse too,” she said, “but nothing more than that.”

Just then Officer Manx entered the front parlor from the kitchen. He was leading a scuffy looking, portly man with a week old growth of beard by the arm. Somewhat rotund and balding, the man’s clothes were covered in mud and grass stains.

“Who’s this you have here?” asked the Detective.

“I found him sneaking around the grounds. Thought I’d bring him in here to find out his story,” answered Manx.

“And you are?” Callico queried the disheveled stranger.

“I be the gardener, Abe Sinnian. I just come back to fetch me ‘tings. De old witch fired me today.”

“Those are some strong words to speak about the dead,” admonished the Detective.

“Dead? Who’s dead?” Then he saw the body. “Oh me Lord! I had no idea! Sure we had our differences. She refuse to gimme me pay because I mowed down her precious tiger lilies, but who could’ve done dis terrible ‘ting?” Abe sputtered, as he began to visibly shake.

“Mrs. Gora, why don’t you take Mr. Sinnian in the kitchen and get him some water,” said Callico, as he wanted some time to speak to Officer Manx alone. “What do you make of the scene?”

“It looks like a homicide during the course of an attempted burglary,” answered Manx. “There’s a broken pane in the one of the back doors. It also appears the victim was hit with a heavy blunt object, perhaps the cast iron cat statue.”

“The old fool will be fine, just needed to catch his breath,” said the housekeeper returning to the room.

“Mrs Gora, have you noticed anything missing from the house?” asked Callico.

“I haven’t had a good look round yet, and my mind has been elsewhere. Wait...there was a pair of silver candlesticks on the mantle that aren’t there now.”

Manx guessed, “Maybe they got scared off before they could get away with much.”

“Maybe, but this was no cat burglar,” Callico mused as he turned back to the housekeeper. “Mrs. Gora, why don’t you tell us what happened?”

“Very well,” she began. “Sunday is my day off. I live in the carriage house across the yard, and it’s my custom to go out on Sundays after church, to the cinema or a museum perhaps. On returning home, I called over here to see how Mrs. Kitty was doing and how her day had gone, what with the storm and all. She was to have had tea with her
nephew Felix... a... Mr. Katz... this afternoon."

She went on, "Since there was no answer, I came right over. I knew something was wrong right away. The window on the back door was broken."

Officer Manx nodded silently to concur with her story thus far.

"I called out, but there was no reply," continued the housekeeper. "Mr. Paws came running past me as I came into the front parlor..."

"Mr. Paws?" Callico interrupted.

"He's really no master at all. He's the Mrs.' pet cat. She was crazy about cats. She even owned a cat themed gift shop called, 'Cat's Me If You Can,'" she answered. "I knew something was terribly wrong, I found the body and checked her pulse. It was too late. That's when I called 911."

"You did the right thing Mrs. Gora," the Detective replied in his most consoling tones. "This nephew of hers, do you know if he came over today?"

"I couldn't say, but he should be along soon," she said.

"Why is that?" Manx asked.

"After I called for you, I called him," Mrs. Gora answered. "He was her only living relative. I was sure he'd want to know. He said he'd be right over."

"You may have saved us some work," the Detective concluded. "Was there anyone else who used to come around on a regular basis?"

"You met the gardener, Abe Sinnian. Who I must say... dropping her voice to a whisper... has some bad habits... drinking, gambling and the like."

"Anyone else?" continued Callico.

"Mr. Felix had a girlfriend, but Mrs. Kitty didn't approve of her and never would allow her in this house. I'm not one to pry, mind you, but I overheard Mrs. Kitty telling her nephew that he could have the pick of the litter and he was settling for a stray. I believe the girl's name is Allie, an exotic dancer by trade, peroxide blonde, don't you know, worked at a place called 'The Fuss in Boots'. And... she stammered."

"Go on," the Callico encouraged.

"I suppose it will come out sooner or later, anyway," Mrs. Gora sighed. "Mrs. Kitty made me witness a copy of her new will. Before, she had left everything of value to her nephew. In the new will, she left everything to Mr. Paws."

"Her cat?" Manx asked, incredulously.

"The same," she replied. "I don't think she was planning on that to be her final will. I suppose she was just trying to prove to her nephew how unhappy she was with his choice of partners."

"Bear with me, Mrs. Gora, I have a just a few more questions," Callico said. "Did Felix know about the change in the will?"

"I believe that Mrs. Kitty was going to tell him about the will today," said the housekeeper.

Callico continued, "Did Mrs. DeClaude have any other disagreements with anyone lately?"

"The Mrs. was a sweet woman," Mrs. Gora began, "but she liked to have things just so. She did have a temper. She fired poor Mr. Sinnian at the drop of a hat. But as to the balance of it, she was a good person."

"One last question," said Callico, "Who had keys to the house?"

"Keys? Yes, the keys. Only Mr. Felix and myself had keys to the house."

"Thank you," said Callico. "We'll look around for a little bit. Let us know when Felix arrives."

"Right you are sir," said the housekeeper crossing herself as she walked by the body of her late mistress.

"Oh, Mrs. Gora," the Detective added. "How was Mrs. DeClaude's hearing?"

"Sharp, I'd say. She could hear much better than most," the housekeeper answered as she stepped out the back.

"Why all the questions, Tom?" Officer Manx asked. "Do you think the gardener did it?"

"I'll hold my judgment until I look around a little more," Callico answered. "Why don't you check the garden shed?"

Manx returned a few minutes later with a plastic bag. "You got a second nature for this kinda thing. Guess I found it?"

"Let's see... the missing canary?" replied the Detective.

Just then Mrs. Gora showed a nervous little man with a bowtie and glasses into the room. His right hand was in a cast.

"Ommigod! Ommigod... my precious Aunt Kitty... what am I going to do," the little man sobbed.

"Mr. Katz?" The Detective asked. Felix Katz nodded slowly as he gazed at the lifeless body of his Aunt and benefactor.

"Sorry for your loss," said Callico, "but I have a few questions. Did you visit our Aunt today?"

"No, I had other business to attend. I was shopping... for a ring...with my fiancé... Allie," stammered Katz. "I would have gotten here sooner, but I live all the way across town."

"You got here fast enough," said Callico. "What happened to your hand?"

"I tripped over my Aunt's cat... about a two weeks ago. Broke two bones in my hand. The pain... i. was excruciating. I'm also right handed. It's been a challenge just to shave," said Katz."

"Did your Aunt approve of your intended?" queried the Detective.

"Allie was starting to grow on her. She's a wonderful person... professional dancer... very talented," answered Katz, while wiping his moist brow with the neatly folded hanky from his suit coat pocket.

"Has Allie ever visited your Aunt in this house?" asked Callico.

"No. But... we had every intention of coming over... to discuss our wedding plans with my Aunt... as soon as we had decided upon them," offered Katz, as he leaned on a heavy chair for support.

"Thanks Mr. Katz," said Callico. "We'll be in touch."

With a weak nod, Felix Katz left the room. A puzzled look enveloped the Detective's face. "Officer, did you notice the message light on the answering machine?"

"No, but I do now," Manx replied.
Taking a pencil from his pocket, Callico pushed the replay button with the eraser end. After a short whirring and a beep, a voice came out of the machine. “Aunt Kitty, it’s Felix. I won’t be able to make it for tea today. I have... some errands... to run. I’ll see you tomorrow at the shop. Sorry. Save me a few cookies.”

As the recordingstopped, a large, furry cat bounded into the parlor. Its hackles were up as it circled the room, watching something in its mouth. It dropped the object on the floor and began to lick the bejeweled hand of its late owner. Then its eyes were drawn to the fireplace. The Detective followed the feline’s gaze.

“What do you see Mr. Paws?” Callico asked as he looked in the grate. Meanwhile, Officer Maxx carefully picked up the hair band that the cat had dropped.

“Let’s hold the gardener and Felix Katz for questioning, ordered Detective Callico, as he carefully poked at the ashes in the fireplace. “And round up his stripper girlfriend too. I’ll need the crime lab results as soon as possible.”

As Maxx nodded, the Detective leaned over to scratch the furry creature at his feet. “Maybe,” he thought, “the estate was going to be the most deserving party after all.”

“Good cat,” he said. “Very good cat!”

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**THE SOLUTION:**

Booth small fire.

Book small fire.

Dogs small fire.

Cats small fire.

Differentiation.

Cats do not like smoke.

Dogs do not like smoke.

Cats do like the sound of water.

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