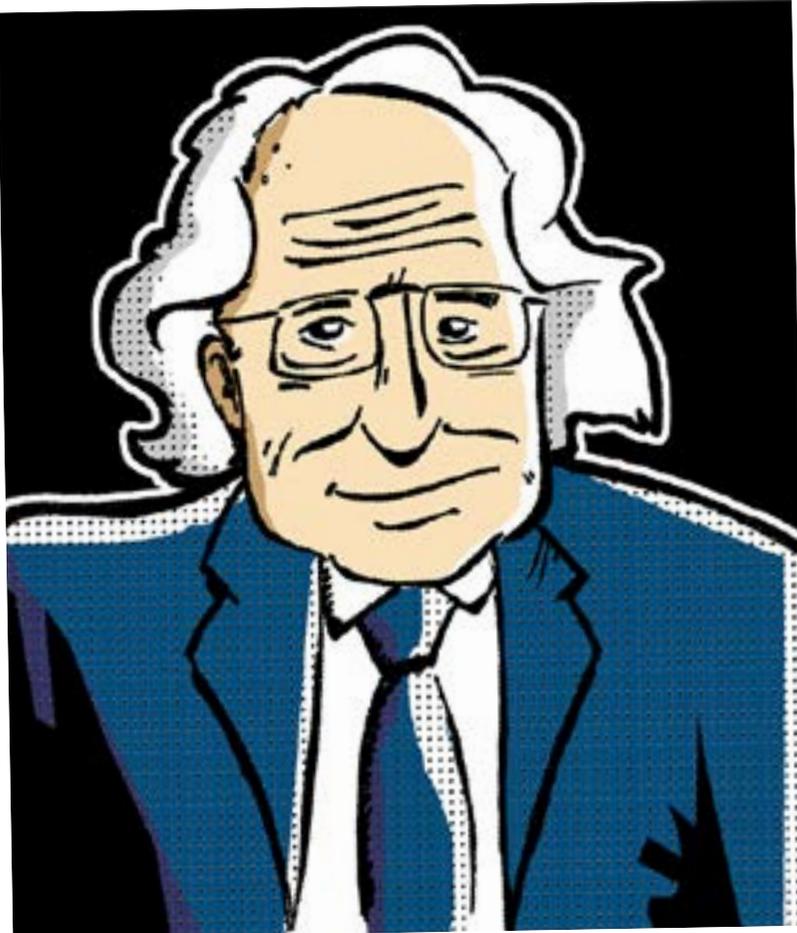


# THE UNFORTUNATE BANKER

## Murder Mystery Game



## Invitation

### The Unfortunate Banker

A few days after the death of **Warren Noble** six **suspects** receive a **letter** from his notary. Warren claims one of them is his **murderer**. The suspects must follow his written **instructions** during an investigation to find out **who** is his murderer.

We are going to learn a lot about Warren and his suspects by **playing Murder Mystery Game “The Unfortunate Banker”!** And meanwhile we will enjoy some nice **food** and **drinks**. Below please find details of where and when all will take place.

If a name is entered at **CHARACTER** you will be able to see what character will be **yours** during the game. If you would like to, you can dress up as this suspect as well to make **a blinding impression!**

**Character:**

**Name:**

**Date:**

**Time:**

**Venue:**

## CHARACTERS



The first suspect is my wife **Blanche Noble** with whom I was married for 27 years. Oh dear, **no wings had been ruffled** until you discovered my **affair** with my secretary **Jessica Baldwin**. Then you turned into a **stingy raven** who was after my **money**. But I have been smart enough to marry you under a favorable **prenuptial contract** (to me!). **Divorce** would bring you **nothing to feather a new nest!** Did you think that killing me would possibly bring you a **golden egg?**



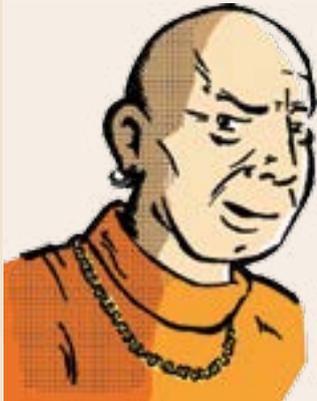
The next suspect is **Jessica Baldwin**, my very young and attractive **secretary**, although she would rather say executive management assistant. My little swan, you adored me. Until it turned out that **I didn't want to build a nest** with you. To quiet your chirping, I have suggested something about an **inheritance**. But I **deceived** you, because I always planned to trade you in for a **new secretary**. This time one with **real blonde hair** and an **even larger bosom!**



Next in line my very own **son Timothy**, the turkey. I have never experienced a **greater failure** than Mr. "**Artist**." Every bird has its own song, but how is it possible that this flapper has my genes? Twenty-four and **never** finished anything. Yes, **booze, drugs** and **parties...** he was good at that. And **running to the bank of dad!** Okay, I stuck my head in the sand for a while but at some point I had to **kick him out** of the nest. The only thing he could expect from me was an **inheritance**, but then I had to **die** first. Oh, **dear Timothy**, did you finally **finish** something? Your **father?**



The next suspect is a true bird of paradise: my **spiritual coach Moyana**. She is **clairvoyant** but prefers to say **healing medium**. For a while she brought me **mental balance**. Initially, I felt the wind beneath my wings. At her request, I even set up a **fund** that would pay a **large sum** to her "**Moyanology**" foundation after my death. From that moment on **Moyana's** own balance completely broke. She sent me **messages** from my deceased grandmother and wanted me to develop **sustainable** and **spiritual** banking. **Nonsense!** I told her I would **stop** the sessions and **cancel the fund**. She was furious! Would this **witch** have sent me to the **spirit world** after all?



Also suspect: **Nelson Bulley**, a **client** of mine. Nickname: **The Skull**. Mr **Bulley** is a criminal, but he would rather say he is an **entrepreneur**. He wanted to **launder money** with me and I did indeed get my hands dirty. It yielded a lot... especially regret. He started to **extort me**. If I didn't pay, I could **miss a few fi ngers**, he said. I chickened out and for years I **paid**, terrified of what would happen if I didn't. But now I have **stopped** the payments to **Bulley**. Did I end up being a **skeleton** in **The Skull's closet**?



The **last suspect** is **Harry Morrison**, a **gangster**, but he would rather say **top lawyer**. For over twenty years he was my **lawyer** and a good **friend**. At least, I thought so, but **Harry** turned out to be a snake in the grass as well. After my death, **Blanche would become a major shareholder** in my company with **harry** as an **advisor**. And when she wanted to **divorce**, he **swooped like an eagle** to act as her **divorce lawyer**. Damn it, **Harry**, you wanted to **steal** my **wife**, my **legacy and all!** **Peacocking** with everything I had! If anyone had a **motive** to **kill me**, it's you, you **chicken** shit lawyer!