THE MUMMY'S CURSE



Case Six
12 April, 1889



CASE SIX

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We are having our morning tea at Baker Street hoping that a new case will come our way. Holmes is at work at his chemical table and Watson is busy reading The Times. The tranquillity of the setting is suddenly broken by Watson.

"What balderdash, what rubbish, Holmes!" Watson adds emphasis to his outburst by throwing the morning paper to the floor. "How can the papers capitalize on people's superstitions? And The Times, Holmes. It's The Times that started it all." Watson walks over to the fireplace and begins to fill his pipe from the Persian slipper.

"I must say, Watson," says Holmes as he turns from his microscope, "you must be upset to forsake your beloved Arcadia for my shag. What is it that you find so disturbing? The affair of the mummy's curse, I would assume."

"Yes, Holmes, you assume correctly, but it seems to me that you should be using your powers of deduction and not of assumption to clear up this matter. It has the whole city in an uproar. Three men dead and we are to believe that it was caused by a four-thousand-year-old mummy. I am surprised that you have not shown some interest in this, Holmes!"

"I have been following it in the papers and have made some inquiries. It does show some points of interest. I think most of the main points are lucid, but there are a few minor points that still have to be cleared up. I may look into it when I finish up the case I am now working on."

"You don't mean that you believe this balderdash about a curse being responsible for the deaths of three people?"

"My dear Watson, there has been a curse of murder upon man since the beginnings of time, and I do not claim to know the cause of that curse. I think the cause of these murders is a little closer at hand than a four-thousand-year-old mummy."

Holmes now turns his attention to us. "Why don't you look into this? You may find something of interest."



AREA SE

11 SE

Lieutenant Luther Tenney tosses his hands up in the air. "My god! What a voyage! High seas storms all the way, cargo to be selected, cargo to be secured and resecured, a discontented crew and a strange collection of passengers, complaining and bickering all the way. I tell you, the murder, even by a 4,000-year-old mummy, was only one of a series of unfortunate events."

"We understand that you were the one to find Mr. Weatherby."

"Yes. There was a pause between the blows and Captain Ramsey ordered me down into the hold to check on the cargo again. I went right to the area of the Egyptian artifacts as Professor Windibank was particularly anxious about them."

"Could you describe the scene as you found it?"

"I found Weatherby next to the coffin-thing with part of the mummy's winding sheet around his neck. Various crates were open and papers scattered all over Weatherby was lying right beside the crate next to a bowl of ashes. I reported immediately to the Captain and he put me in charge of the investigation."

"What did you find out?"

"Nothing much really, I'm afraid. You see it was eight bells, 8 in the morning of our third day out of Suez. A storm had been raging all night and so the crew had been at their posts and accounted for. The passengers, Weatherby among them, were all in their cabins as far as anyone knew or would say. Travis, the journalist, was sick as a dog. The ship's doctor even had to give him a sedative. So no one saw anything, heard anything or knew anything."

"What about the bowl? Where is it now?"

"I don't know what happened to it. Now that you mention it, I don't remember ever seeing it again."

"You found nothing suspicious or unusual?"

"Now I didn't say that. It all started with the crew. Seamen are a rather superstitious lot to begin with. Our crew, Indians and Egyptians to a man, were that much more so. The idea of carrying about a 4,000-year-old mummy spooked them completely. That reporter fellow, Travis, did us no service at all with all his mystic mumbo-jumbo about the sanctity of the dead and whatnot. He and Professor Windibank were constantly arguing the point and the crew picked it up. We almost faced a bloody mutiny! Pardon my language.

"Then there were the two Arabs. One, Fahmi, always had this box with him. A curious thing, obviously special-made. It was about 18 inches high and 6 or 8 inches square. Don't know what was in it but Fahmi never let it out of his sight. In any case he stayed in his cabin most of the time and didn't have contact with anyone, other than Windibank, with whom I've seen him trade a few words on the bridge. The other Arab, Al-Saud, was always lurking about watching Fahmi. My guess is that he wanted the box, or rather, what was in it. Then there was the fist fight between Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Vruburu."

"Over what?"

"Over Fenwick's wife, I believe, although they were very close-mouthed about it."

"Thank you, Mr. Tenney."

19 SE

At the home of Abdullah Al-Saud, his Moslem Servant tells us that he is not at home.

"Can you tell us when he is expected?"

"Alas, my master does not confide in this poor and humble servant. It may be that he is out only for the evening or he may be gone for some time. It is as my master and Allah will it."



AREA SW

2 SW

"I know very little about the principals in the case," says Langdale Pike. "Turnbull was the third son of the Earl of Downey. As I understand it, at the age of 6 he began excavating a Roman ruin on the family's country estate. He'd been going at it ever since. An eccentric of some note, he neither married nor took his rightful place in London society.

"Windibank was no more and no less a quiet university man who took care of his studies without noticing the rest of the world and without being noticed. He however had the habit of giving in to his gorgeous wife on everything. A bookworm and a princess! I always wondered what she saw in him. In any case, on each of their outings, all anyone could see was her with her toiletries coming from the greatest couturiers from Paris, and him trailing behind her like a lovelorn puppy. She outlived him."

"Of Weatherby, I can tell you nothing."

5 SW

Under Mummy in the Encyclopaedia we find:

Egyptian Mummies are embalmed bodies preserved to facilitate their resurrection. Many mummies have been found, and they are almost always the bodies of Pharoahs. The Pharoahs believed that one day their bodies would be brought back to life. See History of Egyptian Mummies, by Pettigrew (London, 1834).

8 SW

The doorman at the Diogenes Club tells us that Mycroft is ill and does not wish to be disturbed at home.

13 SW

"What's Holmes working on now? Suppose he needs the Yard's help again?" greets Lestrade as we enter his office.

"He's asked us to look into Windibank's death."

"Should've known. That murder has brought out every crank in the city. I think the professional police can wrap this one up."

"Could you tell us what you have?"

"At this moment, a dead archeologist, nothing more. No suspect, no motive. There is nothing I can really tell you."

"What about Weatherby's death? Have you looked into it?"

"I have talked to Captain Ramsey and his officers, but we have no leads. Look, I'm not even sure Weatherby's murder falls into our jurisdiction. If it doesn't, I'm not going to worry about it. I have enough murders to take care of as it is.

22 SW

We find Murray with his nose buried in a book, absorbed enough to keep our arrival unnoticed for several minutes. We read the title History of Egyptian Mummies as the Professor closes the tome, notices us and immediately launches into a lecture as if he had been expecting us.

"Pettigrew wrote this book over fifty years ago and there's still no better volume on the subject. Fascinating, fascinating. Yes, Wiggs, what can I do for you today?"

"It's Wiggins, sir. Actually we're interested in what you learned from that book and from your own examinations in this mummy case."

"Oh, so it's mummies you and Holmes are chasing these days, is it? Let me show you what I've found so far. Number 357, James Windibank."

So saying, Murray pulls out a piece of yellow linen. "This was found around the neck of the victim. I examined it thoroughly and am convinced that it is of great age. Indeed, it could quite conceivably be thousands of years old. However, it was not the murder weapon."

The Professor takes one of his characteristic dramatic pauses before explaining further. "Linen is a strong material, but over time it does deteriorate somewhat. This bandage could never have withstood the force required to throttle a grown man."

"Did you learn anything else from your examination, sir?"

"Oh nothing very interesting other than the fact that this strip and the one found on Weatherby's body are of different widths. Given the methods described by Pettigrew, it's a bit strange. I'd say that the Windibank strip was probably used to embalm the corpse of a child or of an animal, not that of an adult man in any case!".

"What do you think it means, Professor Murray?"

"Well, I don't want to jump to any conclusions, but I can assure you that those bandages were not murder weapons."

"Thank you, sir."

AREA NW

7 NW

The landlady shows us into Ebenizer Turnbull's small flat.

"He was a strange one, always traipsing around to Lord knows where. Hardly ever at home."

As the landlady prattles on, we conduct a quick survey of the place. There are books everywhere but on the shelves where they belong. On a large oak desk are several opened volumes dealing with Egypt and several sketch maps of the area of Turnbull's last ill-fated expedition.

"Did you know that he was the son of an Earl? Never know it, would you? Do you really think that mummy thing done him in? Creepy, I says."

9 NW

"I don't know anything about the death of – whatever his name was," says Mr. Fenwick. "In fact, I saw him only once just as we were boarding. I resented the First Officer's questions on the matter and I resent yours. The whole voyage was a disaster from beginning to end. Our accommodations were abysmal. The crew was ill-mannered and surly. The–"

"I told you to book passage on a passenger ship, Merrill," pipes in Mrs. Fenwick, "but no, you had to–"

"Louise, don't start with me."

We leave the Fenwicks to their marathon quarrelling.

12 NW

James Windibank's widow, Hildegard, shows us into the parlour.

"I told him it was a mistake to go on this expedition but he was determined. He said that he had spent his life studying and that this was a chance to actually get out into the field."

"Did he talk about the death of his colleagues, on his return?"

"No, not particularly, he remained very evasive."

"So he feared for his own life?"

"I wouldn't go that far, but a certain paranoia had settled in. The poor dear wanted to flee all that ridiculous publicity and he had decided that we'd take a trip on the continent. Going around the world, that didn't seem to like him. But this whole case had probably disturbed him. I thought when I married a professor that our lives would be quiet and uneventful. The Lord moves in mysterious ways."

18 NW

There are no messages for us at Parsons & Son Toy Shoppe.

33 NW

Anthony Vruburu meets us at the door with a warm smile. One eye, bruised and battered and showing most of the colours of the rainbow, mars his otherwise dashing good looks.

"Come in, gentlemen. What can I do for you?"

"We wonder if there is any information you can give us about the death of Andrew Weatherby."

"That was the chap aboard ship? Very unfortunate. Of course, I'd be glad to help, but I really don't know anything."

"Perhaps you saw something suspicious or out of the ordinary with regard to Mr. Weatherby?"

"I'm afraid I didn't see much of anything, as you might imagine."

"Was Mr. Fenwick responsible for your, shall we say, visual impairment?"

"Yes. A most narrow-minded fellow. Which is no doubt why Mrs. Fenwick smiled at me the way she did."

"Then the fight was simply over an exchange of smiles?" Mr. Vruburu grins wryly. "There was a bit more to it than that."

42 NW

Sherlock Holmes is bent over his retorts and is performing a strange chemical experiment when we enter his living room.

"Well now Wiggins, how goes this hunt for a mummy?"

"Nothing really great sir, I'm afraid. I must admit that a bit of help wouldn't be amiss!"

"Come now Wiggins," retorts Holmes, "the case doesn't seem so complex to me. To start with there aren't that many potential culprits, especially if our suspects have an annoying tendency to disappear. London is truly a large city, but I think that a well-guarded dig site or even a boat are places that are sufficiently sealed to largely restrict the range of your investigation. Get a move on Wiggins! And remember my lessons."

Feeling somewhat pathetic, we exit Baker street, leaving Holmes to his mysterious occupation.

AREA WC

5 WC

The Central Despatcher at the Carriage Stables tells us that hundreds of people take cabs to the Museum every day, and that it would be impossible to remember if any of them looked 'suspicious.'

14 WC

We wait patiently as Disraeli O'Brian disappears into the rows of files with the list of names we have given him. He reappears shortly, shaking his head, and says, "Not one of these people has ever been involved in a serious court case. Their slates are clean."

17 WC

At Somerset House we look up the wills of the victims. James Windibank left everything to his wife, Hildegard. Andrew Weatherby did not have a will because he was so young, but that also indicates that he had little or no valuable possessions to leave anyone. Ebenizer Turnbull left what little he had to the Egyptology Department at London University.

32 WC

"Captain Ramsey, can you tell us about the circumstances of the death of Andrew Weatherby aboard the Eastern Empress?"

"Well, we'd just come through a rather large storm and so I sent my first officer, Luther Tenney, down into the hold to check on the cargo. He reported back that Mr. Weatherby was dead among the Egyptian artifacts we were transporting. I turned over the helm to Tenney and went down to look for myself. Weatherby was there lying next to a coffin, whatever it's called. He had a piece of old rag wrapped around his neck, strangled apparently. I went back to the bridge and put Tenney in charge of the investigation."

"What did Mr. Tenney find out?"

"You'd have to ask Tenney about the specifics. I was rather preoccupied with the ship through the entire voyage, one storm after another all the way to England. I countersigned Tenney's report, of course, but I can scarcely recall the details. My chief concern was that my crew was blameless and the report indicated as much. As far as the passengers were concerned, a strange lot all in all; Tenney can give you more details."

37 WC

We knock on Akram Fahmi's door and it swings open of its own volition. Wiggins calls Fahmi's name but receives no answer. After a moment we decide to enter.

In the middle of the study floor we find the body of a man we assume is Akram Fahmi. He is lying face down with a knife protruding from the middle of his back.

"Better call Scotland Yard," says Wiggins.

While waiting for the Yard we look around. The study looks as if a struggle had taken place. On the desk lies a copy of a book on ancient Egypt open on a page describing a slim statue of Sekhmet made of solid gold.

Before we can get much further, Constable Stillson arrives on the scene. He takes our statement and shoos us out.

38 WC

Leland Johnson, Curator of the Egyptian collection, shows us into the Second Egyptian Room, the scene of the murder. In the middle of the room is an ancient sarcophagus, its gold-covered surface reflecting the light that passes through the east windows.

"Windibank's body was found in the sarcophagus," states Johnson.

"Inside the sarcophagus?"

"Yes, inside. A rather appalling sight greeted one of the guards when he made his rounds. As he entered the room he noticed the top of the sarcophagus was askew. As he moved closer he saw a man's hand protruding from the sarcophagus. Thinking that the mummy was attempting to leave its resting place, he ran from the room to get me. Some of the guards have been a little on edge since the stories of Mr. Weatherby's death.

"I returned to the room, and with the guard's help we removed the top of the sarcophagus and found the body of James Windibank atop Katebet's mummy. Around his neck was a linen bandage, the type used to wrap mummies. A very eerie sight, I must say."

"Who else had access to the room?"

"The Museum was open to the public yesterday. This room was closed white the exhibition was being set up, but there were no extraordinary precautions to keep people out, just the rope across the entrance."

"Do you have any idea who might have wanted to kill Windibank?"

"No, none at all. I didn't know him very well. He didn't work for the Museum, you know. He was with London University. The University and the Muse-

um were joint sponsors of the Katebet expedition."

"Can you think of anything that might shed some light on this affair?"

"No, I'm sorry, I can't think of anything."

43 WC

It takes a little bit of sleuthing just to locate the Egyptology Department, but when we arrive we find its chairman, Lawrence Feld, quite willing to talk with us.

"Mr. Feld, anything you can tell us about the expedition or the victims would be helpful."

"Such a tragedy. Fine men, fine scholars. I still can't get over the shock of it. When I heard of Turnbull's death in Egypt ...well, what can I tell you? The expedition was sponsored jointly by the University and the British Museum. Ebenizer Turnbull has led several expeditions to the Luxor-Karnak area and has made some very significant discoveries. No sooner does he return to London from an expedition than he is busy planning his next.

"It was the first time he teamed up with James Windibank. Windibank has spent more time in classrooms than in the field, but, to my great surprise, he insisted very much on being chosen and, in the end, got along perfectly will with Turnbull. He was a very popular teacher and several of his students were eager to accompany him on this expedition. I know he had a difficult time choosing Weatherby as the lucky one. Doesn't seem so lucky now, does he? I guess Travis is the lucky one after all."

"Travis?"

"Yes, Phillip Travis. He was one of Windibank's students and he was very eager to accompany the Katebet expedition. He became quite upset When Andrew Weatherby, a graduate student in the department, was chosen instead. Took it rather personally, actually."

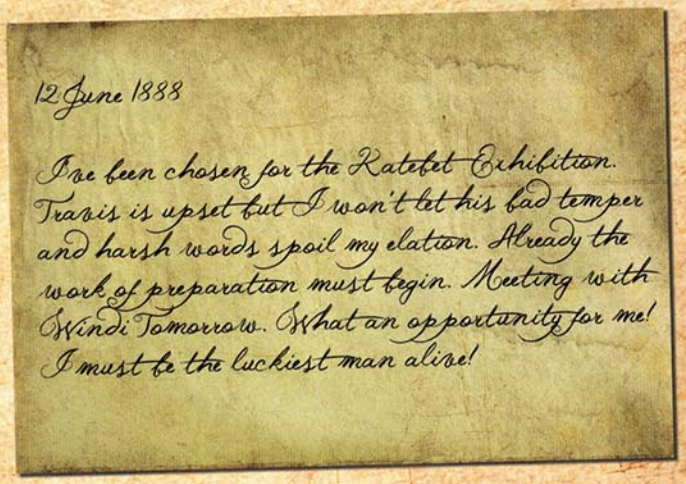
"You've been most helpful, Mr. Feld. Can you think of anything else?"

"No, but I certainly hope you're not taking seriously this rubbish about the murders being the work of a mummy. This kind of superstitious doggerel does a tremendous disservice to science and scholarship." "Thank you again. Good day."

AREA EC

8 EC

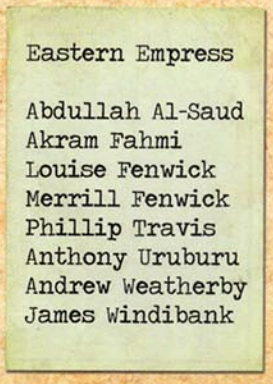
Andrew Weatherby's landlord lets us into his apartment. It is a small place, comfortably appointed with a minimum of furniture. On a desk in one corner of the room we find several bound volumes comprising Weatherby's private journal. We pick up one and flip through the pages. An entry dated June 12, 1888 catches our eye. It reads:


12 June 1888

I've been chosen for the Katebet Exhibition. Travis is upset but I won't let his bad temper and harsh words spoil my elation. Already the work of preparation must begin. Meeting with Windi Tomorrow. What an opportunity for me! I must be the luckiest man alive!

15 EC

"Here is the passenger list of the Eastern Empress."


Eastern Empress

Abdullah Al-Saud
Akram Fahmi
Louise Fenwick
Merrill Fenwick
Phillip Travis
Anthony Uruburu
Andrew Weatherby
James Windibank

30 EC

Henry Ellis welcomes us to his office and asks how he might help us.

"We're investigating the so-called Mummy murders. Can you tell us anything about the newspaper articles?"

Ellis does not try to hide a rather smirky grin at the mention of mummies. "It's quite amusing, all this hoopla over a mummy's curse, I must say. Not so amusing, of course, the murder of three Englishmen," he hastens to add, assuming a more serious demeanour for perhaps half a minute.

"Actually, I've been in Paris for several weeks and

just returned to London on Tuesday. I've had no involvement with the writing of any of these articles. I believe they are all the work of Phillip Travis. He's a reporter for The Times, and until recently he was the Egyptian correspondent. He returned to London just a few days ago. I gather he was assigned to cover the case here because he had some familiarity with the murder in Egypt."

"Do you know Travis?"

"No, I've never actually met him, although I do hear he's a bit of a strange duck."

"Thanks for your help, Henry."

"Anytime. Let me know when you catch the Mummy."

35 EC

Quintin Hogg receives us in his cluttered office.

"I can't say that I have anything to offer in the case. One thing, however, that did strike me interesting was the passenger list of the Eastern Empress, not that I can say it has anything to do with the Mummy Murders.

"Akram Fahmi is a procurer of wide reputation. For a price, a considerable price by all accounts, he can acquire whatever one's heart desires, be it jewels, art objects, wild animals or anything else one can think of. My guess is that he was transporting something of value to London at the behest of one of our wealthier residents.

"The presence of Abdullah Al-Saud aboard ship was also interesting. He is a known agent for the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire. Whatever it was that Fahmi was carrying must have been of concern to the Turks.

36 EC

We catch up with Edward Hall as he is scurrying down the halls of Old Bailey. Before Wiggins gets halfway through his first sentence, Hall interrupts him. "I don't mean to be brusque, Wiggins, but I have too many things on my mind to help you with these so-called Mummy Murders. Perhaps if the mummy's solicitor were to contact me, then I would consider defending him. At the moment, however, I have other, more pressing matters." With that he dashes down a flight of stairs.

38 EC

As we enter the autopsy laboratory, we see Sir Jasper pulling an almost white sheet over a cadaver.

"Could we have a word with you, Sir Jasper?" asks Wiggins.

"Ah, Wiggins, of course, just let me wash up." Sir Jasper walks over to the sink against the wall. "Are you investigating the death of Samuel Snead? I just finished with him."

"No, we're interested in James Windibank."

"Oh, of course, the mummy's latest victim. Who hired Holmes, Ramses two ? Ha, ha, ha."

"No. In fact, we don't have a client."

"Just for fun, huh? Well, about the only thing I can tell you is that if it was the mummy it has powerful hands. The trachea was crushed along with one of the vertebrae of the neck. Death was instantaneous. That simple; snap."

"The papers report that mummy wrappings were found around his neck."

"Just window dressing. It was bare hands. The bruises and the way the vertebra was crushed leave no doubt about that. There's not much more that I can tell you."

"Thank you, Sir Jasper."

"Anytime, Wiggins. Let me know when you convict the mummy. I would like to perform an autopsy on him."

50 EC

Phillip Travis is a handsome young man with the enthusiasm of youth. He appears quite eager to talk to us, an audience.

"So, you have been reading my articles in The Times. What did you think of them?"

"They were interesting."

"Thank you. You know I am not really a reporter."

"Oh?"

"No. I was trained as an archeologist, an Egyptologist to be exact," he says, pointing to a framed London University degree which hangs on the wall. "That's why my articles carry the force of truth."

"And what is the truth, Mr. Travis?"

"The truth is that it's not good, sometimes, to bother what is no longer, as even death may be temporary."

Travis goes to a large table in his room cluttered with books and ancient objects. On his table are a number of small mummies, as well as beakers and scattered vials. Travis takes one of these mummies, and says:

"Hello my darling baby."

And then, turning to us, he continues:

"There are the mummified remains of a cat. It's the ideal companion. No need to feed it or let it out. And yet we feel like a presence, as if life still flowed in it."

He puts the mummy back on top of a shelf with a small smile. The young journalist takes out a sheaf of papers covered with hieroglyphics, and then exhibits a barely used bottle of whiskey. Fills a glass for a mouthful and toasts the mummy which now mocks us from the top of the furniture.

"Thank you, Mr Travis."

"Oh, don't leave yet! Let me show you another of my companions."

"Thanks, but we really must be going."

52 EC

Porky Shinwell shrugs his shoulders at our questions. "The only thing I heard had to do with the ship itself, the... ah..."

"Eastern Empress?"

"Yeah, that's it. There was a couple of blokes in here some weeks ago. Never saw them before and haven't seen 'em since. One was a swarthy fellow, Arab unless I miss my guess. The other was an English gentleman, fifty or so. I overheard them say something about a bird and later caught the name of the ship. Don't know what it means or if it helps you."



QUESTIONS

Part One

1. Who killed Ebenizer Turnbull?

2. Why was he murdered?

3. Who killed Andrew Weatherby?

4. Why was he murdered?

5. Who killed James Windibank?

6. Why was he murdered?

Part Two

1. Who killed Akram Fahmi ?

2. Which object passed from one pair of hands to the other in this case?

3. How were the victims killed?

SOLUTION

"Well Watson, let me set your mind to rest; I think we have a suspect other than the mummy."

"Come, Holmes, I never thought for a moment that it was the mummy. What balderdash!"

"I know, Watson, I know. The Mummy did have one thing in common with the murderer – other than the victims, they were the only ones present at each murder."

"Well, of course, Holmes, you state the obvious."

But the important thing, Watson, is to see the obvious things. At first, we had two elements which made this a rather simple case. First, the place where the murders took place allowed us to limit the number of suspects. Then, the fact that these suspects were assassinated one after another considerably reduced the possibilities."

"Limit the number of suspects? The first murder took place in Egypt, the second on a boat, and the third in London. It seems that there are many possible suspects, the population of Egypt and that of London!"

"No, not at all, Watson. Taking into account the common modus operandi, we could easily deduce that these murders were linked. This vastly limits the number of suspects, especially in the case of the boat. According to the newspapers, the Eastern Empress was in Bombay at the time of our first murder. We can thus eliminate the crew members from our list of suspects. Everything therefore centred around the members of the expedition."

"My first step was thus a meeting with Lawrence Feld, head of the Egyptology Department at London University, and first instigator of the Katebet expedition. He could give me the name of Travis. It seems that Travis had been an Egyptology student and that he had been under Professor James Windibank's tutelage. He tried to be a part of the expedition, but was turned down by Windibank. Weatherby has chosen in his stead, which affected Travis. A nice suspect in truth, more so since a telegram sent to the Times confirmed that he had managed to follow the expedition to Egypt as a correspondent."

"So, this Travis is our culprit?"

"You're going too fast, Watson. Even if Travis made a nice culprit, many elements quickly proved to me that he couldn't be implicated in all the murders. First off, his first article clearly shows that he could never enter the tomb and thus commit the first murder. Then, a conversation, with Luther Tenney, who led the investigation on the death of Weatherby, clearly proved to me that he couldn't be implicated in the second. Moreover Tenney, by telling me of the tormented voyage of the Eastern Empress, gave me one of the missing keys. Why would Weatherby, in the middle of a storm, feel the need to verify the contents of the expedition's crates? Probably because he realized that an item of great value was missing. From then on, only one person could have stolen that item from the tomb."

"You mean James Windibank?"

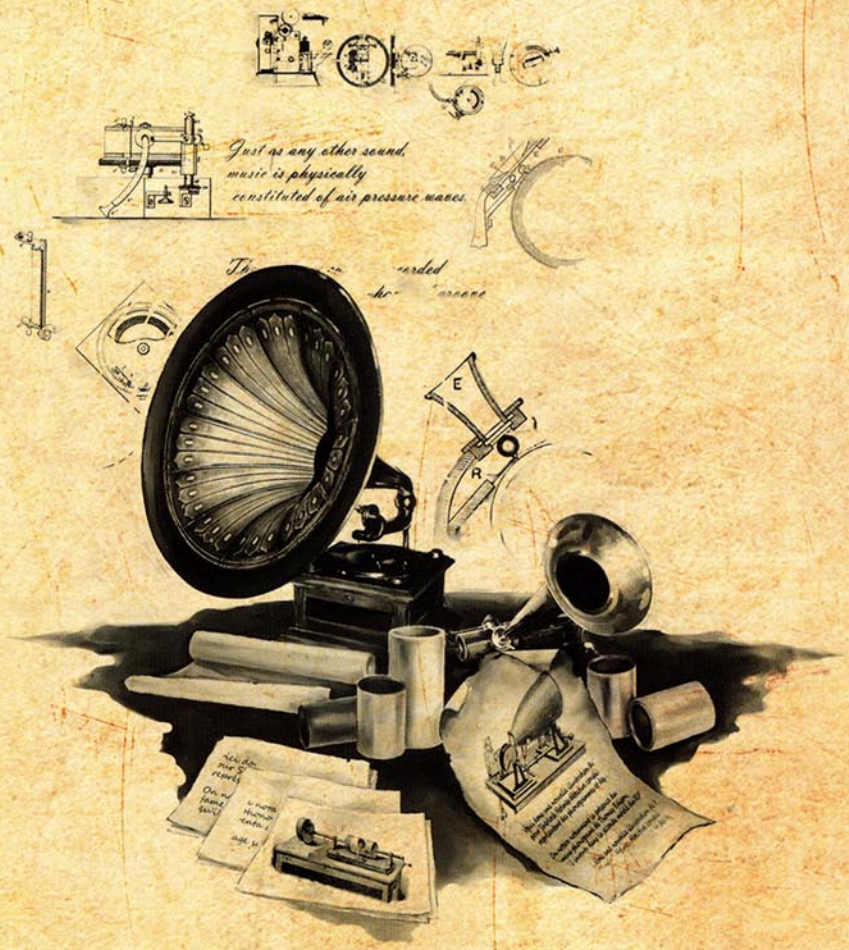
"Yes Watson, Windibank! With Turnbull and Weatherby dead, Travis out of the loop, there remains only him. When Feld mentioned his insistence at being named at the head of this expedition, I started being suspicious about him. The conversation with Tenney only confirmed my doubts. But I was lacking a motive, and I thus consulted Langdale Pike about Windibank. He revealed to me that Windibank, madly in love with his wife, was spending a fortune to keep up her lifestyle. From then on everything was clear. Windibank was probably paid to bring back an item from the tomb. He was unfortunately surprised by Turnbull and killed him, disguising his misdeed and improvising around a curse. But of course, Weatherby didn't believe that story and probably guessed Windibank's implication when he saw him chatting with Akram Fahmi, who was apparently transporting a highly precious object. He wanted to be certain and thus looked for proof in the inventory. But Windibank was wary

and thus killed the poor Weatherby, giving at the same time importance to the story of the curse."

"But then, how did he die as well?"

"Come on Watson, think! Who remains? Travis of course! And for him, the motive is rather simple to imagine. Travis, Egyptology student and never far from the murders, probably guessed that the mummy didn't have much to do with this whole thing. However, he understood that he could take advantage of this story of a curse to take revenge on Windibank, all the while being covered by the story invented by the latter. The irony is: in the end, Windibank was a victim of his own plot!"

"I agree, Holmes. It was a simple case, I must admit."



HOLMES

Holmes has solved this case by following 4 leads: London University (43 WC), Times (30 EC), Luther Tenney (11 SE) and Langdale Pike (2 SW). He also used the following article from the newspaper: Recent Excavations in Egypt (17 August, 1888), Archeologist Dead in Mummy's Tomb (5 March, 1889), Shipping Departures (5 March, 1889), Mummy Strikes Again (12 April, 1889).

His score is 100 points.

SCORE

Part One

1. Who killed Ebenizer Turnbull? James Windibank (10 points).

2. Why was he murdered? He discovered that Windibank stole something in Katebet's tomb (20 points).

3. Who killed Andrew Weatherby? James Windibank (20 points).

4. Why was he murdered? He suspected Windibank (20 points).

5. Who killed James Windibank ? Phillip Travis (10 points).

6. Why was he murdered? Vengeance (20 points).

Part Two

1. Who killed Akram Fahmi ? Abdullah Al-Saud (5 points).

2. Which object passed from one pair of hands to the other in this case? A golden statue of Sekhmet (20 points).

3. How were the victims killed? They were strangled (bare hands) (5 points).

To tally your score, add the points obtained by answering the questions, then count the number of leads you've followed (don't count the "free" leads indicated above). Then compare the number of leads you've followed to that of Holmes (4 leads in this case).

If you've followed more leads than Holmes, subtract 5 points from your score for each extra lead. If you've followed fewer leads than Holmes, add 5 to your score for each lead fewer. You'll thus get your final score.

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