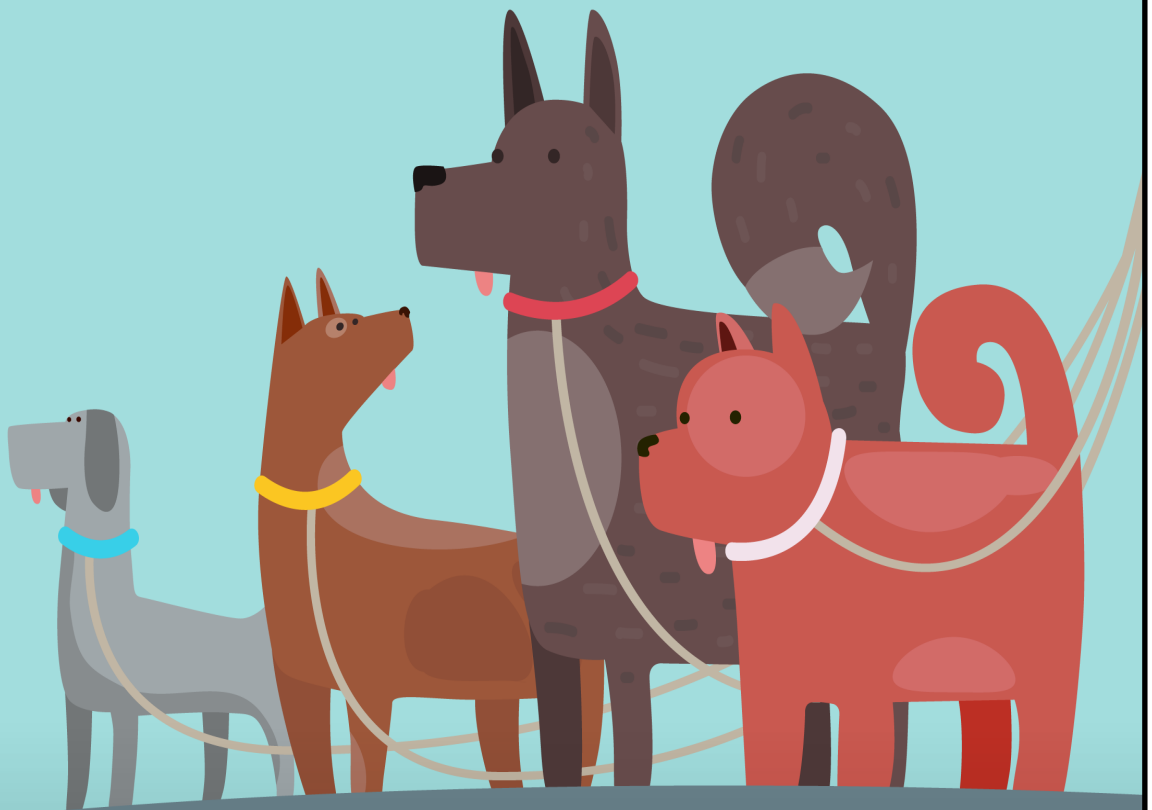


Whodunnit?

M Y S T E R I E S



The Whodunnit? Detective Agency Official Case File #1J-737X

The Case of the Missing Pooch

A woman's beloved pet dog has gone missing. Foul play is suspected. Do you think you can solve the case? Carefully read the enclosed file, identify the clues, and ultimately decide **Whodunnit**.

Dear **Detective,**

We need your help to solve a mystery. Your assignment is to look over a case that was already investigated, but has since gone cold. As always, I expect you to use your intellect to find clues other detectives missed.

For this case, our client is **Mrs. Abigail Winchell**. She is a wealthy, elderly woman whom has hired us in the past. Recently, her beloved pet dog, **Moxie**, vanished without a trace. Of course, when she realized the mutt was missing, she called the police for help. But, they were unable to solve the case. That's why she's come to us.

As an analyst detective on this case, you are to review the enclosed report. It was written by police detectives, during the course of their weeklong investigation. After you have absorbed the information, compose a brief evaluation to identify the suspect you think is guilty, and explain why. To back up your choice, be sure to use actual details from the case file. Your findings will help point our field detectives in the right direction, as they work to solve this case on the ground.

I'm hopeful you'll correctly conclude **Whodunnit**.

Good Sleuthing,

J. Alexander Gumshoe

Founding Investigator

The Whodunnit? Detective Agency

POLICE DEPARTMENT OFFICIAL REPORT

Winchell Investigation: Day 1

Early this morning, my partner and I answered a missing canine call from an upscale part of town. We're talking mansions. **Abigail Winchell** is the owner of both the enormous house in the neighborhood, and the newly vanished dog—**Moxie**. She seemed rather frazzled, but could still speak clearly. She informed us her only pet had been missing since yesterday evening. "I let her out to play around 5:00 PM, and then went to check on her about an hour or so later," said Mrs. Winchell. "However, she did not respond to me calling her name." Upon realizing the pooch wasn't playing in her backyard, as usual, Mrs. Winchell searched the property. Yet, she could not locate Moxie. **Officer Billings** and I went ahead with our own search of the grounds. Likewise, we couldn't find the treasured pet—which should have been easy to spot. This is because it turns out Moxie is an unusual mix of several dog breeds. She has a genetic mutation that gives her bright red fur. According to her owner, Moxie is one of only three dogs in the world to have ever been born with this coloring. Mrs. Winchell gave us a picture of Moxie. I've never seen a dog quite like her.

After our search, we spoke a bit more with Mrs. Winchell. We asked if she thought Moxie might have run away. "Moxie would never stray from the house," said Mrs. Winchell. "In fact, she wouldn't even go into the front yard. Traffic from the street always scared her." Mrs. Winchell also let us know that she has checked the local animal shelter for Moxie, every day. But, so far, her pet has not shown up.

As our questioning continued, Mrs. Winchell showed us to a screened-in porch on the mansion's south side. It's where Moxie rested and ate. We saw water/food dishes, a puffy pillow on which Moxie typically slept, and various play toys strewn about the space. Officer Billings noticed bits of soil on Moxie's cushion, which we collected as evidence. Moxie's food dish had been tipped over. Some pieces of her dog food had been squished, as if someone stepped on them.

Finally, we asked Mrs. Winchell to identify people who had access to her property on the day that Moxie went missing, or might want to harm the dog. A few persons of interest came to mind.

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Firstly, she reported that her groundskeeper, **Herbert Ellis**, was on duty. He spends lots of time tending to her garden of thorny rose bushes. He complained often about Moxie digging up his plants.

In addition, Mrs. Winchell allows her next door neighbor, **Amy Greenleaf**, to take nature walks on the property—being that it's over ten acres in size. During one such trek, the woman was allegedly attacked, and bitten, by the dog. Ouch.

Next, Mrs. Winchell's personal chef, **Ricky Vargas**, cooked her meal that night. Moxie has often stolen food from his kitchen. This would always make him very angry. He frequently asked that the dog be leashed, at all times. But, Mrs. Winchell had steadfastly refused to do so.

Then, there is Mrs. Winchell's grown son, **Dalton Winchell III**. He was to have been her dinner guest that night. However, he cancelled at the last moment. She feels he is jealous of her relationship with Moxie.

Lastly, there's **Emma Teller**—a young girl who was hired to take Moxie on hour-long walks each afternoon. Yet, the day before the dog vanished, she quit her job without saying why.

Officer Billings and I spent the rest of the day playing ping pong—back at the station. Our game ended with him angrily slamming his paddle down on the ground, and breaking it, when I won. What a sore loser.

Anyway, we'll start looking into each of these suspects tomorrow.

Gregory Baskin, First Sergeant
Springfield Police

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Winchell Investigation: Day 2

Today, **First Sergeant Baskin** and I began interviewing the suspects in this case. Each person we questioned had access to the Winchell Estate on the day Moxie vanished. So, at 11:00 AM, we started there. First on our list was chef Ricky Vargas. He admitted Moxie would often sneak into his kitchen, and steal food. He sure isn't fond of the dog. He openly referred to Moxie as a "dirty animal." Of course, Mr. Vargas says he never speaks that way in front of Mrs. Winchell. As such, he asked that we not tell her his true feelings. Mr. Vargas also talked at length about his job. He does all the grocery shopping for Mrs. Winchell—using his own funds. Then, she pays him back at a later date. We asked Mr. Vargas if he had seen the dog on the day in question. "I saw Moxie several times," he said, "but not after the gardener left for the day." We ended our chat by eating meatball sandwiches Ricky prepared. They were super tasty. The brown stains on my shirt prove it.

At 12:30 PM, we visited Mrs. Winchell's neighbor, Amy Greenleaf. When we identified ourselves, and explained why we were there, she slammed the door right in our faces. That wasn't very nice. We will give her the rest of the day to cool down. If she still refuses to cooperate tomorrow, we will take her into custody for questioning.

Just after 2:00 PM, we met up with the victim's son, Dalton Winchell III. He was shooting hoops, on the indoor basketball court, at his home. Lucky dude. First Sergeant Baskin embarrassed himself by challenging the guy to a game of one-on-one, and then losing badly. After that, our host finally agreed to talk with us about his mother's missing pet. He informed us that he cancelled dinner plans with his mom to stay late at work. Beyond that, Mr. Winchell had little else to say. He is a currently senior vice president at **Winchell Enterprises**—a computer programming company his late father founded. They create applications that remove viruses from computers. We will see what we can do about verifying his alibi.

Locating Emma Teller is more difficult than we imagined. We visited her apartment complex this afternoon. There, we spoke with her roommate, **Lisa Kincaid**. Both girls are fresh out of high school. They work part-time

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jobs, while enrolled in college courses. "Emma hasn't been home in a few days," Lisa said. "She took off to go camping at **Lake Fullafish**. It's north of here. She said something about needing to lay low for a while. But, Emma is always trying to find some new exotic animal. Selling them is sort of a side job for her. People pay big bucks for rare creatures. So, I think she's really up there to find these glowing frogs she had been blabbing about for weeks." Lisa provided us with Emma's cell phone number. No answer, but we left a voicemail. Hopefully, she will call us back sooner, rather than later.

We ended our investigation for the day by circling back to speak with Herbert Ellis, the gardener, at around 5:15 PM. He wasn't yet on duty at the Winchell Mansion when we were there earlier. Mr. Ellis described his typical work day. He also gave us a quick tour of the groundskeeper's outbuilding. Everything seemed on the up and up. However, during the conversation, we observed scratches on the suspect's arms. He swiftly covered them with his work gloves. So, we confiscated them as evidence. As for Moxie, Mr. Ellis claims to not have seen her on the day she went missing. That's odd. Mrs. Winchell told us Moxie played outside often. So, wouldn't the gardener have seen her at least once that day?

Bernard Billings, Officer
Springfield Police

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Winchell Investigation: Day 3

Since there was a hostile witness involved, I decided to do the questioning of Amy Greenleaf. She was taken into custody at 8:00 AM, while wearing her pajamas. From the start, Miss Greenleaf seemed agitated. In fact, she became furious when I merely spoke Mrs. Winchell's name. To calm her down, I steered our talk in another direction. I asked about her love of nature walking. She admitted taking strolls through the Winchell property, as it is large and well-groomed. Miss Greenleaf explained she previously took these treks about once a week. Yet, she is certain that she enjoyed no such stroll on the evening of Moxie's disappearance. Eventually, I asked Miss Greenleaf why she became so easily upset at the mere mention of Mrs. Winchell. After some careful prodding, she confessed they had been bickering over medical bills. As Miss Greenleaf tells it, Moxie had bitten her on the leg during one of her nature walks last month. Because of this, she had to be rushed to the hospital. According to her, Mrs. Winchell agreed to pay for the cost of the attack, but has not yet done so. Miss Greenleaf noted that she hasn't set foot on Mrs. Winchell's property since Moxie chomped her. She fears another attack. I verified her injury by physically examining the large scar on Miss Greenleaf's leg. I also phoned the physician who treated her at **Sick No More Medical Center**. To finish, I asked Miss Greenleaf if she had seen anything suspicious in the area the night Moxie vanished. "I heard screeching tires, at dusk," she said. "When I looked out my window, I saw a dark car speeding away. But, it was likely just a dumb kid driving too fast. They think that's cool."

Milton Chambers, Senior Detective
Springfield Police

While Amy Greenleaf was interviewed, Officer Billings and I executed a search warrant on her residence. Her door-slamming behavior the prior day was very alarming and suspicious. So, we decided to not take chances. We wanted to see if Moxie might be on the premises. But, mostly what we found was bad decorating. Beyond that, a pair of Miss Greenleaf's running shoes caught our attention. They had some kind of smelly, brown stuff caked on the treads. Because it was still slightly moist, we concluded it had been stepped on recently. So, we collected a sample for our crime lab

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to analyze. They'll tell us if it matches any material found at the Winchell residence. We didn't see any signs that Mrs. Winchell's dog had been at the Greenleaf home. If she has Moxie, she's keeping her elsewhere.

We still haven't heard back from Emma Teller. Another call to her phone went straight to voicemail. So, it seems her device is still turned off. We'll have to find another way to contact her.

At a little past 4:30 PM tonight, we took a phone call from Mrs. Winchell. She reported that she had just caught Ricky Vargas trying to clean up the mess on the back porch—where Moxie slept and ate. Mrs. Winchell says she ordered him to stop interfering with a crime scene. She said he did as he was told—muttering as he sulked away.

Gregory Baskin, First Sergeant
Springfield Police

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Winchell Investigation: Day 4

This was a day of test results and hard evidence in this case. According to our crime lab, there are bits of soil on the work gloves of Herbert Ellis that match those found on Moxie's pillow. This might be important, but we're not certain.

Next, we viewed the video footage from the security cameras at Winchell Enterprises. The idea was to confirm Dalton Winchell III's alibi for the night of Moxie's disappearance—when he was supposed to have been eating dinner with his mother. Yet, there is a thirty minute span he is not seen on camera, prior to the time Moxie was noticed missing. Of course, we asked Mr. Winchell about this. He claims to have been in the company bathroom during this entire period. "I went to Tacopalooza for lunch, and ate too many fully-loaded tacos," noted Mr. Winchell. Tacopalooza is the world's biggest annual festival of all things taco. I'm totally bummed that Billings and I couldn't go. Anyway, we naturally wondered how long it would take us to drive from Winchell Enterprises, to Mrs. Winchell's house, and return. We made the drive in 43 minutes, 57 seconds. Of course, that was going the speed limit in our squad car. Mr. Winchell, on the other hand, drives a black, **Z-Coupe** sports car. However, the security video for the parking lot at Winchell Enterprises was corrupted somehow. It will not play on our computer systems. Just our luck. That means we have no way to know when Mr. Winchell's car arrived, or left, on that day.

The tests also came back on Amy Greenleaf's shoes. The brown gunk on the soles is dried dog food. Yet, given its condition, we could not tell if it's the same food Moxie usually eats. We called Miss Greenleaf to ask her how dog food ended-up on her sneakers. After some silence, she recalled an argument between her and Mrs. Winchell, at the Winchell Mansion, on the day before Moxie's vanishing. Miss Greenleaf's guess is that she could have stepped on some of the dog's food at that time. This conflicts with her prior statements. She explained earlier that she hadn't set foot on Mrs. Winchell's property since Moxie attacked her. For Mrs. Winchell's part, she cannot remember when, or where, her last argument with Amy Greenleaf happened. "There have been so many," she said. "She's a nasty woman. I think she provoked Moxie that day. So, I'm not giving her a dime."

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In the afternoon, Officer Billings and I made the over three hour drive up to Lake Fullafish. Our plan was to do some kayaking. Then, maybe try to locate Emma Teller. Fortunately for our investigation (although not our kayaking), the lake was more like a pond. As such, it wasn't too difficult to track Miss Teller down. She was up to her knees in mud—with a frog in each hand. Officer Billings and I were soaking wet. We had just tipped our kayak over for the umpteenth time. To say Miss Teller was surprised, when we identified ourselves as police, would be an understatement. Not only did her complexion turn pale, but she dropped both frogs. "You're free!" I thought, as they quickly hopped away.

We began by asking Miss Teller why she resigned her dog walking gig so suddenly. "It was too much time, for too little pay," she said. "Even when I walked several dogs from the neighborhood at once, it's nothing like the moolah I earn selling..." We finished her sentence by saying the phrase "exotic animals." Her reply was, "That's illegal. I don't know what you're talking about." After that, we asked her if she knew Moxie was missing. For some reason, this let the color to return to her face. "That's what you're here about? No, I didn't know that. It's been over a week since I last walked her."

The rest of our conversation with Emma didn't result in the learning of any vital information. Yet, she did take a moment away from her frog-finding task to show us her campsite. No sign of Moxie. We also verified her camping permit. The date and time stamp suggest it was purchased from the park ranger's station, at 4:30 PM, on the day Moxie disappeared.

Gregory Baskin, First Sergeant
Springfield Police

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Winchell Investigation: Day 5

At 11:00 AM today, we received the financial records requested for the suspects in this case. Amy Greenleaf is telling the truth about her money woes. She has expensive, unpaid medical bills. Being bitten by Moxie was costly. To date, Mrs. Winchell hasn't paid any of them, as Miss Greenleaf claims she promised to do. Because of this, Miss Greenleaf harbors ill will toward Mrs. Winchell, and her pet.

As for Ricky Vargas, we checked his credit card statements. One purchase really stood out. He bought dog treats from **Puppy Food Express**. This company delivers heavy bags of the yummy stuff directly to customers. Yet, Vargas doesn't own a single pet.

Turning our attention to Dalton Winchell III, we now know that he is in major financial trouble. He has made a series of bad investments. Due to that, he is about to lose his house, plus his share of Winchell Enterprises, to debt collectors. Because his need for money is great, he has tried to take out loans against an anticipated inheritance from his mother. But, we've learned that he's been turned down by his bank repeatedly. Mrs. Winchell's last will and testament gives nearly all of her immense wealth to Moxie, if the animal is still alive when she dies. It would leave her son with zilch. The bank won't take that risk.

The monetary records of Herbert Ellis show that he is a little behind on his loan payments for a dark blue **Shevy Cruz** truck. There is nothing else worth noting about his finances.

Being that Emma Teller is so young, she barely has a credit history. She is living the paycheck-to-paycheck existence that a lot of young adults do. The selling of rare animals must not pay too well. But, we did start to wonder more about it. How does someone sell animals on the black market? We did some digging, and found a cell phone application called **Animal Exchange**. It's a community of people looking to buy and sell all kinds of strange creatures. One post stood out to us immediately. It was written merely a few days before Moxie went missing, by the username **Dawgwkr**. "Can anyone tell me how much scratch a person could get for

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a two year old mixed breed pup with the **Crimsonia-X1** gene mutation?" That's the official name for the condition that makes Moxie's fur bright red in color. There are a lot of replies from rare animal enthusiasts on the app. Many users estimated the possibility of getting a high six figures for such a dog. Others offered to buy the animal right away. First Sergeant Baskin and I tried to register for an account. But, our sign-up is pending. It seems Animal Exchange has a lengthy review process before allowing a new user access. So, that's a bust. For now, we don't have a way to identify, or talk to, any of these people.

Bernard Billings, Officer
Springfield Police

At this point, we must classify Moxie's disappearance as a cold case. We have been told to move on to other assignments. It's unfortunate, but the resources of our department are stretched too thin to keep focusing on a missing mutt case any longer. Of course, Mrs. Winchell was not pleased with this development. She's determined to find her cherished pet. It looks like, moving forward, she will continue searching for Moxie with the help of private investigators. Hopefully, another detective can figure this mess out. Until that happens, Moxie's fate will remain unknown.

Gregory Baskin, First Sergeant
Springfield Police

