

# Murder!

Out of the fog comes an Archdeacon...

Gregory shouts "Stop!"

And receives the reply, in authoritarian tones: "Stand Aside! I shall be on my way."

The urge to obey was strong and the patrol let the Archdeacon pass. However Gregory decides to tail him and see where he goes while the others investigate the scream. He follows him along the river bank for a bit and then up Temple Way, one of the main streets of the City, leading from Sir Waldo's Bridge. It became obvious that the Archdeacon knew he was being followed and he ducked into an alleyway. Gregory didn't want to follow him into it directly and crossed the road to be able to see down the alley without any risk that he might be ambushed, but by that time the Archdeacon had disappeared.

Meanwhile Ostler and Melody edge cautiously forward into the now silent fog.

A few metres in front of where they were they find a body in a large pool of blood which is still spreading slowly. The body is that of a sailor who has had his throat cut out, the whole larynx is missing and there is lots and lots of blood. Also on the paved embankment is a single bloody footprint leading away from the body to where Ostler and Melody have come from. They make a copy of this footprint with a piece of paper that they happen to have with them.

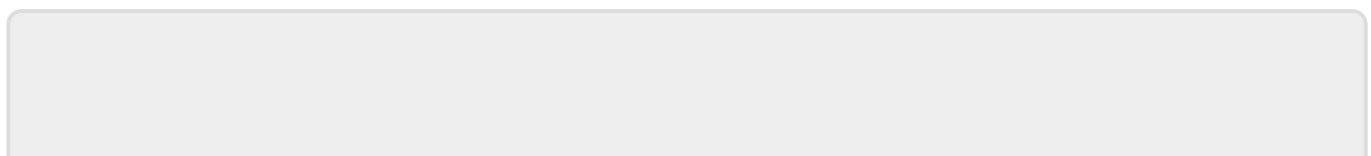
On Gregory's return the three go looking for a Watch post so that they can report the murder. They eventually find a post and tell the duty sergeant who pays absolutely no interest in the matter whatsoever, although he does take down a cursory report. Because of the disinterest of the watch they decide to tell Triste, knowing that her parents are reasonably senior officials. Triste's father, Soledad, suggests that they go back to the Watch and visit the HQ in daylight.

This they do and get a better reception. They are shown in to see Sergeant Harrison who is in charge of the investigation to catch the murderer. Harrison is in his 40s and is quite fit looking with very short iron grey hair. At the point when they enter his room he is sitting at his desk eating breakfast, a pastry, and drinking coffee. There is a cigar that has gone out in an ash-tray on his desk. The room is about 15 feet on each side with a window looking out on the city. There is the desk, a meeting table, half a dozen chairs a couple of cupboards and a filing cabinet. On every available surface there are piles and piles of papers, including on the floor. Many of them are in battered cardboard folders, some held together with linen tape others relying on the weight of the files above them to keep them closed.

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