

## The Case of the Bruised Lady

You arrived at Debby's apartment 15 minutes after she phones you. Whoever beat her up was thorough: black eye swollen shut, lips puffy and cut, and face all bruised.



"I couldn't see who it was, it happened so quickly!" she exclaims. "When I came home, I just opened the door and got hit over the head, from behind. In a blur, I saw a guy in a mask standing over me. He beat me till I passed out. When I came to, I called you."

"Any idea who might have done it, Miss Debby?" you ask.

She thinks a moment. "Well, my ex-boyfriend, Jerry, is pretty sore. We had a big fight last night, and we broke up. For good, I even had my phone number changed this morning to an unlisted one, so the creep can't bug me on the phone. But he wouldn't have done something like this to me!"

"Any other ideas?"

"Maybe one of Marty's muscle men. Marty runs a café over in Bishan. I dropped two hundred bucks at one of his dice tables a few weeks ago. I haven't been able to pay up. Maybe this was a warning."



The ringing of the phone interrupts her. She picks it up, and you hear her say, “Look, I told you last night, it’s no go!” And that’s final!” She slams the phone down. “That was Jerry. He won’t take no for an answer.”



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“I think there are some answers he can give *me*,” you say. “I’m going to pay him a little visit right now!”

***Why do you suspect Jerry?***