

Act IV Scene 3

It transpired that no one had seen him since the blackout.

“You fellows go bring him back for dinner,” commanded Scarlet, “Lara and I must get better acquainted.” She turned to her new friend, “Billiards, dear?”

Lara, a little transfixed, agreed with her eyes. And off they went.

In Scarlet’s absence, the Colonel managed to take command.

“Attila. You’re with me.”

“Yep.”

“I shouldn’t wonder if the greedy bugger isn’t back in the kitchen,” he added, in good humour. “We were all sampling there together before the blackout. Knowing him there’ll be nothing left for dinner. And after all of the cook’s effort...” He was smiling broadly.

“No point in going down to the Billiard Room either.”

Attila, ever the historian, steered the conversation gradually to the war.

The kitchen was empty. They headed for the ballroom. It was empty too.

They came to the study door. The Colonel had stooped down to tie his shoelaces, and so Attila opened the door. And a grotesque sight greeted him. A man was slumped on the floor, with his back resting against the wall. A dagger had cleaved his clerical collar in two and was hanging awkwardly out of his neck. Colonel Mustard was distraught and ran over to the man, kneeling beside him.

“Green! Green! My god, what happened?” He looked helplessly at Attila.

He lifted the man, so that his back was now supported by the side of the Colonel’s chest and he tried to hold his neck and stop the blood. But the blood kept flowing generously down his chest, accumulating in his lap where the Reverend’s body creased.

Attila’s eyes wandered from the bloody mess. On the ground he saw a cigarette lying where the body had been. He bent down and took it. The end was still warm to touch. He put it in his pocket discreetly.

“What have you got there?” asked the Colonel, briefly distracted from his grief.

“Nothing,” said Attila, slightly defensively.

“All right, all right,” sighed the Colonel, shaking his head. “This is a terrible business, Attila.”



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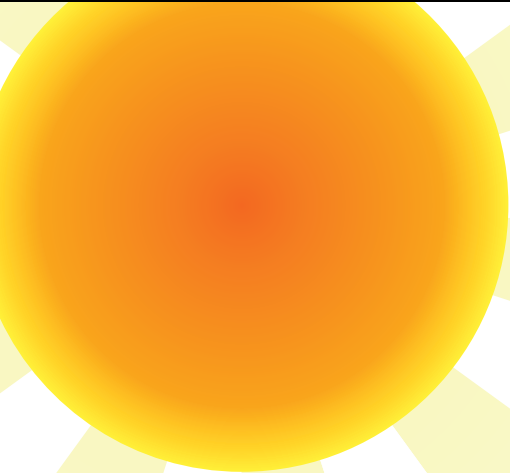


Attila nodded gravely, “Who did this, Colonel?”

“We’re miles from anywhere, or anyone. It’s just the six of us. And you two of course.”

His eyes looked away to the right. Attila thought he saw a flash of realisation cloud Mustard’s countenance. He looked closer, but the Colonel’s face was now inscrutable.

“We’d better go tell the others,” he said.



Mr Brightside

H A U U Y C O B I Q G D D A D U S Z C L O X N
 C O L L E H P C W U N D G C R A E H F U T I O
 Z W X G L P M P T C I O B H O B T L H L O Z H
 M N I N S B F L Y I D M I B U L T K D L L M G
 E B O R T I B G G U N I W E I G H A P O C U G
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 T P M P T D T Q A C E U M A G E T D O O R G R
 D T R E E S O H K S L G T A D D D O M A E P E
 I S C L S C M U Y U D O F E O B E A I N E T H
 L E M I H I G F O T N F O H P A R T F C B A G
 S E S U O P L S P C A H I N F R F U N B F E T

- From the symbol for an idea (4)
- From a wax stick (6)
- From solving a puzzle (2)
- From decreasing a load (2)
- From a handheld fire maker (2)
- From something that's virtually weightless (7)
- From an idol (7)
- From the front of a car (4)
- From signalling buildings (6)
- From 700 nm to 1 mm (8)
- From fame (4)

- From doing something gently (2)
- From an atmospheric electric discharge (4)
- From big cities (9)
- From a prison tower (6)
- From a glass ceiling (3)
- From being the centre of attention (4)
- From the roadside (6)
- From something potentially epilepsy inducing (6)
- From the end of a day (3)
- From someone who can't handle alcohol well (6)
- From a warning to slow down or stop (6)