

FIVE TIMES THE KILLER HAILED A GUEST,
THEN LAID THEM DOWN. THEY DID NOT REST.
THEY CANNOT LEAVE AND DO NOT CEASE
LAMENTING BONDS THAT WON'T RELEASE.

THE NAME OF HE WHO HATE ENGIRDS
DEMANDS FIRST NAMES, AND THEN A WORD
THE CORPSES NAMED, YOUR MIND IS FILLED
WITH VISIONS OF THE ONES HE KILLED:

THE FIRST LOST SOUL **Prof. Plum** FROM NANTUCKET
HIS HEAD HELD DOWN IN A WATER **bucket**.
THE HOUSEGUEST WRITHED UNTIL HE DIED;
HIS FORM SUBMERGED, A SILENT TIDE.

THEN **Mrs. White**, A GUEST, A **poisoned** SIGHT,
HER FINAL BREATH, A FADING LIGHT.
A CHALICE OF DEATH, HER DOOM DECREED,
A FATAL DRAUGHT, A WICKED SEED.

THIRD **Sgt. Scarlet**'S FATE, A CRIMSON STAIN,
A *pistol* ROAR, A MORTAL PAIN.
A HALLWAY HUSH, A SILENCED SIGH,
A LIFE EXTINGUISHED, DARK AND DRY

Mr. Green'S DEMISE, A *leaden* BLOW,
A SILENT STRIKE, A FATEFUL FOE.
A SHATTERED SKULL, A LIFELESS STARE,
A VICTIM'S END, BEYOND REPAIR.

LAST, **Hyacinth**'S END, A *candle*'S GLEAM,
A WAXEN DEATH, A DREADFUL DREAM.
A GOLDEN GLOW, A FATAL LIGHT,
A DARKENED SOUL, AN ENDLESS NIGHT.

CONNECT THE *dots*, A TWISTED *line*,
A MURDERER'S TRAIL, A DARK DESIGN.
EACH PIECE A CLUE, A PUZZLE'S PART,
REVEALING THE KILLER'S WICKED HEART.