

# MURDER MYSTERY: *Desire, Deception, and the Final Cut*

When Donna McNeigh was discovered dead at 2:30 a.m. on Monday, April 2 in the bathtub, the news struck the neighborhood like a hammer to glass. Curtains twitched. Lights flickered on. Tense silence sprang behind locked doors.

Her skin gleamed pale as glazed china, glazed and cold, beneath a drifting veil of dark rose petals, lush and soft, they clung to her like secrets cling, like apologies too late to speak, too soft to hear, too heavy to bear.

Why was this prim, precise, and careful woman of 35 found pale and lifeless in the cooling water?

As the police cordoned off the building, questions began to swirl like the petals in the bathwater.

Who had arranged this grotesque still life?

Did her husband know she was having an affair?

Was he too cold and preoccupied with himself to even care?

Did McNeigh conceal a dark double-edged secret?

Was her death a quiet suicide or something darker and skillfully connived?

The answers wait in Sunday Evening's Blood Bath.

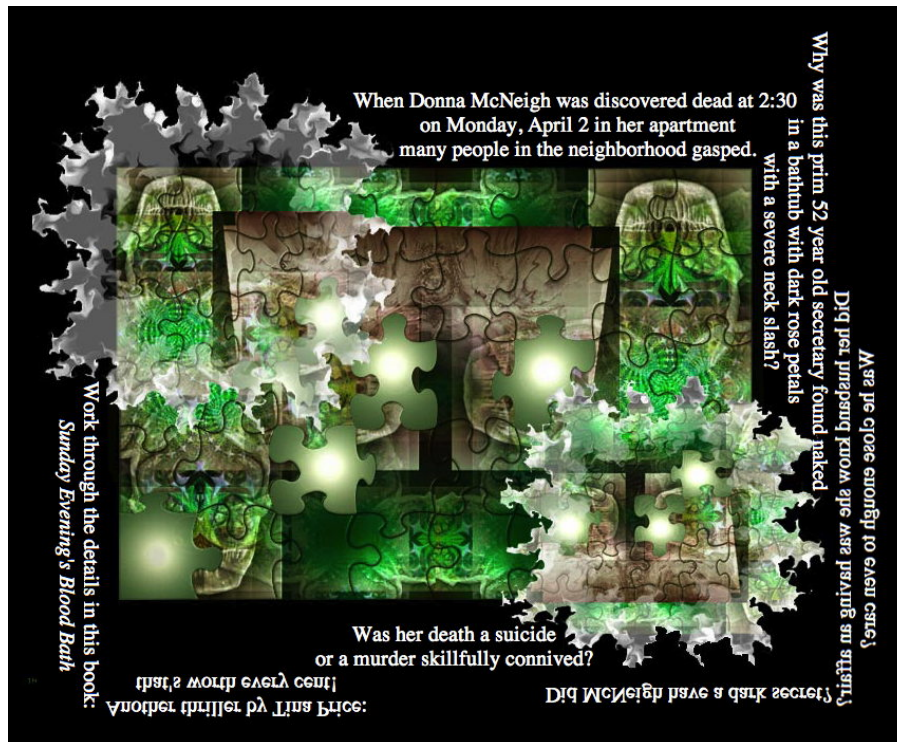
In Tina Price's latest masterpiece, every detail is a breadcrumb leading into an abyss.

Each clue cuts deeper and never quite dismissed.

Beneath the polished veneer of Donna's life was a rot carefully concealed—and a truth that refused to stay buried?

Peel back the layers, lacquered lies and all, and listen for the truth that echoes down the hall—and discover if the blood on the floor was spilled by Donna's own hand or by a ghost from her hidden past.





Shu arched a single, sculpted eyebrow, his lip curling as if he had just discovered a cockroach in his espresso. With the delicate disdain of a man handling something unclean, he nudged the book away using the tip of his fountain pen. "Why," he began, his voice silken with bewilderment, "are so many people utterly fascinated by pulp trash like this? It's intellectual sludge."

Ella didn't look up from her own leather-bound volume. She merely shrugged, a slow, rhythmic movement of her shoulders that suggested she had pondered this many times before. "Perhaps people crave the jolt of it," she murmured. "Most lives are a grey hum of repetition—office cubicles, lukewarm tea, and quiet desperation. They want to be shocked. They want something violent or lurid to shake them out of their suburban stupor."

Jack exhaled sharply, the sound edged with irritation. His jaw tightened until the muscles flickered beneath his skin. "That may be," Jack interjected, "but the lack of craft is insulting. These romance novels are nothing but a conveyor belt of firesome tropes, a assembly-line fantasies—carbon copies stamped out for the undiscerning. The same brooding billionaire. The same fragile ingenue. It's anesthesia masquerading as art."

Ella finally closed her book, her expression masked in a chilling apathy. "They are merely a mirror, Jack," she said, her voice flat. "A reflection of a society that is already fractured. When you look at the rise of sociopathic figures in power, the narcissism of the political stage, isn't it clear? The literature isn't the problem; it's just a symptom of our collective malaise."

Juanita, sensing an impending storm, let out a strategic laugh that acted like a lightning rod. She leaned forward, her eyes bright and conciliatory, trying to pull the group back towards harmony. "Well," she said gently, "if we're being honest, taste is the last freedom most people have. Let people choose their own poison. Who am I to play the dictator and tell the world what they should or shouldn't read on their lunch breaks?"

- T Newfields

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