



# Answer Sheet

Welcome to Puzzled Pint!



Scan for  
**Puzzled Pint**  
resources

### Tonight

• We're here to help! This is not a competitive event. Ask the Game Control volunteers (GC) for hints as often as you'd like. The goal is to have fun, not be frustrated!

### The Puzzles

- Each puzzle will solve to a short word or phrase. How? That's for you to discover.
- Need a code sheet or solving resources? Check out the Resources page on Puzzled Pint's website by scanning the QR code in the top right.
- You can use anything to help solve: Use your phone, the internet is fair game! Think your brother might have an insight? Give him a call!
- While each month has a theme, you need no knowledge of the theme to solve.

### About Puzzled Pint

- We're an all-volunteer organization. Help us run locally: talk with GC about volunteering, or help us run globally:

Donate and get  
an **extra puzzle**  
each month:



Become a **GC** and/or  
write a **puzzle set**  
for a future month:



**Team Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Team Size:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Start Time:** \_\_\_\_\_ **End Time:** \_\_\_\_\_

<b>CLUE #1:</b> Bessel	
<b>CLUE #2:</b> Percy & Paul	
<b>CLUE #3:</b> Heidi Edington	
<b>CLUE #4:</b> Brook van Scaff	
<b>CHECKPOINT:</b> Have GC verify your answers to receive the Meta & Bonus puzzles.	
<b>META:</b> Time To Accuse!	
<b>BONUS:</b> Deadly Game	



I am *Dr. John Whatsit* and my life's purpose has become chronicling the mysterious adventures of my friend, *Spareluck Holmes*, the famous detective.

One day Holmes received a letter from Sir Byron Edington, owner of the country estate, Pink Iris Farm. He sounded desperate, declaring he suspected someone in his household of plotting his murder, although he was unwilling to name the person until sure. By the time we arrived at his home, Sir Byron had been murdered, collapsed over his desk, the victim of a poisoned cup of tea. At the time of the crime, only five people were present in the home, all heirs to Sir Byron's estate. No one noticed four ordinary items tucked away inside his desk. Each puzzle you solve will uncover one of these mysterious clues — and together, they'll lead you to the truth and the murderer.

— Dr. John Whatsit

### THE SUSPECTS

**BESSEL**  
*The Butler*

Bessel has been with Sir Byron for over 25 years and seems the pillar of loyalty. But aren't all servants simmering pots that could boil over at any time? The money Sir Byron bequeathed to Bessel may be just too tempting.

**BROOK VAN SCAFF**  
*Sir Byron's Older Sister*

She thought she was set for life with her fourth marriage to German tycoon Heinrich van Scaff. But, when he died under mysterious circumstances, all he left her was debt. Is she just biding time until she marries another rich gentleman or did she see a faster path to wealth?

**PERCY & PAUL**  
*Sir Byron's Orphaned Nephews*

When Sir Byron's sister and brother-in-law sank on the S. S. Breakinwind somewhere in the Atlantic, Percy and Paul came to live with their uncle. While identical in appearance, Percy is an angel, but Paul is the "evil twin," many say.

**HEIDI EDINGTON**  
*Sir Byron's 19-Year-Old Daughter*

Sir Byron, ever the overprotective father, has held his daughter "captive" on the lonely country estate her whole life. She longs to see the world and have adventures, but he threatened to cut her off if she leaves. How far would she go to gain her freedom?



Which member of the Pink Iris Farm household murdered Sir Byron Edington? Solve the puzzles to find the four ordinary objects that will lead you to the identity of the killer.

**Solve the puzzles. Solve the crime.**

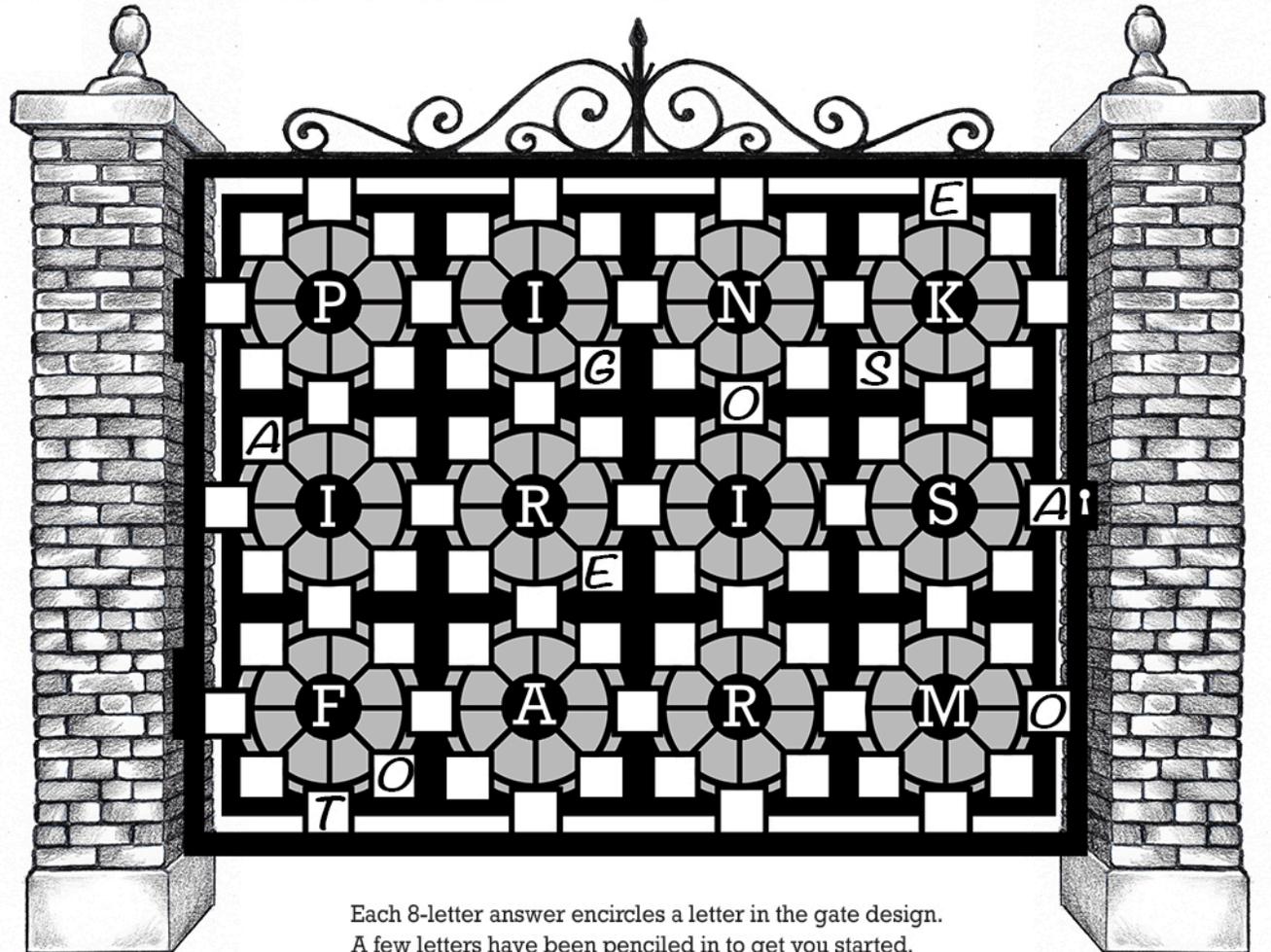


Holmes and I arrived at the front gate of Pink Iris Farm just as Bessel approached with a well-populated ring of tarnished keys. The ornate wrought iron gate swung open with an eerie squeal and I noticed that Bessel reacted with a subtle grin. He enjoyed the sound. I wondered how anyone could turn corners in the hallways of the manor if it meant a chance of running into Bessel. He inspired in me only dread and discomfort.

I stared at the strange gate design, trying to make heads or tails of it! As we contemplated entering, I prayed we would solve this crime swiftly and not end up **going in circles**. Where should we start, I wondered? What direction should we go? Holmes soon **signaled me** to follow him through the gate as he entered the impressive country estate grounds. I couldn't shake the feeling that he recognized clues that I had missed.

(In order L to R)

1. Fibrous tree material used in paper (2 wds.)
2. Making use of a scale
3. Internationally known American satire publication (2 wds.)
4. Someone such as Dr. Whatsit, Chewbacca, or Robin, the Boy Wonder
5. Absolutely necessary
6. Wedding
7. Becoming aware of
8. "     and watches the show" (doesn't take action) (2 wds.)
9. Old, derogatory anatomical term for a police officer, or perhaps someone with fallen arches
10. Sweet almond-flavored liqueur
11. More irritable than one of Snow White's Dwarfs?
12. A name that describes something inaccurately such as "peanut" which is not actually a nut



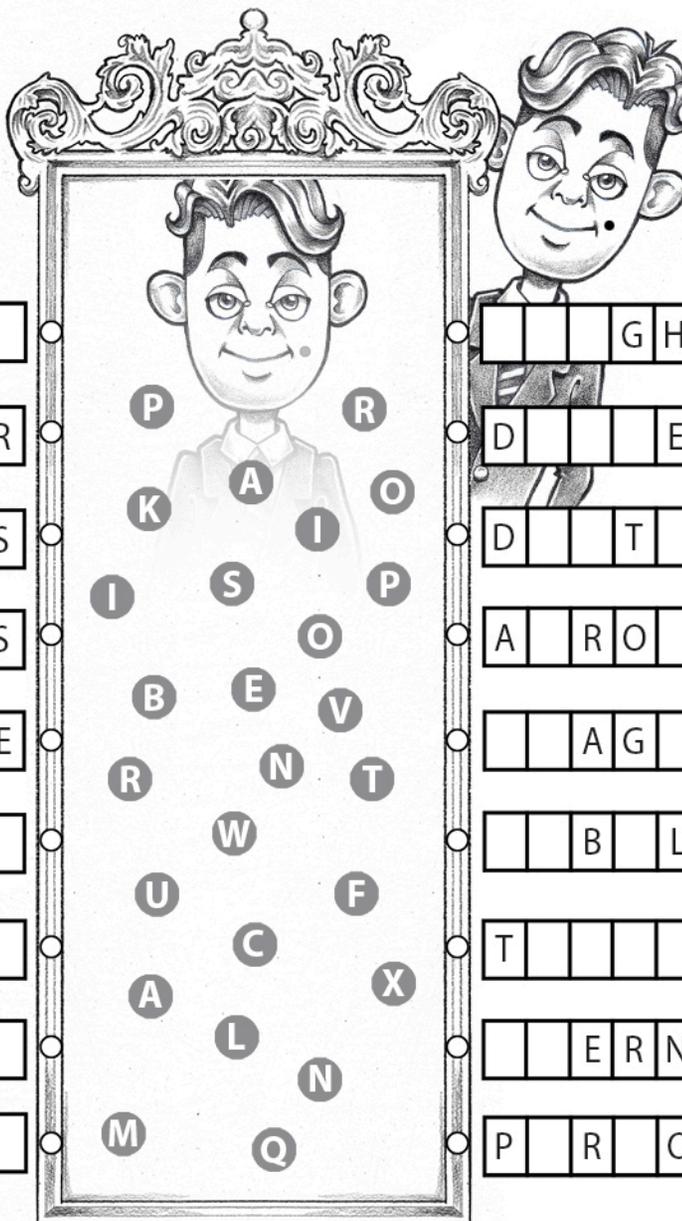
Each 8-letter answer encircles a letter in the gate design.  
A few letters have been penciled in to get you started.



Holmes and I next visited the twin nephews, whom we found engaged in a quarrel over access to a full-length mirror. Percy stammered, "Paul, I need to finish my grooming. First you beat me at Gin by cheating, and now you selfishly dominate the only mirror in our room."

I thought to myself, it must be unnerving to look at one's twin and constantly see your **mirror reflection** on the outside, but know that they are *actually* your **total opposite, the reverse of you.**

As the suspicious duo answered Holmes's questions, I wondered which answers were factually accurate and which had not the least **intersection** with the truth.



   H   T   E

   M   E   R

R   F

   K   K   S

B   O   E

O   N   E

B   E   E

   G   L   E

   G   R   E

   G   H   T

D   E   R

D   T   T

A   R   O

   A   G   A

   B   L   E

T   E   R

   E   R   N

P   R   O

Bleach, perhaps

French bread made with heavy use of eggs, milk and butter

Give credence to

Like some chicken breasts

Olympic athlete who may compete in individual, relay or mixed medley events

Openings to some books

Tea variety named for an English nobleman (2 wds.)

Searched online, perhaps

Smelly members of the animal kingdom

A place for socks or silverware

Adds "sir," in a way

Explore casually

Hairspray, often

It comes at the end of most works of literature

Person who perseveres against adversity

Site of a famed American/Canadian waterfall

"...this recording will self-\_\_\_\_\_ in 5 seconds..."

Unending



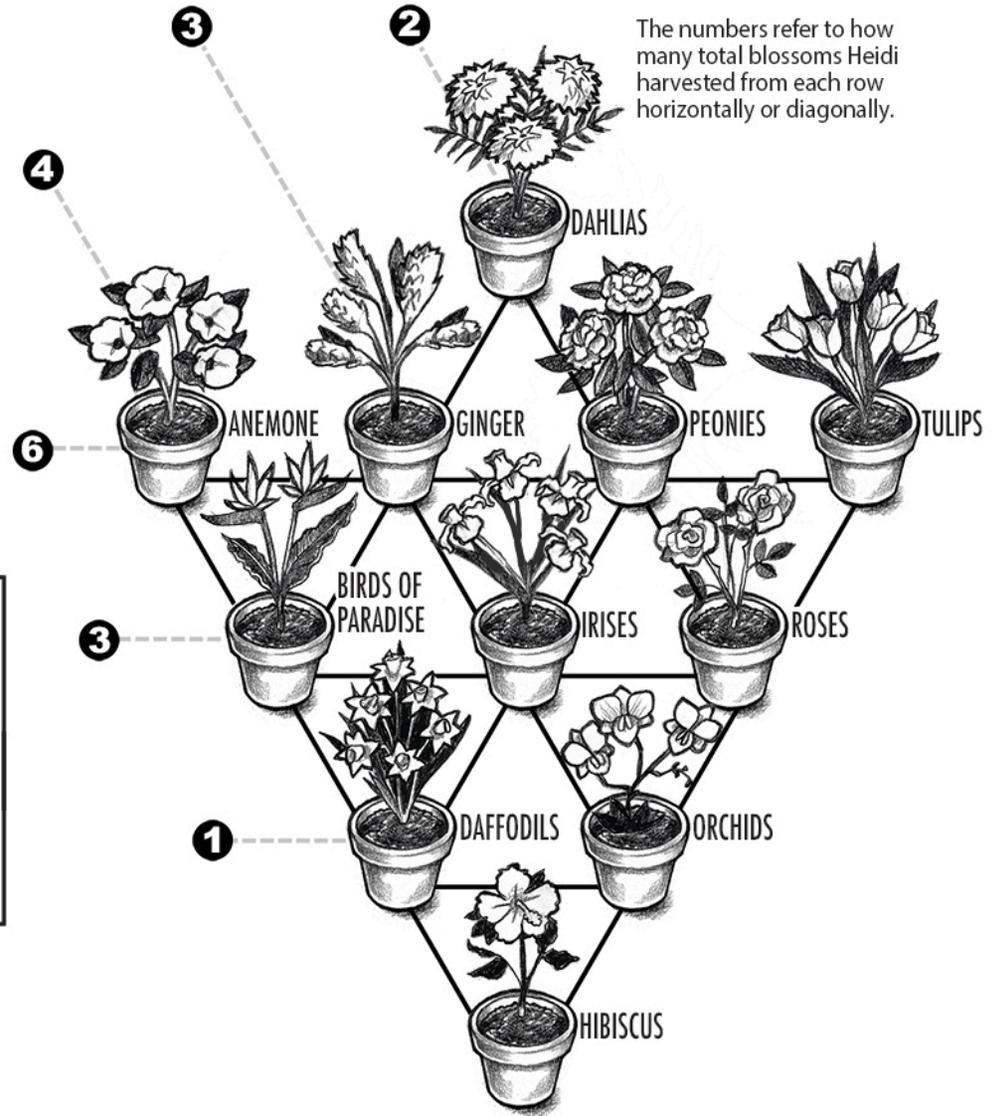
We caught up with Heidi Edington in her greenhouse. I wondered why she would be tending plants only days after the death of her father. She explained she loved flowers more than anything. They console her, she added, and referred to them as “nature’s jewelry.” The poor girl sobbed as she cut a variety of blossoms to make a bouquet for her dear father’s memorial. Her choices filled a porcelain vase with a multi-colored arrangement of blossoms.

The image to the right shows the appearance of the flower pots **BEFORE Heidi gathered blossoms** for the bouquet. The pots were arranged in a series of straight lines making a pleasing geometric shape that almost looked like the facets of a gem.

Once Heidi finished her bouquet, Holmes looked at it, looked at the **flowers REMAINING in the clay pots** and smiled knowingly.

*As Heidi gathered the flowers, I made a few observations:*

1. The finished bouquet contained eight varieties of flowers, in total no more than a dozen blossoms, possibly fewer.
2. She cut no more than two blossoms from any one pot and was careful not to leave any pot without at least one bloom when she was finished.
3. The pots from which she cut **NO** blossoms sat along the same straight line in the diagram, but not necessarily adjacent to one another.





# CLUE #4 FEATURING BROOK VAN SCAFF



Brook van Scaff sat like a queen at her dressing table and spouted answers to Spareluck's questions. "Mr. Holmes, I can understand why you would suspect me. My husband left me nothing, and I had to sell all my jewels and furs. All I have left is a costume-quality brooch my husband gave me, which seems to have disappeared, and these stamps we collected on our trips around the world. Not worth anything, but they are a reminder of happier days. I may no longer be rich, but I would never kill my dear brother for a possible inheritance." With that denial, she spiraled out of her seat and left the room.

"Well, Holmes, I think you riled the old girl!" I snorted.

"Whatsit, look at these stamps. Do you notice anything?" Holmes queried. "If you group them in **four well-planned batches of three**, there is an interesting outcome." I was lost once again. "Oh, Whatsit, **our interests may overlap**, but we see things so differently."

"But, there are thirteen stamps. That total won't divide the way you describe."

"Yes, but even that thirteenth stamp supports the solution to this little puzzle all by itself." Holmes smiled as he pondered the four-letter answer word he had discovered from the worthless stamps. How his mind works is always beyond me.



\_\_\_\_\_ ○ \_\_\_\_\_

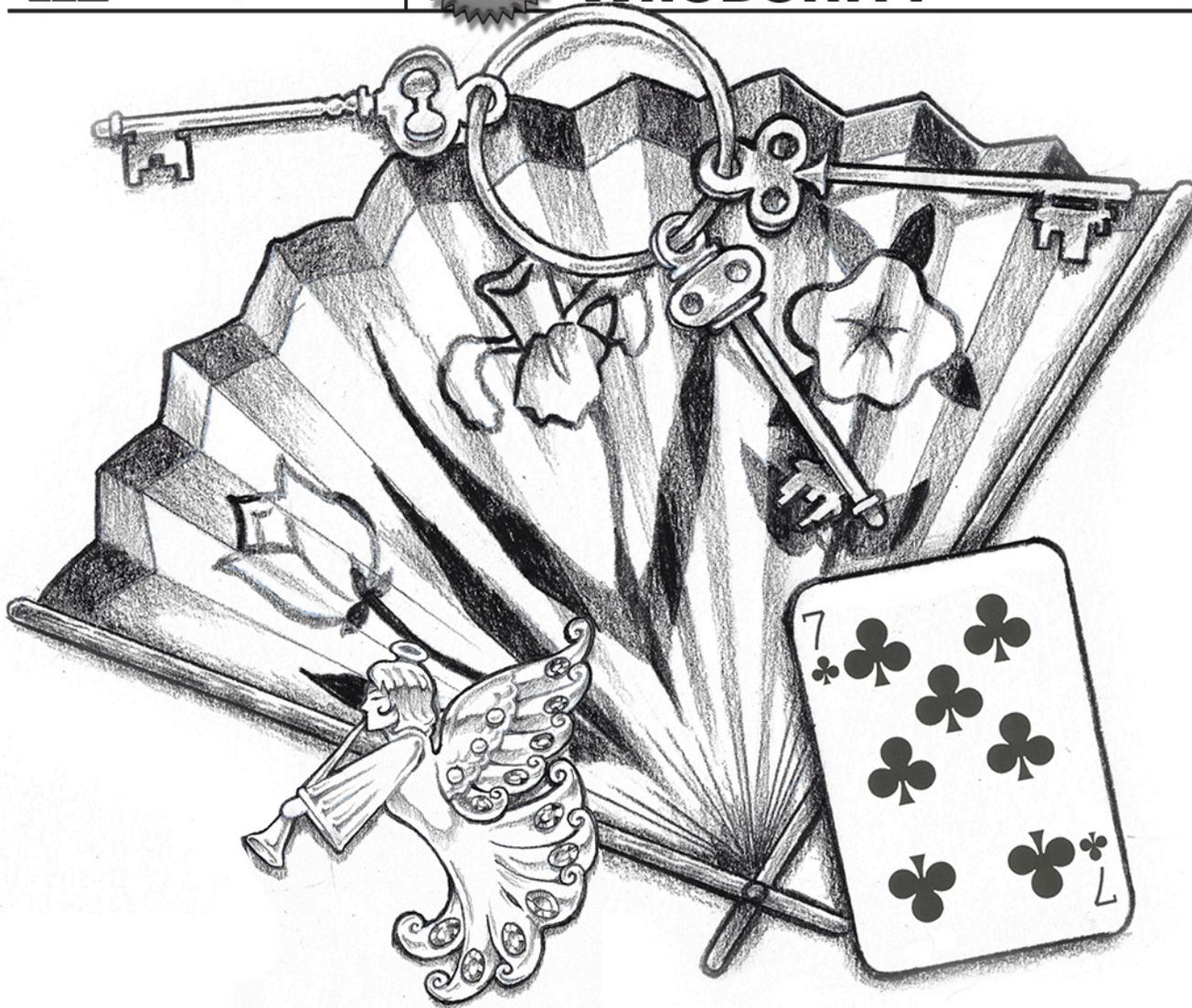
\_\_\_\_\_ ○ \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ ○ \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ ○ \_\_\_\_\_



# WHODUNIT? TIME TO ACCUSE!



We finally visited Sir Byron's study, the scene of the crime. Although the police had removed Edington's body, everything else in the room was left as it was found.

Holmes proceeded directly to the desk. Four simple items were arranged in a seemingly random pile inside the top drawer. Holmes smiled, knowingly.

When I confessed that these so-called clues told me nothing, Holmes chided me. *"My dear Whatsit, I am surprised at you. Let me explain. Sir Byron suspected someone in the household of plotting his murder and reached out to me. He must have become certain of his beliefs too late to prevent the scheme. He dared not write me a note naming the killer. The murderer might have found it after the crime and destroyed it. Instead, Sir Byron left these four objects for me. My friend knew everyone in the house would disregard them as ordinary. Only I would understand their secret meaning. And so I do."*

Staring at Holmes blankly, I confessed I was still lost. He continued, *"Look, old friend...stop looking at the items individually. Look at the totality of what you see. And then...what do I always tell you, Whatsit? Use your powers of deduction. Through use of the **process of elimination**, only one suspect will remain. Then, you can easily extract a confession from the guilty party. Think, Whatsit, think!"*

Who murdered Sir Byron Edington?

What are the exact words you think the murderer said when accused?

- PERCY  PAUL  BROOK VAN SCAFF  
 HEIDI EDINGTON  BESSEL



**Puzzled  
Pint**  
FEB  
2026



# DEADLY GAME

THE KILLER MOVE!



With the Pink Iris Farm mystery solved, I thought we would have a small respite from crime, but a package arrived that contained an unusual chess board.

Professor Morrie Artsy challenged the great detective to a game. He claimed the board with chess pieces and letters could spell out the names of nine murder weapons, some typical and some exotic. Holmes was instructed to take each of the pieces through multiple moves, starting in their current positions. Every move follows standard chess rules, moving one square at a time. Each letter crossed or landed upon is collected to spell out a weapon name. (Knights only collect the spaces upon which they land.) All letters are used, but none are used twice.

That snake in the grass Morrie Artsy put one more lethal secret in this game! Once all the weapons are gathered, a deadly *tenth* weapon should become obvious if you really throw yourself in the **middle of this challenge!** Name the secret weapon and it's checkmate!

## The Murder Weapons


E			S	C	B	E	R
R	B	H	D	A		P	
I	T	E		I	T	O	K
C	K	V	A	A	N	C	E
	L	U	G	E	R	A	R
A	E	H	A	R	Y	R	L
S	G	O	S	C	E	P	O
R		N		I	O	W	



*“Dr. Whatsit, if you were a murderer, perhaps the best place to hide your murder weapon would be among an arsenal of murder weapons? Professor Morrie Artsy is truly diabolical.”*