

# *CASE FILE*

Confidential

*The Case of the Orange Intruder*

*Cloverville Detective Agency*

You reach the parking lot for the Cloverville Chicken and 'Que. There are two cars. You figure that one car belongs to Ms. Sandy, and the other one belongs to the Sheriff. To your surprise, you discover it belongs to the Health Inspector instead.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Sandy," you hear Inspector Greene say as you walk in, "but safety comes first."

"Of course! There's no question; it just...I mean, I've owned this restaurant for 46 years, and we have never had anything like this happen. I just hope those poor people recover."

"We will be in touch soon. Take care, Ms. Sandy." You hear Inspector Greene leave through the kitchen door.

"Ms. Sandy?" you call.

You find Ms. Sandy leaning against the counter near the sink. She looks exhausted, but manages a small smile. "Hey, boo," she says.

"What happened?" you ask. "And why was Inspector Greene here?"

She takes a deep breath. "Well, this day is just full of bad news. I came in early this morning, like I always do, to get everything set up and get coffee going for the delivery folks who bring us our supplies, but this morning, something was strange. I can't put my finger on it, but I know someone was in here when we were closed yesterday."

"What do you mean? Was anything missing?"

She shakes her head. "No. And the doors were locked and everything. The police took a report, but I think they were just humoring me. Like, 'Poor ol' Ms. Sandy hasn't been the same since JoJo passed.' So I called you. And then the Health Department showed up, in case a break-in wasn't enough for one day."

You've known Ms. Sandy your whole life. You know she's been struggling, between the pandemic and losing JoJo to cancer, but you also know that if Ms. Sandy says something, it's probably true. You try to change the subject. "Well, what about Inspector Greene?"

"Well," says Ms. Sandy, her voice quivering. "You know how those folks got salmonella?"

You nod. It's been all over the news. Four people had to be hospitalized, including a 6-year-old child.

“Well, they traced it to here.” You open your eyes wide in surprise. Everyone knew that Cloverville Chicken and ‘Que was the highest-rated restaurant in the area, and had been since it opened 46 years ago. It was the last place anyone would have suspected of being the source for the salmonella outbreak.

“I gotta shut down and give everything a deep cleaning. It’ll take a few days, at least. And the restaurant has been barely hanging on as it is because of COVID.” She sighs. “Maybe the police are right. I haven’t really been the same since JoJo...” she trails off. “Maybe it’s time to just shut it all down and go live with my daughter’s family down in Florida.” You notice that she is fighting back tears.

“I, I, I’m sorry,” you stammer. You want to help Ms. Sandy; she’s given so much to the community and deserves more than just “being humored.” You have to admit, though, “it feels weird” isn’t a whole lot to go on. Maybe asking her some questions will provide more information. “Let’s get back to the break-in. Tell me some more about that.”

“Well, you know, we opened for Sunday brunch; first time since last March. We had a few folks come in, nothing like it used to be, and a couple of take-out orders. By 1:00, the restaurant was empty, so we closed up a little early. I helped Shawn and Hector clean up and then locked up behind them. We’d already sent Mae home since the day was so slow. Anyway, we were closed on Monday, like always, so no one was here then. But, I came in today, like I said, and knew that someone else had been here. I don’t know how I knew; I just did.”

You make a face. “Any guesses about who might have tried to break in, or why?”

Ms. Sandy shakes her head. “No idea. And whoever it was didn’t take anything, not even any money from the till.” She looks sad, hurt, and confused.

You take a deep breath. “Why don’t I look around a little and see what I can figure out?”

“Thank you, honey,” she says. “If you don’t mind, I am going to go sit down and take a look at the information Inspector Greene gave me.”

You nod. She leaves the kitchen and sits at a table near the window with a large stack of paperwork.

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*Take a look around the kitchen.*

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*To unlock level 2, what are the steps to Fight Bac? (Hint: page 56)*

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*You will need to enter the password exactly as it appears here, including the hyphens. Do not use capital letters or any other punctuation.*