

CASE FILE

Confidential

The Ice Cream Explosion

Cloverville Detective Agency

You hand Mr. Kaczmarek a glass of ice water. "Thank you," he says and takes a sip. "I just can't believe this happened."

You nod. You can't really believe it, either. "Can you tell me more?" you gently prompt.

He takes a deep breath. "Well," he pauses. "Well, this weekend is the Ice Cream Experts' Annual Conference and Competition at the hotel."

"Yes, I saw that," you say, producing the flier from your pocket.

"Yes. It's one of the biggest events for our hotel each year. We have ice cream experts from all over the world come to Cloverville to show off their skills and learn advanced ice cream techniques. This year, we were especially lucky to have Maestra Gelatiere Sammi Klingenberger as a special surprise guest speaker."

"Woah!" Sammi Klingenberger hosts one of your favorite cooking shows, "*Chillin' with Sammi*". You love watching her collaborate with chefs and scientists from around the world to find new ways to use freezing in food preparation.

"Yeah." Mr. Kaczmarek seemed to brighten up a bit. "I love her show! I couldn't believe that she was in my hotel. And she brought the ducks!"

"No way!" Every *Chillin' with Sammi* fan knew that on one of the very first episodes, back when it was a homework help segment on a local cable-access show, Sammi Klingenberger had used liquid nitrogen to freeze a bunch of rubber duckies and then used a homemade catapult to smash them against a wall. It was a hilarious bit of television and, thanks to a network executive who just happened to be in the area and tuning in at the moment, the thing that propelled her to the big time. Unfortunately, the episode was lost to history, so the only people who had ever seen flying duckie destruction were the lucky few who saw it that day. Although other people had filmed their own versions, Sammi Klingenberger had never recreated that moment.

Mr. Kaczmarek nodded. "I thought it was finally going to happen," he said sadly. "And then..."

"Right, yes, and then what happened?" you ask, remembering that you are supposed to be solving a crime instead of talking about your favorite show. "What was going on before the explosion?"

"It was really busy at the hotel because of the conference. The first round of practice had already started when-"

"Practice?" you interrupt.

“Oh, yes. Before the competition, each competitor gets practice time. That way, they can get used to the kitchen setup and troubleshoot any problems before the actual competition this weekend.”

“Oh, okay. Go on.”

“Anyway, so we had three competitors running through their practices when Sammi Klingenberger finally showed up. She was supposed to have arrived before the practices started, but she was stuck in traffic. Unfortunately, the loading dock is right by the big ballroom where the practice sessions were going on. I went outside to help her unload the truck and figure out where to put everything so it would be out of the way of the competitors and everyone else. That’s when I saw the ducks.”

“Is that when the bomb went off? While you were outside helping to unload the ducks?” you ask.

“Not quite. We unloaded some large boxes and her nitrogen tank. But we realized that there was no way we were going to be able to get all of her stuff down the hallway and set up until after all of the practice sessions had ended for the night. So we just put everything in a corner in the back of the ballroom. Of course, the competitors who were in there all wanted to talk with her, and she was so nice about it. I mean, she had to be exhausted after the trip! I offered to get her room key for her so she could settle in and relax for a little bit.”

“That was nice of you,” you say.

“At the Cloverville Grand Hotel, we strive to always make our guests comfortable,” Mr. Kaczmarek responds proudly. “So, where was I? Oh, right. I left the ballroom and walked down the hall to the front desk. About ten minutes later, she came to the lobby along with two of her adoring fans. Apparently they had decided to forfeit the rest of their practice time so they could hang out with Sammi Klingenberger. To be honest, I probably would have done the same. Anyway, I gave Sammi the key and then BAM! The whole place shook. People were screaming and running around. We made sure everyone got out of the building. And that’s when I saw you.”

“Was anyone hurt?” you ask.

“No,” he responds. “I don’t think so. Well, there was one person, he was the other competitor who had been in the ballroom when we unloaded everything. He fell and got a good bruise, but nothing serious, thank goodness.”

“Indeed. And the bomb, where was it?”

Mr. Kaczmarek blinks. “You know,” he says, “I don’t actually know. The sound came from the direction of the ballroom, but I was so worried about making sure everyone was okay that I didn’t actually check it out.”

You grab safety glasses, a hard hat, and boots from the closet. "Let's go take a look."

Click on the images to take a look around the hotel.

To unlock Level 2: Where did the blast happen?

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