

# Unlocking the grid

Written by: Soumeya Ziane

The bullpen was dead silent, save for the hum of the fluorescent lights and the rhythmic *click-clack* of the radiator fighting off the late May chill. It was 3:43 A.M. My eyes burned, stained with the red-rimmed fatigue of a twenty-two-hour shift.

On my desk lay a picture of the crown jewel of the Carolina Hurricanes franchise – or rather, what was left of it. Sean Stewart, thirty-six, blonde, and bleeding out onto his own mahogany desk.

Six months ago, they handed me my gold detective shield. One of the only two women in the entire precinct. To the boys upstairs, I was a diversity hire, a token, a kid who would fold under the pressure of a real homicide. If I botched this, they'd place the failure squarely on my shoulders and send me back to writing parking citations.

I gripped my shield, my thumb tracing the cold, sharp edges of the metal star hidden in my coat pocket. *Think, Chelsea. The truth is in the math. It's a process of elimination.*

I pulled the heavy manila folder closer, opening the forensics summary and the polygraph transcripts. Because of the high-profile nature of the victim, the captain had authorized immediate lie-detector testing during the initial interviews. But the machine hadn't solved the case. It had only made it a labyrinth.

The digital trail was messy. We didn't have security cameras logs or a clean, chronological timeline of who walked through that door first or last on Thursday. All we had were the digital fragments Sean left behind like incoming messages, a corporate calendar, and a mountain of missing data.

I read the files again, letting the cold, bureaucratic text wash over my internal monologue.

## **OFFICIAL POLICE REPORT: CASE FILE #2026-01-08**

**VICTIM:** Stewart, Sean (Age: 36)

**TIME OF DISCOVERY:** Friday, May 21, 2026, 08:00 AM by Suzuki, Caitlin (Domestic staff).

**CRIME SCENE:** Primary residence, Home office.

**CAUSE OF DEATH:** Exsanguination via sharp force trauma to the carotid artery.

**MURDER WEAPON:** Item #01 – Metallic Paper Knife (Letter Opener), corporate issue, engraved with franchise insignia. Sourced from the victim's desk.

## **EXHIBIT A: DIGITAL FORENSICS (INCOMING COMMUNICATIONS LOG)**

*Forensic recovery of the victim's phone and active email server revealed three distinct, undeleted communications from Thursday, January 7:*

- **TEXT MESSAGE (10:15 AM):** From Stewart, Tyler (Brother). *"Need to see you today. I'm struggling. Let me come by and talk. I'll make us lunch, just please don't lock me out."*
- **EMAIL RECEIVED (11:30 AM):** From Hutson, Courtney (Media director). *"Sean, I need to come by the house this afternoon. I owe you an apology for what I said yesterday. I need to know we can still work together. Please."*
- **TEXT MESSAGE (02:45 PM):** From Fowler, Aaliyah (Partner). *"Hey babe, I'm coming over around 4:00 PM right after I finish with my last client at the salon. See you tonight! XX"*

Three people. Three text messages and emails explicitly stating they were coming to the house. The exact sequence of their arrivals was completely blank, but their footprints were left in the rooms.

The maid, Caitlin, had long curly black hair. She had cleaned the entire estate on Wednesday, meaning any domestic anomalies left behind on Thursday were signatures of the killer or the innocent.

I flipped to the first interrogation transcript. Tyler Stewart. The brother with the vibrant red curly hair, a history of rehab, and a desperate need for cash.

## **INTERROGATION TRANSCRIPT: STEWART, TYLER**

**INTERROGATOR:** Det. Brown, Chelsea

**POLYGRAPH READOUT:** Baseline stable. Slight cardiovascular spike noted during relationship inquiry.

**DET. BROWN:** State your name and relationship to the victim for the record.

**T\_STEWART:** Tyler Stewart. I'm Sean's brother. Or... I was.

**DET. BROWN:** Let's talk about your text message from Thursday morning. You told Sean you were going to make him lunch. What did you do when you arrived at the residence?

**T\_STEWART:** I let myself in with my spare key. Sean was still on a conference call in his office, so I went straight into the kitchen. I wanted to cook us a proper meal. I found some chicken and vegetables in the fridge and started chopping them up on the counter. I thought a good meal would help me butter him up

**DET. BROWN:** Why did you feel the need to butter him up with a

home-cooked meal?

**T\_STEWART:** *(Hands shaking slightly, picking at his fingernails)* Because I knew what his default answer would be. I just got out of rehab a few weeks ago. I'm struggling to find a job, I'm behind on rent, and I just need some help to get back on my feet. But in the past... Well, every time Sean loaned me money, I ended up relapsing. He's already paid for my rehab twice. I knew if I just showed up with my hand out, he'd turn me away. I wanted to show him I was doing better. That I was trying to be normal.

**DET. BROWN:** How did he react when you actually sat down and asked him for the money?

**T\_STEWART:** It went entirely sideways. We sat at the kitchen island, and the second I brought up the amount, his face just fell. He got incredibly reluctant. He told me he loved me, but that giving me a lump sum of cash was a risk he wasn't willing to take anymore. He said it would kill him if he funded the dose that finally put me in a body bag.

**DET. BROWN:** What happened next?

**T\_STEWART:** We fought. I lost my temper. I yelled at him, called him selfish, told him he was acting like a disappointed father instead of my brother just because he got handed an NHL team. I was sweating, shaking from withdrawal, and totally humiliated by the rejection. I couldn't bear the thought of walking out of the house like that. So I just ran upstairs to the guest bedroom, locked myself in, and tried to sleep off the shame. I didn't leave that room for hours.

**POLYGRAPH VERDICT:** *NO DECEPTION INDICATED.*

I stared at my handwritten notes beside Tyler's file. *Forensics recovered a silver kitchen knife from the kitchen counter. Tyler's fingerprints were all over the handle.* He admitted to chopping chicken.

I moved to the second file. Courtney Hutson. Long blonde hair, immaculate posture, Head of the Hurricanes' Media Department, and deeply, secretly in love with Sean. It was Courtney who had first mentioned to me that her brother, Zach, had been fired four days ago. That was the spark that made me look deeper.

## **INTERROGATION TRANSCRIPT: HUTSON, COURTNEY**

**INTERROGATOR:** Det. Brown, Chelsea

**POLYGRAPH READOUT:** Elevated respiratory rate throughout. Extreme emotional suppression detected.

**DET. BROWN:** State your name and your position with the Carolina Hurricanes for the record.

**C\_HUTSON:** Courtney Hutson. I am the Head of the Media and Public Relations Department for the franchise.

**DET. BROWN:** Your email to Sean Stewart on Thursday morning indicated an urgency to meet. You explicitly wrote that you owed him an apology for what happened the day before. What were you apologizing for, Miss Hutson?

**C\_HUTSON:** *(A long pause. The polygraph needles dance sharply before dropping.)* I was apologizing for letting my personal feelings compromise my professional boundaries. On Wednesday afternoon, during a closed-door strategy meeting in his office, I... I confessed my love to him. I have harbored deep romantic feelings for Sean for nearly a decade, well before he was appointed owner. Before my father chose him to run the franchise, when Sean was just an assistant coach breaking down video tape in the cafeteria, I was there. I've always been there.

**DET. BROWN:** And how did Sean react to your confession?

**C\_HUTSON:** He was incredibly gentle, which almost made it worse. He rejected me. He told me he valued our partnership above all else, but his heart belonged to Aaliyah. I left the building feeling utterly humiliated. My email on Thursday was a desperate attempt to patch things up. I couldn't bear the thought of him looking at me with pity, or worse, replacing me. I needed to know we could still work together.

**DET. BROWN:** So you went to his private residence on Thursday afternoon. Walk me through exactly what happened when you arrived.

**C\_HUTSON:** Sean wasn't at the front door, but the lock was pulled to, so I let myself in. I found him in the living room. The air in the house was absolutely freezing, since we're literally in the middle of winter, so Sean already had a fire roaring in the hearth.

**DET. BROWN:** Did you two discuss the confession again? Or anything else beside that?

**C\_HUTSON:** Briefly. He was incredibly professional, reassuring me that my position on the executive board was entirely secure. Then, we talked about franchise crisis management. I actually brought up Zach Bolduc. Since I manage the media department, I had to handle the fallout of Sean catching Zach selling his private travel itineraries and hotel room numbers to toxic, parasocial fan accounts online. Zach was using his executive assistant clearance to monetize Sean's safety, and Sean fired him on the spot four days ago.

**DET. BROWN:** How did Sean seem when you discussed Zach's termination?

**C\_HUTSON:** He was exhausted. He said Zach had been entirely unhinged

since it happened. Zach genuinely believed he was entitled to inherit the team after my father passed away, and he hated Sean for occupying the chair he thought was his birthright. Sean admitted he felt bad about how it ended, though. He mentioned he wanted to have one last civil discussion with Zach to clear the air, but he wasn't sure if Zach would even show up.

**DET. BROWN:** What did you do after that?

**C\_HUTSON:** Sean could see I was still shivering from the cold, so he offered to go into the kitchen to brew us some express. While he was gone, the fire began to die down, spitting embers onto the rug. I picked up the cast-iron fire poker from the brass stand next to the mantle and used it to shift the logs, reviving the flames. I stayed right by the hearth. We drank our coffee, finishing our PR strategy notes, and I left when it started getting dark. I didn't go in any other room besides the living room.

POLYGRAPH VERDICT: *NO DECEPTION INDICATED.*

Courtney's fingerprints were lifted from the handle of the soot-covered fire poker in the living room. Her polygraph spikes were purely emotional, clearly caused by the shame of unrequited love and the heavy weight of the corporate scandal.

That brought me to the third transcript. Aaliyah Fowler, Sean's girlfriend. Short brown hair. A professional hairdresser.

## **INTERROGATION TRANSCRIPT: FOWLER, AALIYAH**

**INTERROGATOR:** Det. Brown, Chelsea

**POLYGRAPH READOUT:** High emotional volatility. Fluctuations in skin conductance response.

**DET. BROWN:** State your name and your relationship to the victim for the record.

**A\_FOWLER:** Aaliyah Fowler. I was Sean's girlfriend. We've been together for a year.

**DET. BROWN:** Your text message to Sean at 1:15 PM on Thursday was very affectionate. You told him you'd be over around 4:00PM after your last client at the salon. Walk me through what happened when you arrived.

**A\_FOWLER:** *(A shaky breath, the polygraph needles scratching a wide arc).* I got there right on time. I let myself in through the front door, kicked off my shoes, and went straight upstairs to the master bedroom to drop off my work bag. Sean came up a few minutes later. At first,

it was completely normal. He kissed me, asked about my day... but then I noticed he looked incredibly tense. Exhausted. I asked him what was wrong, and that's when he told me Tyler had been there for lunch.

**DET. BROWN:** How did that spark the argument?

**A\_FOWLER:** Because Sean admitted he was seriously considering giving Tyler the money. A massive, lump-sum loan. I lost it. I didn't want to be cruel, but Tyler isn't stable. He just got out of rehab for the second time, a rehab that Sean paid for. Every single time Sean tries to play the savior and hands him cash, Tyler relapses and ends up right back in the gutter. I told Sean he wasn't helping his brother; he was funding his eventual overdose. I was furious that he was willing to bring that chaotic, enabling drama back into our lives after we had finally built some peace.

**DET. BROWN:** Did the argument change focus, or did you only talk about Sean's brother?

**A\_FOWLER:** (*The needles dancing erratically.*) Yes. Because while we were screaming at each other about Tyler, Sean snapped. He looked completely defeated and said, '*You think my life is easy right now? I'm fighting battles on every side!*' I pressed him on what he meant. And that's when he finally confessed that Courtney Hutson had stood in his executive office the day before and told him she was in love with him.

**DET. BROWN:** How did that piece of information affect you?

**A\_FOWLER:** It felt like a physical punch to the gut. It wasn't even the fact that Courtney did it. I always knew she looked at him like he was a god. It was the fact that Sean hid it from me. He waited more than twenty-four hours to tell his girlfriend that his colleague had crossed a massive line. I felt totally betrayed, isolated and stupid. I scream at him. I asked him what else he was hiding from me in that corporate office of his.

**DET. BROWN:** What did you do next?

**A\_FOWLER:** I couldn't stay in that room with him. I couldn't look at him. I told him I wasn't spending the night, picked up my overnight bag and slammed the bedroom door. I was crying so hard, my vision was totally blurred. I was hysterical. I practically ran down the stairs, went straight out the front door to my car, and drove back to my apartment. I locked myself in and slept until the police knocked on my door Friday morning.

**DET. BROWN:** Forensics recovered a professional pair of hairdresser shears sitting open on top of the makeup vanity upstairs. Can you explain why they were left out?

**A\_FOWLER:** Because of the fight. I usually keep my primary styling

pouch on that vanity. In my absolute panic and rage to pack my bag and leave, I must have knocked the pouch over, or left the shears sitting right there on the wood next to my cosmetics. I completely forgot to grab them. I wasn't thinking about my job, only about my relationship falling apart.

**POLYGRAPH VERDICT: NO DECEPTION INDICATED.**

Forensics verified it. A pair of professional hairdresser shears was sitting open on top of the makeup vanity in the upstairs bedroom, right where Aaliyah had knocked them over in her frantic, tear-blinded rush to pack her overnight bag.

Which left the glaring anomaly in the digital file. When our tech unit mirrored Sean's corporate laptop, they found a ghostly trace in his email logs: a sent message that had been hard-deleted from both the outbox and the trash folder on Thursday night. A sent email to Zach Bolduc, confirming exactly what Courtney had hinted at during her own interview. *"Come by the house tonight. Let's have a last civil discussion about the termination."*

Zach still had access to Sean's calendar and active email routing because the corporate IT ticket hadn't processed his termination lock yet. He had seen the invitation, come to the house, and deleted the digital breadcrumb before he left.

I flipped to Zach Bolduc's transcript. Short, straight red hair. Son of the Hurricanes' previous owner: Cole Bolduc.

## **INTERROGATION TRANSCRIPT: BOLDUC, ZACH**

**INTERROGATOR:** Det. Brown, Chelsea

**POLYGRAPH READOUT:** Remarkably flat line. Minimal autonomic response, showing atypical confidence.

**DET. BROWN:** State your name and your former relationship to the victim for the record.

**Z\_BOLDUC:** Zach Bolduc. And I was Sean Stewart's executive assistant. Until four days ago, when he decided to play the big bad boss and throw me out of the building my own family paid for.

**DET. BROWN:** You were terminated for corporate espionage endangerment, Mr. Bolduc. Specifically, for selling Sean's private hotel room numbers and flight itineraries to online stalkers and hostile fanbases. How do you respond to that?

**Z\_BOLDUC:** *(Leans back, a slow, dismissive smirk spreading across his face. The polygraph line remains dead flat.)* I respond by saying Sean was a paranoid narcissist who loved the drama. He had this pathetic little online fanbase, and he had a lot of haters. That's sports, Detective. If a few crazy women managed to find his hotel floor, or if

someone keys his car and throws toilet paper on his house, that's because of his lack of personal security. I didn't spy on anyone. I just monetized data that I had every right to access.

**DET. BROWN:** You felt you had a right to that data because of your father, Cole Bolduc.

**Z\_BOLDUC:** *(His left first tightens on the table. A tiny, localized spike appears on the respiratory monitor.)* My father brought the Carolina Hurricanes to where they are today. I grew up in that arena. That team is my birthright. But my father... My father got old, and he got soft. He passed me over just because I didn't finish some stupid business degree. He claimed I was "entitled" and didn't put in the work. So what did he do? He hands the keys to the entire kingdom to Sean Stewart. A guy who started on the coaching staff breaking down video tape in a random room. Sean didn't earn that chair. He stole it from my family. Demoting me to his assistant was just his sick way of rubbing my face in it.

**DET. BROWN:** Let's move to Thursday night. Did you visit Sean Stewart's private residence?

**Z\_BOLDUC:** *(Leans back, crossing his arms. His heart rate remains completely steady at 64 beats per minute.)* I went there to demand the respect I deserved. Sean completely humiliated me by firing me over a few leaked hotel numbers. He thought he could just discard me, but he forgot who I am. I went there to look him in the eye and make him realize that he couldn't just throw a Bolduc out of the building.

**DET. BROWN:** And what happened when you actually confronted him?

**Z\_BOLDUC:** He was exactly who he's always been. An arrogant, baseline coach who got lucky. He didn't offer a single word of regret. He just leaned back against his mahogany office desk, crossing his arms and looking down his nose at me like I was beneath him. Like I was some disgraceful little assistant who didn't belong in that room. I realized right then that I wasn't going to get the satisfaction of an apology from a man like that. It was a complete waste of time, so I turned right back around and left.

**DET. BROWN:** Did Sean send you an email on Thursday inviting you over to clear the air?

**Z\_BOLDUC:** Sean didn't send me a damn thing. If he wanted a last civil discussion, he didn't tell me about it. Like I said, I went there on my own accord to get my closure, realized it was a waste of time, and walked away. Check his laptop if you don't believe me. You won't find a single email to me in his outbox.

**POLYGRAPH VERDICT: NO DECEPTION INDICATED.**

I closed the folder, a sudden, proud smile tugging at the corners of my mouth as the morning sun finally broke through the precinct windows.

*I have it.*

The equations had finally balanced. The grid was complete.

A shaft of pale morning light cut through the blinds of the bullpen. The door clicked open, and the heavy, booming footsteps of Detective Miller echoed across the floor. He walked in carrying a box of donuts, stopping short when he saw me sitting surrounded by cold coffee cups and scattered documents.

“Look at this”, Miller sneered, tossing his jacket onto his chair and leaning against the edge of my desk with a smug, patronizing grin. “The rookie’s still here. What’s the matter, Brown? Can’t figure out which way is up in a high-society case? Logistics clearly out of your league?”

He picked up a donut, taking a slow bite before looking down at my binders. “Don’t worry, sweetheart. If you want, you can let one of the real, experienced detectives take a look. We can finally find the killer you’ve been struggling so hard to identify before the captain pulls you off the folder at noon. Go home and get some sleep before you cry on the evidence.”

I didn’t blink. I didn’t get angry. I slowly stood up, smoothed down my trench coat, and met his eyes with absolute, unshakeable calm.

“Thanks for the offer, Matthews”, I said, sliding the heavy manila folder into the crook of my arm. “But I don’t need you to find the killer. I already know exactly who it is, and I’m bringing them into interrogation right now. Enjoy your donuts.”

I walked past him, leaving him staring dumbfounded at my empty desk.

—

The observation room was dark, but the interrogation room was stark, white and clinical. The suspect sat on the other side of the metal table, dressed in a designer jacket, his posture rigid and arrogant. Beside him sat his high-priced corporate attorney, who looked at his watch with blatant irritation.

“Detective,” the lawyer sighed, leaning forward. “My client has already undergone a polygraph examination, which he passed flawlessly during the initial interviews. He has given his statement. He has no knowledge of the crime, and if you do not have new, definitive charges, we are leaving.”

“I don’t need a new polygraph,” I said, leaning back in my chair, keeping my voice conversational, almost casual.

I looked at the suspect, who merely smirked back at me, crossing his arms.

“I just wanted to walk you both through a little exercise in deduction,” I continued. “You see, when I first looked at this case, we had no security footage, no clear timeline, and a completely blank sequence of arrivals. We just had three messages left on Sean’s phone from three people intending to come over. All three had motives rooted in betrayal, money or love. It looked like chaos. But emotional equations are entirely unpredictable; you can’t solve a case by calculating the weight of a grudge or the value of greed. You solve it when those motives hit a physician constraint. The laws of probability don’t care about a psychopath’s lack of a pulse, and they don’t care about clever deflections. They only care about physician intersecting variables. And that’s what a police case is: a number of intersecting variables leading us straight to the answer we’re looking for.”

The suspect shifted slightly, his smirk faltering by a fraction of a millimeter. “Fascinating, Detective. Should we clap now?”

“Just listen,” I said, leaning forward, placing my elbows on the steel table. “One person went to a specific room to prepare a meal. His fingerprints are on a silver knife in that room. But that blade isn’t what killed Sean. Another person was heartbroken. She stayed in the central living room. It was the middle of winter, freezing cold, so while the host was in the kitchen brewing coffee, she picked up a specific iron tool to revive the fireplace. Her fingerprints are on that iron tool. But that tool isn’t what killed Sean either.”

The lawyer frowned, but I didn’t stop. I kept my eyes locked on the suspect.

“A third person sent a perfectly normal text saying she’d come over after her shift at the salon. But once she arrived, a massive, explosive fight broke out in the upstairs bedroom over a risky loan and a hidden confession. She was so furious, so blinded by rage, that she stormed out of the house leaving her hairdressing tools scattered right there on the vanity dresser. But Sean didn’t die upstairs.”

“What is this, a bedtime story?” the suspect muttered, his voice dropping into a defensive, bitter edge.

“No,” I whispered. “It’s geometry. Three suspects. Three rooms. Three tools left behind for perfectly normal, domestic reasons. Human actions leave geometric lines, bounding those three innocent people entirely to their respective spaces. Which leaves a fourth room. The office. And a fourth weapon. The metallic paper knife sitting on the desk. A room that supposedly nobody went into. Except you.”

I pulled a forensic photograph from the folder and slid it across the steel table. It showed a microscopic plow-up of the paper knife’s handle.

“You thought you were a ghost,” I said directly to him. “You thought your flat heart rate on the polygraph made you invincible. But you let it slip during your interview. You painted a beautiful picture of Sean leaning against his mahogany desk, looking down his nose at you. I never asked you if you went into the executive office, but you offered that visual entirely on your own because your hatred for his authority was too massive to suppress. You placed yourself right inside the crime scene.”

The lawyer's eyes widened. He slowly turned his head to look at his client.

"And then you gave yourself away a second time," I continued, my voice sharp as a razor. "You told me we wouldn't find a single email to you in Sean's outbox. A normal, innocent suspect who hadn't received a message would have simply said they didn't get an email. But you knew exactly what the outbox looked like, because you had sat at that very desk, opened the laptop, and deleted the digital invitation yourself."

"Zach..." the lawyer stammered, turning to look at his client. "Don't say a word--"

"And finally," I cut in, tapping the forensic photo, "when you grabbed that letter opened engraved with the Hurricanes logo and drove it into his throat, you left a physician variable behind. A single strand of straight, red hair. Tyler Stewart's red hair is tightly curly, and his DNA is locked into the kitchen. The hair on the murder weapon is straight.

The room went dead silent.

"Oh, come on!"

Zach slammed both hands onto the metal table, his chair screeching violently backward as he surged to his feet. His face turned an ugly, violent crimson, completely shattering his calm, arrogant facade.

"Are you serious?! A hair?!" he screamed, his voice, cracking with pure, unadulterated rage. "I deleted the entire email thread! I wiped the logs! I made sure there was no digital sequence linking me to that house!"

"Zach, stop talking," the lawyer yelled, grabbing his arm, but Zach shook him off, completely unhinged, leaning over the table right into my face, his chest heaving.

"That team belongs to me!" Zach roared, tears of furious frustration welling in his eyes. "Cole Bolduc brought the Hurricanes up to where they are today! He built this legacy! I am a Bolduc! And he hands the keys to a pathetic, baseline coach who was so bad at hockey a stupid ankle injury ruined his professional career?! Sean, didn't deserve that chair! He didn't deserve what my father built! I went into that office, and he looked at me like I was nothing! Like I was just some disgraceful assistant he could throw away! He wouldn't kneel! He wouldn't apologize to me! So yeah, I grabbed the knife and I took back what was mine! I did it!"

Zach stopped, panting, his shoulders shaking as the realization of what he had just screamed echoed in the sudden, heavy silence of the room. He looked at his ruined attorney, then back at me, his mouth hanging slightly open.

I reached into my coat pocket, my fingers tightening around the cold, sharp points of my gold shield, feeling its weight ground me. I pulled it out, letting the morning light catch the polished metal star.

"Zach Bolduc, you are under arrest for the murder of Sean Stewart."

## Suspects presentation

<b>SUSPECTS</b>			
<b>TYLER STEWART</b>	<b>COURTNEY HUTSON</b>	<b>AALIYAH FOWLER</b>	<b>ZACH BOLDUC</b>
The victim's younger brother. Fresh out of rehab and completely broke. <b>RED, CURLY HAIR</b>	The immaculate Head of Media and Public Relations for the Carolina Hurricanes. <b>BLONDE STRAIGHT HAIR</b>	Sean's long-term partner and a hairdresser at a high-end salon <b>BROWN CURLY HAIR</b>	The disgruntled former executive assistant and son of the team's ex-owner. <b>STRAIGHT RED HAIR</b>

## Clues

- Tyler never steps foot in the bedroom.
- Whoever was found shivering by the hearth never left that room.
- Either the kitchen knife was found on the mahogany desk, or the person with blonde hair spent their afternoon in the living room (but not both).
- Traces of a soot-covered fire poker were found exclusively on the velvet rug by the fireplace in the living room.
- The hairdresser left her shears in the bedroom.
- Tyler used the kitchen knife to prepare his and his brother's lunch.
- The hair found near the victim is not curly.
- Sean Stewart was found stabbed in his office.

## Présentation des suspects

<b>SUSPECTS</b>			
<b>TYLER STEWART</b>	<b>COURTNEY HUTSON</b>	<b>AALIYAH FOWLER</b>	<b>ZACH BOLDUC</b>
Le jeune frère de la victime. Tout just sorti de cure de désintoxication et complètement fauché <b>CHEVEUX ROUX ET BOUCLÉS</b>	L'immaculée directrice des médias et des relations publiques des Hurricanes. <b>CHEVEUX BLONDS ET RAIDES</b>	La petite-amie de Sean. Coiffeuse dans un salon haut de gamme. <b>CHEVEUX BRUNS ET BOUCLÉS</b>	L'ancien assistant de Sean Stewart, et fils de l'ex-proprétaire de l'équipe. <b>CHEVEUX ROUX ET RAIDES</b>

## Indices

- Tyler n'a jamais mis les pieds dans la chambre.
- La personne qui grelottait près de la cheminée n'a jamais quitté cette pièce.
- Soit le couteau de cuisine a été retrouvé sur le bureau en acajou, soit la personne aux cheveux blonds a passé son après-midi dans le salon (mais pas les deux).
- Des traces d'un tisonnier couvert de suie ont été retrouvées exclusivement sur le tapis de velours, près de la cheminée du salon.
- La coiffeuse a laissé ses ciseaux dans la chambre.
- Tyler a utilisé le couteau de cuisine pour préparer son déjeuner et celui de son frère.
- Le cheveu retrouvé près de la victime n'est pas bouclé
- Sean Stewart a été retrouvé poignardé dans son bureau.