

**The art of asking the right questions.**

**Run rings around the rich**

1

**W**hat do you do if you mix with very rich people and have expensive hobbies, but don't have much money yourself – not anymore, anyway? Well, I had a clever and simple answer to that question. Go to places where rich people celebrate, and wait for your chance. When people have drunk enough, they stop being careful with their things. Of course, if you drink yourself, your plans might just not work out.

**CRIME**  
theft  
**SUSPECT**  
young aristocrat  
**MOTIVE**  
addiction  
**LOCATION**  
in a flat  
**WEAPON**  
—  
**TIME**  
at midnight

**Run rings around the rich**

1

**M**y name is Oliver Ainsworth, Duke of Pleshey. I love to bet money on horses. In fact, I'm addicted to gambling. Going to the races is my passion. It's also a chance to get away from my horrible wife, whom I only married for her money. I love the atmosphere of the races – the beautiful horses, the pretty girls. Recently, though, I've lost a lot of money, but that hasn't stopped me betting. At a party of some rich friends a month ago, I slipped into the hostess's bedroom at midnight and took a diamond ring from the dressing table. I sold it at a tiny jeweller's on a back street in Antwerp. I was paid in cash and I had a few drinks on the way home to celebrate. Unfortunately, the police stopped me for drunk driving. I was too drunk to find my licence, so they helped me look for it and discovered the money. The police became suspicious and called my wife. She helped them put the story together.

**Non-organic matter**

2

**W**hen I first saw Lukas at the airport, I knew he was the one. We were perfect for each other. We never caught the plane back. No more rain and bratwurst – just days in the sun, evenings in Palma and plans for the future. Our plans didn't bear fruit. The village we had chosen on the island already had enough shops. The only thing to do was change the colour of our products. We made everything "green". People pay more for "green". But we didn't expect the authorities to start asking questions.

**CRIME**  
forgery  
**SUSPECT**  
young German couple  
**MOTIVE**  
financial distress  
**LOCATION**  
in a grocery shop  
**WEAPON**  
—  
**TIME**  
—

**Non-organic matter**

2

**W**e fell in love twice: once with each other at the boarding gate and then with Majorca. It was going to be a week away from rainy Duisburg in October, enjoying some Mediterranean sunshine. We decided to stay even before the holiday was over. Lukas and I borrowed some money and set up a shop selling fruit and vegetables. The location wasn't great, though, and after a year we were making just enough money to keep the shop open. Then I had an idea: why not sell organic fruit and vegetables? All those rich, health-conscious German tourists would be happy to pay our high prices – only we would know that it was conventional produce with a green label. Lukas copied the logo of a well-known organic brand onto stickers and bags, and on a sunny June morning we reopened. It all went well until the Majorcan authorities came by and asked to see the organic certification on our delivery notes.

**The art of asking the right questions.**

**A lesson from the boss**

3

**“I**’ll teach them!” That’s what I thought when I left the school. I’d worked all those years, while everyone else was enjoying themselves: shopping in Valletta or swimming off Comino. We all speak the same language – in fact it’s how we earn our living – but I can’t understand these people. They don’t care about the work. Then I found them out there on the street, laughing and talking when they should have been working for me. I saw red – I saw red on my car, on their clothes and on the street.

**CRIME**  
murder  
**SUSPECT**  
director of a language school  
**MOTIVE**  
heat of the moment  
**LOCATION**  
on a street  
**WEAPON**  
car  
**TIME**  
in the morning

**A lesson from the boss**

3

**A**fter my husband left me, I decided to start a new life away from Manchester. I trained as an English teacher and began working at a language school in Malta. I loved it. When the school director retired, I took over her job. I worked hard developing new courses and hired five extra teachers. I couldn’t offer them much money at the start, but I promised them that would change. Three years on and the school is very successful. I haven’t increased the teachers’ pay, though. Why should I? I do all the work. They never prepare their lessons and often arrive late for their classes. So when I got to work one Monday morning and saw them striking for more money, I was furious. I decided to close the school for the day and drive over to see my lawyer. That was when I saw those good-for-nothing teachers, chatting on a street corner. Without thinking, I drove straight at them. Two died immediately.

**Flat as a pancake**

4

**W**e both came from Lodz. Our job was to clean and repair. For me it was OK, but I watched him every day, cleaning up after rich kids, who screamed and kicked him as they left class. It was too much. He found peace at the bottom of the Thames. The powerful lady of learning would not even allow me to pay my last respects. Well, you can’t let people who are nasty just carry on. So I arranged for that cold hard figure to come into contact with a much colder and harder figure in the dark of night.

**CRIME**  
murder  
**SUSPECT**  
cleaner  
**MOTIVE**  
revenge  
**LOCATION**  
in front of the school gate  
**WEAPON**  
stone statue  
**TIME**  
—

**Flat as a pancake**

4

**W**hen I came to England from Poland, I thought I was lucky to get a job as one of the cleaners at a private school near Oxford. The kids, however, were nasty and Miss Spry, the headmistress, was a snob. At least the other caretaker, Janek, also from Poland, was friendly. But he was too nice and the children played cruel tricks on him. He never got angry, just sadder and sadder. He had no family and liked being around the kids. Then one evening, after the children had been especially cruel, he disappeared. The police found his body in the Thames. He had killed himself. Miss Spry wouldn’t allow me to go to the funeral, so I took revenge on her. I loosened one of the big stone statues by the gate from its base. When Miss Spry took her evening walk, all I had to do was stand behind the statue in the dark and make sure it tipped over at the right moment. She was squashed as flat as a pancake.

**The art of asking the right questions.**

**Fooled by a phoney gangster**

5

I'd planned to have a ring on my finger and a new name. But first I wanted to enjoy some Berlin night-life. So Jenny, Ellen, Lisa and me left the city of John, Paul, George and Ringo. We got on a plane and then on a train, where two of us had our money stolen. Still, dressed to kill in our special outfits, we partied through the night. The hotel receptionist shouldn't have asked a drunk woman who looked armed and dangerous to pay a hotel bill that was higher than expected.

**CRIME**  
armed robbery

**SUSPECT**  
bride-to-be

**MOTIVE**  
practical joke

**LOCATION**  
at a hotel reception

**WEAPON**  
toy gun

**TIME**  
in the morning

**Fooled by a phoney gangster**

5

Jenny, Ellen, Lisa and me went to Berlin for my hen party. We began with champagne on the drive from Liverpool to Manchester Airport. We were having a really good time until a couple of us were pickpocketed on the airport express into Berlin. We told the police. Not much chance of getting the money back, they said. So we went to a gangster-themed nightclub as planned. Next day, still drinking, we checked out of the hotel. Ellen and Lisa had been sick in their rooms and the hotel wanted us to pay for the cleaning. As a joke, I pulled out the pistol from my gangster outfit\* and held it to the receptionist's head. I said we wouldn't pay and told him to hand over any cash he had at reception. He thought the gun was real and gave me €600. I kept the pistol at his head and told him to call us a taxi. How could I know that he was calling the police – I don't speak German.

\*At a hen party, women often dress up in special costumes, for example as bunny girls.

**Paying for TV dinners with priceless paintings**

6

There's money to be made in TV, but it's stressful. Take me and my brother: he can deal with the stress – but I need a portion of white powder to cope with it. We have a hit series to do with portions (not white powder). If only a rival channel hadn't taken our audience. Now we have nervous investors, an expensive location in La Serenissima and no money to pay the bills and keep the white powder coming in. I've seen some valuable objects in the palazzo – perhaps too valuable and famous to sell.

**CRIME**  
theft

**SUSPECT**  
TV producer

**MOTIVE**  
financial distress

**LOCATION**  
in a Venetian palazzo

**WEAPON**  
crowbar

**TIME**  
at night

**Paying for TV dinners with priceless paintings**

6

My brother Dieter and I are successful German TV producers. We specialize in quiz shows and contests. Our most recent hit has been a cooking contest with teams from across Europe. The final episodes have to be really special, so we rented a Venetian palazzo as a location. Then a popular German cook began a new show, on a Thursday evening like ours. We immediately began to lose viewers and our investors got nervous. Suddenly we had to finance part of the project ourselves, but I had no money – all spent on coke. Dieter knows about my little problem, but not how much it costs. The solution, though, was there before my eyes: the Italian palazzo is full of beautiful paintings and other objects that could be sold for a lot of money. One night, I borrowed a crowbar from the film crew and forced open the palazzo door. It would have been better not to take an original and well-known Tintoretto.

**The art of asking the right questions.**

**Illegal art with some Real support?**

7

**J**ean-Yves and I used to sit on the beach, draw the view across the Channel and eat the sweets we had stolen. Those were our favourite things: crime and art. Later we began combining them in a different way. People could see our work across Europe and not pay a penny. Our final project was our biggest: a palace of art and then back across the Pyrenees. If only Jean-Yves hadn't been dressed for the beautiful game. If only there hadn't been a bush in front and the long arm of the law behind him.

**CRIME**  
wilful damage to property  
**SUSPECT**  
graffiti artist  
**MOTIVE**  
passion  
**LOCATION**  
in front of a museum  
**WEAPON**  
spray cans  
**TIME**  
at night

**Illegal art with some Real support?**

7

**G**rowing up together in Normandy, Jean-Yves and I were always in trouble. We skipped school to steal sweets and spend time at the beach. We were good at drawing and discovered graffiti as teenagers. First we sprayed buses and trains, then public buildings. It was my idea to "redecorate" the front of a famous museum in Madrid. One night, when Real Madrid was playing at home, we dressed up as Real fans and went to the museum. We had just finished spraying two of the pillars, and I was taking pictures to upload, when we heard a police siren. We had agreed to separate if this happened, but as I ran off I heard Jean-Yves cry out. I looked back and saw that he had fallen hard and was bleeding from the head – later he told me his Real scarf had caught in a bush. Two policemen were running towards him. I couldn't leave my brother. I was bending over him when I felt the policeman's hand on my arm.

**No fare in love and war**

8

**T**his is an island of potatoes, cows and German bunkers. A lonely widow meets a new man. He's not local. His home is on the River Main, in a city of money. It's a small community here, though, and the man didn't know when to keep his mouth shut. He shouldn't have boasted while he was having a drink, or while a stranger was driving him to a familiar address. It was Good Friday, but not for the visitor. It's useful to have a charger cable in the car – not just for my phone.

**CRIME**  
murder  
**SUSPECT**  
taxi driver  
**MOTIVE**  
anger  
**LOCATION**  
at a scenic spot  
**WEAPON**  
charger cable  
**TIME**  
in the afternoon

**No fare in love and war**

8

**I**'m a taxi driver on Jersey. Recently my mother, a widow, told me she'd met a new man, Hans from Frankfurt. In three months he visited three times. I never saw him, but I heard that he and my mother went shopping, played golf and ate at expensive restaurants. One evening, at my local, I overheard a man with a German accent saying he'd met a rich widow who was very free with her money. I was sure it was Hans. I also found out that my mother was paying for everything, even his plane tickets. A month later, on Good Friday afternoon, I drove a man with a German accent from the airport to my mother's address. He told me the rich widow story, showed me a cheap scarf he'd bought for her and joked about her taste. I showed him a romantic spot that was nice for lovers. As he looked out at the view, I grabbed the charger cable of my phone and had it around his neck before he knew what was happening.

**The art of asking the right questions.**

**Check the castle**

9

I enjoy the good things in life. The best food – meat is my business – and good wine, and I have a taste for expensive spirits. It was my wife's idea: a journey to the land of lochs and lairds, where every stop has its own flavour. I could have lived with the rotgut that they served us, but then there was Marie-Agnès and the man in the skirt. Cheap spirits don't just burn your throat. Someone will be wearing trousers for the next few days at least.

**CRIME**  
arson

**SUSPECT**  
husband

**MOTIVE**  
jealousy

**LOCATION**  
in a castle

**WEAPON**  
lighter

**TIME**  
–

**Check the castle**

9

My chain of butcher shops in Lyons sells only the best-quality meat. For my birthday, my beautiful wife, Marie-Agnès, gave me a whisky-tasting tour in Scotland. We stayed in a castle and they took us to distilleries, but the whisky samples were downmarket brands. Worse, the guide, Ian, flounced around in his kilt and chatted to Marie-Agnès, who thought he was wonderful. If he wasn't busy sucking on his pipe, he was gazing into her eyes or touching her arm. On the third day, I told her I wanted to go home. She refused and went off on a tour with Ian and the other guests. I was fuming, but after a couple of hours I had forged a plan. I took the second-rate whisky I'd been sold to Ian's room. I threw his kilts and socks and other Scottish stuff on an armchair, poured the whisky over it and held my lighter to it. Wool burns very slowly, but some armchairs, it turns out, are highly flammable.

**Empty pockets on the road from Damascus**

10

You see us but you don't notice us, and if you do, it's usually too late. Enough money for a plate of pasta, that's a good day. Sometimes I dream of eating kibbeh again. Once, I earned nothing and ate three lemons for dinner – they grow everywhere here. If that man had eaten more fruit, kiwis for example, he would have been OK. There was a photo of his family in his wallet. Exactly the kind of wife and kids you need if you want to get re-elected. Actually, one of the girls looked a bit like me.

**CRIME**  
pickpocketing

**SUSPECT**  
a young girl

**MOTIVE**  
poverty

**LOCATION**  
on a street

**WEAPON**  
–

**TIME**  
at lunchtime

**Empty pockets on the road from Damascus**

10

We're teenagers from Syria, Egypt, Romania and Libya, and down on our luck. My family fled the chaos of Damascus. On the journey to Europe I got separated from both my parents. Ana, from Romania, found me on a park bench in Bari. She took care of me for a few months and taught me how to pick pockets. We often come to Sorrento. The tourists here are easy pickings. Yesterday, at lunchtime, I was on the Via San Cesareo. There was a big red-faced man to the left of me with a wallet sticking out of his back pocket. My fingers had just closed around it when the man suddenly crashed to the ground. I escaped in the general confusion. Later, in a bar, I was telling Ana what had happened, when a newflash came up on TV. It was about the man – a politician from New Zealand. He had suffered a heart attack as I was taking his wallet and died later. Now there's a photofit picture of me in the media.

**The art of asking the right questions.**

**Bitter Italian coffee in Soho**

11

**T**he macho world of Italian men is tough, even for family, and they take it with them wherever they live. Outside you can hear Big Ben, but inside it's Palermo. My problem is someone who has never cleared tables or served coffee. He only cares about the shine of his shoe and the girl on his arm. I'd worked hard for years, so when my job was threatened, I had to take action. I asked an old-school Italian to help put the fear of God into the flirt. The trap was a meeting in the Eternal City.

**CRIME**  
incitement to violence

**SUSPECT**  
sister

**MOTIVE**  
anger

**LOCATION**  
in a hotel room

**WEAPON**  
knuckleduster

**TIME**  
in the evening

**Bitter Italian coffee in Soho**

11

**M**y name is Antonella Affini. My parents moved to London from Palermo in 1965 and set up a café in Soho – later expanded to five. The business was very successful and was passed on to my brother, Alessandro. He is a good-for-nothing womanizer who has never been interested in the business. Me, I love the work, love the cafés, the customers. Six months ago, Alessandro tried to sell Café Affini to a US investor – without telling me. So I called my uncle Giovanni in Palermo. We agreed that it was time to give my brother a little shock. Giovanni invited me and Alessandro to Rome. He and a few friends were going to “talk” to my brother. Alessandro, though, was suspicious and alerted the police. They stormed the hotel room in the early evening where Giovanni and I were watching his friends working over my brother. Now I'm facing an extended stay in the Eternal City.

**Munich murderfest**

12

**I**t was my idea to work at the world's biggest beer festival. Lilly never has any ideas of her own. I thought we could have a fun time and maybe even find us a rich local. By day three, things were going really well. A rich local was hooked – not by me, as it turned out, but by Lilly. I was furious and decided to confront the happy couple. Maybe if the confrontation hadn't been halfway up a mountain and the rich local hadn't been so in love with Lilly, things wouldn't have turned out so badly.

**CRIME**  
murder

**SUSPECT**  
friend

**MOTIVE**  
jealousy

**LOCATION**  
on a mountain

**WEAPON**  
hands

**TIME**  
-

**Munich murderfest**

12

**A**t school in Dublin, I was the one with plans and Lilly followed me. After university, we took off to Europe to find ourselves rich boyfriends. Waitressing at the Oktoberfest was the perfect opportunity to meet a wealthy German and show him a good time. On the third day of the festival, I served a guy called Wolfgang. He was megarich and seemed really keen on me. One morning, as I was leaving his hotel, I saw Lilly coming the other way. I couldn't believe it when she texted me to say she was sick and couldn't work. Moments later she and Wolfgang drove off in his Porsche. I followed them – in a taxi all the way to Berchtesgaden, and then on foot up a mountain. After a long trek, they stopped to enjoy the view from the edge of a cliff. I saw my chance and rushed at Lilly. I pushed her hard and she slipped and fell backwards. Wolfgang tried to grab her sleeve, so I pushed him too.

**The art of asking the right questions.**

**Biography of a mean man**

13

**M**y first novel was a big success – displayed at every bookstore in Berlin. My second novel flopped, but then a playboy arms dealer asked me to write his memoirs. His home was lovely, the food was fabulous and afternoons at the beach just perfect. The man himself was an egomaniac who did business with some ugly types, and I picked up some stuff about him that I felt I could sell to the press. If only he hadn't surprised me looking through his papers, but then I saw the pistol he kept in his desk.

**CRIME**  
murder  
**SUSPECT**  
writer  
**MOTIVE**  
greed

**LOCATION**  
in a study  
**WEAPON**  
pistol  
**TIME**  
at night

**Biography of a mean man**

13

**T**here's a huge market for crime stories in Germany and my first thriller did fantastically well. The second one, though, took five years to write and I knew it was no good even before I'd finished it. So when Micky Meierfeld, a successful arms dealer and an international playboy, contacted me and asked me to write about him, it seemed like a chance for a fresh start. His house in Sanary-sur-Mer on the French Riviera was a dream, but working with him was awful. He changed every sentence I wrote – and not for the better. My only comfort was the information I kept picking up about his business. The papers and emails I read while he was gambling in Monte Carlo would make a great news story and lots of money for me. If only I had been more careful, he wouldn't have caught me in his study. It was silly of me to panic and grab the pistol he kept in his desk drawer. I only fired one shot.

**A piano man for hire with a borrowed tune**

14

**F**irst a woman ran out on me and then – slowly – I ran out of ideas. There were no more words or melodies in my head, but I still had to earn a living. For sentimental reasons, I kept something from that lost lover and shared it with people, even though it was not mine to share. When that something suddenly began to make me very rich, it brought back a person from my past – a ghost who in fact was no ghost after all – who had come back from across the Atlantic to claim what was hers.

**CRIME**  
intellectual property theft  
**SUSPECT**  
musician  
**MOTIVE**  
greed

**LOCATION**  
in an art gallery  
**WEAPON**  
–  
**TIME**  
–

**A piano man for hire with a borrowed tune**

14

**P**earl and I used to compose songs in New York, until she met a rich Italian and disappeared from my life. Later I heard she'd died in a car crash. I stayed in NY and kept on composing. That was fifty years ago. Now I'm just a penniless old musician who gets hired to play at private events – the money isn't good. Pearl once wrote a song called "Are All Men Fools?" and it's part of my repertoire. Last January, I was playing at a gallery opening in Manhattan when a man came over and told me he liked the song. I said it was my composition, written many years ago. It turned out the man was an agent for one of America's biggest stars, and within six months "Are All Men Fools?" had become a megahit. That was how Pearl – alive and well and living in Florence – came to hear it on the radio. The letter from her lawyer arrived on my birthday, July 10. I never knew that borrowing someone else's song could be so expensive.

**The art of asking the right questions.**

**A chain reaction**

15

I'm from a small country, known for producing colourful plastic building blocks. If anyone had said I would end up behaving like an extra from "Easy Rider", I would have laughed out loud. Was it the location? – it felt like a film set. Maybe we all have it in us to be violent when we're threatened. Perhaps it's being humiliated in front of our friends that makes us aggressive. Or is that a male reaction? Where did that metal thing come from? I could hardly see the blood on his black leather jacket.

**CRIME**  
murder  
**SUSPECT**  
biker  
**MOTIVE**  
humiliation

**LOCATION**  
in front of a diner  
**WEAPON**  
metal chain  
**TIME**  
at lunchtime

**A chain reaction**

15

My name is Lars Hansen. I belong to a Danish bikers' club and this year we decided to visit Route 66. We flew to Phoenix, Arizona, picked up our hired bikes and rode on to Route 66 at Holbrook. After an hour or so, we stopped at a diner. We were sitting in a booth when a guy in biking leathers came in and told us to move our Harleys – we had parked in the space reserved for his gang. Outside he stood in front of my bike as I manoeuvred it backwards. Unfortunately, it rolled forwards and hit his leg. The next thing I knew, I was face down in the dirt. My friends tried to help but were held back by the other gang members. The biker kicked me hard a few times and then walked off. There was a heavy metal chain lying in the dirt. I grabbed it and staggered to my feet. The first blow knocked the biker to the ground – then I found I couldn't stop, not even as my friends tried to pull me away.

**Be careful around the Keys**

16

My wife says I've become even more short-tempered since I stopped working. The way I see it, if you fly across the Atlantic to be with friends and spend time on the water, you have to be prepared to take a risk or two. But what happens when risk and anger come together? Was Joe being a true friend by going with me? Should he have spoken to his wife at that very moment? Why did I push that wooden bar at Joe? How can someone go under so quickly? And what on earth am I going to tell the women?

**CRIME**  
manslaughter  
**SUSPECT**  
retired German  
**MOTIVE**  
anger

**LOCATION**  
on a sailing boat  
**WEAPON**  
boom  
**TIME**  
in the morning

**Be careful around the Keys**

16

I met Joe when he was based in Wiesbaden with the US Army. Heidi and I are retired and we fly to Florida when we can to be with Joe and his wife, Kay. We go sailing and hang out. This year we'd managed only two days of sailing. We shouldn't have gone out today. Heidi and I argued at breakfast – she thought the weather was too bad. Kay and Joe agreed. I got angry and said I'd go anyway. Joe knew I'd need help with the boat so he came along. I could see he wasn't happy about it. At first the weather was lovely, but then a storm came up. Kay phoned just as we were struggling to keep our course and he actually took the call! I heard him say we'd been stupid to go out. I knocked the phone out of his hand and swung the boom at him. It struck him hard on the head and he fell overboard. How was I to know he couldn't swim? I didn't want him to drown – but it was his fault for answering his phone.

**The art of asking the right questions.**

**A bird in the hand is worth a lot**

17

**M**y friends played with dolls, but I read books on wildlife. I grew up with a view of the Tiber, but you don't see much wildlife there. Last year, as I received my award, my parents proudly watching, I was already thinking of my next project. But nature does what it wants and the heat of the jungle wears you down, especially when you have to keep looking up. It was against my principles – and the law – to buy performers, but I was desperate. I didn't expect to be handcuffed on a market place in Dakar.

**CRIME**  
illegal trafficking of endangered animals

**SUSPECT**  
conservationist

**MOTIVE**  
deception

**LOCATION**  
on a street market

**WEAPON**  
-

**TIME**  
-

**A bird in the hand is worth a lot**

17

**M**y name is Lia Ricci. Two years ago, I won an award for a film about a rare West African bird. At 23, I was the youngest conservationist and film-maker ever to win the award. The media were all over me and the pressure was on to make a follow-up film, this time about endangered birds of West Africa. I organized the funding and left Rome to fly to Senegal with my camera team. After six weeks in tropical forests, however, we had footage for only 15 minutes – the birds we had hoped to see simply didn't appear. Back in Dakar I had an idea. I knew there were animal traders in the city who sold every type of bird – even endangered species. We would simply buy some and take them back into the wild and pretend we had discovered them there. Using the rest of our film funding, I bought five birds from a trader. But as I turned to leave the shop, I found myself facing a line of Senegalese policemen.

**Blade runner**

18

**I** remember it clearly: my old school friend from Helsinki standing in front of me, sunburned and smiling crazily. In the background was a man selling colourful leather "babouches". After that it all went really quickly. They didn't believe I was innocent. It was my name on the car rental papers, but five years? I couldn't stand the heat and the dirt. Soon there were blisters on my fingers and filings on the floor, but we'd trusted the wrong man, who is now living it up in the kasbah on our money.

**CRIME**  
prison breakout

**SUSPECT**  
convict

**MOTIVE**  
desperation

**LOCATION**  
in a prison cell

**WEAPON**  
metal file

**TIME**  
at night

**Blade runner**

18

**M**y name is Sami Ahonen. I'm a software developer from Helsinki. Last May, my wife and I took a trip to Morocco. Our plan was to meet up with my friend Miko in Agadir. We did meet Miko – just long enough for him to conceal a stash of dope in our rented car, without my knowledge, and head off before the police caught up with him. I was given a five-year sentence in a prison near Marrakesh. I knew from the first day that I would never last the five years. My hope was to befriend one of the guards, Yusuf. That seemed to work. My wife would visit me and slip him a bribe to look away while she gave me some files to saw through the bars on my window. It took months to work my way through the metal. Finally, on a boiling night in June, I struggled out through the sawn-off bars and ran to meet my wife, who was waiting nearby in a car. She was sitting there with a policeman and a grinning Yusuf.

**The art of asking the right questions.**

**A lesson on Broadway**

19

**S**tars can be difficult, especially if you work behind the scenes with them as I do. In my job I get close to people. I change them – for a few hours, that is. Then when the curtain comes down it's all over. There's pressure, I know, especially with a comeback, but that's no excuse. In the outback, mum and I often had to deal with irritable men, but there is a limit. I'd never hurt anyone, just teach them a lesson maybe: a little click; a dancing blue light; then the end of a few favourite things.

**CRIME**  
arson

**SUSPECT**  
make-up artist

**MOTIVE**  
anger

**LOCATION**  
in a theatre dressing room

**WEAPON**  
lighter

**TIME**  
in the evening

**A lesson on Broadway**

19

**T**he world-famous but reclusive actor John James, who hadn't been seen in public for years, was going to play Shakespeare's "Macbeth" with an international cast. The play would open in New York and then tour the US and Europe. It was a sensation – and I was chosen as his personal make-up artist! James had a terrible reputation, but I was a tough girl from the Australian outback. At least that was what I thought. He never sat still, groped me as I applied his make-up and screamed at me for being untidy. At the evening dress rehearsal he threw my make-up box across the dressing room in a rage because he couldn't remember his lines. As soon as he was on stage, I took his favourite scarf, a rare edition of "Macbeth" his mother had given him, the cloak he would wear in Act III – and I set fire to them all with his lucky lighter. It was a lovely little blaze and spooked James, which was my plan.

**Rockets in Reinickendorf**

20

**I** was an old lady, stuck in a strange city and unable to speak the local language. The party was over, the honeymoon was over, New Year was over. I had recovered and now the only thing preventing me from going home was my brother – the nasty one. So I sat at the window – staring across the street. The colourful explosions were only meant to frighten, that's all. These are not the right times to make anonymous phone calls, not even to family.

**CRIME**  
wilful damage to property

**SUSPECT**  
elderly woman

**MOTIVE**  
humiliation

**LOCATION**  
in a living room

**WEAPON**  
fireworks

**TIME**  
–

**Rockets in Reinickendorf**

20

**I**n the 1960s, my brothers Cem and Tad left our village in Anatolia to work in Germany. Only Tad kept in touch. In late December, Cem's son got married in Berlin and Tad paid for me to be at the wedding. It was horrible. Cem treated me like a provincial relative and totally ignored me. It was freezing at the reception and I caught pneumonia. I missed my flight home and stayed on at Tad's to recover. I was so hurt, and very angry, when Cem refused to lend me the money to fly home. I spent a lot of time looking out the window at his grocer shop opposite. One day, while Tad was out, I found some fireworks left over from New Year. I lined up the rockets on the window sill and aimed them at Cem's shop. I called the shop and whispered the word "traitor" when he answered the phone – and then I set off the rockets. The police told me I was lucky it hadn't turned into an international incident.

**The art of asking the right questions.**

**A dose of his own medicine**

21

**A**t first, it seemed like the opportunity of a lifetime – for both of us – to work for a famous specialist. If only I had known what he was like: an old man with a taste for young women. He made the person I loved most suffer. When he invited me to a conference in the “Venice of the north”, I thought the city would give me the opportunity I needed. And it did. He was partying with lots of young girls, getting ready to make his move, when I handed him his last drink. Shame about the autopsy.

**CRIME**  
murder  
**SUSPECT**  
trainee doctor  
**MOTIVE**  
revenge  
**LOCATION**  
at a nightclub  
**WEAPON**  
poison  
**TIME**  
in the evening

**A dose of his own medicine**

21

**I**'m a trainee doctor in Vienna. My girlfriend, Ella, a nurse, was lucky enough to get a job at the same hospital. Surprisingly, the world-famous Dr Wimmer took a special interest in our careers. After a few months, Ella became depressed. One evening, I surprised her and Dr Wimmer in his office. They were both half-dressed and Ella was crying. Wimmer had been molesting her for months. He warned me not to make a scene or it would cost us our jobs. If I kept my mouth shut he would take me to an important medical congress in Amsterdam. I felt it would be a chance to observe him close up. Ella disagreed and said she would leave me if I went, but I went anyway. On the first evening, Wimmer took me to a club. I watched him search his pockets for the tablets with which he usually spiked his victims' drinks. Too late. The drugs had already dissolved in his whisky, along with a few other harmful substances.

**Plans for palms in the wrong hands**

22

**M**y job involves being outdoors in all weathers. On cold days I am homesick for the heat, for the lovely Moorish architecture. Recently I heard about a special design competition in my home town. So I went to the pub for a last time and moved back home for a few months. I worked hard on my design. Then, one evening, someone broke into my flat. Nothing was taken, but my plans had been moved around. When the jury said I had copied another designer, I knew which of my colleagues was behind it.

**CRIME**  
manslaughter  
**SUSPECT**  
landscape gardener  
**MOTIVE**  
self-defence  
**LOCATION**  
in a public park  
**WEAPON**  
shovel  
**TIME**  
—

**Plans for palms in the wrong hands**

22

**M**y name is Juan Flórez. I come from Seville, but I trained as a landscape gardener in the UK, where I met an English girl. Now I live and work near London. A few months ago, I saw a competition to design a municipal park in Seville. I decided to try my luck. I moved back home for a couple of weeks and visited the site every day. One evening, I saw that someone had broken into my flat. Nothing was missing, but the papers on my desk had been moved. A week later I presented my plans to the city council. They returned them and told me that an identical design had already been presented by Angel Rodríguez, who worked at the gardens of Al-Andalus. I went to the gardens and confronted him. He told me not to be ridiculous. When I insisted that he had stolen my ideas, he grew angry. I don't know how it came to blows, but suddenly he was at my throat. I grabbed a shovel to defend myself.

**The art of asking the right questions.**

**Borrowing bébé for the rent**

23

Looking good is everything in my job, but the older I get, the more expensive it is. My flat has always been my comfort – I can see the Eiffel Tower from there. Now even that's too expensive as I haven't worked in months. How could I make a lot of money fast and punish the person who was forcing me to move? Why not borrow the most precious thing he and his wife have and make them pay to get it back? Maybe it wasn't such a good idea to ask my Belgian ex-lover for help. Men and babies don't mix.

**CRIME**  
kidnapping  
**SUSPECT**  
actress  
**MOTIVE**  
greed

**LOCATION**  
in a park  
**WEAPON**  
—  
**TIME**  
—

**Borrowing bébé for the rent**

23

I was once France's answer to Jane Fonda. Recently, though, there hasn't been much work. I could still afford my flat in Paris, but the rest – the clothes, the hairdresser, the nip and tuck – is expensive. When my landlord, Monsieur Février, raised the rent, I suddenly had to find a quick way to make money. Then I saw his young wife in the hallway with their new baby, Marie, and had an idea. Every time I saw Madame Février, I would ask about the baby. I found out that she took little Marie to the local park every morning. So I contacted my old flame, George – he needed money too. He would set up a kidnapping at the park and take Marie to his flat in Brussels. It was my job to organize the ransom. I should have known that stupid George would mess things up. When a woman at a service station saw him with the screaming baby and tried to help, George just gave her the baby and drove off.

**Dead men don't write books**

24

Sometimes in life – and even in death – an opportunity comes your way. As I snorkelled among the exotic fish, I had no idea that I would soon be fishing among someone's virtual possessions. But what a treasure I found! Occasionally, as I sat at my desk, I would see him before me, not pale and cold with his wetsuit still zipped up, but in his tweed jacket and college scarf. I'd never really noticed his assistant, Adel, when we worked together, but he was always there. Adel means "justice" in Arabic.

**CRIME**  
intellectual property theft  
**SUSPECT**  
professor  
**MOTIVE**  
ambition

**LOCATION**  
in an airport lounge  
**WEAPON**  
USB stick  
**TIME**  
—

**Dead men don't write books**

24

Professor Dunbar, a famous US Egyptologist, died in a diving accident in the Red Sea in 2012. Dunbar had written a brilliant book on the pharaohs, but his secretive research style and aggressive manner had made him very unpopular. The Red Sea holiday was a break after a symposium in Cairo. I was a colleague of his and had been snorkelling on the day he died. When the boat came in with Dunbar's body, I offered to fly home his belongings. Next morning, at Sharm el-Sheikh airport, I made sure I had an hour or so to myself. I checked his laptop and, as I had hoped, found the manuscript for a new book – on Cleopatra. I downloaded it onto a USB stick and trashed the original. A few years later, and after an extensive rewrite, I published his book under my own name. What I had overlooked was Dunbar's loyal assistant, Adel, but I recognized him when he turned up with the police at a book reading.

**The art of asking the right questions.**

**A basket case**

25

**T**he boys had played so hard and we were so close to the top prize. Our star, though, wasn't just fast on court. Pity about the sports car. Our problem now – or rather, my problem – was their star. All we needed was a little slip-up, you understand, just to gain a competitive edge. And what better place for that to happen than in a tiled room where everything is slippery anyway? “Don't trust Greeks bearing oil” was my motto, but I should have been more careful about getting rid of the traces.

**CRIME**  
sabotage

**SUSPECT**  
basketball coach

**MOTIVE**  
ambition

**LOCATION**  
in a shower cubicle

**WEAPON**  
olive oil

**TIME**  
in the afternoon

**A basket case**

25

**A**s the trainer of Greece's under-20 basketball team, I wanted to make my country proud by winning the championships in Athens. We were the strongest team in the competition. Then our star player drove his sports car into a tree and had to be hospitalized. Without Dimitri, we were in trouble. We got through the semi-final, but would have no chance against the strong French team and their star player, Bruno Roux. I'm not the criminal type but I simply had to take him out. On the afternoon before the final, I broke into the French team's quarters. In Roux's bathroom, I filled the shampoo and soap containers with olive oil and put them back in the shower. I also poured oil on the walls and floor of the shower. Roux slipped and injured himself as planned, but I slipped up too. I should have cleaned the oil from my shoes – and throwing the oil canister into my bin at home was really careless of me.

**A tale from the Taj**

26

**I** can remember when it was my turn. I was scared, feeling the rope around my neck, but thrilled too. What would our parents have said – sitting in their expensive homes, believing their children to be safe? It was just a game, but why weren't we more careful? Why didn't we look at those bricks? Even when I heard the snap of bone, I held onto him. Then the masters came running across the playing field with torches, keeping an eye out for snakes, but our screams must have scared the snakes away.

**CRIME**  
manslaughter

**SUSPECT**  
schoolboy

**MOTIVE**  
initiation process

**LOCATION**  
in the woods

**WEAPON**  
noose

**TIME**  
at night

**A tale from the Taj**

26

**O**urs is one of the most prestigious boarding schools on the Indian subcontinent. I was the most popular and talented pupil of my year – until Aqil joined our class. His father is a wealthy businessman from Kuala Lumpur. Aqil was a chubby little thing whose uniform didn't fit and who was always lost in a dream. He was charming, though, and clever and immediately popular. My friends wanted him to join our secret society. Our initiation process is a mock hanging at night. The newcomer stands on a pile of bricks out in the woods behind the school with a noose around his neck and answers questions. For every wrong answer, a couple of bricks are removed. We usually give up when the rope is really taut. I secured the noose around Aqil's neck, but the bricks were uneven and I stumbled and fell, pulling Aqil down with me. Our combined weight meant that his neck was immediately broken.

**The art of asking the right questions.**

**Rich and poor  
in Singapore**

27

**W**hen you are small you forget people quickly, even the people who are supposed to be closest to you. On my day off I went to Raffles with some girlfriends. We didn't have the money to go in. We just stood outside, looking, and then a happy young woman came out carrying a baby and this made me sad. I have never smoked, so it's ironic that trying to make a quick buck through smokes was my downfall. The car would have been smart enough for Raffles. It was too smart for us at the checkpoint.

**CRIME**  
smuggling

**SUSPECT**  
Filipina maid

**MOTIVE**  
desperation

**LOCATION**  
at a border control

**WEAPON**  
-

**TIME**  
-

**Rich and poor  
in Singapore**

27

**F**or many Filipinas, working as maids for families abroad is the only way to make a living. I had been in Singapore for two years, cleaning for the Klein family from Hamburg. My son, Revin, born just before I left for Singapore, was being looked after at home by my sister. Last summer, when I went home, my sister refused to let me see Revin. She said she was his mother now. I was heartbroken. How could I make enough money quickly to get home and reclaim my son? One of my friends joked about smuggling cigarettes over from Malaysia. I liked the idea. It took months to make the contact. One Sunday, my girlfriends and I were sent to pick up an SUV on the Malay side of the border and drive it to a destination in Singapore. The police would be less likely to stop a woman they told us. The car was far too smart for us. The border control picked us up immediately.

**Time and the hacker**

28

**N**o one buys a paper anymore. We need to save, but it's hard when you've worked with people for years. The marriage was a sham, so I knew whose side I was on. My job was at stake too. It was my legal lover who tipped me off. There was no crime for Scotland Yard to investigate. I'd always found his collection stupid – like he was trying to buy time. Now, though, it was useful. I'd planned to leave my phone behind. I suppose force of habit made me pick it up again. I saw it in my bag at Schiphol.

**CRIME**  
robbery

**SUSPECT**  
magazine editor

**MOTIVE**  
desire for justice

**LOCATION**  
in an office

**WEAPON**  
computer hacking

**TIME**  
-

**Time and the hacker**

28

**M**y husband is the CEO of a British newspaper publishing house. Bruce is a skinflint who enjoys terrorizing people. It helps that he's six feet four, weighs 17 stones and grins like a hungry crocodile. Our marriage is as stale as yesterday's news, but I'm the editor of one of his magazines. For more than a year now, I've been having an affair with John, head of the legal department. Two nights ago, John told me that Bruce was outsourcing editorial work to freelancers – which is legal but totally unethical towards his employees. I immediately contacted a hacker I'd once interviewed. In exchange for some dirt I'd collected on Bruce, he sent me details of Bruce's dealings. I passed on the information to a rival newspaper that same evening, packed Bruce's collection of vintage watches as a financial safety net and flew to Amsterdam. I should have switched my phone off to prevent GPS tracking.

**The art of asking the right questions.**

**The opium of the people**

29

**W**e offered hope to dark eyes filled with tears. I no longer had to pretend to like kids. I was in love with my new idea: Luis handsome in his surplice; Carlos looking blessed. At night, I sat drinking the leftover sweet wine, listening to the coyotes howl as the red sun set over the desert. Are there coyotes where the “catrachos” come from? They were hoping for family, but family from across the Atlantic was hoping to find me. The flyer was just like the ones my dad used to hand out for his party.

**CRIME**  
fraud  
**SUSPECT**  
young woman  
**MOTIVE**  
greed  
**LOCATION**  
in a bus  
**WEAPON**  
—  
**TIME**  
on Sundays

**The opium of the people**

29

**I** came to southern California from Spain as an au-pair five years ago. My dad was a minister in the Spanish government and he wanted his problem child gone. After I lost my job for smoking dope around the kids, I moved in with two Honduran brothers, Luis and Carlos, and began a career in drug-related crime. Cruising around one Sunday, we passed a small church packed with Honduran immigrants and I had a brain-wave. I rented a small bus, stuck a neon cross on it and launched the Church of Santa Ynez. I was in charge of business, Luis was the priest, Carlos was the miracle. At services in migrant communities we told people that we had a special dispensation to bring relatives over from Honduras. Carlos, we said, was living proof. Prayer and a donation was all it took – our hash cookies helped too. Then a convert recognized me. My mother was in California and there were flyers everywhere.

**Cards and clues in a club at Lac Léman**

30

**I** was born to university life. I began as a student drinking coffee on the Rive Gauche – so much more interesting than the Getreidegasse. Today I’m at the lectern. It can go to your head when you get promoted, even when you’re just playing. Some men play golf, others play football, but you hardly need to move at all if you want to play against me. It doesn’t mean, though, that a person can’t get injured. Three against one, that’s not fair. Afterwards I noticed hot wax on my hand.

**CRIME**  
assault  
**SUSPECT**  
professor  
**MOTIVE**  
anger  
**LOCATION**  
in a private club  
**WEAPON**  
candlestick  
**TIME**  
in the evening

**Cards and clues in a club at Lac Léman**

30

**I**n 1999, while I was studying in Paris, I started a game event with three guys from my class: Olle (Swedish), Bill (American) and Danilo (Brazilian) – I’m from Salzburg. Once a year we spend a weekend playing board games. We’ve left college, so now we meet in a private club in Geneva. We have our meals there, drink wine and smoke cigars. It’s civilized but competitive. This year I brought a crime game. I’ve just been made professor at a German university so maybe I was a little pompous that first evening. But when Olle questioned my theories, I got annoyed. Then Danilo took sides with Olle, and Bill said I was a lousy detective. I knew I was right, but the others became sarcastic. Finally, Bill told me to stop being arrogant or leave. To make the others listen I hit the table with a candlestick. When Olle laughed at me, I lashed out with the candlestick. The cuts to his face were deep.