



THE DEAD LETTER COUNTER

Record 001: The Rook Street Letter

A posthumous correspondence and murder inquiry

Complimentary Opening Record

AN ORIGINAL FICTIONAL INVESTIGATION BY ULYSESS ORTIZ

All people, places, crimes, documents, records, and supernatural events in this collection are fictional.

Before You Open the Record

A letter arrived after Celia Wren died inside the Rook Street Undeliverable Mail Annex. The official inquiry blamed the fire. This collection contains the correspondence, the surviving inquiry, the recovered materials, and the final findings.

Read in this order:

- | | |
|----|---|
| 01 | Posthumous Correspondence 001
Read Celia Wren's complete letter before opening the inquiry. |
| 02 | Rook Street Death Inquiry
Review the official account and the evidence that overturns it. |
| 03 | Recovered Materials: Packet 001
Examine the envelope, ledger, access log, receipt, warning placard, and related records. |
| 04 | After-Closing Investigator Worksheet
Record your conclusion in one compact inquiry sheet. |
| 05 | Sealed Hints
Open only if the evidence no longer moves. |
| 06 | Sealed Findings
Open after you have filed your accusation. |
| 07 | After-Closing Epilogue
Read last. |

Your task: determine who killed Celia Wren, why she was killed, how the death was concealed, and how her letter reached Ana after burial. The human crime and the impossible delivery must be explained separately.

What This Record Is

This is an original fictional investigation created by Ulysess Ortiz for Night Vendor Horror. It is designed to feel like a recovered evidence file while remaining entirely fictional.

It is not a report of a real crime, a real person, a real agency, or a real supernatural claim. The document names, seals, forms, locations, and classifications were created for this story world.

FICTIONAL RECORD / PUBLIC RELEASE

Screen edition: optimized for reading on a phone, tablet, or computer.

Print edition: lighter backgrounds and ink-safe page treatment for home printing.

Important: required clues are never hidden by color alone, microscopic text, or decorative damage.

Contents of the First Drawer

A	One complete posthumous letter
B	One complete murder inquiry
C	Eleven recovered evidence artifacts
D	One compact investigator worksheet
E	Three escalating sealed hints
F	Sealed findings and final determination
G	One after-closing epilogue

The first drawer opens freely. Everything after it must earn a price.

ANA WREN

ROOK STREET ANNEX / UNROUTED CORRESPONDENCE

NO POSTAGE / NO ADDRESS

Posthumous Correspondence 001

The original pages were recovered inside an unaddressed annex envelope. Line breaks and signatures are preserved.

Ana,

I have started this letter three times.

The first version sounded too calm. The second sounded like I was trying to frighten you. The third began with an apology, which is how every conversation between us has begun since Mom died, and I could not bear to make this another one.

So I am going to begin with the truth.

Something is wrong at Rook Street.

I know how that sounds. The annex has always been wrong in ordinary ways. The radiators knock after the heat has been switched off. The oldest sorting belts move half an inch when trucks pass outside. We keep mail for people who have been dead longer than either of us has been alive. Anyone could work here for a week and come home with stories.

This is not one of those stories.

I found something I was not supposed to find.

You once told me I noticed things only after they had already hurt someone. I was angry when you said it. I thought you were accusing me of being slow, or selfish, or both. Tonight I keep hearing your exact voice, and I finally understand what you meant.

You meant I wait too long to trust myself.

I am trying not to do that now.

For the past six months I have been reconciling the destruction ledgers. That means I compare what the annex claims was destroyed with what was actually signed out of storage. Most of it is nothing anyone would steal. Water-damaged catalogs. Returned birthday cards. Insurance notices sent to empty apartments. Packages containing clothes that no longer fit the children they were meant for.

But some entries were wrong.

A watch listed as crushed in transit had no damage report.

A registered envelope marked destroyed had been opened cleanly along one edge.

Three small parcels containing jewelry were logged under the same furnace batch, although the furnace had been out of service that week.

At first I assumed it was careless paperwork. You know how I am. I made a list. Then I made a cleaner list because I hated the first list. Then I checked the shelf numbers against the supervisor copies.

That was when I found the private ledger.

It was inside the bottom drawer of Gideon Vey's old metal cabinet, beneath a stack of blank disposal certificates. It was not an official record. No annex heading. No municipal seal. Just dates, parcel numbers, descriptions, initials, and amounts written in his narrow hand.

There were more than sixty entries.

Some of the parcels had been waiting here for years. Some had belonged to people who never knew anything valuable had been sent to them. One contained the deed to a house. Another held a baptism bracelet engraved with a child's name. There were cash amounts beside several registered envelopes.

Every item had been marked destroyed in the official books.

I copied one page.

I should have copied all of it. I should have called someone. I should have photographed the cabinet before I touched anything.

Instead, I heard Gideon in the corridor and put the ledger back.

He came into the records room chewing one of those peppermint lozenges he always carries. I could smell it before he spoke.

He asked why I was still there.

I told him the destruction totals were not balancing.

He smiled and said old buildings never balance.

Then he stood beside my desk without moving. Not looking at me. Looking at my outgoing tray.

He asked whether I had mailed anything.

Not whether I had finished my work. Not whether I had found anything.

Whether I had mailed anything.

I said no.

He looked at my hands.

There was something blue beneath his thumbnail. A dark blue wax, almost black until the lamp caught it. I thought it was carbon paper at first, but it had collected in the half-moon of his nail and along the side of his finger.

He saw me looking.

He put his hand into his pocket.

Then he asked whether I wanted coffee.

I said no.

He left, but the peppermint smell stayed in the room.

I know this is not proof. I know you will read that sentence and think, Celia, please stop making a case out of a smell and a dirty fingernail.

I would think that too, if this were happening to anyone else.

There are other things.

The electrical cabinet outside the restricted sorting room has been silent all evening. Usually it hums loud enough to feel through the wall. Tonight there is nothing. No fan. No relay clicking. No heat behind the metal door.

Calder Rook warned us about that cabinet months ago. Gideon complained about the cost of replacing it. Everyone here knows it is old.

But tonight it is not failing. It has gone deliberately quiet.

A sharp chemical smell has started leaking from the restricted room. A few minutes ago, I heard something heavy scrape across the floor behind the door.

I have not gone in there.

I am not going to.

The copied ledger page is safe. I did not keep it in my desk, and I did not put it in the chute.

It is behind the warning no one reads.

You will understand that when you see the room.

I hope you never see the room.

I know those two sentences do not agree.

Neither do I.

Ana, I am sorry I stopped calling.

That is not related to the annex, except that everything becomes related when you think you may not have another chance to say it.

After Mom died, you wanted to empty her apartment immediately. I wanted to leave everything where it was. Her mug beside the sink. Her slippers beneath the bed. The grocery list on the refrigerator with oranges misspelled because she wrote it without her glasses.

You said keeping the apartment untouched would not keep her alive.

I said getting rid of her things would not make you less relieved she was gone.

I have replayed that sentence for four years.

I knew it was cruel before I finished saying it. I said it anyway because you were doing what I could not do, and I wanted to make your strength look like coldness.

You were not relieved that she died.

You were exhausted because you had been taking care of her while I kept volunteering for late shifts and pretending work was the reason I could not come over.

I am sorry.

I should have said that before tonight.

I should have said it without needing a locked building, a stolen ledger, and a man outside the records room to make me brave.

There. I wrote it.

He is back.

He did not knock.

He stood in the doorway just now and asked why the office typewriter was running.

It is not running. I am writing this by hand.

I told him the belt motor sometimes rattles through the wall.

He said the belt motor has been disconnected for eleven years.

Then he looked toward Return Chute 7.

You remember me mentioning the chute, don't you? I may have told you about it when I first started here. The iron one behind the old sorting cages. It has a brass plate that says: NO ACTIVE ROUTE

There is nowhere for it to go.

Maintenance opened the wall behind it last winter. The chute ends after less than three feet. Brick, dust, dead insects. Nothing else.

Letters still disappear inside it.

I have seen it twice.

The first was a postcard addressed to a house demolished in 1968. I placed it in the chute because I was tired and thought it was the ordinary return slot. When I opened the maintenance panel, the postcard was gone.

The second was an envelope with no address, only the words FOR MY SON written across the front.

Gideon found me holding it.

He took it from me and said some mail was better left without a route.

The next morning the envelope was gone from his locked office.

He blamed me.

I had not touched it.

Tonight, when he asked whether I had mailed anything, he was not looking at the outgoing tray anymore.

He was looking at Chute 7.

I think he believes I put the copied page inside it.

I did not.

The page is behind the warning no one reads.

I am writing that again because I am afraid the first time will not be enough.

I have folded this letter twice already. It is too thick for a normal envelope now. I found one of the old unclaimed envelopes from the supply cabinet. There is no postage on it. I wrote your name, but I did not write your address.

I am going to place it in Chute 7.

That is an absurd plan.

I know.

But Gideon has the outgoing door key tonight, and the front entrance is chained from the inside during inventory shifts. The office phone gives a dial tone but will not connect. My cell phone has no signal, though the signal bar rises whenever I stand near the chute.

I tried your number anyway.
For one second I heard breathing.
Then I heard my own voice say your name.
Not through the phone.
From inside the chute.
Ana.
Just like that.
Not angry. Not frightened.
Almost relieved.
The chemical smell is stronger now.
Something has begun leaking beneath the restricted-room door. It shines when the light catches it.
Gideon has stopped pretending he is not here.
I can hear the peppermint wrapper opening in the hall.
I used to tease you for carrying peppermints in your purse because Mom did. I would give anything for that smell to belong to you right now.
I am putting the letter in the chute.
If it reaches you, do not bring it back here alone.
Take it somewhere public. Show someone the envelope. Ask them to check the processing mark, if there is one.
Find the warning placard above Chute 7.
Do not reach inside the chute.
The copy is not inside it.
I want to say something less frightened before I fold this.
I want you to know that the last good day with Mom was the Thursday you brought soup and she complained it had too much pepper. You went into the kitchen to fix it, and she squeezed my wrist and whispered that you were the only person she trusted to tell her the truth.
I was jealous.
I thought love was something she had measured and found more of in you.
Now I think she trusted you because you stayed when truth was unpleasant.
I ran whenever it became heavy.
I am trying to stay now.
I love you.
I have always loved you.
Even when I made silence do the speaking for me.

If this letter arrives and I do not, believe what I have written.

Believe the small details.

The peppermint.

The blue wax.

The cabinet gone quiet.

The chemical smell.

The warning no one reads.

Please do not let anyone tell you I was careless.

Please do not let them say I started a fire.

Please do not let the report call me confused because that version is easier.

He is at the door.

I am putting this in now.

I love you.

Celia

Ana,

I thought the letter was finished.

I remember folding it.

I remember lifting the iron mouth of the chute.

I remember the paper leaving my fingers.

The next part should not be here.

I can still hear the pen moving, but my hand is not holding it.

There is smoke beneath the sorting-room door now. It crawls low across the floor and divides around my shoes.

Someone has carried my coat past the records window.

It hangs from one arm as if there is a person inside it, but there is not. The sleeve drags against the cabinets.

The glass is dark enough to reflect the room.

I can see the desk.

I can see the chair tipped backward.

I can see someone lying between the chair and the filing cabinet.

Her face is turned toward the wall.

Her hair is mine.

There is a dark line around her throat.

Ana, I do not understand how I can see her from here.

I do not understand where here is.

The chute is closed, but I can hear paper sliding through it.

From inside the chute, paper shifts once, then twice, then once again. It is the old rhythm Mom used when she knocked on our bedroom door.

Then your name returns.

Ana.

Come back.

The smoke has reached the letter, but the page is not burning.

I can smell peppermint.

There is blue wax on the iron latch.

Someone is searching inside the chute.

He has misunderstood what I wrote.

Let him.

The warning is above him.

He has never read it.

I can see myself on the floor.

I can see this page somewhere in the dark.

Those things cannot both be true.

Still, the words are appearing.

So I will use what remains.

I am not asking you to forgive me because I am dead.

I am asking you to believe me because I finally told you the truth while I was alive.

The rest came afterward.

Celia



AFTER-CLOSING INQUIRY

Rook Street Death Inquiry

File RW-17-001: Celia Wren

Original finding: accidental death / Current finding: probable
homicide

AN ORIGINAL FICTIONAL INVESTIGATION BY ULYSESS ORTIZ

Fictional case record. Not affiliated with a real police, fire, medical, postal, or government
agency.

Rook Street Death Inquiry

CURRENT CLASSIFICATION: SUSPICIOUS DEATH

This inquiry was assembled from surviving annex records, witness statements, medical findings, fire-inspection materials, and documents received after the original investigation was closed. Several records conflict. One appears to have been altered after Celia Wren's death.

Incident Overview

At approximately 12:44 a.m., an automatic fire alarm activated inside the Rook Street Undeliverable Mail Annex. The building was closed to the public. Celia Wren, the night records clerk, was believed to be the only employee inside.

Fire personnel entered through the east loading entrance after discovering the main employee door chained from within. Celia was found between a filing cabinet and an overturned office chair. Her coat lay several feet away, partially covering a damaged electrical cabinet.

The preliminary inquiry concluded that an electrical malfunction caused the fire and that Celia collapsed from smoke inhalation. That finding no longer accounts for the surviving evidence.

Subject Profile: Celia Wren

Age: 32

Occupation: Night records clerk

Employment: Six years, four months

Shift: 9:30 p.m. to 5:30 a.m.

Celia reconciled destruction ledgers, verified storage locations, documented damaged parcels, and prepared undeliverable records for disposal. She had no disciplinary history. Prior reviews praised her ability to identify small discrepancies after other staff accepted a balance.

Location Summary

The Rook Street Annex stored mail that could not be delivered, returned, claimed, or immediately destroyed. Its interior included a records office, restricted sorting room, disposal cage, damaged-parcel storage, maintenance corridor, and east loading entrance.

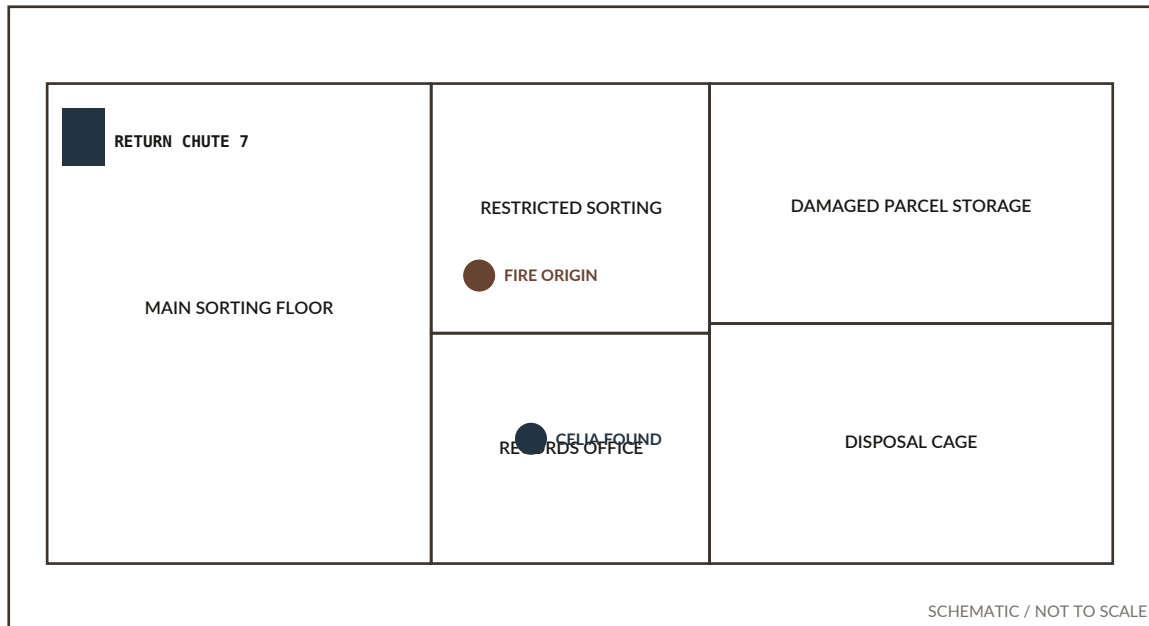
Return Chute 7 was an obsolete iron chute behind the old sorting cages. Its plate read: NO ACTIVE ROUTE. Maintenance records state that it ended inside a sealed wall cavity and had no operational connection.

Preliminary Timeline

Time	Recorded event	Credential
9:24 p.m.	Celia enters employee door	CW-14
10:08 p.m.	Gideon signs destruction ledger	GV-02
10:46 p.m.	Calder Rook leaves annex grounds	ER-09
11:18 p.m.	Celia opens restricted ledger storage	CW-14
11:41 p.m.	Office phone attempts outgoing call	-
11:47 p.m.	Gideon claims departure	GV-02
11:58 p.m.	Expense card used near annex	GV-02
12:17 a.m.	Restricted sorting room opens	GV-02
12:23 a.m.	Disposal cage opens	GV-02
12:29-12:36	Estimated ignition window	-
12:41 a.m.	East loading exit	GV-02
12:44 a.m.	Fire alarm activates	-

The supervisor-access event at 12:17 a.m. was not included in the original incident summary.

Annex Layout



The front employee entrance remained chained from within. A supervisor credential could secure the east loading door from outside, allowing the scene to appear sealed after departure.

Fire-Origin Reassessment

A later inspection found that the electrical cabinet had been manually placed in the off position before the fire. Its internal components lacked the arc damage expected from the alleged malfunction.

Concentrated burning began outside the cabinet. Residue consistent with label-removal solvent formed a pour pattern toward the records-room threshold.

Revised finding: the cabinet did not ignite the fire. It was used to support the appearance of an accidental electrical event.

Medical Reassessment

The first medical summary listed smoke inhalation as the probable cause of death. A later review identified neck compression injuries, bruising beneath the jaw, waxed fibers beneath one fingernail, little soot in the lower airway, and an estimated time of death before the ignition window.

Inquiry reversal: Celia Wren was dead, or no longer breathing effectively, before the annex began to burn.

Person of Interest: Gideon Vey

Position: Annex site supervisor

Access: Full building and restricted-record credentials

Gideon stated that he left at 11:47 p.m., did not return, and knew nothing about missing disposal records. His supervisor credential opened the restricted sorting room at 12:17 a.m. and exited through the east loading door at 12:41 a.m.

He also minimized Celia's record access and described her as confused despite the absence of any such concern in her employment history.

Other Persons Connected to the Record

Ana Wren: Celia's older sister. Their estrangement supplied an emotional motive to conceal information, but travel and telephone records place Ana elsewhere during the death window.

Calder Rook: Maintenance contractor and descendant of the building's original owner. He had warned that the electrical cabinet was unreliable and had legitimate access to solvent during scheduled work. His vehicle left before Celia accessed the restricted records, and he lacked supervisor credentials.

Record Discrepancies

A private inventory fragment lists valuable mail as destroyed while noting that watches, jewelry, registered cash, legal papers, and a property deed were retained. Gideon Vey's initials appear beside the disputed entries.

One copied ledger page disappeared around the time of Celia's death. The killer appears to have searched the records area and Return Chute 7 for that copy.

Current Findings

1. The electrical cabinet did not start the fire.
2. The fire was deliberately staged.
3. Celia died before the ignition window.
4. Her injuries are consistent with strangulation using waxed cord.
5. Someone used Gideon Vey's credential after his claimed departure.
6. Celia had discovered theft and altered destruction records.
7. Return Chute 7 and the warning placard were disturbed after the confrontation.

Revised classification: probable homicide concealed by deliberate fire.

Matters for Determination

The inquiry file does not, by itself, formally establish who used the supervisor credential, who removed the parcel cord, where the copied ledger page was hidden, or how an unaddressed envelope left a sealed annex.

Those findings require the recovered correspondence and supplementary evidence packet.

RECORD REMAINS OPEN PENDING ACCUSATION



AFTER-CLOSING INQUIRY

Recovered Materials: Packet 001

Evidence connected to the death of Celia Wren

Review after the letter and death inquiry

AN ORIGINAL FICTIONAL INVESTIGATION BY ULYSESS ORTIZ

Fictional evidence artifacts created for Record 001: The Rook Street Letter.

The Envelope

RETURNED AFTER FINAL SORT / 01:18 A.M.

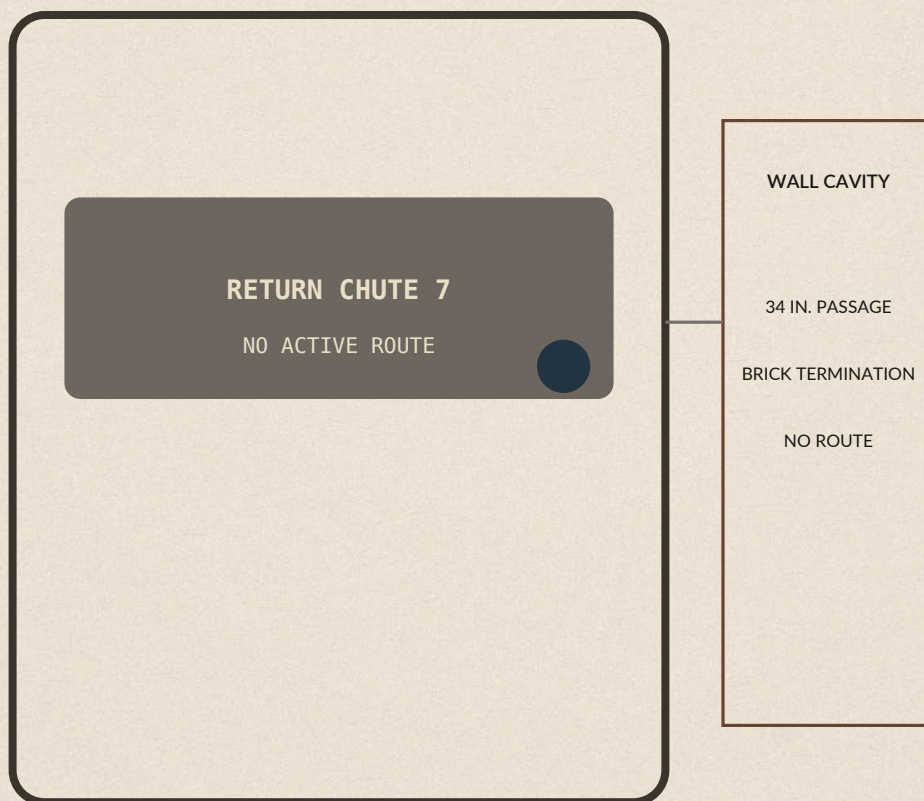
ANA WREN

7

ROOK STREET ANNEX / UNROUTED CORRESPONDENCE

No postage or address appears on the envelope. A processing impression marks it at 1:18 a.m., after Celia's estimated death. Ana found it at a temporary address Celia did not know.

Return Chute 7 Examination



The chute ends inside a bricked wall cavity. Blue-black wax appears on the latch. The warning placard above it shows disturbed screws.

Private Ledger Fragment

PRIVATE INVENTORY / NOT FOR DISPOSAL FILE			
RS-4418	WATCH RETAINED	GV	275
RS-4481	STONES REMOVED	GV	460
RS-4527	REGISTERED CASH	GV	800
RS-4559	DEED HELD	GV	PENDING
RS-4612	BAPTISM BRACELET	GV	190

Furnace batch 19 did not run.

The unofficial ledger records valuable mail as destroyed while noting that items were retained. Gideon Vey's initials appear beside the disputed entries.

Parcel-Cord Comparison

ANNEX SUPPLY SAMPLE



THREE-STRAND TWIST / BLUE-BLACK WAX / SILVER FILAMENT

The annex supply cord matches fibers recovered beneath Celia's fingernail and wax found on Return Chute 7. One full length was missing after the fire.

Kiosk Receipt

BELL & PIKE SERVICE KIOSK

11:58 PM

BLACK COFFEE	1.75
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PEPPERMINT LOZENGES	2.10
---------------------	------

POCKET LIGHTER	1.50
----------------	------

TOTAL	5.35
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CARD: ANNEX SUPERVISOR

AUTH: GV-02

INITIALS: G.V.

TWO BLOCKS EAST OF ROOK STREET

The receipt places Gideon's authorized expense card two blocks from the annex after his claimed departure. The purchase includes peppermint lozenges and a pocket lighter.

Restricted-Access Extract

ROOK STREET INTERIOR CREDENTIAL LOG

9:24 p.m.	CW-14	Celia enters employee door
10:08 p.m.	GV-02	Gideon signs destruction ledger
10:46 p.m.	ER-09	Calder Rook leaves annex grounds
11:18 p.m.	CW-14	Celia opens restricted ledger storage
11:41 p.m.	-	Office phone attempts outgoing call
11:47 p.m.	GV-02	Gideon claims departure
11:58 p.m.	GV-02	Expense card used near annex
12:17 a.m.	GV-02	Restricted sorting room opens
12:23 a.m.	GV-02	Disposal cage opens
12:29-12:36	-	Estimated ignition window
12:41 a.m.	GV-02	East loading exit
12:44 a.m.	-	Fire alarm activates

NO DUPLICATE CREDENTIAL CODES FOUND

Gideon's credential opens the restricted sorting room and disposal cage after he says he left, then exits through the loading door shortly before the alarm.

Celia Wren's Desk Calendar

NIGHT SHIFT / DESTRUCTION RECONCILIATION

Ask why the blue wax is under his nail.

He keeps asking what I mailed.

Copy behind the warning no one reads.

Not inside.



Celia records the blue wax, Gideon's questions about outgoing mail, and the hiding place: behind the warning, not inside the chute.

Damaged Audio Transcript

MICROCASSETTE TRANSCRIPT / LABEL: INVENTORY DISCREPANCIES

CELIA: Those parcels were never destroyed.

MAN: You have been working too many late shifts.

CELIA: The furnace was broken. You used the same batch number three times.

[wrapper opens]

CELIA: I can smell those from the other room.

MAN: Did you mail it?

CELIA: Mail what?

MAN: The page.

MAN: Open the chute.

CELIA: There is nothing inside it.

[metal impact]

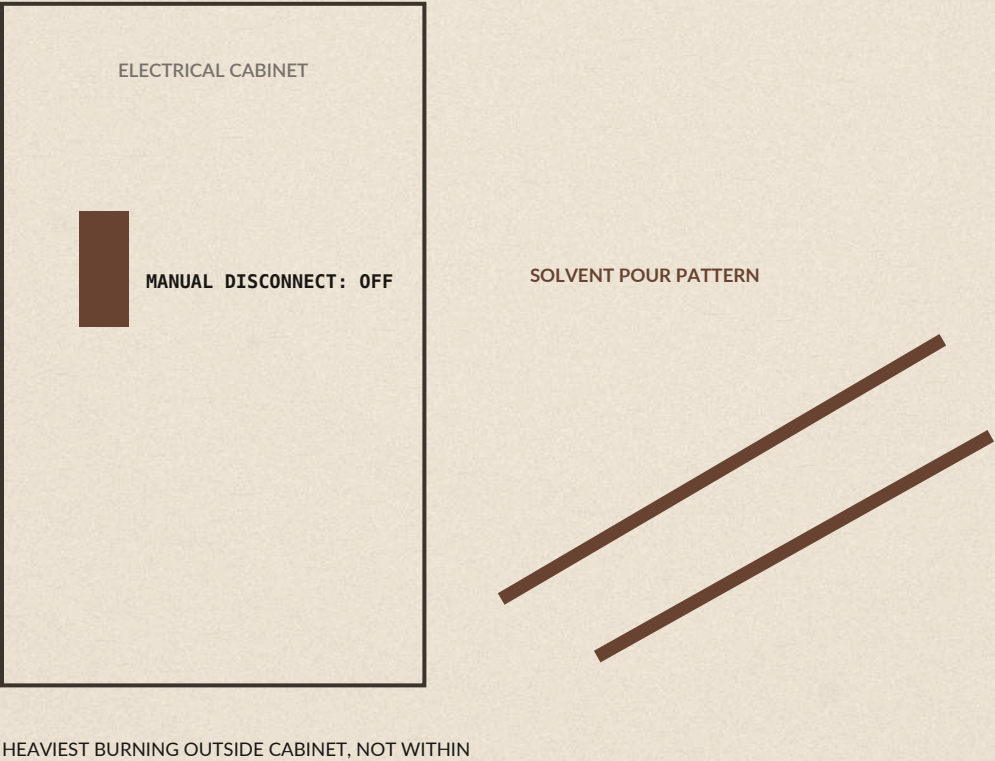
MAN: Where did you put the copy?

CELIA: Somewhere you have stood beneath for eleven years.

CELIA: You never read the warnings.

The damaged recording captures a confrontation over the private ledger, a peppermint wrapper, Return Chute 7, and Celia's warning that the other speaker never reads the signs.

Fire-Inspection Addendum



The electrical cabinet was manually disabled. Solvent residue and the burn pattern show that the fire was deliberately staged outside the cabinet.

Night Vendor Intake Slip

NIGHT VENDOR / AFTER-CLOSING COUNTER

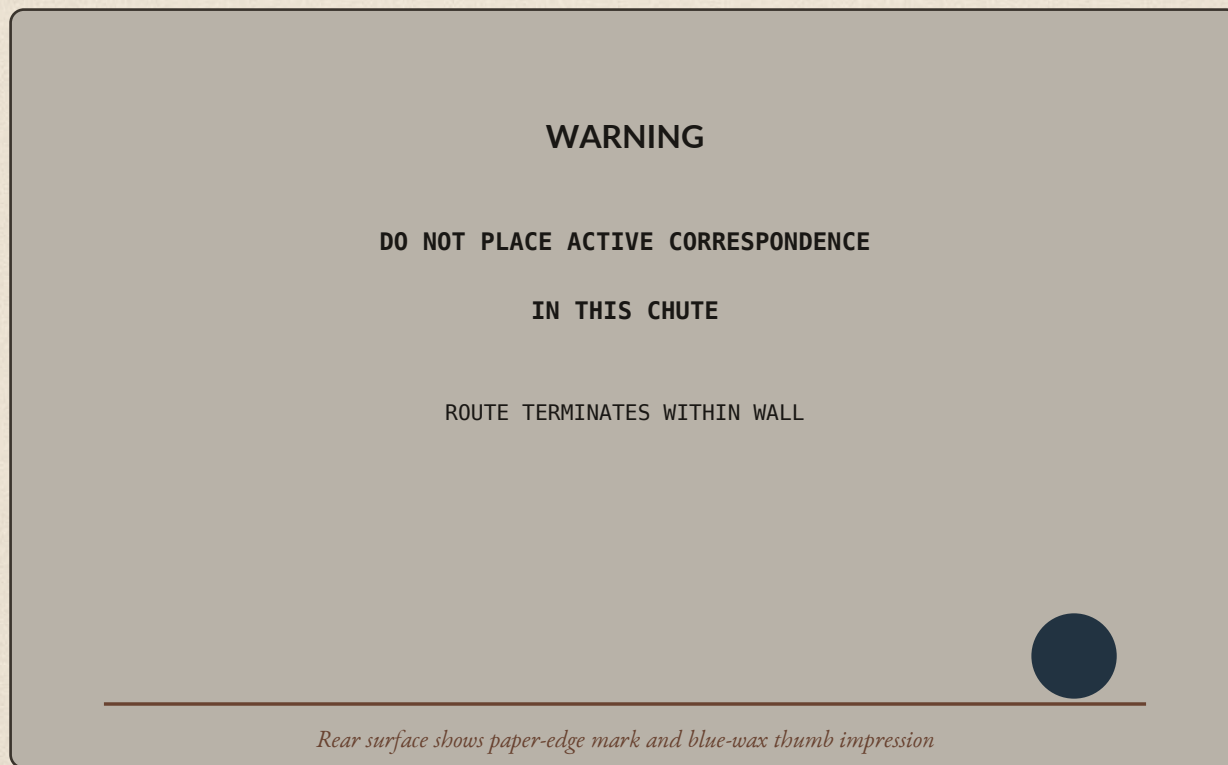
INTAKE CLASSIFICATION: POSTHUMOUS CORRESPONDENCE

RECEIVED FROM	ANA WREN
TIME RECEIVED	3:13 A.M.
METHOD	LEFT AT EXTERIOR COUNTER LEDGE
ORIGIN	ROOK STREET ANNEX
ROUTE	UNVERIFIED
CONDITION	UNBURNED / SMOKE ODOR / BLUE WAX SOFT

ORIGIN CONFIRMED / ROUTE UNVERIFIED

The envelope arrived cold, unburned, and smelling of smoke. No courier or person appeared during the arrival window.

Warning Placard Examination



The placard concealed a paper-edge mark. A blue-wax impression remained on its rear surface. The right screw had been loosened and replaced by hand.

Evidence Relationship Notice

NO CONCLUSION DEPENDS ON THE IMPOSSIBLE DELIVERY ALONE

Detail	Letter	Inquiry	Recovered material
Peppermint	Yes	Known habit	Receipt and audio
Blue wax	Yes	Fibers and chute residue	Cord, calendar, placard
Disabled cabinet	Silence noticed	Fire finding reversed	Inspection addendum
Outgoing mail	Gideon asks	Interview conflict	Audio transcript
Hidden copy	Indirect clue	Ledger page missing	Calendar and placard
Departure	Celia hears him	Claimed 11:47 p.m.	Receipt and access log

The supernatural route explains how the correspondence arrived. It does not explain Celia's neck injuries, the missing parcel cord, Gideon's false departure, the stolen-property ledger, or the staged fire. Those require a human answer.



COMPACT INQUIRY SHEET

After-Closing Investigator Worksheet

Record RW-17-001: Celia Wren

Complete before opening the Sealed Findings

AN ORIGINAL FICTIONAL INVESTIGATION BY ULYSESS ORTIZ

Fictional worksheet for the Rook Street inquiry.

Reconstruct the Final Shift

Use the letter, inquiry, and recovered materials together. Do not base the accusation on the supernatural delivery alone.

Time	Event	Why it matters
9:24 p.m.	Celia enters employee door	
10:08 p.m.	Gideon signs destruction ledger	
10:46 p.m.	Calder Rook leaves annex grounds	
11:18 p.m.	Celia opens restricted ledger storage	
11:41 p.m.	Office phone attempts outgoing call	
11:47 p.m.	Gideon claims departure	
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12:44 a.m.	Fire alarm activates	

Evidence Connections

Who had motive to silence Celia?	
What proves Celia died before the fire?	
What disproves the electrical-cabinet explanation?	
What disproves Gideon's departure claim?	
What object carried the blue-black wax?	
Why was Return Chute 7 searched?	
What did Celia mean by "behind the warning"?	
Which evidence is supernatural, and which is entirely human?	

Final Accusation

Killer

Motive

Murder method

How the fire was staged

Evidence that disproves the alibi

Location of the copied ledger page

How the letter reached Ana

Complete Reconstruction

In one account, explain what Celia discovered, why she was confronted, how she died, what the killer searched for, how the fire was staged, how the killer left, and how the letter arrived.

FILE YOUR ACCUSATION BEFORE BREAKING THE SEAL



OPEN ONLY IF REQUIRED

Sealed Hints

Record RW-17-001: The Rook Street Letter

Three escalating directions

AN ORIGINAL FICTIONAL INVESTIGATION BY ULYSESS ORTIZ

Fictional investigation hints. Open in order.



SEALED HINT ONE

Separate the death from the fire

The original conclusion assumes that Celia died because the electrical cabinet started a fire. Test both parts separately. Was the cabinet capable of igniting the fire? Was Celia still breathing when the fire began? The fire explains damage to the room. It does not explain the condition of Celia's neck.



SEALED HINT TWO

Follow the person who claimed to have left

Compare the 11:47 p.m. departure claim with the kiosk receipt, supervisor credential log, damaged audio transcript, Celia's peppermint observation, and the 12:41 a.m. loading-door exit. The timeline is not asking who could have entered. It is showing who did.



SEALED HINT THREE

Trace the blue wax

Blue-black wax appears beneath Celia's fingernail, on the parcel cord, beneath Gideon Vey's nail, inside Return Chute 7, on Celia's calendar, and behind the warning placard. The cord identifies the method. The wax identifies who handled it. The placard identifies what he was trying to recover.



FINAL DETERMINATION

Sealed Findings

Record RW-17-001: The Rook Street Letter

Open only after filing an accusation

AN ORIGINAL FICTIONAL INVESTIGATION BY ULYSESS ORTIZ

Fictional findings for the Rook Street inquiry.

Sealed Findings

FINDING: HOMICIDE / RESPONSIBLE PARTY: GIDEON VEY

Final Determination

Celia Wren discovered that Gideon Vey had been stealing valuables and documents from undeliverable parcels, then recording those items as destroyed. She copied part of his private ledger and prepared to expose him.

The Murder

Gideon confronted Celia during the night shift and demanded to know whether she had mailed the copy. Celia had hidden the page behind the warning placard above Return Chute 7. Gideon misunderstood her clue and believed the evidence was inside the chute. He killed Celia using waxed blue-black parcel cord taken from the annex supply cage.

The Cover-Up

Gideon moved Celia's body, placed her coat near the electrical cabinet, poured label-removal solvent near the records room, and set the fire after the cabinet had already been switched off. The fire was intended to destroy the copied page, the private ledger, Celia's records, and evidence of the confrontation.

Evidence Identifying Gideon

Gideon's claimed departure is contradicted by the kiosk receipt, supervisor credential log, damaged audio, and final loading-door exit. Celia's peppermint observation and the blue-wax trail connect him to the confrontation, the parcel cord, Return Chute 7, and the warning placard.

The Warning No One Reads

Celia hid the copied ledger page behind the metal warning placard. Gideon searched inside the chute and loosened the placard but failed to remove it completely. The page remained trapped behind its upper edge. Gideon's blue-wax thumb impression remained on the rear surface.

The Posthumous Letter

Celia placed her unfinished letter into Return Chute 7 before Gideon killed her. After her death, the correspondence continued long enough for her final words to appear. The letter was delivered to Ana at a temporary address Celia had never been given. The murder was human. The delivery was not.

Final Finding

Gideon Vey murdered Celia Wren using waxed parcel cord to prevent her from exposing his thefts. He staged an electrical fire to conceal the murder and destroy the copied ledger evidence. Celia's letter reached Ana through Return Chute 7 only after Celia's death.

HOMICIDE CONCEALED BY DELIBERATE FIRE

Posthumous correspondence confirmed.

Record closed.



READ LAST

After-Closing Epilogue

Record RW-17-001: The Rook Street Letter

The inquiry is closed. The drawer is not.

AN ORIGINAL FICTIONAL INVESTIGATION BY ULYSESS ORTIZ

Fictional epilogue.

After-Closing Epilogue

The warning placard was removed from the wall at 3:42 a.m.

The copied ledger page was still behind it.

It had been folded into quarters and pressed flat against the metal, protected from smoke by the placard's lower edge. The paper listed eight additional parcels Gideon Vey had marked as destroyed.

Beside each parcel number, Celia had written the rightful recipient's name.

At the bottom of the page was one final note:

Ana will know where to send this.

Gideon's blue-wax thumb impression remained on the back of the placard.

The ledger page, access records, medical findings, and surviving audio were transferred together. The original accidental-death finding was withdrawn.

Rook Street Annex never reopened.

Return Chute 7 was removed from the wall six weeks later.

The cavity behind it contained only brick, dust, and a short length of iron passage ending inside solid masonry.

No delivery route was found.

Ana Wren kept Celia's original letter.

She returned the envelope to Night Vendor.

When the envelope was placed inside Record RW-17-001, the paper no longer smelled of smoke.

The blue wax beneath its flap had hardened.

The record was closed at 11:18 p.m.

At 11:19 p.m., something moved inside the empty evidence drawer.

One envelope lay beneath the file.

It had not been there when the drawer was opened.

The front carried no postage, address, or processing mark.

Only five words were written across it:

FOR THE PERSON WHO CLOSED THIS

The handwriting did not belong to Celia Wren.

The envelope remains unopened.

Filed after closing.