

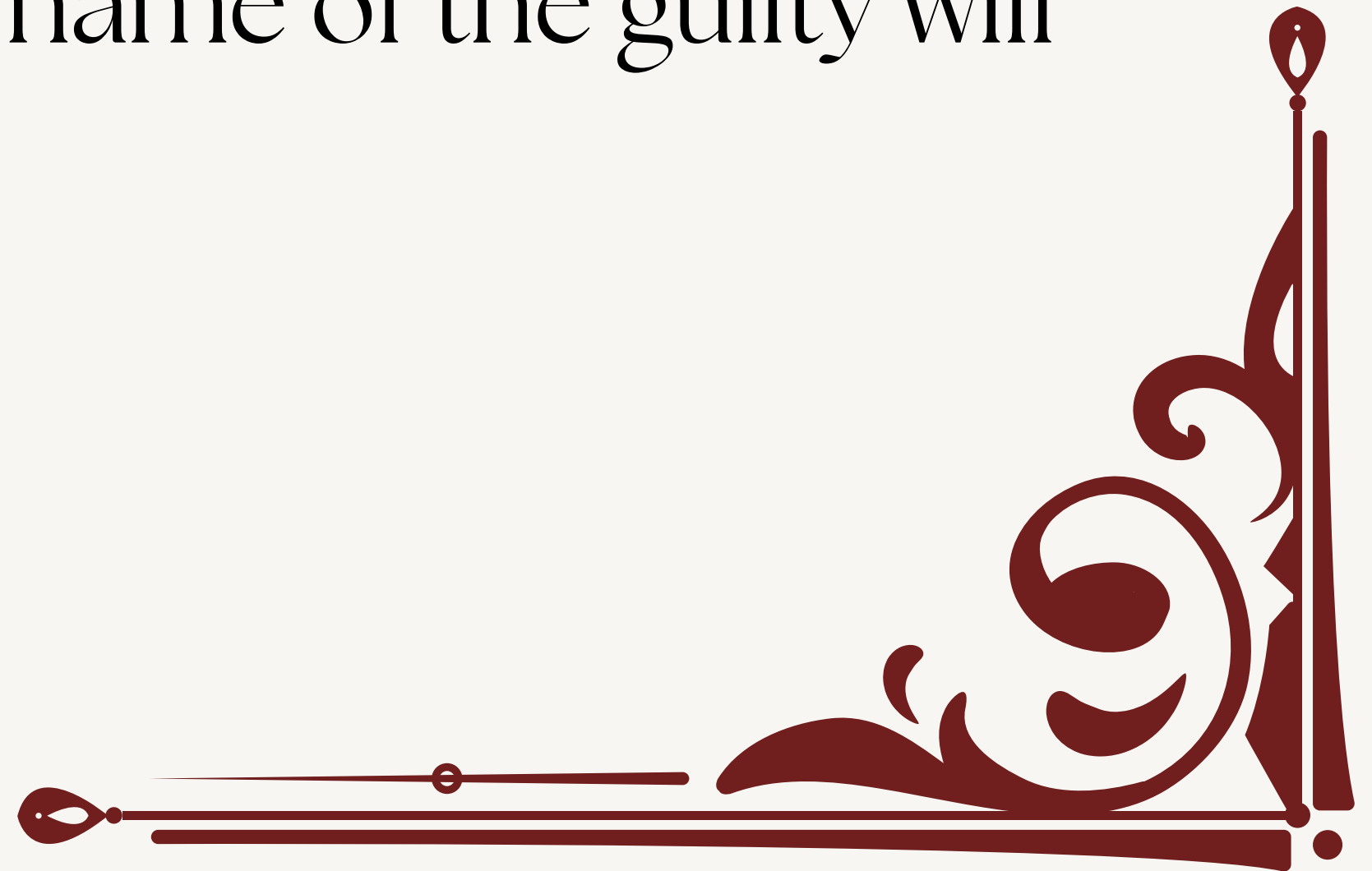
Time never lies, though its hands may be silent.
Among the clocks, one truth waits to be uncovered.
Look closely — their stillness points to the very hour
when Anne's life was taken.



Ancient stones hold more than time — each carries a fragment of truth.

Placed together, their weight reveals not just history, but a name long hidden.

Follow their order, and the first name of the guilty will surface from the past.



LA

SM

SM

SM

LA

BL

GO

SI

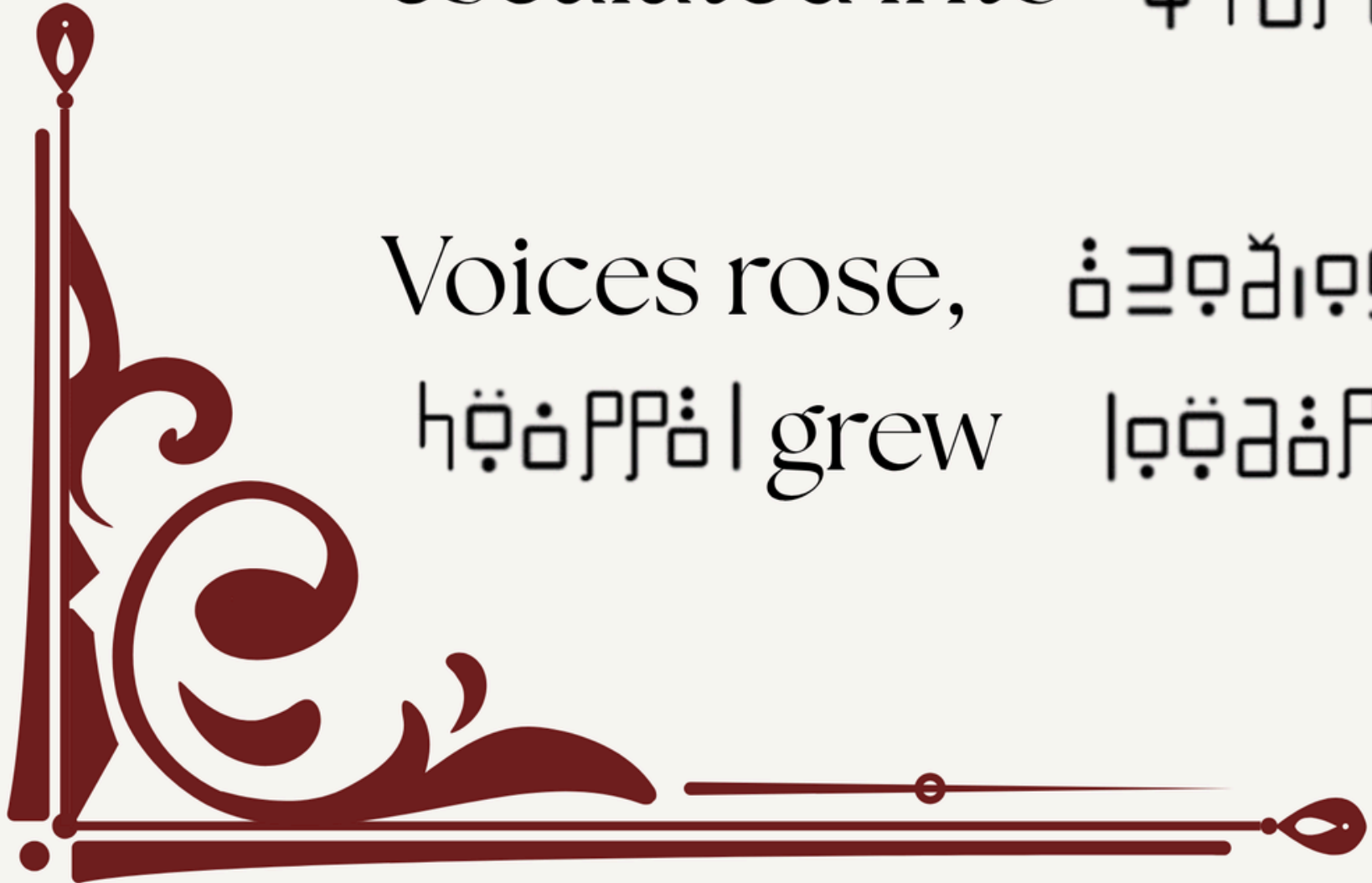
BL

WH

That evening, ၵံဝဲၵုၵ်း had been building
between ၵံဝဲၵုၵ်း and Anne.

What started as a casual disagreement quickly
escalated into ၵုၵ်းၵုၵ်း words and accusations.

Voices rose, ၵံဝဲၵုၵ်း flared, and the private
ၵုၵ်းၵုၵ်း grew ၵံဝဲၵုၵ်း than either of them intended.



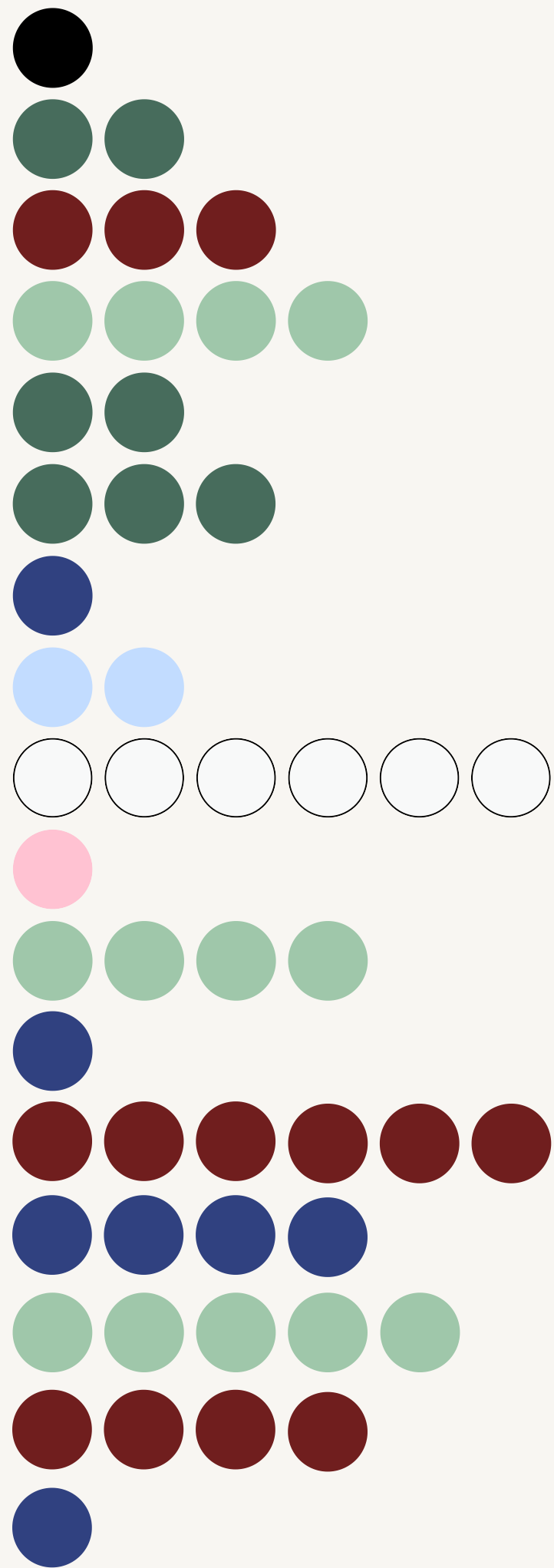
၂၂၁၁၁၁၁၁ remember seeing the two step aside,
gesturing angrily, their faces ၂၂၁၁ with frustration.

It was ၂၂၁၁၁၁ something deeper was boiling beneath
the ၂၂၁၁၁၁ .





Clues are often hidden in the simplest of things.
Two shakers, ordinary at first glance, yet placed with
care.
One sharp, one subtle — together they reveal more
than taste.
Follow their pattern, trace their meaning...
and the path will lead you straight to the door of the
guilty.

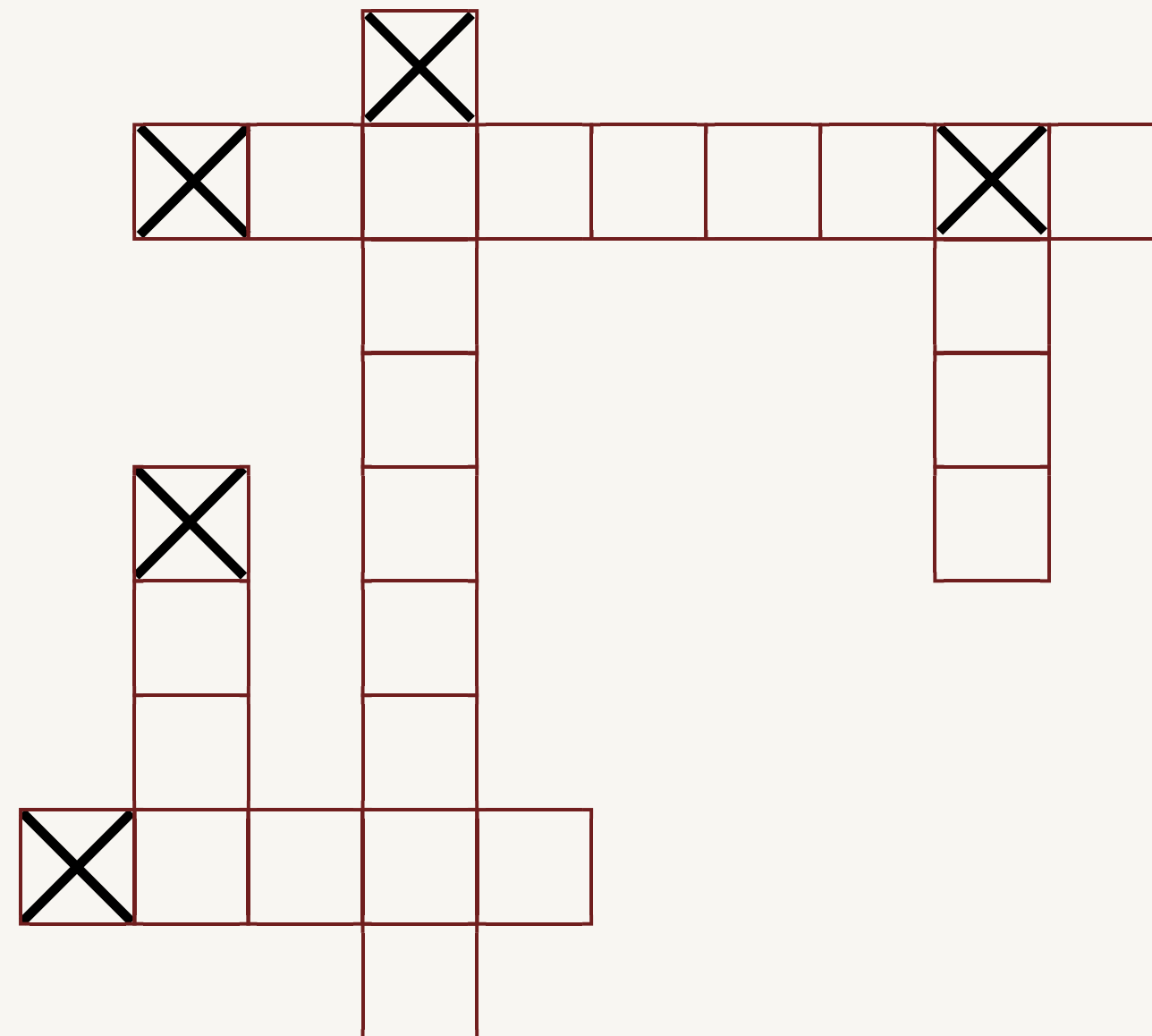


A	T	G	Y	U	L	A
W	S	X	Z	T	E	P
U	O	A	B	V	W	N
D	R	H	START	C	O	R
A	C	B	D	I	Q	A
H	R	T	G	F	V	N
X	J	I	A	E	M	U



The world keeps its secrets, turning endlessly as if nothing ever changed. Yet on this globe, hidden between lines and places, lies more than geography. A single name is etched in its path — not of countries or cities, but of guilt. Trace the journey, follow where it points... and the world itself will whisper the surname of the one who cannot escape the truth.

1. My name is MARACAIBO and I'm a city in the country...
2. My name is SUMBAWA and I'm a city in the country...
3. My name is SALALAN and I'm a city in the country...
4. My name is VIENTIANE and I'm a city in the country...
5. My name is SRINAGAR and I'm a city in the country...

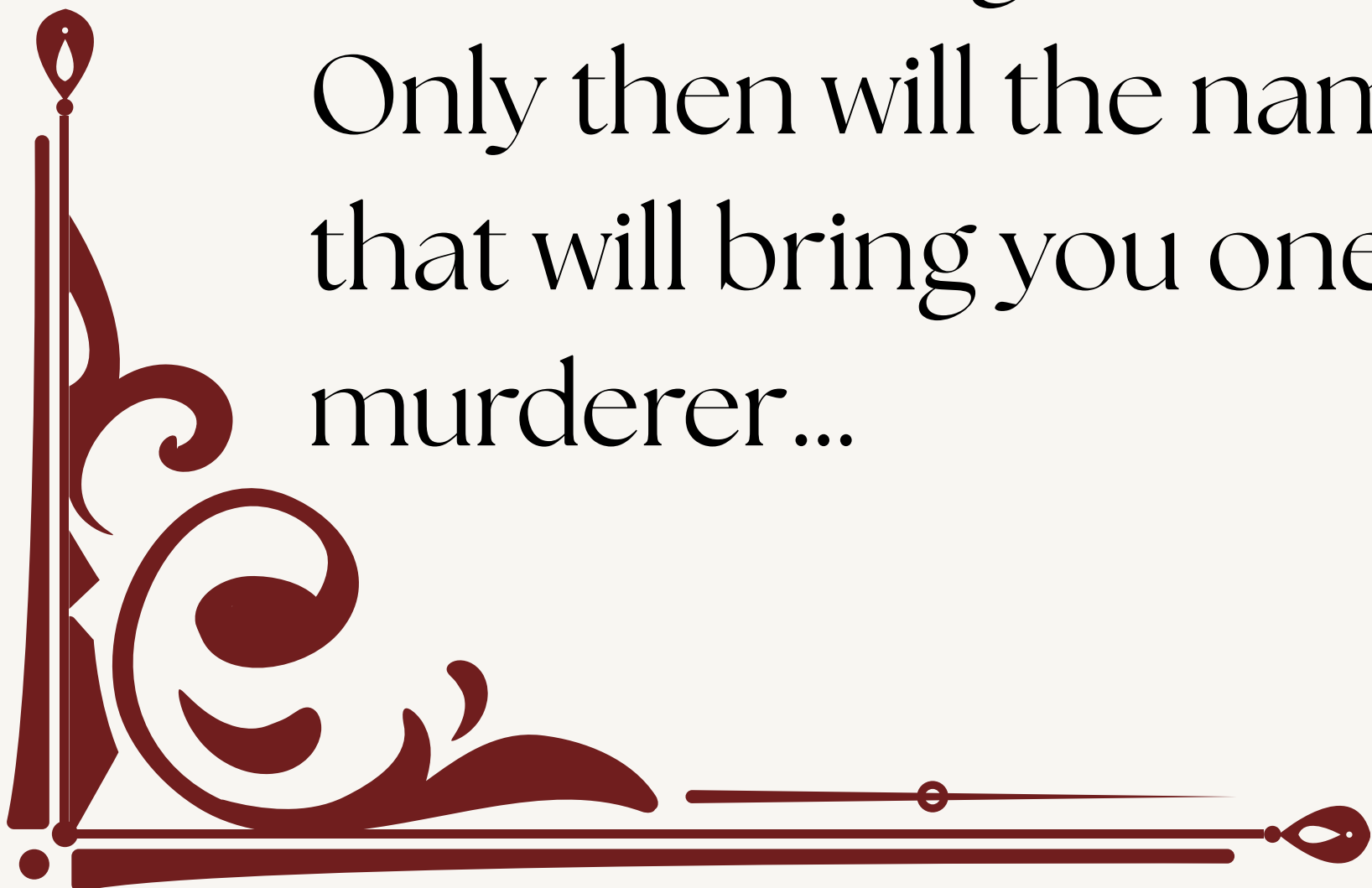


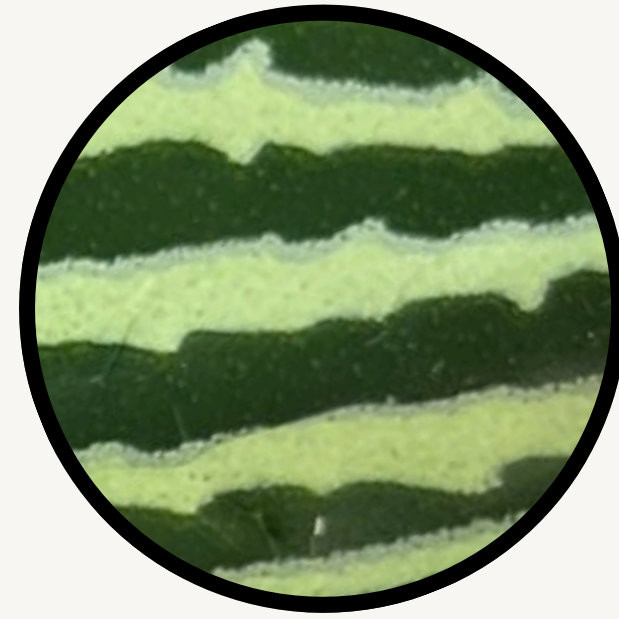
Fragments of truth are hidden all around you.

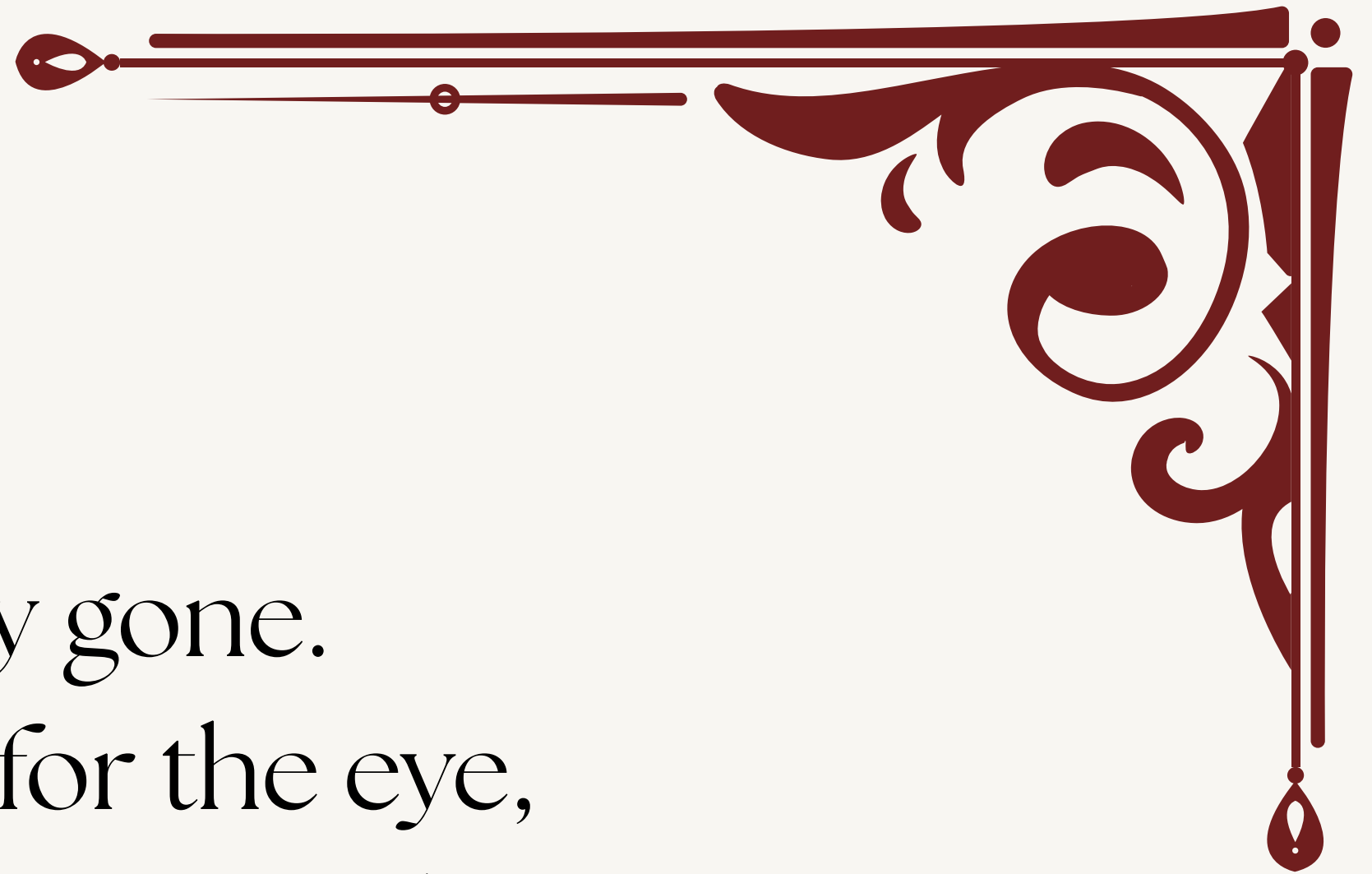
Scattered in the room are small plants waiting to be found.

Search carefully, collect the letters they carry, and place them in the right order.

Only then will the name of a city be revealed — a city that will bring you one step closer to identifying the murderer...








What washes away is never truly gone.
The soap hides traces too faint for the eye,
but under a strange light, forgotten marks return.
Invisible becomes visible —
and with it, the year when Anne's story was sealed
forever.



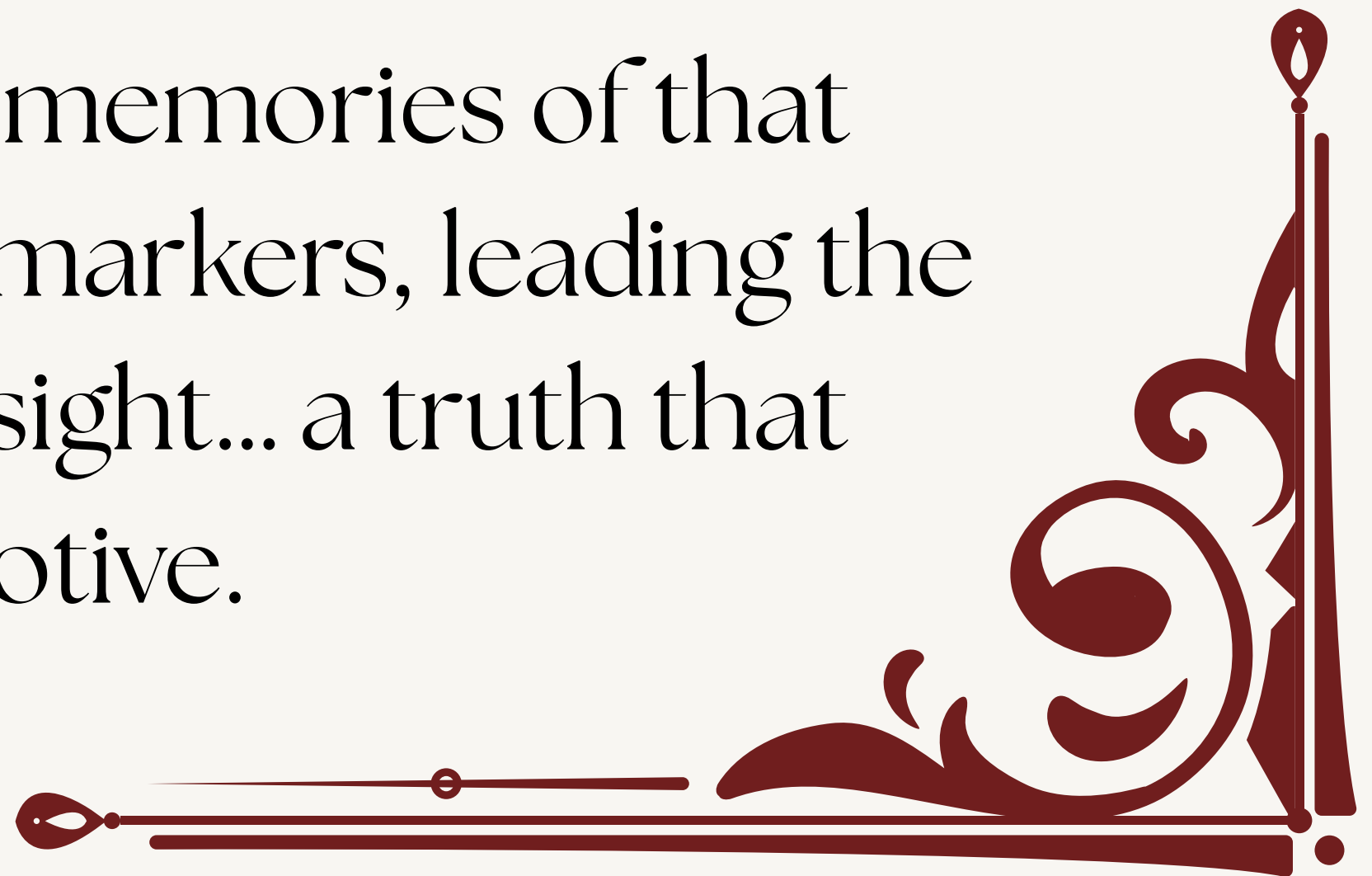
The first thing I did
when I had blood
on my hands...

A decorative flourish in a dark red color, featuring a vertical line on the left with a teardrop-shaped end, and a horizontal line at the top with a teardrop-shaped end. The flourish is adorned with intricate scrollwork and leaf-like patterns.

It was a late summer evening, the kind where the air is warm and still, when Anne slipped away to meet him by the blue lake. The world around them seemed to pause as the white moon rose above the water, casting silver ripples that danced across their faces. They opened a bottle of rosé and talked for hours, laughter and secrets weaving together as if no one else existed.

But every stolen moment carries a shadow. When Laura discovered their secret, the light was snuffed out, leaving only silence. Yet beneath it all, jealousy rooted itself deep, growing ever green in the darkness.

Those colors were more than memories of that night — they remain as silent markers, leading the way to a truth hidden in plain sight... a truth that reveals the heart of Laura's motive.

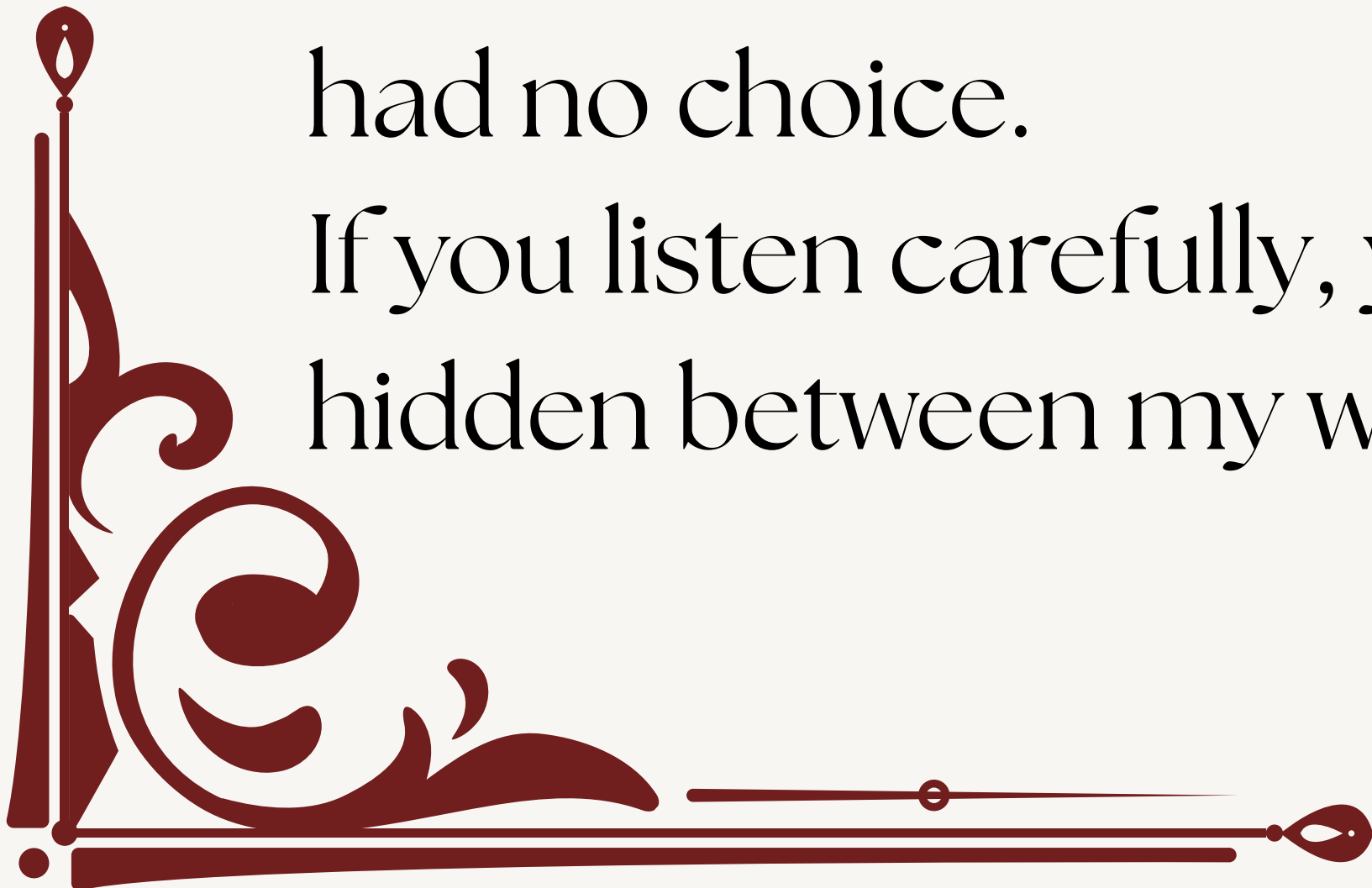


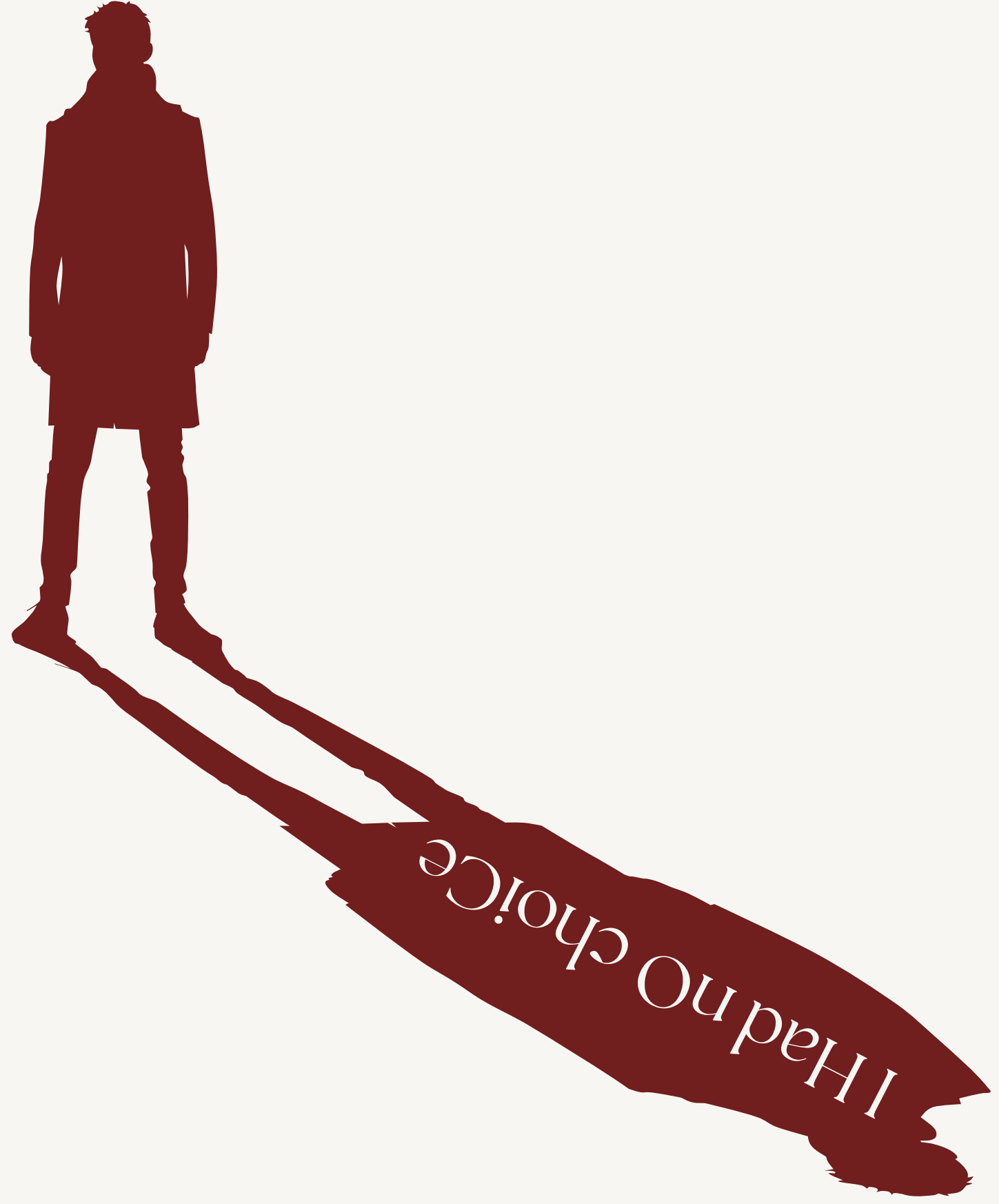
One friend remembers more than they first admitted.

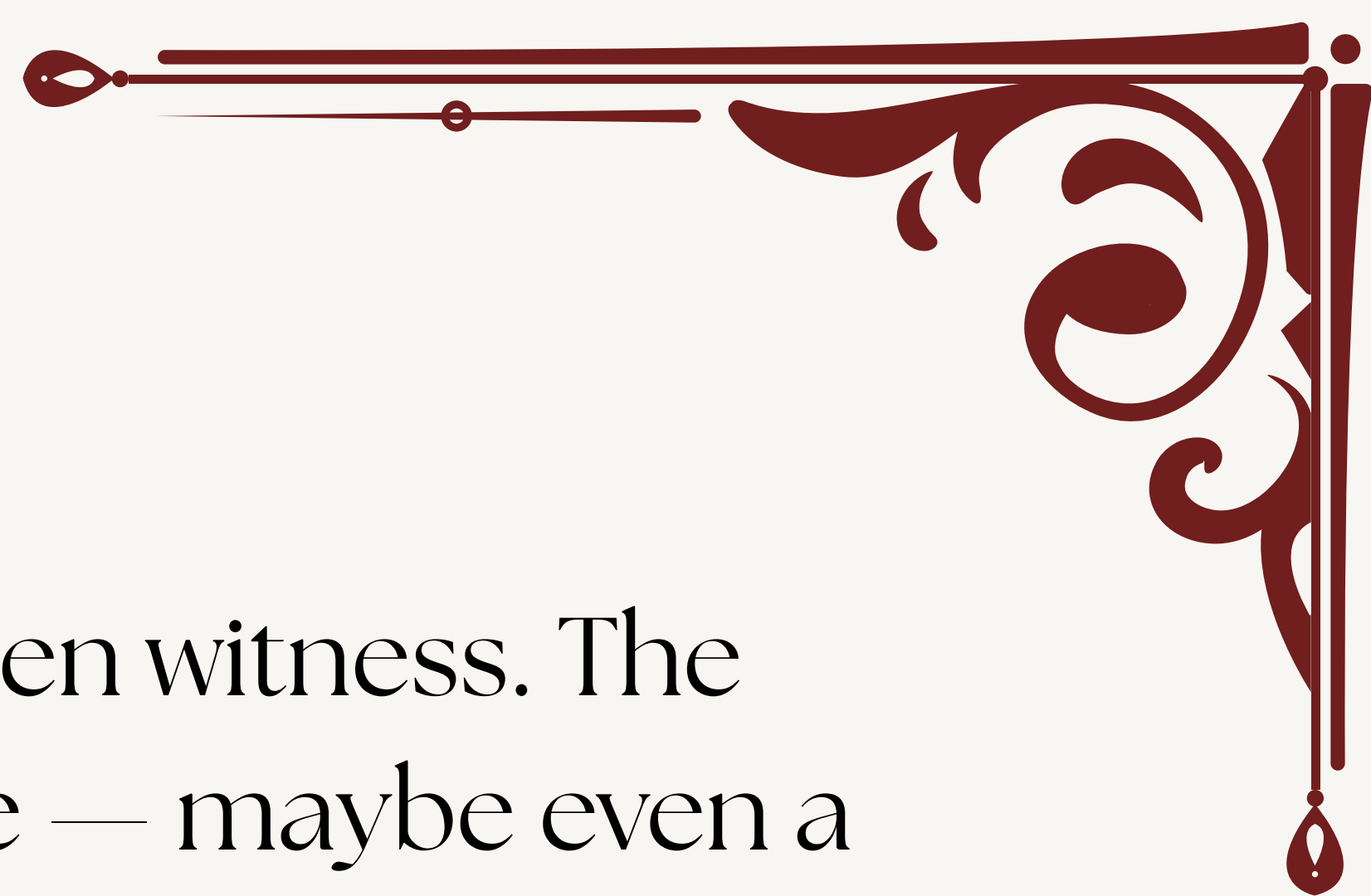
“I recall someone at Laura’s side that night,” the testimony reveals.

“Not for love, not for friendship — but because he had no choice.

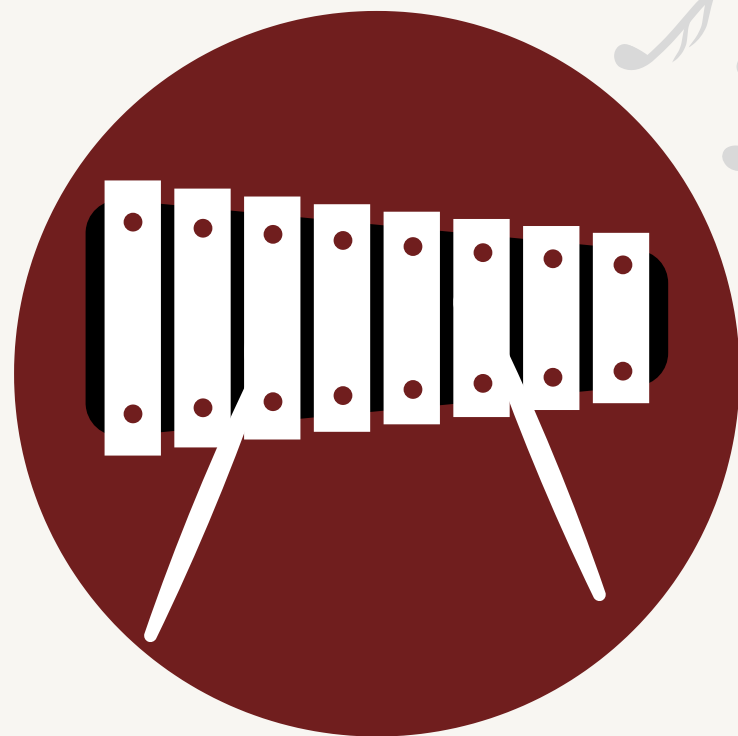
If you listen carefully, you’ll uncover his first name hidden between my words.”







The old file hints at a forgotten witness. The neighbors might know more — maybe even a name that changes the case. Ring the doorbell and ask...



He never truly fit in.

Always lingering in the background, always keeping to himself.

The others saw him as the outsider of the group.

But behind his silence hid a secret that gripped him more and more...



B

K

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K


S

P

A

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R

A decorative flourish in a dark red color, featuring a vertical line on the left with a teardrop-shaped end, a horizontal line at the top with a teardrop-shaped end, and a large, ornate scrollwork design in the upper left corner.

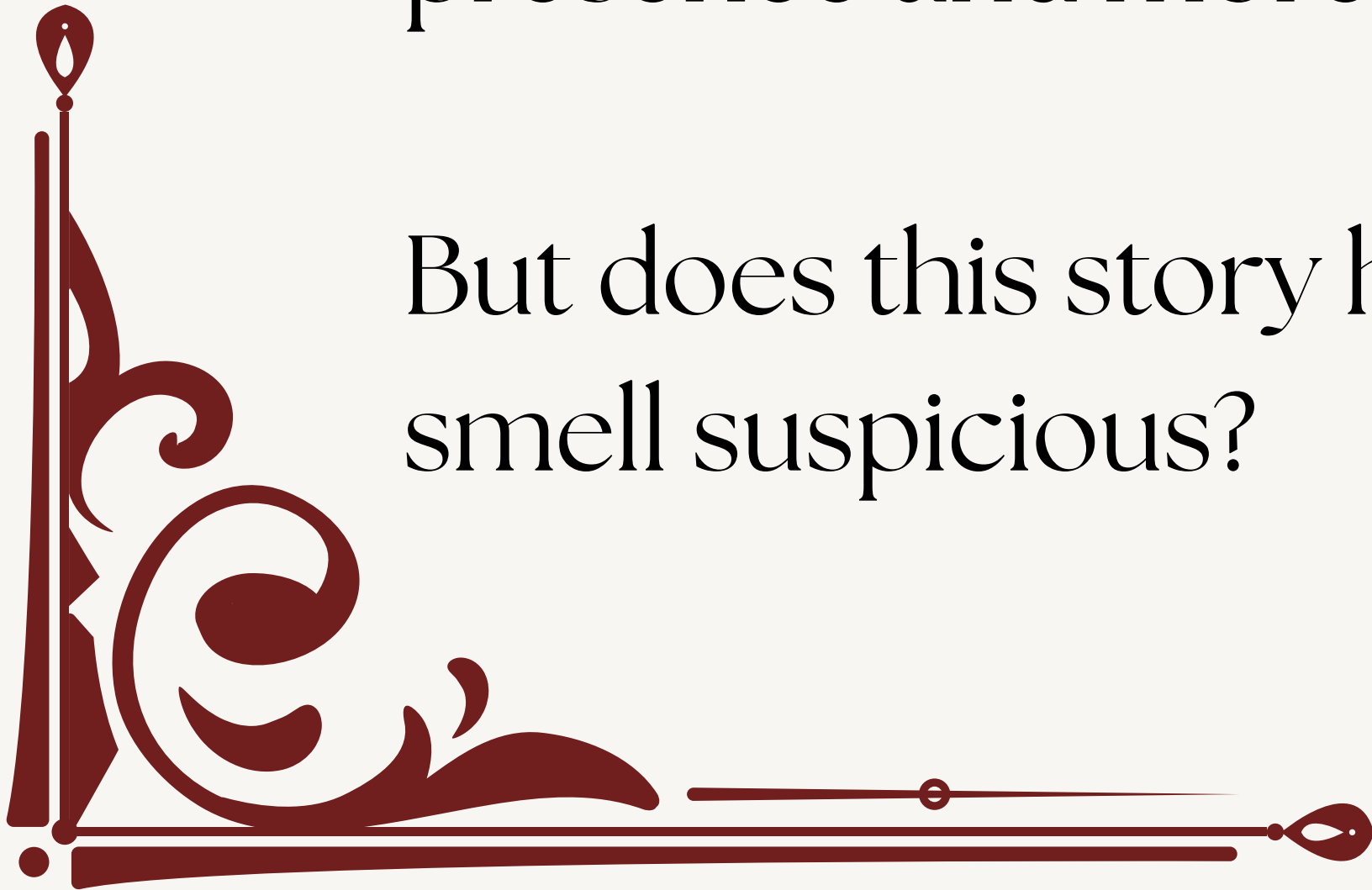
Secrets have a way of binding people together...
Laura knew exactly how to pull the right strings.
She promised something he desperately longed for:
a way out of his troubles.
It was not friendship, not loyalty... it was something
far more tempting.

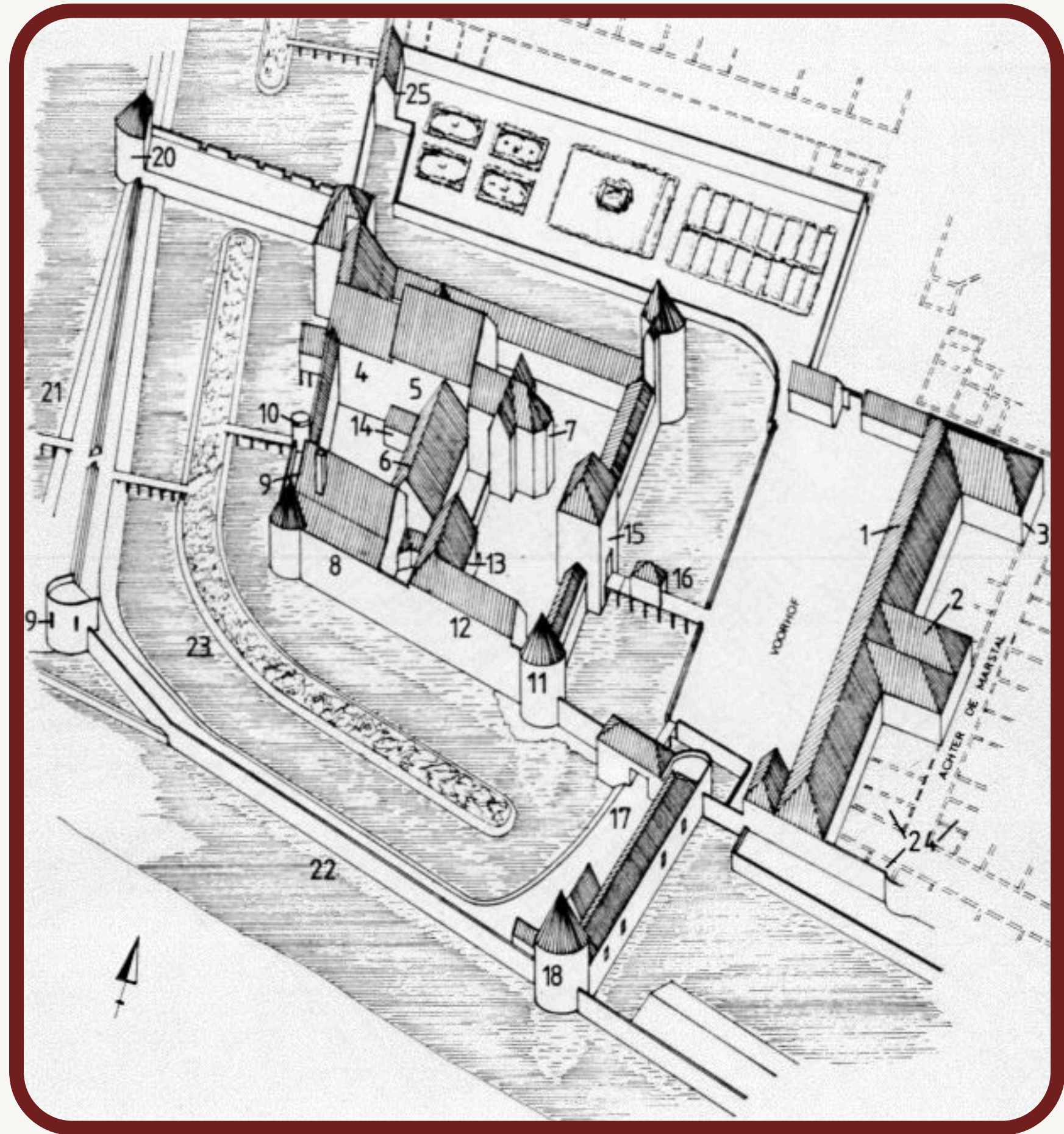


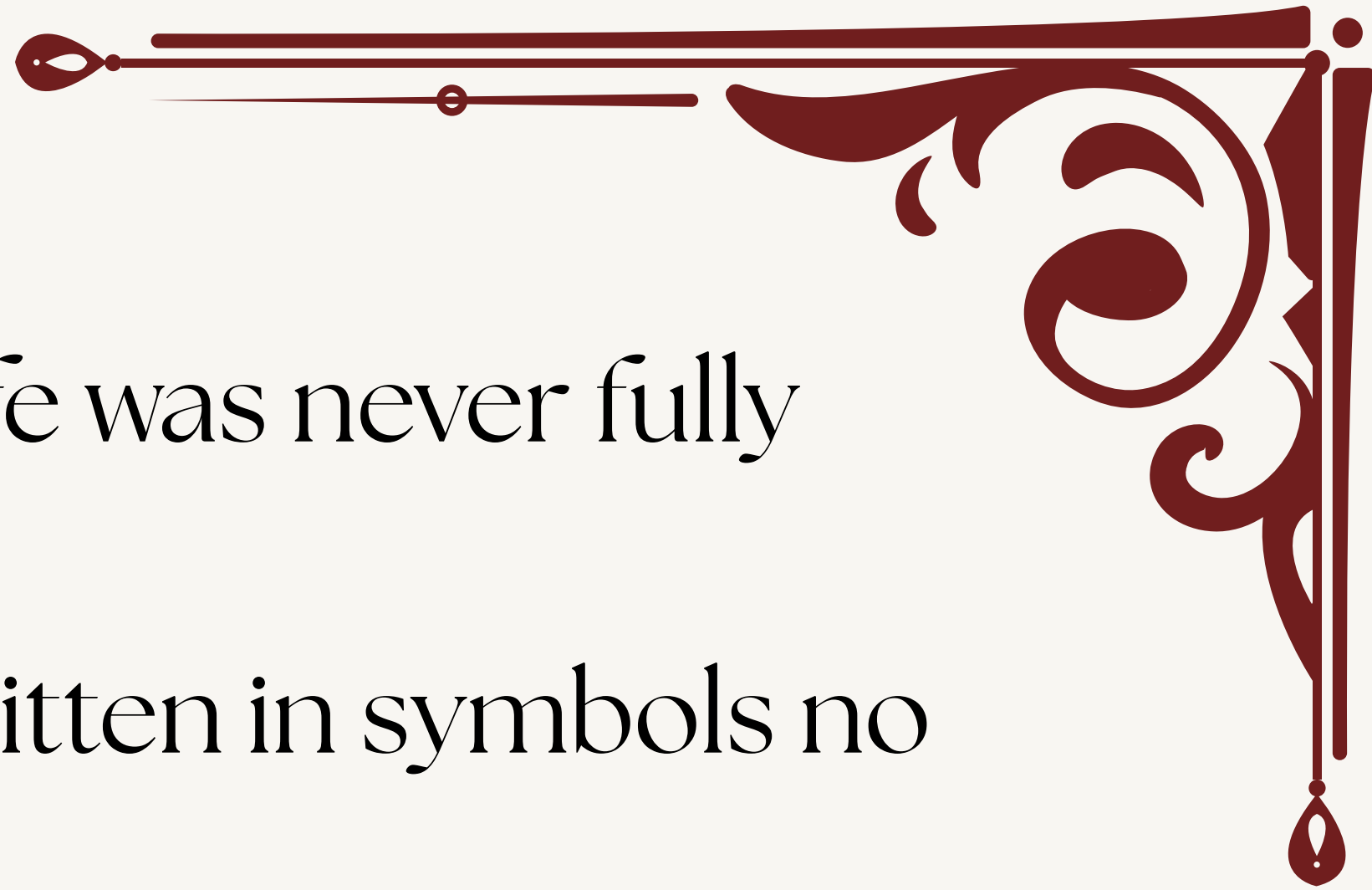
Lucas stated that Laura was not with Anne that evening.

According to him, she was elsewhere — he mainly recalls a strong scent that confirmed her presence and more specifically her location.

But does this story hold up? Or does something smell suspicious?







The weapon that ended Anne's life was never fully traced.

Only a cryptic note remained, written in symbols no one could read.

Investigators suspected it was connected to an ancient cipher used by secret societies.

If you can unravel the code, you will uncover the article number of the murder weapon — the final piece of proof.

A	B	C
D	E	F
G	H	I

N.	O.	P.
Q.	R.	S.
T.	Ü.	V.

~~M J K~~
L

~~Z X~~
W
Y



A picture of her may fade, yet a frame remembers more than it shows.

Behind the glass, whispers linger — faint, but not forgotten.

Look within the small frame, and the final words Anne spoke will reveal themselves.

V arire jnagrq gb uheg lbh.

Cyrnfr, vg'f abg jung lbh guvax.