

The following are leaked scans of the detective's interviews that were confiscated by the Oakdale PD once the detective disappeared and his office was searched through a police warrant. Most of the evidence collected was logged and locked from public view, however a few pieces such as these interviews were leaked anonymously.

Interview with the House Butler:

What were your impressions on John Big?

Mr. Big was a kind, honorable man and generous man both to his family and the community as a whole. I honestly enjoyed serving him.

What was your job at the Big Estate?

I was tasked with showing guests around, maintaining the cleanliness of the interior of the house, serving meals and making sure all other workers arrived on time.

Can you describe how you found Mr. Big?

I found Mr. Big slumped against a tree approximately 20 yards from the estate home sometime around 4 p.m. The first officer to arrive snapped a crime scene photo. However after he had arrived, I believed I heard someone in the woods, so the officer went to investigate. When he returned the body had disappeared.

Please give us a list of people who lived in the house?

Mr. Big's daughter and his son when he wasn't busy traveling, at private school or staying with family or friends, his brother, his parents and his ex-wife. To be honest, this was the community house and numerous friends, associates and guests could be found here at all hours of the day or night.

His ex-wife?

Yes, Mr. Big was a very generous man and even though the marriage ended he was grateful that she had provided him with 2 lovely children, so he allowed her to remain at the estate as he believes a mother should be there for her children. Even if she was never there for him.

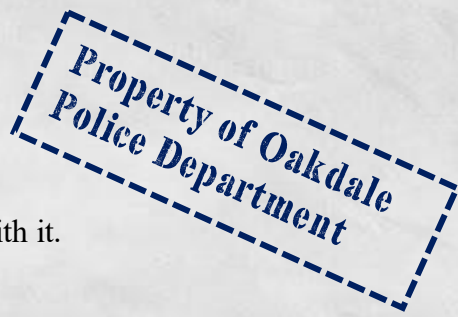
How would you describe the family atmosphere?

Try as he did, nothing Mr. Big ever did was quite good enough for the family. It must have really affected the man because every day after his morning toast and peanut butter that I prepared for him he always had stomach pains from all the stress they caused him. They never appreciated a single thing he did. I did however, and am saddened by his loss.

Can you be a bit more specific?

His former wife could never have enough social status nor would she be considered a "faithful" companion. His parents always thought he was running the family fortune into the ground and wanted him to be more successful. His brother Melvin was always mad that he didn't have more of a say in running the estate. Melvin wanted what John had, without having to work for it. I cannot be certain what had happened between John and his brother Wilbur but whatever had happened I can assure you it wasn't John's fault. His daughter was absolutely and totally demanding of all of her father's attention. Even his best friend, if you could call him that, caused problems. Anything Mr. Feisal gained in the journalistic world was due to John's influence and resources. Mr. Feisal was more concerned with perusing the discount rack for cheap beige sports coats than he was learning the finer points of journalism which probably explains the low rent gossip papers he is frequently employed and fired from.





Interview with the Maid:

What were your impressions on John Big?

Not the nicest of guys, but he paid me on time and paid well, so I could live with it.

What was your job at the Big Estate?

Ugh, everything? I cleaned the place, and I CLEANED the place. No matter how much I cleaned, it seemed we always had a rat problem that I was always getting blamed for. We had plenty of rats here – problem was – the worst ones weren't running around on 4 legs if ya know what I mean. Just wish we had rat poison strong enough to get rid of them all cause' it's obvious the stuff we buy wasn't strong enough.

I don't understand?

Look, unless they're throwing a fit, a family like this is too proper to make a mess. But trust me, they make messes that I gotta clean up. But hey, it's a job, and pays very well with plenty of extra hours available.

I still don't understand?

I gotta spell it out for you? I clean up the real messes. Like the Missus, she was only living here as part of the court order during the divorce, but if she was to meet someone else, well it's adios. I guess it was cheaper to pay me to shut up then to buy a new house and get a job. After all I don't think the Mr. would be too happy to find out his buddy was here after business hours, if you know what I mean. You wouldn't believe how many times I threw forgotten sport coats and sunglasses into the garbage can.

And those kids, well I was practically the mailman in this place! I swear those kids had a letter from school, a credit card collector, the magistrate or whatever arrive here twice a day. But I think I blabbed enough I got work to do.

We'll pay a bit more for 10 more minutes of your time. Can you tell us what you heard the night of the murder?

I already told the cops, but hey, if you're paying... I heard screaming, might'a been one person, might'a been more. I heard some scuffling, then a crash, then someone running down the steps into I think was the kitchen and then a thud, or the other way around. I checked the upstairs several hours later and I found the master bedroom, a complete mess. Who cares right? It's the maid that has to clean everything up right? Family has 50 sets of bed sheets, pulls half 'em out, picks the same one or two each time, then leaves the rest on the floor for me to rewash or refold. Odd thing though, the antique white silk sheets Johnnie boy picked up on a trip to Europe was missing. Why would I know that? I've got this OCD thing where I refold them in the exact same order every time, and I always fold that one last. Who cares right? You ain't paying me to hear about some dead millionaire socialite's taste in overpriced bedsheets.

What about the kitchen?

You'd have to ask the Butler, he thinks he owns that place. I ain't allowed in there.

Why did you wait so long to check upstairs?

You kiddin' right? If I run upstairs every time I heard yelling and screaming and smashing, I'd be an Olympic athlete!

Thank you for your time, and good luck with finding a new job:

No problem, as long as you're paying I got the time. New Job! Hah! Kiddo, the guy running the estate might change, but I'm a lifer here. They couldn't run this place without me.

What do you mean, and yes we'll give you a little more. This better be good because it's getting expensive.

Well, ya' see, John was the second son to the run the estate. His older brother Wilbur, "left for Europe" after a family dispute. More like disappeared if ya' ask me. Anyways, I betcha little Melvin will be the new man o' the house. Don't matter though, Im on good terms wit everybody. They know they need me. Besides they know I know so much dirt from cleaning up messes they're afraid of who I might blab to if they ever fire me. 'Sides I figure it's easier to stay here, get paid well and deal with this crap instead of getting fired or quitting and then getting "sent on a trip to Europe" myself.

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Interview with the Pizza Delivery Boy:

Can you tell us about your delivery the evening of the murder?

It was actually pretty late, like some time after midnight, so I wouldn't say evening. Mr. Big tips well, but complains about everything, the Butler always asked that I came quietly. I think he actually took credit for making pizza in the house. What a loser? Right? Mrs. Big man was she cheap, but she was hot so like who cares? Right?

Can we please stick to what you saw?

Oh, sorry bro. Anyway, every time I deliver there's always someone at the door to take the food. This time, the door was shut and a voice yelled out from upstairs to leave the pizza on the porch and take the money in the mailbox and keep the change.

Could you see who was speaking to you?

Not really, it's midnight bro! And the voice was all weird though.

Weird, how?

Well, although the voice said it was Mr. Big, I couldn't recognize it, truthfully it could have been anybody.

Is that all?

Yep. Oh, well, one last thing. When I hopped back on my moped and turned the lights on. Whoever ordered the pizza, came out on the porch and grabbed the pizza. I couldn't tell who it was because they were wearing a sport coat and sunglasses. I could tell you who it wasn't. It wasn't Wend...I mean it wasn't that old man that lived there.

Old man – You mean Mr. Big?

No bro, Mr. Big's dad – I used to call him Mr. Bigger.

Why are you so certain?

Because that guy was totally crazy. He was all into that medieval stuff. When he wasn't practicing with his swords and axes, he was polishing his suits of armor that he would wear around the house. If it was him you'd hear him clanking and clinking from a mile away because he was usually wearing the actual armor – insane right – or he'd have fifteen swords and axes strapped to his back and hips. The old dude suffered from ummmmm issues, so he'd sometimes be walking around the estate in full gear looking for "villains". Some days I'd deliver pizza and feel like I walked into an Assassin's Creed video game.

Anything else you'd like to add?

Yeah bro. One time they had to replace my moped wheel because battle axe man thought I was an invader on an armored horse and launched a spear at me from the 3rd story window. Missed me, but went through the tire and pinned my moped to the ground. I had to run all the way back to the parlor, and have my boss call. The grandma paid for everything bro and gave me a 1000 dollar tip. She said her husband is perfectly sane and was feeling under the weather and "accidentally" dropped his spear out the window while cleaning it. Lol mid excuse bro mid.



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Interview with the Adam Feisal:

Please describe your relationship with John Big.

I was John's PR guy. I wrote a lot of his press releases. I made him tons of money, and we became close friends because of it. Whenever John did something he shouldn't or his kid shouldn't, I made sure the press never found out. I also covered his wife's charity work. We spent lots of time together getting press for all her causes. I did so much work for that family I often needed to be there at all hours.

Is it true you also wrote freelance articles for various newspapers?

...Yes...

Did you ever write for the Oakdale Times?

I might have contributed a story here or there.

Contribute or worked for and fired?

That's funny. Like that place could afford to fire anybody, especially with the gambling debts the EIC has racked up. They need stories that sell, but try telling them that.

Is it true that you were writing a new story on John Big?

What? No! Where did you hear that? No Comment.

Is it true you were planning to publish a book using a pseudonym?

Why? Do you plan on buying it? Actually, No Comment.

What do you have to say about allegations of an affair with Mrs. Big?

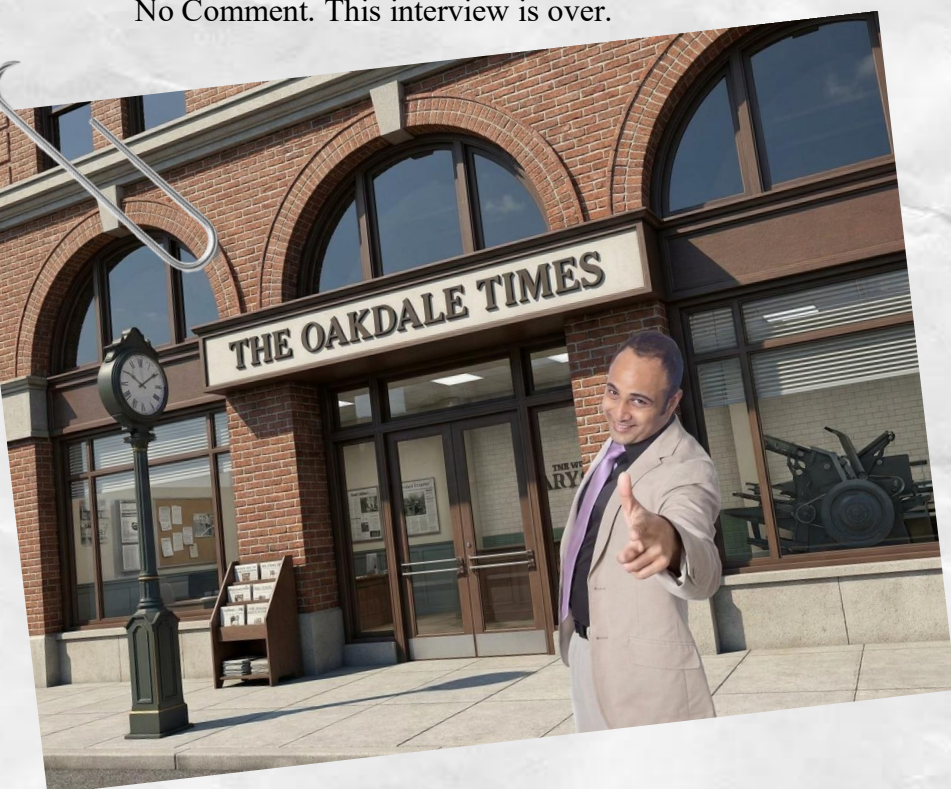
No Comment.

Any comments concerning Mr. Big's alleged ties to the ties to a secret organization?

Definitely no comment.

Please the public needs these answers!

No Comment. This interview is over.



Interview with Nurse Meredith Barlak:

(Conducted Over the Phone)

Can you tell us about the autopsy report you completed on the body of John Richard Big III?

I did not perform an autopsy on the body of John. Nurses don't perform autopsies, coroners do.

But your name was on the autopsy report...

No it was not because there was no autopsy report.

Then what report was your name on?

My name was on the emergency COD identification report which is used in place of an autopsy report if an autopsy is unable to be performed.

Why were you on the property to begin with?

The Big family hired me to perform weekly medical checkups on the family. I was there doing my weekly checkups when I was told there was an emergency in the woods behind the house and medical assistance was needed immediately.

It's been several weeks since the incident. Since that time you've gone from a fresh out of college part-time home care travel nurse to the head of the entire Oakdale Hospital Nursing Division.

That's very impressive. Yes, so I've told you everything I've already told to the police. I'm extremely busy with my new position and have to go.

One last question. If the body disappeared from the scene how were you able to perform a COD assessment? I have to go <Call ended>

