

The Final Envelope

Detective Jack Schmitt's Final Journal Entry

Date: [19/07/38]

The storm raged outside as we made our way to confront Captain Radgrove. The clues had all led to him, and the evidence was overwhelming. With determination in our steps, we approached the captain's quarters, ready to bring the killer to justice.

But as the door swung open and the chair turned around, our hearts sank. Tied up in the captain's chair was Maggie, looking terrified and confused. Radgrove had escaped, leaving nothing but questions and a cold, empty room.

Maggie was incoherent at first, but as we untied her, the pieces of the puzzle started to fall into place. She had discovered that Radgrove was a Nazi sympathizer and had gone to confront him. But her love for him had blinded her, and in a moment of weakness, she was overpowered and knocked out.

We searched the room thoroughly and found a hidden dossier. Its contents were damning—a detailed account of Radgrove's mission to steal the plans for Project Overreach for the Germans. His orders were to use the project against the Allies, a catastrophic betrayal that could tip the balance of the impending war.

The dossier revealed that Radgrove had been turned during his stay in Rome in May 1938. He had been stationed there for a month and had attended a speech by Hitler, where he became captivated by the Nazi ideology. From that moment on, he was a man with a mission.

Using his position and authority, Radgrove had planted evidence to frame others. He used his ship's key to plant the book in Seb's room and the sleeping pills in Charles's room. He manipulated Maggie's love for him to extract information about the project, which her brother had seen. By the time Radgrove got there, the project had been moved.

Radgrove broke into my cabin after I had found the Project Overreach plans during the room sweep. He stole the plans, ensuring the success of his mission.

A crucial piece of evidence was the partial swastika tattoo. Someone had noticed it, and Radgrove had tried to hide it, but it must have been the last thing Henry saw as he came around from his pill-induced sleep. In his final moments, Henry had tried to draw the symbol on the wall with his own blood—a desperate attempt to reveal the identity of his killer. Radgrove had been certain Henry was dead when he left the cabin.

Radgrove had cunningly drugged Henry with sleeping pills, claiming they were for a headache. The murder was premeditated, not a crime of passion. Radgrove

had been forced to use his left hand due to an injury inflicted by Seb during one of his drunken stumbles. He had used Seb's drunkenness and lack of time awareness as an alibi, ensuring his plan was foolproof.

But the storm outside was unforgiving. Radgrove had escaped into the night, taking one of the lifeboats. The thunder roared, and the rain poured down, making it impossible to know if he would survive the treacherous waters. Justice had not been served, but the truth had been uncovered.

We watched the storm, knowing that Radgrove's fate was now in the hands of the sea. The hidden dossier would be turned over to the authorities, ensuring that his treachery was known. Project Overreach was safe, and the Allies had a fighting chance.

As I closed my journal, I couldn't shake the feeling that this was not the end. Radgrove was out there, somewhere, a shadow in the storm. But for now, we had done our part. The truth was out, and the world would know the story of the traitor who almost changed the course of history.

Signed,

Jack Schmitt
Private Detective