



# The Inkwell Quarterly

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## The Conclusion of The Murder in Kirby Hall

### Part Five

“Enough of this already,” said Jamie as she barged into Dr. Farrell’s office demanding answers. “Who were you talking to, and why were you up here, and why did you kill McFly?”

“What?” said Dr. Farrell, as she put down her cell-phone, its soft blue light illuminating the room.

“Who were you talking—I heard you talking to someone! I heard you admit to the murders!”

“Uh-huh,” said Dr. Farrell, who was both confused and offended at the entire premise. “I’ve been stuck in here all day helping my friend revise our novel. We killed a pretty significant character, and there is no way our lead can get away with it. We don’t know what to do.”

“You know there have been several murders here this evening, right?”

“Well, yeah, you guys are doing the murder-mystery dinner tonight. You kids are really acting well. The screams and blood looked so real. How’d you get Deb to approve the blood-looking stuff on the walls?”

“Listen, I know you are playing dumb here. You made the food, right?” Jamie was increasingly impatient.

“Yeah, like, I always do.” Dr. Farrell gave Jamie that look she gives people when she thinks they aren’t playing with a full deck.

“The food poisoned two people and killed them. How many more did you plan on killing? Did you want us all to eat the food and die? Were you sick of capstones; is that it? Did you bake your last damn pudding cookie? Read your last paper without a thesis? Circle too many vague pronouns? What made you do it?” Jamie was on a roll.

The other students stood by, silently, not entirely sure what to make of Jamie’s interrogation-gone-wrong. Dr. Farrell not want to bake pudding cookies? Please!

“I can’t cook vegan,” the professor said, quietly.

“What?!” said Jamie as confused as she was surprised. “What does vegan cooking have to do with any of this?”

“McFly was a vegan, dead to rights. I guess I didn’t consider audience on that one. Huh. Vegan,” said Dr. Farrell. “I really ought to find a decent vegan cookbook. I mean, vegetables without a little butter? Cookies without eggs or dairy? I just can’t figure it out.”

The other students stood there, nodding, while Jamie pondered this turn of events.

Suddenly, Jamie’s eyes flashed, and the group half-expected her to yell out, “EUREKA!” Instead, she said, “Well, then, there is only one option—but, she disappeared, her blood was near her desk—Jones! Jones!” She called out into the darkness of the hallway.

No response.

“Jones, get your ass in here!” Jamie said again, as she peered into the shadows in the hallway.

Jones had disappeared.

In her frantic rage, Jamie failed to notice the shadow creep from behind Dr. Farrell’s door and into the hallway before it had escaped down the old stairs of Kirby Hall. Even the possibility for this recognition was lost as the lights flickered and slowly came back on inside Kirby Hall. Jamie was standing in Dr. Farrell’s office, and had her eyes locked on Dr. Farrell’s when she noticed, to the left of the professor’s desk, a small, bloody glove.

Jamie turned and pointed at the glove, and Dr. Farrell screamed. The others, wide-eyed, gasped.

Jamie’s eyes flashed, angrily. “I don’t believe you! You liar! The police are going to be here soon, and you are going to pay for all this murder, Marcia.” The last word for Jamie’s mouth seemed harder to form than any other. Even murder seems easier to discuss than the use of professors’ first names, at least in their presence.

Suddenly, a radio was heard echoing from the first floor of the building.

“The police are here,” said Jamie. “Finally! The police are here, and this whole thing is over! Come on, you are coming with me! I solved this crime, and I want my due reward!” Jamie seemed almost gleeful at the prospect of being the great detective on the case, but the others in the room seemed fairly uncomfortable. Dave scuffed his shoe into the floor. Koval looked awkwardly around the room. Tony nearly started to cry.



Continued on the back

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Dr. Farrell, not wanting to draw more suspicion or cause a more ridiculous scene, followed Jamie out into the foyer on the third floor. Suddenly, though, the professor stopped walking and tensed every muscle in her body as she screamed. Before anyone could look and see what happened, Dr. Farrell was bleeding from her back and collapsing onto the floor.

“She was shot!” cried Jamie, realizing once again that she had not captured the killer. “How could the killer disappear? And why didn’t we hear the gunshot?”

“Silencer,” said an unknown voice on the second floor. It was the police captain, who was holding a homemade silencer in his right hand. “Whoever made this knew what they were doing. Don’t worry. The building is under lock down, so whoever shot that gun is still here. Now please, if you would all follow me downstairs, we have made a secure room in the room under the stairs. For all I know, one of *you* is the killer, and, young lady, with your attitude and the fact that I could hear you yelling from all the way downstairs, I suspect that killer may be you!”

Everybody was silent as the group walked down the stairs and towards Kirby 107, silent enough to hear the whispers coming from the basement of the building.

“That sounds like Dr. Anthony!” said Jamie, happy that her favorite teacher was still somehow alive. “We have to see what happened to her! I know the basement well, officer. Please, one of you, come help.”

With that, Jamie took off, and one of the officers in the stairwell followed. They ran down the basement stairs where Dr. Anthony was standing, gun in hand, in a corner near the stairs.

“Put your goddamn hands in the air and drop the weapon!” screamed the officer as he drew his own. “Ma’am, now, or I will have to shoot.”

“This is for self-defense; I had to kill them! I was threatened! I was framed! If I drop this gun, he will kill me,” said Dr. Anthony as she pointed towards the officer’s direction with the firearm.

The officer had little choice but to shoot Dr. Anthony in the arm, causing her to drop to the ground. A moment later, another gunshot echoed out, and Dr. Anthony was dead. In the flash of the muzzle, Justin Jones stood tall and proud.

“She was going to turn *Manuscript* over to someone else. Its mine. If I can’t have it, nobody will!” said Jones in a state of delirium. “I didn’t kill anyone else though, but I think I know who did it was—” Another gunshot rang out, and Jones’s skull and brain matter flew out across the floor as the police flashlight bolted around the room, looking for the third gunman.

Sitting in the darkest, furthest, corner of the basement, gun still in his hand, shaking, was Matt Kogoy. “Everything was so boring, like woaah, you know? I wanted people to have some rhetorical moment to discuss, Mcfly, man, really? He was perfect for it. One old rich man dies in a house like this, and they could never get rid of this building then. You know, that is what they wanted to do. Dr. Kuhar told me. Knock down Kirby and build another science building. Like, an historic murder would make that impossible, right, brother?” Kogoy asked.

“Son,” said the police chief, “you’ll have to come with us.” He gently led Kogoy off to side.

Koval turned and looked at the group remaining in Kirby amidst all of the bodies and sounds like they were on CSI. “Huh. Well, that was certainly surprising. I never would have figured Kogoy would turn out to be the murderer.”

“Really?” said Dave. “See, if one were going to follow the conventions of murder mysteries, the least innocuous individual is always the killer.”

“Ah,” Tony chimed in. “And, we always meet that individual early into the investigation. Furthermore, the amateur detective always gets it wrong until the moment of crisis.”

“But—but,” stammered Jamie. “I would have figured it out! I would have figure it out!”

The group looked at her and rolled their collective eyes. Their dismissal of Jamie was short lived, however, as they turned their attention to the real murderer being led out of the building. Unfortunately, in so doing, they completely missed the dark figure quietly slipping out the basement door that led outside, underneath Kirby 107.

As he was hauled away in handcuffs, Kogoy could be heard yelling, “Now it is ready. Soon you will wish for death. Chop wood, brothers, because the journey ahead is far more screwed up.”

**The End  
OR, The Beginning?**



## The Reveal: The Authors Behind *The Murder in Kirby Hall*

Now that the murderer of our serialized story has been revealed, *The Inkwell Quarterly* will reveal the authors who created the story: Several members of the 2009–2010 Editorial Board: **Matt Kogoy, Phil Muhlenberg, Justin Jones, Dave Cook, Matt Kovalcik, and Tony Thomas**. Each of the editors took on a different segment of the story. *Part 1* was written by all six authors, who began writing at the end of the Spring 2009 semester. *Part 2* showcases the talents of Cook and Thomas. *Part 3* was authored by Kogoy and Kovalcik and edited by Cook. *Parts 4* and *5* were written by Cook. The structure of the narrative, including the identity of the murderer and the red herrings were part of a collaborative discussion of the editors involved.

We hope that you have enjoyed our mystery and that you have a wonderful summer break. *IQ* will see you in the fall!

## Graduation Award Recipients

The English Department congratulates graduating seniors **Matt Kogoy** and **Amanda Kaster**, recipients of two division awards. Kogoy will receive the Frank J. J. Davies Award, which is presented to the graduating senior in recognition of outstanding achievement in English Studies. Kaster is the recipient of the Annette Evans Humanities Award, which honors the student who has demonstrated outstanding scholarship in the humanities and has participated constructively in cultural affairs.