



2nd Testimony



Intense ◻

Agent S: - Ankhaaaa. What were you doing last night?

Ankha: [standing] - I was on the stroll.



Resignation ◻

Agent S: - Of course, everyone was just innocently stumbling around at 10 pm last night.

Ankha: [hmph] - It's not unusual. We're literally programmed to do so,



Smirking ◻

- ain't that right, Detective?

Agent S: [scratch head] - Uh, alright, I'm going to ignore what I do not understand.



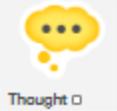
Pride ◻

- Detective! What was Ankha really up to last night!

=What evidence do I have that was a byproduct of what she was up to? =

[There are 4 answers, but only one correct one. The player has to present the floor sign to move on. Players will get a repeat of these conversations if they present the other 3 during free mode.]

[present Brick Oven]

Agent S:  - So Merengue told us that her brick oven went missing last night, and what did we find at your place?

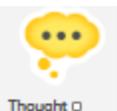
 - A brick oven.

 - Coincidence? I think not!

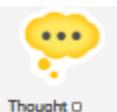
Ankha: [standing] - Stealing? You think I stole that oven from Merengue?

 - Ha, the only one who's stealing is you two, apparently.

 - That's my brick oven, sunshine.

Agent S:  - Oh really? Then why does it say "Merengue, pls don't steal" on the back? Huh?

Ankha:  - !

Agent S:  - I don't get it, Ankha. Why would you write that on YOUR brick oven? Could you fill us in?

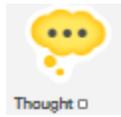
Ankha: [hmp] - Grrr FINE! I took it. I took Merengue's brick oven last night.

Agent S:  - So you snuck behind Chadder to grab it?

Ankha: [scratch head] Yes. He was pretty preoccupied with you being all passed out on the floor.

Agent S:  - Did you see Merengue?

Ankha: [standin] - No, I did not.



- I did think it was strange you were saying she had an alibi earlier today.



- But, of course, I wasn't going to say anything.



Agent S: - It could've saved us some time...

—

Ankha: [standing] - So you got me. I took Miss Cupcake's easy bake oven. Big whoop.



- Merengue's bakery is right outside my house. I didn't go anywhere near the crime scene to grab the brick oven.

[standing] - Is that all you two have?

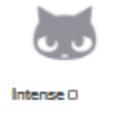
=Oh, we have more=

[present Protein Shake]



Agent S: - This look familiar?

Ankha: [standing] - Yes, it looks like the protein shake you stole from me.

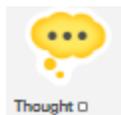


Agent S: - UH, gathering evidence isn't stealing. You'll get your junk back by the end of the day.

Ankha: [hmp] - Excuse you, I don't own junk.



- I own treasures.



Agent S: - Sure, could you tell us where you got this "treasure" then?

Ankha: [standing] - I bought it legally, of course.



Resignation □

Agent S: - Yeah, sticking “legally” in there doesn’t help you.



Encouraging □

- Where she got this from, Detective?

[present Sterling]



Pride □

Agent S: - This is the protein shake from Sterling’s testimony, isn’t it?

Ankha: [scratch head] - I didn’t hear Sterling’s testimony, so I don’t know what you are talking about.



Resignation □

Agent S: - Sterling threw this at you last night, and you went “ow.” Ring a bell?



Thought □

Ankha: - Ah yes, I remember now.



Thought □

Agent S: - Care to tell us more about it?

Ankha: [scratch head] - *sigh* I went to the castle garden to admire the statues and plant life.



Pride □

Agent S: - (So you could steal them.)



Intense □

Ankha: - *clears throat*

[scratch head] - I walked around quietly, so I wouldn’t disturb anyone, of course, and



Intense □

- then I fell into a pitfall of all things!

[scratch head] - Sterling must’ve heard that because once I was grounded again, I got slammed in the side of my face with that protein shake.



Intense □

- That bird brain is lucky he didn’t poke my eye out!



Resignation ☐ - So yeah, I kept the protein shake. It's not really stealing if he threw it at me, is it?



Agent S: Resignation ☐ - If you weren't out lurking for "treasures," this wouldn't have happened to you.

Ankha: [standing] - And if Lucky stayed home last night, you two wouldn't be asking me these pointless questions.

—

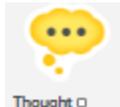
[scratch head] - What does any of this have to do with what happened to Lucky? It doesn't. Can you two leave now?



Agent S: Smirking ☐ - Oh, we're not done, Ankha.

[Present Sewing Machine]

(can present during the "what was Ankha doing last night part" or after her full testimony)



Agent S: Thought ☐ - So Ankha, know anything about this sewing machine? Stitches said it was stolen.

Ankha: [hmp] - You think I took that hideous thing? I would never touch it.
[standing] - Like seriously, could you not put it so close to me.



Agent S: Intense ☐ - Are you sure you've never touched this?

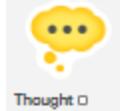


Ankha: Intense ☐ - Yes! What makes you so sure I did? Do you have proof?



Agent S: Resignation ☐ - You're known to steal things, Ankha. Do we really need proof?

Ankha: [standing] - Yes, sunshine. You really do.
[scratch head] - I'm not a thief, but if I was?
[standing] - I would never take something so ugly.



Agent S: -What about it is so off-putting? The chipped paint? The outdated design?



Ankha: - The color! I hate everything and anything green.



Agent S: - ... what?

Ankha: [standing] - What?

Agent S: [scratch head] - ... It's pink, not green.

Ankha: [scratch head] - Same difference.



Agent S: - UH, no? They're on the opposite side of the color wheel!

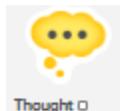
Ankha: [ugh] - Ugh, I'm color blind, Agent S.



Agent S: - What!? You can't see color?! Quick! What color is my helmet!

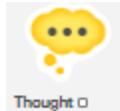
Ankha: [standing] - It's blue. I can see colors, you dummy.

[scratch head] - I just get reds and greens mixed up. I've been told Stitches has green limbs, so I figured he would buy a green sewing machine.



Agent S: - I guess most of us get furniture that matches our body colors...

Ankha: [standing] - Exactly.



- Though I don't like yellow and gold just because I'm yellow, I like those colors because I can identify them.

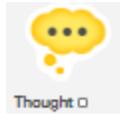
[talking] - Why would I decorate my space with things I don't know the color of! I could be living in a color catastrophe and would never know! Do you see anything red or green around here?...

[scratch head] - No seriously, please tell me if I have something red or green here.



Agent S: - So you'll only take yellow items?

Ankha: [talking] - And gold.
[scratch head] - But to be honest, I'll consider anything that's not red or green... (I don't steal that stuff, though...)



Agent S: - Huh.

Ankha: [standing] - So do you see why I couldn't be the one who took the sewing machine?



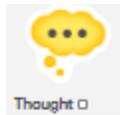
Agent S: - Uh, I dunno about that, but it's good info to know.

Ankha: [scratch head] - So where were you trying to go with this? You haven't proved anything.



Agent S: - Oh don't worry, we have more.

[present Floor sign]

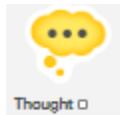


Agent S: - So you wanna tell us where you got this?

Ankha: [standing] - What? Are you going to just pick up everything in my collection and accuse me of stealing it?



Agent S: - Oh, we just assume that.



Ankha: - This floor sign, though, you scored this last night, didn't you?

[scratch head] - Is that so? Who did I steal it from then?

- [if presented pre-updated floor sign]

Agent S: [talking]- A-



Ankha: - Don't bother. I can tell you're going to guess.
[scratch head] - Do your research before you try to accuse me of something.



Agent S: - Maybe we will!

- **[if presented updated floor sign]**

Agent S: [pointing] - Lucky!



- He mentioned you were admiring this when you paid the infirmary a visit yesterday. Guess what was absent when we visited Lucky.

Ankha: [scratch head] - ...



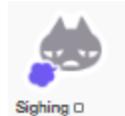
Agent S: - Ankhaaaaaa?



Ankha: - What.



Agent S: - Did you steal this from Lucky last night?



Ankha: - *sigh* Yes, I stole the dumb floor sign from that dumb mutt last night.
[scratch head] - I didn't plan to, but I knew he was away, so I popped in.



Agent S: - You "knew he was away"?



Akha: - !
[sweat] I-I passed him by earlier.



Agent S: - Then why didn't you mention that in your testimony?

Ankha: [sweat] - It slipped my mind.



Agent S: - Lucky never mentioned seeing you last night.

Ankha: [sweat] - I saw him, he didn't see me.



Agent S: - And why's that?

Ankha: [sweat] - I was on his left side. He couldn't see me.



Agent S: - His left eye is his good eye, Ankha!



- I think something's up.



Ankha: - !

[Hmph] - You can think whatever you want, Agent S. It doesn't mean a thing unless you have evidence to back it up.



Agent S: - Hmm she has a point...

[talking] - Say Ankha. You said something during your 1st testimony and at the trial that didn't sit well with me.

Ankha: [standing] - Is that so. I'm sorry if I offended you, Agent S.



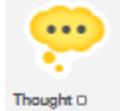
Agent S: - Oh no, no, no. I mean something that doesn't make you look good.

Ankha: [standing] - Do you not like my taste in fashion, Agent S?



Agent S: - A contradiction, Ankha.

Ankha: [scratch head] - Ah, is that so?



Agent S: - You seemed pretty convinced last night was an accident. Why was that again?

Ankha: [standing] - I dunno, why don't you tell me?

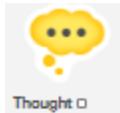
Agent s: [talking] You know what I'm talking about, right?

=What evidence did Ankha used to claim Lucky's injury was an accident?=-**

[present coin]

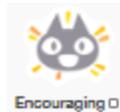


Agent S: - This coin. This 100 bells.



- Not only did you talk about it a couple of times today, but you also knew specifically where it was at the crime scene.

Ankha: [standing] - You're point, sunshine? It was at the crime scene, was it not?



Agent S: - That's the point, Ankha! Out of all the people who "didn't see the crime scene," you were the only one who knew this coin was there.



Ankha: - !

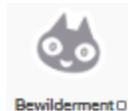
[sweat] - W-well, I did walk by it earlier today.



Agent S: - But you told Detective that you hadn't left your home since your stroll last night!



Ankha: - !!



Agent S: - What are you hiding, Ankha!?

Ankha: [sweat] - I-I-I-



Agent S: - Come on, Ankha! Gives us the truth!

Ankha:



- W-well-



Agent S:

Surprise

- Did you plant this coin?



Ankha:

Intense

- O-of course not!



Agent S:

Bewilderment

- Then when did you see this coin, Ankha!?



Ankha:

Aggravation

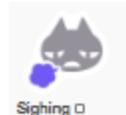
- I saw it when I saw Lucky's body! Okay!?



Agent S:

Shocked

- !!



Ankha:

Sighing

- Last night, while I was walking around, I... came across Lucky unconscious... in a puddle of blood.



Agent S:

Amazed

- Did you do anything!?

Ankha:

[scratch head :(] - I went straight home... (Well, after I grab the floor sign, that is...)



Agent S:

Shocked

- You didn't help him?!

Ankha:

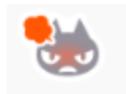
[hmp] - It's not my business.



Agent S:

Aggravation

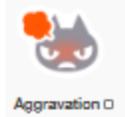
- UH?! You know how bad this makes you look, right!?!?!?!?



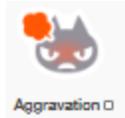
Ankha:

Aggravation

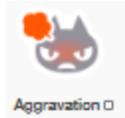
- I wasn't me! I didn't hurt the dog! I would never!



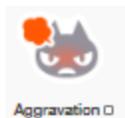
Agent S: - If you don't have the basic decency to help someone bleeding out, how are we supposed to trust you wouldn't kill a man!



Ankha: - Because I'm telling the truth! Yes, I should've helped him out, but I didn't! Sorry!



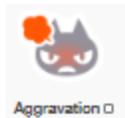
Agent S: - You didn't just "fail to help him" YOU STOLE FROM HIM! WHILE he could've been dying!!!



Ankha: - He wasn't dying! He's fine now, is he not!?!



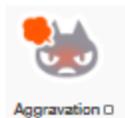
Agent S: - Did you try to kill Lucky so you can steal this floor sign!?



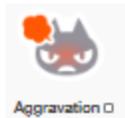
Ankha: - No! I obviously have been doing a good enough job stealing WITHOUT killing anyone!



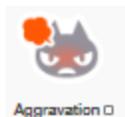
Agent S: - Were you trying to kill him because of the egg he broke?!



Ankha: - That's a stupid motive for murder!

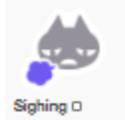


Agent S: - Then why did you do it!?



Ankha: -I DIDN'T!

...



Ankha: - I don't know what else to say. I gave you all my truths. I don't have any concrete evidence that shows there's no way I did it, just my word.
[scratch head] - I hope you two are good enough at your job to figure out who the real culprit is.

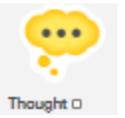


Agent S: - Trust me, we'll find the real almost-killer.

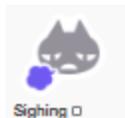
Ankha: [scratch head] -Is there anything else you want from me?



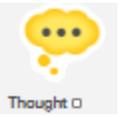
Agent S: - Who did you see last night? Everyone this time.



Ankha: - I saw Katt sneaking around in a stupid ski mask. Ñenn was in front of their house wishing on stars. At some point, Stitches ran past me. He looked very distraught.



- And, as I just said, I saw Lucky unconscious at the crime scene.



Agent S: - Stitches ran while looking distraught? That's news. That's a scoop!

Ankha: [standing] - It's true. He probably ran home to his mommy...

[scratch head] - As in one of his teddy bears.

[standing] - I have no clue what he was so upset about.



Agent S: - Good to know. We'll have to ask him about it.

We gotta ask him about it, Detective! Howa bout this. I'll update our entry for "coin," and you can present it to him whenever you're ready.

Thanks for your cooperation, Ankha. We'll let you know if we have more questions.

~~~~~ Free mode time ~~~~~

**[greeting]**

Ankha: [standing] - What now?

(ball, mini-fridge, telescope, paper crown, star fragments, skeleton, microwave, photo 3,4,5,6,8)

### [Present unknown]



Agent S:  - You know anything about this?

Ankha: [standing] - Nope.

(~~coin, brick oven, floor sign, [item-s]~~)

### ~~X[Present something already talked about]~~



Agent S:  - What about this?

Ankha:  [scratch head] - Didn't I already talk about that when you were interrogating me?

Agent S: Yeah, but do you have anything else to say?

Ankha:  [standing] - Nope.

Agent S: Alright then.

### [Present cake]



Agent S:  - You told Detective earlier that that cake over there showed up on your doorstep last night, correct?

Ankha: [standing] - That is correct.



Agent S:  - Did you try it?



Ankha:  - And ruin the artistry?



Agent S:  - Of course not.

Agent S: [scratch head] - Gotcha, thanks.

### [Present Thomas drawing]



Agent S: - Have you seen a yellow bug that looks “very serious”?

Ankha: [standing] - What, like the one on the pillar east of my land?

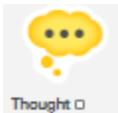


Agent S: - THOMAS! What are you doing with Thomas!

Ankha: [standing] - Thomas? Is this your man-faced stink bug?



Agent S: - Thomas is a witness to the murder attempt!

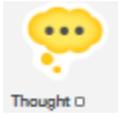


Ankha: - Really? I found the fella just left of my property this morning. He was just sitting in that container behind a tree. Thought he matched my aesthetic nicely, so I took him in.

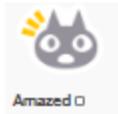
[standing] - Is his name Thomas?

[scratch head] - (I like my name, Stinky, better.)

Agent S: [talking] - HER name is Thomas.



Thought - Wait, so you found her already caught? In a tank thing?



Ankha: - Her?

[standing] - I thought Thomas was a boy’s name.

[scratch head] - (Stinky makes a better girl’s name than Thomas...)



Agent S: - How do we know you weren't the one who caught Thomas?



Ankha: - Because I wasn't?

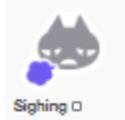
[standing] - I’m terrible at catching bugs. Which is a shame. I’ve always wanted one as a li'l pet.

[scratch head] - I asked Ñenn to catch me a tiger butterfly, and I’m still waiting.



Agent S: - Ain't that relatable.

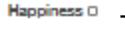
[talking] - Well, Thomas is a witness, and we need to take her with us.



Ankha: - \*sigh\* If you must.

[scratch head] - I guess insects deserve to live cage-free anyway. (Dang it. I didn't even steal this.)



Agent S:  - Appreciate your cooperation, Ankha.



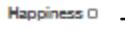
- Alright, Detective! Time to learn the truth!



Ankha:  - Are you going to get Lucky to translate Stink-

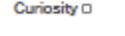
[scratch head] - Thomas's testimony?



Agent S:  - Yup.

Ankha: [scratch head] - Do you really think you can trust Lucky's translation?



Agent S:  - Uh yeah? What are you saying?

Ankha: [standing] - I'm saying that maybe you shouldn't trust everything Lucky says, sunshine. Honest is not a word I would use to describe him.

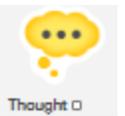


Agent S:  - Why? You scared that Thomas is going to tell Lucky you did it?



Ankha:  - No!

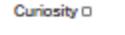
[scratch head] - It's just dangerous to put all your catnip on one scratch post. Isn't there someone else who can talk to bugs? You can ask them to translate as well.



Agent S:  - Stitches is the only other bug-talker here.

Ankha: [standing] - Oh, actually, never mind, he's even less trustworthy.



Agent S:  - Is there Anyone you trust, Ankha?

Ankha: [standing] - ...



Agent S: Curiosity □ - Not even yourself?

Ankha: [scratch head] - Look, forget I said anything, sunshine. There's no point in asking Stitches. No matter what Stink- Thomas says,

[standing] - Stitches is going to blame me. You might as well just head off to Lucky's.

Agent S: [talking] - No, no, I think you made a good point. We should talk to Stitches and see what he says about you.



Pride □ - After all, we can't eat our catnip from one plate, right?

Ankha: [standing] - Uh, that's not what I-

[scratch head] - Nevermind. Go on then. Take "Thomas" and do whatever you want.



Agent S: Encouraging □ - Maybe we will!

[talking] - [towards Detective] Alright, Thomas is in our bag. Let's show Stitches.

### [Present Thomas]



Agent S: Happiness □ - Do you want to say good-bye to Thomas?

Ankha: [look away] - Good-bye, sunshine. Take care.

### + [Present egg shell]



Agent S: Curiosity □ - This used to be yours?

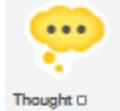
Ankha: [hmp] - Ah yes, it once was a beautiful bunny-day egg wardrobe until you-know-who broke it.

### - [Presented the pre-update egg shell]



Agent S: Curiosity □ - Lucky?

Ankha: [standing] - Yes. You know, Ñenn crafted that just for me.



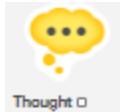
Agent S: - Really? I remember they were using it as actual furniture in their house. The feng shui hasn't really been the same since it's been gone.

Ankha: [scratch head] - Hence how meaningful the gift was.



Intense □

- And Lucky shattered it.



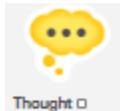
Agent S: - You seemed pretty upset about it. Upset enough to...



Bewilderment □

- Murder??

Ankha: [hmph] - I wouldn't kill someone over tacky festive food-themed furniture.



Agent S: - So you're not mad at Lucky?



Intense □

Ankha: - Of course, I'm mad at Lucky! He broke my stuff! That doesn't mean I want him dead!

[hmph] - If anything, it's more reason for me to want him alive.



Curiosity □

Agent S: - ?

Ankha: [scratch head] - I can't see the guilt on his face every time I bring it up if he's dead, can I?

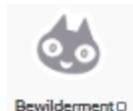
Agent S: [scratch head] - Ah.



Curiosity □

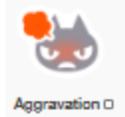
- [towards Detective] Detective, have we asked Lucky about the eggshell and this incident?

**-[Presented the updated egg shell]**



Bewilderment □

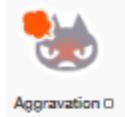
Agent S: - Until YOU broke it?



Ankha: - Excuse me? Do you not remember what I told you?! Lucky came into MY space and broke MY bunny-day egg wardrobe!

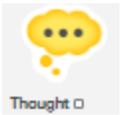


Agent S: - Lucky seems to remember it differently.



Ankha: - You're going off his memory? He has the memory of a goldfish!  
[hmph] - Alright then! If that's what you really believe, sunshine. How did I break it?

[present mystery item]



Agent S: - There was a mystery item you threw at Lucky, Lucky ducked, and the egg fell.



Ankha: - On Lucky's head, by the way.  
[hmph] - ...



Agent S: - Are we wrong?

Ankha: [scratch head] - ... So you're discrediting the only "motive" I had? Why are you still interrogating me if you acknowledge I had no actual revenge to seek.

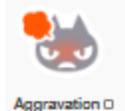


Agent S: >:[ - Perhaps revenge wasn't a motive, but you still obviously had it out for Lucky!

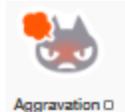


- Guilt-tripping him over something he didn't do, degrading him, leaving him alone to bleed out!

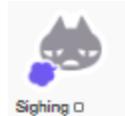
Ankha: [standing] - What does this change, detectives? What's the point of this conversation?



Agent S: - The point is We're giving you a chance to prove you're not a heartless shrew! A lack of sympathy is not a good look for a murder suspect, ya know! Do you feel no guilt for the cruel things you've done!? Do you care about anyone besides yourself!?



Ankha: - Of course, I feel bad! Of course, I care!



- ... \*sigh\* I knew he wasn't dead when I saw him last night. I stood there long enough to see him breathe.



Agent S: - Uh, this isn't really helping you.



Ankha: - Let me finish.

[distant look] - I didn't walk away because I didn't care. I stood there for what felt like an eternity because I didn't know what to do. I was scared...

[standing] - I ultimately decided to leave because I knew he would be okay. Time and time again, he comes out alright.

[scratch head] - I honestly admire that about him—his resilience.



- Still, I didn't sleep one bit last night. Eventually, Sterling came around to tell everyone the news, the news that Lucky was okay.

[standing] - It wasn't until then that I felt like I could breathe.



Agent S: - (So what about stealing the floor sign...)



Ankha: - BUT.

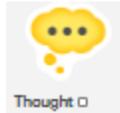
[talking] - Today, the whole talk of "What if Lucky did it on purpose." I thought it was absurd that we were even considering that.

[distant look] - But I haven't stopped thinking about what he said.

"Sometimes, it feels like I deserve it."

[talking] - I have never considered physically harming myself ever, but I think I

can relate in a way.



- That urge to self-sabotage or punish.

[scratch head] - Where the feeling stems from, I'm not sure. Guilt? Frustration? Self-loathing? Helplessness? Perhaps a combination?... "Sometimes it feels like I deserve it"...

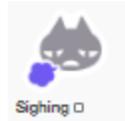
[distant look] - I can't help but wonder if I contributed to that... I can't help but wonder how much I've contributed that...



Worry □

- I say many things, but I've never actually thought he deserves... any of that.

[talking] - I've never really gone out of my way to comfort the dog partially because there's nothing I hate more than receiving pity. The fact that he's overcome so much on his own is something I assumed he would be proud of. To baby him would be disrespectful.



Sighing □

- \*sigh\* I see now that we don't really think that same way...



Smirking □

- Heh. When he said the whole "people only care about me when I'm injured" part, I was like



Pride □

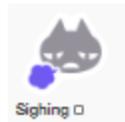
- 'Exactly!'

[distant look] - But I guess they at least show that they care to some extent.



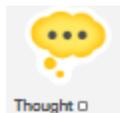
Worry □

- With the way I've treated him, I'm not surprised that people think I'm the one who tried to kill him...



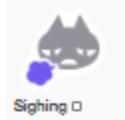
Sighing □

- \*sigh\* I really am a horrible person, aren't I?



Thought □

Agent S: - I mean, you're not the nicest person, I guess, but IDK if I would ever call you horrible...



Ankha: - It's okay. I've known it for a long time now.

[distant look] - I just...take that guilt out on others... I guess.

Agent S: [talking] - You know, it's not too late to change. No one is going to give you the stink eye if you try to be a better person.



Happiness □ - If anything, there are so many people who are rooting for you. So many people who want to see you do good. So many people who know you can do good.



Ankha: Worry □ - Is that so? I can't imagine a single person hasn't given up on me.



Agent S: Surprise □ - They're there, I promise!



Happiness □ [towards detective] - Right Detective?

=Who believes in Ankha?=  
[wrong choice]

Ankha: [distant look] - I don't know about that.

Agent S: [scratch head] - Uh, just trust us, okay?

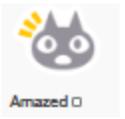
Ankha: [scratch head] - Sure



Agent s: Worry □ - :/

[Nenn]

Ankha: [standing] - Ñenn doesn't count.



Agent S: Amazed □ - What! Why not!?

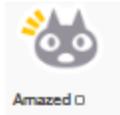
Ankha: [scratch head] - They'd let any of us use them as a stepping stool if we asked. None of us has to do a thing to win their unconditional love.



Agent s: Pride □ - Well, lucky for you, they're not the only one!

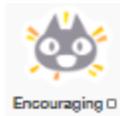
=Who believes in Ankha?=  
[wrong choice]

[present: Lucky, Katt, Agent S]



Ankha: - Is that so?  
[something specific to the character]

—Katt—



Agent S: - Uh, YEAH. Katt is legit in love with you, Ankha!  
[taking] - One sec we were talking about apples, the next she was talking about how kind and smart you are.  
[scratch head] - She wouldn't even let us talk shiz about you. Supposedly we don't know you like she does.  
[talking] - It's obvious she wants to be there for you, Ankha. She wants to help you be the best you you can be.



- Let her!

—Lucky—



Agent s: - Yeah!  
[scratch head] - I don't know the details of what went down between you two,



- but Lucky hasn't lost hope in patching up your friendship.  
[talking] - He talks highly of you, even saying you're a nice person, and he defends you when we (rightfully) criticize you. Clearly, he sees something in you that you're not open about.



- He wants to apologize to you, Ankha. He wants to be your friend again.



- I'm sure you'd be happier if you let him.

—Agent S—



Agent S: Happiness - Yeah, it is!  
[talking] - My impression of you has been that you're a selfish, greedy, stuck up, mean cat-

Ankha: [Scratch head] - I'm feeling so loved now...



Agent S: - Surprise - BUT!



Happiness - I know now that there's more to you!  
[talking] - You're smart, and you can be kind. I know your heart is gentle.  
[scratch head] - Yeah, I wouldn't say my impression was completely wrong,  
[talking] - but I know there's more to you than just that. I know that you can be so much more than that if you allow yourself to be. And if that feels too overwhelming to you,



Happiness - I'm down to help you out!

Ankha: [tap fingers] - That's... that's reassuring. Thanks...  
[scratch head] - Perhaps I'll put forward the effort... for [person]



Agent S: Happiness - Yeah! That's the spirit!  
[talking] - While you're at it, you could cut back on the stealing too!

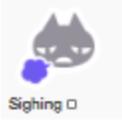


Ankha: Laughter - I'd have to think about that, haha.

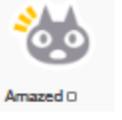
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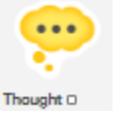
[talking] - I feel shame and guilt for the things I've done, but attempting to kill Lucky is not one of those things. I am not the person you're looking for.

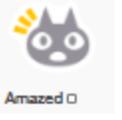
Agent S: [scratch head] - We'll keep that in consideration, Ankha.

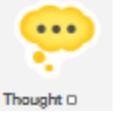
Ankha:  - \*sigh\* Okay...

 - Please don't tell me you have more questions. Being emotionally vulnerable is exhausting.

Agent S:  - Oh! Actually, could you tell us what that mystery item was?

Ankha:  - Hmm... I'm not quite sure. It was soft. I didn't actually want to hurt him... I threw it with one hand... And it was gray and, uh... red/green/maybe more gray.  
[talking] - I probably wouldn't have thrown it if it was yellow. That's all I remember.

Agent S:  - Gray? I think I saw something gray on the secret beach!

 - But, the only way to get there is to swim. Hmm... I think I saw a swimsuit somewhere...

Ankha: [scratch head] - So is that all?

Agent S:  - I believe so. We'll let you know if we have any more questions.

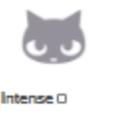
Ankha: [scratch head] - Um.

Agent S:  - ?

Ankha: [scratch head] - Our conversation wasn't pleasant, but it was nice to be honest with myself for once...

[standing] - Thank you.

Agent S:  - All in a day's work for us de-

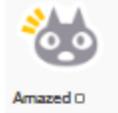
Ankha:  - Bye, detectives.

[Ankha Achievement: "Honesty is the Best Policy"]

## [Present Plushie]



Agent S: **Curiosity** - Is this the mystery item you threw at Lucky yesterday?



Ankha: **Amazed** - Oh! Yes, that's it.



Agent S: **Happiness** - Could you tell us about it?

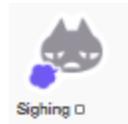
Ankha: [scratch head] - Well. It's a stuffed animal... A dog, I believe?

Agent S: [scratch head] - I meant, where did you get it?

Ankha: [tap fingers] - I'm guessing you won't believe me if I said I bought it, huh?



Agent S: **Intense** - :...



Ankha: **Sighing** - ... It's Lucky's. And... I'm pretty sure it was a gift from Stitches...  
[scratch head :(] - I'm sure Lucky would be thrilled if you gave it back to him.



Agent S: **Happiness** - We appreciate your honesty, Ankha.

Ankha: [standing] - Uh-huh.

## [pitfall]

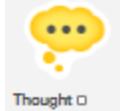
Agent S: Whatchu know about these pitfalls?

Ankha: [hmph] - I know I fell in one last night.



**Smirking** - (And I know a certain kitten is responsible.)

## [Coin]



Agent S: - So you saw this coin at the crime scene.

Ankha: [standing] - Yes. It's gold and shiny, so it was hard to miss.



Agent S: - I'm surprised you didn't steal it.

Ankha: [standing] - There was a mutt bleeding out right next to it, Agent S. I wasn't going to touch that coin.

### [Mama bear]



Agent S: - Whatchu know about this teddy bear?

Ankha: [standing] - That's one of Stitches's bears, am I right? He's quite attached to those bears.

[scratch head] - He always has "someone" to go to when he needs to "run home to mommy."

### [sewing kit]



Agent S: - Whatchu know about this sewing kit?



Ankha: - Is that what Stitches used to give Lucky stitches?

[scratch head] - I know I harp on Stitches a lot, but I am glad he was there to "save" Lucky.



Agent S: - Wow, keep that up, and I might think you have a heart under there. ;)

Ankha: [hmph] - Hmph.

### [Apples]



Agent S: - Whatchu know about these apples?



Ankha: - What do you want me to tell you? They're the native fruit.  
[hmph] - Is that not obvious enough for you?



- Why are you asking me such a pointless question?

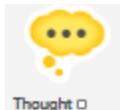


Agent S: - Dang, why are you getting so hostile over a question about apples?  
Ankha: [hmph] - Hmph. You're wasting my time, detectives.

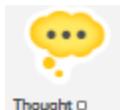
**[Present camera]**



Agent S: - Whatchu know about this camera?

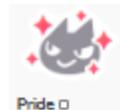


Ankha: - Ah yes, that's Lucky's camera.



Agent S: - Uh. I'm pretty sure it's Stitches's, actually.

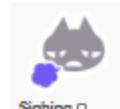
Ankha: [standing] - Lucky is just lending it to Stitches. The camera truly belongs to Lucky.



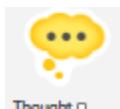
- Go ask him yourself if you don't believe me.

**[present paw report]**

Agent S: [talking] - So you saw Lucky's body last night, correct?



Ankha: - \*sigh\* Correct.



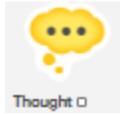
Agent S: - How close did you get to him?

Ankha: [talking] - I didn't. I saw everything from the top of the bridge west of the scene.  
[scratch head :(] - I saw him, and I turned around.



Agent S: - You didn't step anywhere near his body?

Ankha: [standing] - Correct.



Agent S: - Hmm, okay.

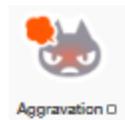
**[present nutcracker]**



Agent S: - Hey Ankha, do you know anything about this nutcracker?



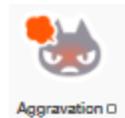
Ankha: - !



- That's not yours! Give it back!



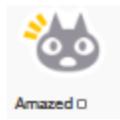
Agent S: - Oh, now you're against stealing?



Ankha: - What have you done to it!? The red paint is chipping! Did you just drop it in a bag full of loose items?



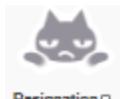
Agent S: - Red paint?



Ankha: - ... No... Don't tell me...



- It's green!!



Agent S: - Well then, I don't know what to tell you.

Ankha: [upset] - Of course, it's green! Of course! I should've checked with someone else!  
I'm color-blind! I knew there was a risk!

[ugh] - I'm so stupid!

[upset] - Ugh, I said it was red, and she didn't say a thing!

[ugh] - She must think I'm crazy!

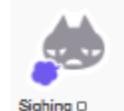


Agent S: Encouraging ☐ - Who! Who who!

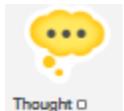
Ankha: [upset] - Kitten! Er Katten! Urg KATT! I thought I was giving KATT something in her favorite color, red!



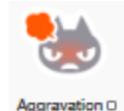
Agent S: Amazed ☐ - So it's Katt's nutcracker? And you gave it to her?



Ankha: Sighing ☐ - Yes.



Agent S: Thought ☐ - Forget color; why did you give her a nutcracker, of all things? Who did you steal this from?



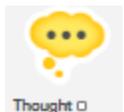
Ankha: Aggravation ☐ - Nobody!

\*[scratch head] - She says her favorite part of her junk is the stories and history behind each item,

[tap fingers] - so I thought it would be more meaningful to give her something I've owned for a long time.

[talking] - I got that nutcracker when I was a kitten. I remember my sister said she wanted mine because it was red,

[scratch head] - so I assumed the nutcracker that was still in my possessions was red...



Thought ☐ - Perhaps she switched them when I wasn't looking. She must've known I was colorblind before I did...

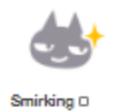


Agent S: Smirking ☐ - I see sticky finger runs in the family.

Ankha: [upset] - I would've found something else to give to Katt if I knew it was green!



Agent S: Happiness ☐ - I'm sure she appreciates anything you give her, no matter the color.



Smirking ☐ - I mean, you gals are girlfriends, riiiiight?

Ankha: [scratch head]- Yeah, but that doesn't mean I-



Agent S: Encouraging ☐ - AH HA! So you two are dating!!! I knew it!!



Ankha: Amazed ☐ - W- wha? I- You-



Aggravation ☐

- What's it to you!



Resignation ☐

Agent S: - Not much to me, but I know a kitty-katt it does matter to.



Curiosity ☐

- Why have you been hiding your relationship, Ankha?



Intense ☐

- Too embarrassed to admit you're with someone you think is less than you? Is Katt a dumpster cat to you?



Aggravation ☐

Ankha: - Excuse me!? Does everyone really think I'm an evil witch!? Where did you pull this strawman villain narrative from!? Your a-



Curiosity ☐

Agent S: - Are you scared of what others think, Ankha?

Ankha: [hmph] - Of course, who isn't?



Bewilderment ☐

Agent S: - Enough to shun the ones you love!?



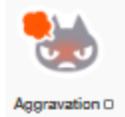
Aggravation ☐

Ankha: - "Shun"?!?

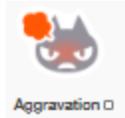


Encouraging ☐

Agent S: - Tell us the truth, Ankha! Why do you hide your relationship with Katt!?



Ankha: - Because it's gay, Agent S! Do I really need to spell that out to you?  
[hmph] - Like, I'm glad you're woke or whatever, but not everyone is on the same page, sunshine.

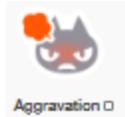


- What makes you think I owe you or anyone else details of my love life!?



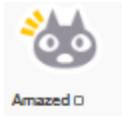
Agent S: - What? Do you really think someone here would be unaccepting?

Ankha: [hmph] - Accepting or not, all you guys do is gossip. Any drop of info you find, you run with it.

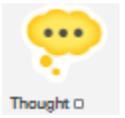


- Like, where did you even get this whole "Ankha thinks Katt is trash" idea?!

Agent S: [scatch head] - Katt.

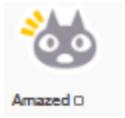


Ankha: - ... What?

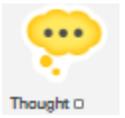


Agent S: - I guess you're right. You don't owe transparency of your personal life to us,

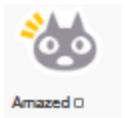
[talking] - but don't you think you own it to Katt?



Ankha: - Wait, wait, Katt said all this?



Agent S: - Well, maybe not word for word, but she is the one who told us about you two.



Ankha: - But that's wrong. She's not trash...

[standing] - I mean, yeah, she literally lives in a dumpster,



Bashfulness □ - but she's a gem in the rough...

[scratch had :(] - I can see why she would think that though. She doesn't view private and public as separate as I do.

[talking] - She's bold and honest, and I'm defensive and... somewhat deceitful...



Amazed □

intense - Not when it comes to almost-murders, though



Sighing □

- \*sigh\* When we're alone together, we don't have to think about anyone else but her.



Intense □

- I don't want to share our time with you vultures.

[standing :(] - I assumed she felt the same...



Bashfulness □

- I guess I just need to talk to her, don't I?

Agent S: [talking] - While you're at it, you should mention that you two are fo' real dating. She was a bit unsure 'bout that.



Amazed □

Ankha: - ... Are we not dating?



Happiness □

Agent S: - Don't ask me!



Laughter □

Ankha: - Haha! Alright, alright. I'll talk to her.



Intense □

- Now, will you kindly get out of my personal business, Agent S?



Agent S:  - lol, alright.



 - Only because you asked so politely. ;)

[talking] - [To Detective] Look at us. Playing cupid for a couple of love birds. Er- love cats? Let's go tell Katt. Just present the nutcracker to her.

### [Present Lucky's Get Well Card]



Agent S:  - Yo, Ankha, you want to sign Lucky's get well card?

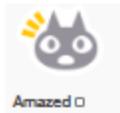


Ankha:  - Get well card?

[standig] - The mutt injures himself regularly. Don't you think we'll be wasting trees if we start giving him get-well cards now?

Agent S: [scratch head] - Well, you see, that's the thing. Nenn is worried about him "injuring" himself.

[talking] - They wanted to do something, so Lucky knows he's not alone, you know?



Ankha:  - Oh... I see...

[scratch head] - Yeah, I'll sign the card.

[Ankha signs the card]

### [Julian's Riddle]



Agent S:  - You think you could help us out with this riddle?



Ankha:  - Hm...

[scratching head] - Yeah, I have no clue what he's talking about. But you know who probably would?

[standing] - Katt. She knows Julian the best. She probably can understand his language.

[scratching head] - I say if you're genuinely struggling, go to her.



Agent S: Happiness □ - Thanks, Ankha.

**[Julian's Bonus Riddle]**



Agent S: Curiosity □ - You think you could help us out with this riddle?



Ankha: Thought □ - Hm...

[standing] - Yeah, I have no clue what he's talking about.



Thought □ - But you know. I did see him in my exhibit the other day with a shovel.  
[standing] - I shoed him away, but perhaps he already buried treasure by that point.



Agent S: Happiness □ - Thanks, Ankha.

**[Agent S's Drawing]**



Agent S: Happiness □ - Check out my drawing of Lucky, Ankha! Do you think it looks like him?

Ankha: [standing] - No.

**[Photo 1]**



Agent S: Happiness □ - Look! It's you!

Ankha: [standing] - So it is.



Pride □ - What a blessing it is to look good from all angles.

Agent S: [scratch head] - ... Sure.

**[Lucky cat]**



Agent S: Curiosity □ - Know anything about this Lucky Cat?

Ankha: [standing] - What? Do you think all because I'm a cat, I would know something about it?

Agent S: [scratch head] - ... Maybe.

Ankha: [standing] - I don't.

### [Stick]



Agent S: Curiosity - What do you think about this stick?

Ankha: [standing] - It's a stick.

### [Moon]

Agent S: [talking] - This was buried in your yard.

Ankha: [standing] - Huh. So it's mine?

Agent S: [scratch head] - Uh, no.



Ankha: Curiosity - Where are you taking it?



Agent S: Pride - Why you ask? So you can steal it later?

Ankha: [scratch head] - ... No.

### [Photo 2]



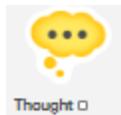
Agent S: Curiosity - You know anything about this photo of Lucky?

Ankha: [hmp] - Why are you asking me? You can go ask the model himself.

### ---Presenting Characters

-

### [Stitches]



Agent S: Thought - So, what's your relationship with Stitches?

Ankha: [scratch head] - Stitches is smart...



Agent S: Surprise - Wow, I dunno if I've ever heard you compliment someone, Ankha, especially Stitches.

Ankha: [scratch head] - That wasn't a compliment.



Agent S: Curiosity - Uh?

Ankha: [standing] - Stitches is smart... but acts dumb.

[hmph] - Don't trust anything he says with that whole baby act. That's how he has manipulated others.



Agent S: Curiosity - Manipulated? Has? Others? Who has he manipulated?

Ankha: [scratch head] - Lucky.



Agent S: Shocked - Wha-wha-what?

Ankha: [scratch head] - ... I don't know if you remember, but Lucky and I used to... have a mutualistic relationship.



Agent S: Bewilderment - You mean you used to be friends??

Ankha: [scratch head] - As I was saying,

[standing] - Stitches eventually befriended Lucky and turned him against me.



Intense

- And Lucky was stupid enough to fall for it.

[hmph] - Now he thinks I'm annoying, heartless, and that I deserve to die alone.



Agent S: Amazed - Wait. LUCKY said all of that?



Ankha: Intense - No, but I know he thinks that!

[scratch head >:(] - Just trust me.



Agent S: Thought - So, do you think Stitches could be the almost-murderer?

Ankha: [standing] - No.



Agent S: Amazed - No? You just painted him as some evil mastermind.

Ankha: [talking] - Oh, he could do it, but he would never. He's completely attached to Lucky.



Curiosity □

- Why do you think he would want to brainwash Lucky?

[standing] - He doesn't want Lucky to abandon him.

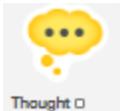
[scratch head] - And I get it. Lucky is an excellent friend to have...



Amazed □

- Not that I'm talking from experience.

[talking] - He's "Man's best friend," except "man" can be anyone. And Stitches needs that. He's painfully insecure.

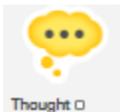


Thought □

- It's pitiful, really. I almost feel sorry for him. I'm sure it's hard for him...

[scratch head] - Not that I can relate.

[talking] - He simply would lose it if Lucky left him. I mean, what's a teddy bear without his best friend?

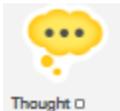


Thought □

- Dontchu think you're exaggerating a bit?

Agent S:

Ankha: [standing] - Look, as much as I want to think he did, there is no way Stitches would ever want to hurt that pup, let alone try to kill him. He loves that dog to death...



Thought □

- I guess that wasn't the best hyperbole to use...



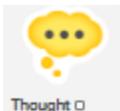
Curiosity □

- He would kill for that dog?

Agent S:

[talking] - That's alright, we got it. Thanks, Ankha.

**[Lucky]**



Thought □

- Hey, whatchu think Lucky really looks like?

Agents S:

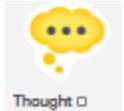
Ankha: [standing] - What? Under his bandages?

Agent S:



Encouraging ☐ - Yeah!

Ankha:



Thought ☐ - He's always wrapped up, and it got me wonderin' what is he hiding.  
[scratch head] - I don't have to imagine. I've seen-

Agent S:



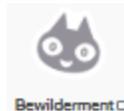
Shocked ☐ - YOU'VE SEEN LUCKY NAKED!?

Ankha:



Intense ☐ - No. I was going to say I've seen his arm—  
[scratch head] - the one on the same side as his bad eye. I assume the rest of  
him looks similar.

Agent S:



Bewilderment ☐ - When did you see his arm!?

Ankha:

[scratch head] - Forever ago. It needed to be rebandaged.

Agent S:



Amazed ☐ - Why's that?

Ankha:

[scratch head] - His arm caught on fire.

Agent S:



Shocked ☐ - !?!

Ankha:



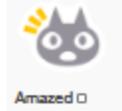
Pride ☐ - It wasn't my fault if you were wondering.

[talking] - I looked away for one second, and then his arm was just on fire. I have  
absolutely no clue how it happened. He was just standing there!

[scratch head] - He was fine, though. He stopped, dropped, and rolled or  
something.



Laughter ☐ - Heh heh, He looked so goofy. I laughed so hard I almost stopped,  
dropped, and rolled myself. Haha!



Agent S: - How was his arm?

Ankha: [standing] - Oh, it was fine,



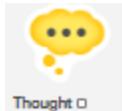
- his bandages on the other hand.\*shrug\*

[standing] - He apparently always carries a roll for those kinds of situations.

[scratch head] - I helped him wrap it up, so yeah, I got a good look at his arm.



Agent S: - Wait. You wrapped his arm?



- That's an awfully nice thing for you to do for... Lucky.

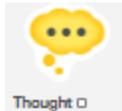


Ankha: - !

[hmfh] - Well, you should've seen how pitiful he looked!

[talking >:(] - He had to cock his head to see, and he was doing it with one hand, and he kept dropping it and all.

[hmfh] - It was painful to watch. I had no choice.



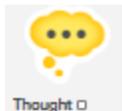
Agent S: - ... When did this happen again?

Ankha: [hmfh] - Centuries ago.



Agent S: - What were you guys doing before that?

Ankha: [scratch head] - I dunno, he was around my place or whatever.



Agent S: - ... Did you guys...

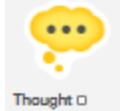
Ankha: [standing] - Did we use to spend time together? Yes, we hung out occasionally back in the day.

[hmfh] - I could withstand his stupidity back then.

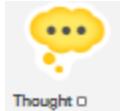


Agent S: - You guys were friends??

Ankha: Uuh, well he was, uhh, more of a li'l servant than anything else. That's right.

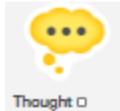


Agent S: - ... Oh, I think I do remember him doing errands for you.  
Ankha: See.



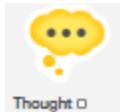
Agent S: - It's starting to come back to me... You guys spent a lot of time together. Like A LOT.

Ankha: Well, he basically worshipped me, and who am I to turn that down?



Agent S: - I think I remember him not being the best errand boy. Actually, I'm pretty sure he would ask me what he was supposed to be doing.

Ankha: He may have slept on the job some, but, you know, I'm a very patient and forgiving person.



Agent S: - ...Are you sure you two weren't friends, and you were just bossy?

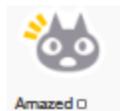
Ankha: Look, my li'l mummy was no Sterling, but I took what I could get.



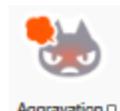
Agent S: - ... "My li'l"!?... "MUMMY"!?!? You had a nickname for him!?! Oh my god, I totally remember you calling him that!!



- You guys WERE close!!



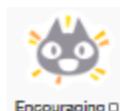
Ankha: - !...



- Fine! You got me! We were friends!

[hmph] - That dummy and I spent most of our time together during a time when I obviously was desperate for friends considering he's always been an idiotic waste of space!

Agent S: [scratch head] - Dang, Ankha, it's okay to like people, especially the victim of a case where you're an, you know,

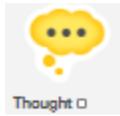


>:[ - ALMOST-MURDERER SUSPECT.

Ankha: [scratch head] - I prefer him alive and have always had. That positive enough?



Agent S: - You do a really poor job of convincing me you're innocent.

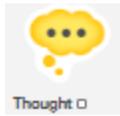


Thought - So what happened? Why did you guys split?

Ankha: [scratch head] - We were talking about his arm, sunshine. Do you want to hear about that or what?

Agent S: [scratch head] - ... Yes, please.

Ankha: [scratch head] - He has soft, black fur, which shouldn't be a surprise.

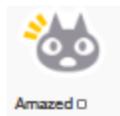


Thought - How soft?

Ankha: [scratch head] - As soft as his ears.



Agent S: - Wow, I've never touched his ears. You guys were really close, huh?



Ankha: - A-as I was saying.

[hmph] - He has a lot of scars. Some are in your face, some I only noticed because I was handling his arm.

[distant look]- I asked about them all, and we spent hours talking about them. I'm surprised he didn't whine for a snack break.

[talking] - He has some crazy stories for the bigger ones.

[distant look] - (I can't believe he survived any of that...)

[talking] -He claimed he forgot most of the more subtle ones, but I got the impression he just didn't want to talk about them.

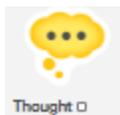


Worry - I was thinking about those scars just before you came in, actually...

Agent S: [write in notebook] - \*writing in notebook\* "Hairy arm with a bajillion scars" ... Got it! Thanks, Ankha, for your generous amount of information. ;)

Ankha: [hmph] - Uh-huh

### [Chadder]

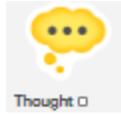


Thought - So whatchu think of Chadder?

Ankha: [standing] - He's a mouse that looks like cheese, smells like cheese, and sells cheese. What else can I say?



Agent S: - You think he tastes like cheese as well?



Ankha: - Katt believes so. Specifically cheddar, because of his name,  
Chadder.

[talking] But that's oversimplifying a complex hypothetical.

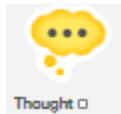


- The rat needs to be made of something sturdier than cheddar to last.  
Something like Chhurpi, the hardest cheese in the world.



- Heh, but then she said he would be blue cheese because he's so  
'stinky' heh heh heh.

### [Julian]



Agent S: - So whatchu think of Julian?

Ankha: [standing] - I think he's a fool. Next question.

### [Agent S]



Agent S: - So whatchu think of me!?

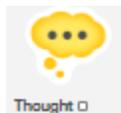
Ankha: [standing] - You play your music too loud.



Agent S: - Oh. Well, you gotta admit, I have good taste in music, right?

Ankha: [scratch head] - ... It could be worse.

### [Merengue]

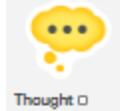


Agent S: - So, what's your relationship with Merengue?

Ankha: [standing] - Well, she's my neighbor. That's about it.

[scratch head] - I don't shop at her li'l bakery much. I've never been one for  
sweets.

Agent S:



- You think she did it?



Ankha:

Curiosity □

- Attempt to murder Lucky?

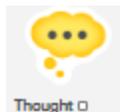


- Sure, why not.

Agent S: [talking] - ...That's all you got to say?

Ankha: [standing] - What? You expect me to know who tried to kill Lucky last night?  
That's your job.

### [present Katt]



Agent S: - So, what's your relationship with Katt?

Ankha: [scratch head] - I know her. Why do you care?

Agent S: [scratch head] - Uh, we're just asking questions, cuz, you know,  
[talking >:] - that's what we're supposed to do?

Ankha: [scratch head] - Well, what do you want me to say?

Agent S: [talking >:] - We want you to answer our questions.



Intense □

- Why are you making this difficult?

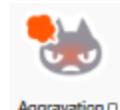
Ankha: [scratch head] - Is that one of the questions you want me to answer?

Agent S: [wtf] - Yeah??



- Look. We can move on. Do you think Katt was the one who tried to  
kill Lucky?

Ankha: [scratch head] - I don't know. I don't know anything about Katt.



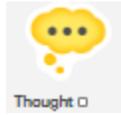
Agent S: - But you just said, "I know her"!! Doesn't knowing her involve knowing  
about her?!

Ankha: [scratch head] - When did I say that?

Agent S: [wtf] - ??????

Ankha: [scratch head] - Next question.

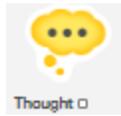
**[Sterling]**



Agent S: - So whatchu think of Sterling?

Ankha: [scratch head] - I think he's a big, dumb bird that has good aim. Next question.

**[Elvis]**

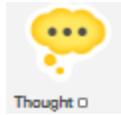


Agent S: - So whatchu think of Elvis?



Ankha: - I agree with Katt. I think he should share some of that wealth.

**[Nenn]**



Agent S: - So whatchu think of Nenn?

Ankha: [standing] - Nenn is a sweet child.

[scratch head] - On the one hand, I want to say I was surprised that you and the others were so quick to jump on Nenn, considering how kind they have been to us, but on the other hand, I'm not surprised at all.

[standing] - This island shares a single brain cell.

**---[present Places]**

-

**[present Ankha's Exhibit]**

Ankha: [scratch head] - That's where you are, sunshine.

**[present Agent S's Secret Base]**

Ankha: [scratch head] - Agent S can tell you where that is.

**[present Lucky's Infirmary]**

Ankha: [standing] - What am I, your tour guide?

**[present Julian's Falls]**

Ankha: [scratch head] - It's over there.

**[present Sterling's Fort]**

Ankha: [scratch head] - If you walk away from me in that direction, you may or may not hit it.

**[present Merengue's Bakery]**

Ankha: [scratch head] - I believe there are some vending machines around there if you want a snack.

**[present Chadder's Restaurant]**

Ankha: [scratch head] - I think that mouse spies on me from up there...

**[present Nenn's Ring]**

Ankha: [scratch head] - I try to avoid it. A lot of eyes around there.

**[present Katt's Dump]**

Ankha: [scratch head] - She's a bit of a hoarder.



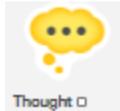
Agent S: - I don't think she's the only one.

**[present Elvis's Castle]**



Ankha: - Now that's a way to live.

**[present Crime Scene]**



Agent S: - Have you visited the crime scene?

Ankha: [scratch head :(] Not since last night.

Agent S: [talking] - Did you see anything besides the victim? Like a sewing machine?

Ankha: [standing] - I saw that coin, and I saw Lucky. I did not see a sewing machine.

**[present Stitches's Playplace]**

Ankha: [scratch head] - His quilt is pretty soft...

**[present Mailroom]**

Ankha: [standing] - What? Do you need to mail a letter?

~~[if failed]-----~~

~~[if picked not stitches]~~

~~Ankha: [standing] - You know, I truly am disappointed. I had higher expectations for you two.~~



Agent S: ~~Intense □~~ —Yeah yeah, you want to help us figure out the real almost-murderer or not?

Ankha: ~~[scratch head]~~ —“Present” away.

~~[If picked Stitches]~~

Ankha: ~~[standing]~~ —You know, I truly am disappointed. I had higher expectations for you two.



Agent S: ~~Intense □~~ —Yeah yeah.

Ankha: ~~[scratch head]~~ —Based on what he said, it sounds like I was the almost-killer in Thomas’s “testimony.”



Agent S: ~~Thought □~~ —You were right. He blamed you.

Ankha: ~~[scratch head]~~ —What a shame.

————— ~~[standing]~~ —Speaking of Thomas, I miss her.



————— ~~Thought □~~ —I was thinking about how I could maybe lure her back to my place.



Agent S: ~~Curiosity □~~ —To catch?

Ankha: ~~[scratch head]~~ —No. Just to have around.



————— ~~Curiosity □~~ —What flowers do you think I should plant?



Agent S: ~~Happiness □~~ —Orange cosmos. It’s her favorite.



Ankha: ~~Curiosity □~~ —Orange?

————— ~~[scratch head :)]~~ —I can do that. Thanks.

————— ~~[standing]~~ —So, how can I help you with your “research”?