



Investigation Log of Charles Hitchcock, Detective, UCPD.

April 17, 2014: I entered the Green Room at approximately 22:00 hours. A raucous party ensued. Confusion all around. Many unfamiliar faces. Prospective suspects. There was shouting. Many people wanted Avery to “put it in [their] mouth[s]”.

Alas, this was a mission for another day. I was there to find Megan’s missing cookie sheet. A daunting task. I had to stay focused.

I began my investigation with an analysis of where the cookie sheet could have been. Naturally my first guess was the 6 Flags Theme park. I knew it would cost me \$30 to go and that I needed to give the money to Shannon. That’s is spendy though. Perhaps my buddy Larry will help me out. He’s got connections. As I contemplated this, the Green Room rioters miraculously voted to subsidize all trips to 6 flags by reducing the cost by \$5.

Then I asked myself: what are cookie sheets used for? Maybe not for roller coasters. But lemon bars? Definitely. On Friday at 4:30 at Larry’s apartment. I will study the lemon bars. And the cookie sheets.

Some balls appeared in the green room. Leaving us with at least \$234.

At this point my cover was nearly blown. Someone tweeted a picture of me with the caption: “Detective?” This place is a goddamn rumor mill. But I guess it’s

not a rumor if its true? Apparently this sort of gossip is encouraged by historians.

Being the adept detective that I am, I quickly turned the conversation to a possible bonfire at the point next week. Then I made a banner and hung it over my face for the rest of the evening.

While my face was covered with this disguise, I learned some interesting information about the disappearance of the cookie sheet. Allegedly, HARC funds were embezzled by prospies eating “Fruity Cheerios” so that they could buy shitty condoms. I’ll have to look into this another time. First, I must infiltrate the soccer team on Sunday, the water polo team and the quidditch team on Wednesday, the frisbee and softball teams at some point. One of these teams must know where the cookie sheet is.

Max Thill moved sections. Suspicious. To hide his cookie sheet collection, I wonder?

All in All the investigation this evening was fruitless. I collected evidence that the cookie sheet could be anywhere from the women’s Rugby game in Washington Park on Saturday to the Kah-wai (Kauai?, Kahway? Kauii? Caywhy? Kah-y?) Party on Saturday at 11pm in Room 541. I must also investigate the Scav auction on Saturday at 1:33pm. Perhaps they are selling stolen goods. I would need to buy a shirt from snitchcockscav@gmail.com though.

April 18, 2014: I think I’m going to bake cookies today. I found a really nice cookie sheet on my doorstep. Looks used but nice.