The art of asking the right questions.

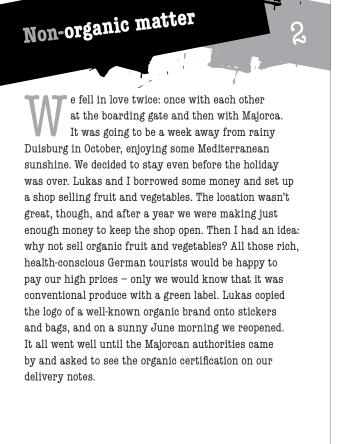




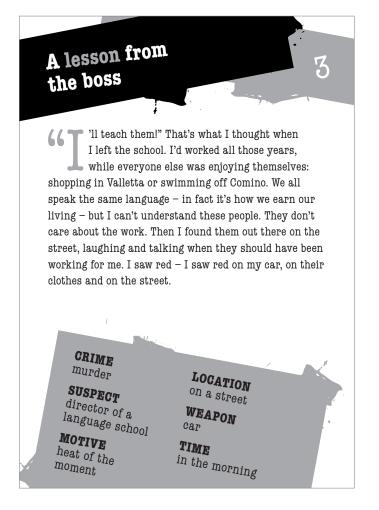
money. The police became suspicious and called my wife.

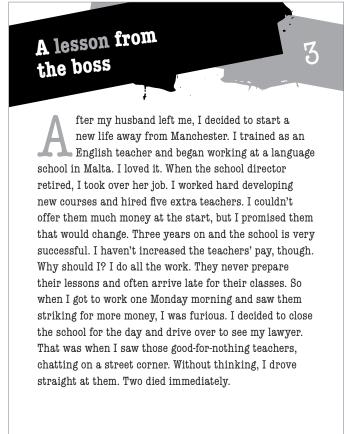
She helped them put the story together.

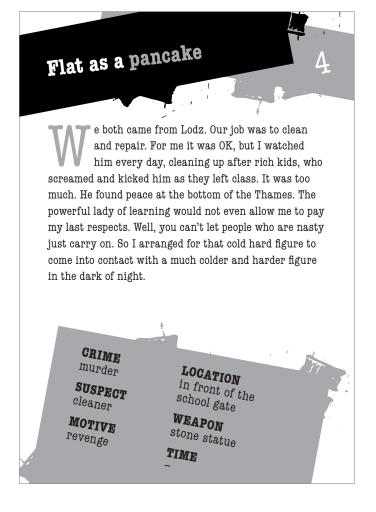


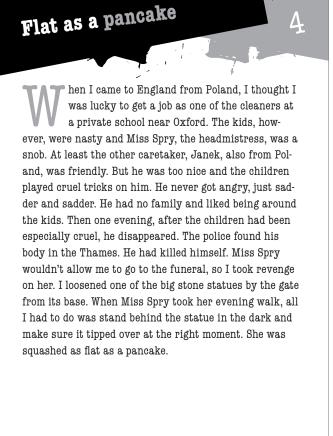


The art of asking the right questions.



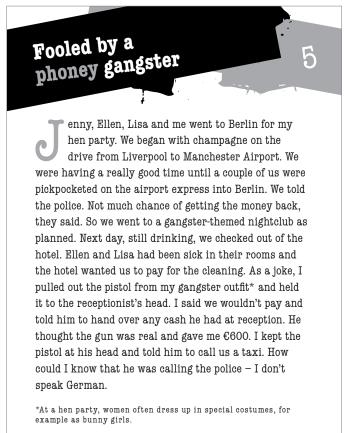






The art of asking the right questions.







Paying for TV dinners with priceless paintings y brother Dieter and I are successful German TV producers. We specialize in quiz shows and contests. Our most recent hit has been a cooking contest with teams from across Europe. The final episodes have to be really special, so we rented a Venetian palazzo as a location. Then a popular German cook began a new show, on a Thursday evening like ours. We immediately began to lose viewers and our investors got nervous. Suddenly we had to finance part of the project ourselves, but I had no money - all spent on coke. Dieter knows about my little problem, but not how much it costs. The solution, though, was there before my eyes: the Italian palazzo is full of beautiful paintings and other objects that could be sold for a lot of money. One night, I borrowed a crowbar from the film crew and forced open the palazzo door. It would have been better not to take an original and well-known Tintoretto.

The art of asking the right questions.





the head - later he told me his Real scarf had caught

felt the policeman's hand on my arm.

No fare in

in a bush. Two policemen were running towards him. I

couldn't leave my brother. I was bending over him when I

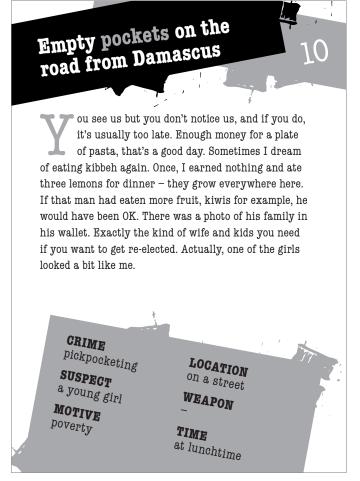


love and war 'm a taxi driver on Jersey. Recently my mother, a widow, told me she'd met a new man, Hans from Frankfurt. In three months he visited three times. I never saw him, but I heard that he and my mother went shopping, played golf and ate at expensive restaurants. One evening, at my local, I overheard a man with a German accent saying he'd met a rich widow who was very free with her money. I was sure it was Hans. I also found out that my mother was paying for everything, even his plane tickets. A month later, on Good Friday afternoon, I drove a man with a German accent from the airport to my mother's address. He told me the rich widow story, showed me a cheap scarf he'd bought for her and joked about her taste. I showed him a romantic spot that was nice for lovers. As he looked out at the view, I grabbed the charger cable of my phone and had it around his neck before he knew what was happening.

The art of asking the right questions.







road from Damascus e're teenagers from Syria, Egypt, Romania and Libya, and down on our luck. My family fled the chaos of Damascus. On the journey to Europe I got separated from both my parents. Ana, from Romania, found me on a park bench in Bari. She took care of me for a few months and taught me how to pick pockets. We often come to Sorrento. The tourists here are easy pickings. Yesterday, at lunchtime, I was on the Via San Cesareo. There was a big red-faced man to the left of me with a wallet sticking out of his back pocket. My fingers had just closed around it when the man suddenly crashed to the ground. I escaped in the general confusion. Later, in a bar, I was telling Ana what had happened, when a newsflash come up on TV. It was about the man - a politician from New Zealand. He had suffered a heart attack as I was taking his wallet and died later. Now there's a photofit picture of me in the media.

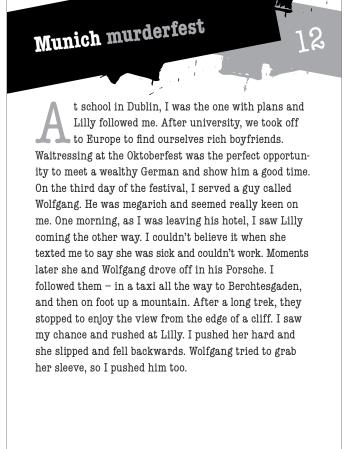
Empty pockets on the

The art of asking the right questions.



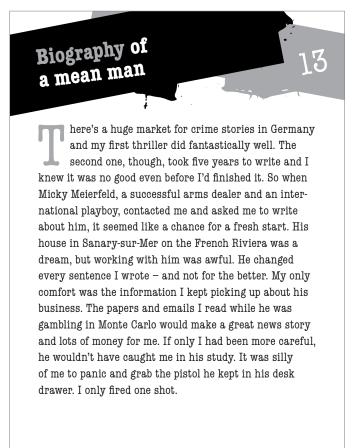


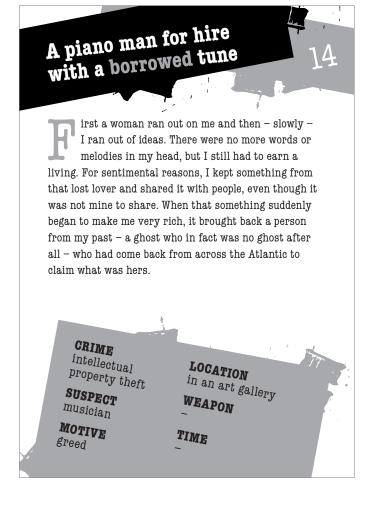




The art of asking the right questions.

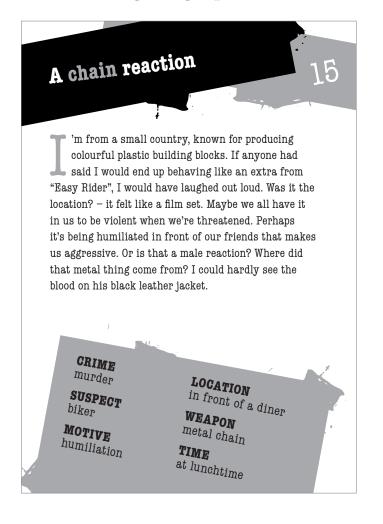


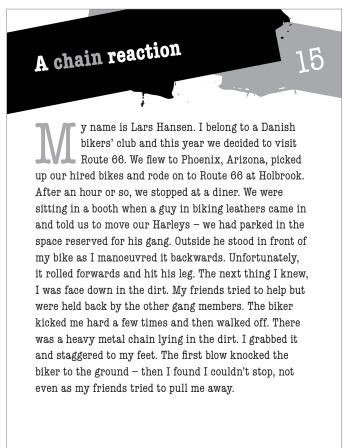


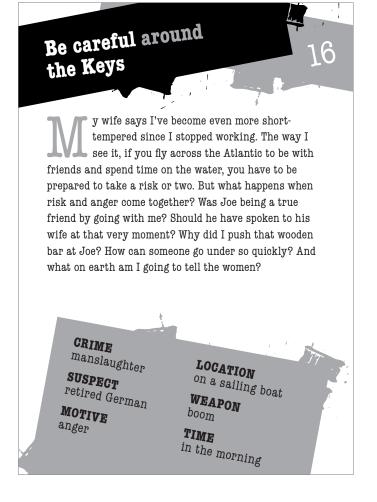


A piano man for hire with a borrowed tune earl and I used to compose songs in New York, until she met a rich Italian and disappeared from my life. Later I heard she'd died in a car crash. I stayed in NY and kept on composing. That was fifty years ago. Now I'm just a penniless old musician who gets hired to play at private events - the money isn't good. Pearl once wrote a song called "Are All Men Fools?" and it's part of my repertoire. Last January, I was playing at a gallery opening in Manhattan when a man came over and told me he liked the song. I said it was my composition, written many years ago. It turned out the man was an agent for one of America's biggest stars, and within six months "Are All Men Fools?" had become a megahit. That was how Pearl - alive and well and living in Florence – came to hear it on the radio. The letter from her lawyer arrived on my birthday, July 10. I never knew that borrowing someone else's song could be so expensive.

The art of asking the right questions.





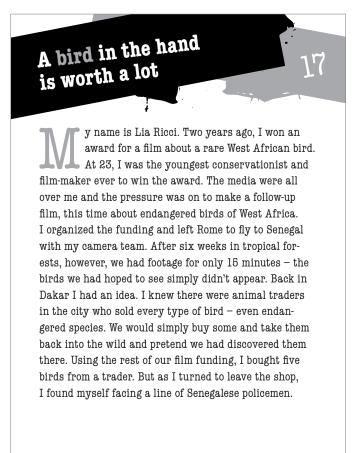


the Keys met Joe when he was based in Wiesbaden with the US Army. Heidi and I are retired and we fly to Florida when we can to be with Joe and his wife, Kay. We go sailing and hang out. This year we'd managed only two days of sailing. We shouldn't have gone out today. Heidi and I argued at breakfast - she thought the weather was too bad. Kay and Joe agreed. I got angry and said I'd go anyway. Joe knew I'd need help with the boat so he came along. I could see he wasn't happy about it. At first the weather was lovely, but then a storm came up. Kay phoned just as we were struggling to keep our course and he actually took the call! I heard him say we'd been stupid to go out. I knocked the phone out of his hand and swung the boom at him. It struck him hard on the head and he fell overboard. How was I to know he couldn't swim? I didn't want him to drown - but it was his fault for answering his phone.

Be careful around

The art of asking the right questions.

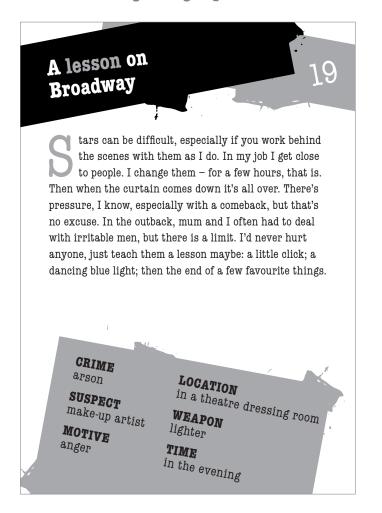


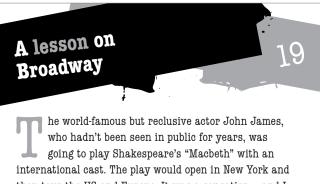




Blade runner y name is Sami Ahonen. I'm a software developer from Helsinki. Last May, my wife and I took a trip to Morocco. Our plan was to meet up with my friend Miko in Agadir. We did meet Miko - just long enough for him to conceal a stash of dope in our rented car, without my knowledge, and head off before the police caught up with him. I was given a five-year sentence in a prison near Marrakesh. I knew from the first day that I would never last the five years. My hope was to befriend one of the guards, Yusuf. That seemed to work. My wife would visit me and slip him a bribe to look away while she gave me some files to saw through the bars on my window. It took months to work my way through the metal. Finally, on a boiling night in June, I struggled out through the sawn-off bars and ran to meet my wife, who was waiting nearby in a car. She was sitting there with a policeman and a grinning Yusuf.

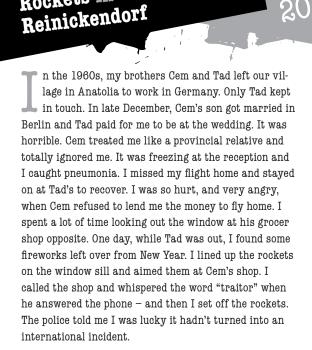
The art of asking the right questions.





he world-famous but reclusive actor John James, who hadn't been seen in public for years, was going to play Shakespeare's "Macbeth" with an international cast. The play would open in New York and then tour the US and Europe. It was a sensation — and I was chosen as his personal make-up artist! James had a terrible reputation, but I was a tough girl from the Australian outback. At least that was what I thought. He never sat still, groped me as I applied his make-up and screamed at me for being untidy. At the evening dress rehearsal he threw my make-up box across the dressing room in a rage because he couldn't remember his lines. As soon as he was on stage, I took his favourite scarf, a rare edition of "Macbeth" his mother had given him, the cloak he would wear in Act III — and I set fire to them all with his lucky lighter. It was a lovely little blaze and spooked James, which was my plan.

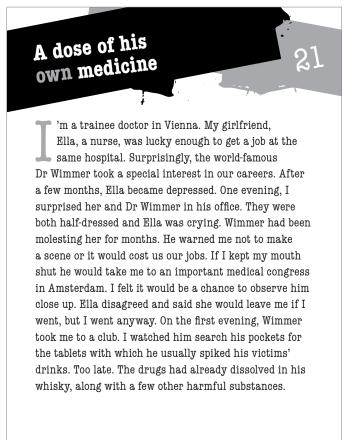




Rockets in

The art of asking the right questions.







wrong hands y name is Juan Flórez. I come from Seville, but I trained as a landscape gardener in the UK, where I met an English girl. Now I live and work near London. A few months ago, I saw a competition to design a municipal park in Seville. I decided to try my luck. I moved back home for a couple of weeks and visited the site every day. One evening, I saw that someone had broken into my flat. Nothing was missing, but the papers on my desk had been moved. A week later I presented my plans to the city council. They returned them and told me that an identical design had already been presented by Angel Rodriguez, who worked at the gardens of Al-Andalus. I went to the gardens and confronted him. He told me not to be ridiculous. When I insisted that he had stolen my ideas, he grew angry. I don't know how it came to blows, but suddenly he was at my throat. I grabbed a shovel to defend myself.

Plans for palms in the

The art of asking the right questions.





have known that stupid George would mess things up.

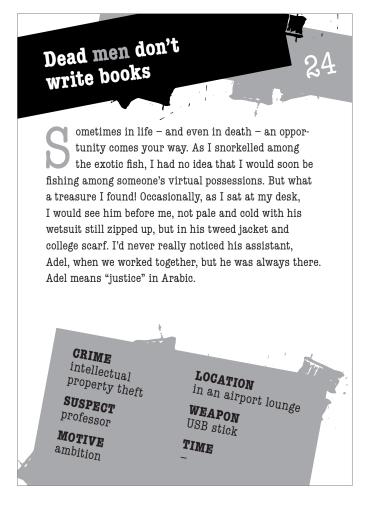
When a woman at a service station saw him with the

the baby and drove off.

Dead men don't

write books

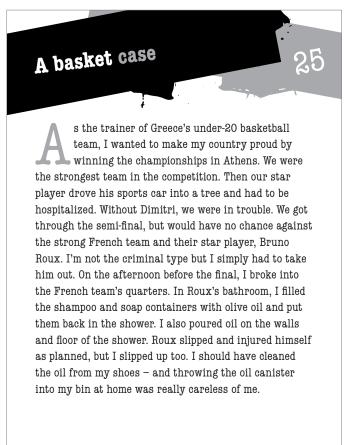
screaming baby and tried to help, George just gave her

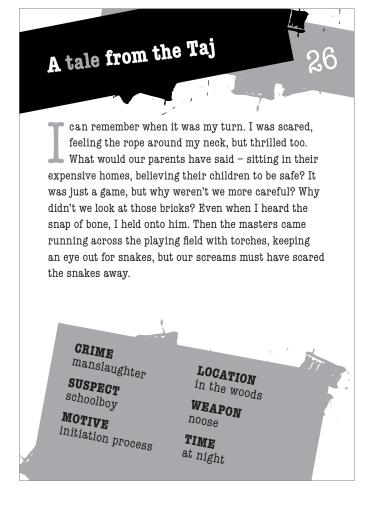


rofessor Dunbar, a famous US Egyptologist, died in a diving accident in the Red Sea in 2012. Dunbar had written a brilliant book on the pharaohs, but his secretive research style and aggressive manner had made him very unpopular. The Red Sea holiday was a break after a symposium in Cairo. I was a colleague of his and had been snorkelling on the day he died. When the boat came in with Dunbar's body, I offered to fly home his belongings. Next morning, at Sharm el-Sheikh airport, I made sure I had an hour or so to myself. I checked his laptop and, as I had hoped, found the manuscript for a new book - on Cleopatra. I downloaded it onto a USB stick and trashed the original. A few years later, and after an extensive rewrite, I published his book under my own name. What I had overlooked was Dunbar's loyal assistant, Adel, but I recognized him when he turned up with the police at a book reading.

The art of asking the right questions.



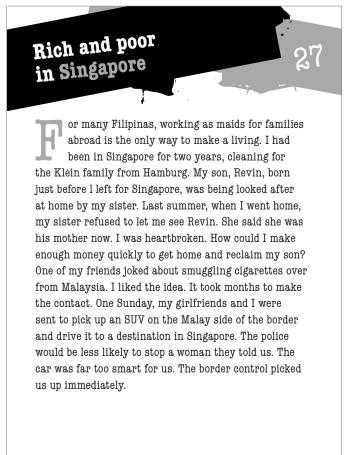


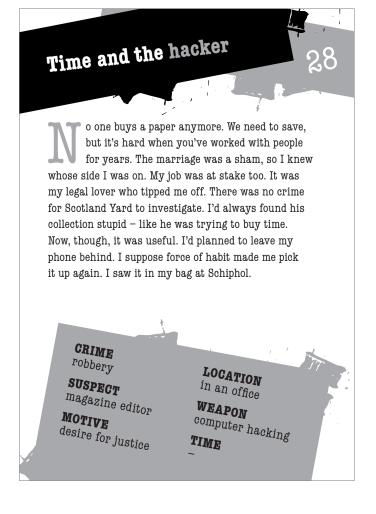


A tale from the Taj urs is one of the most prestigious boarding schools on the Indian subcontinent. I was the most popular and talented pupil of my year until Aqil joined our class. His father is a wealthy businessman from Kuala Lumpur. Aqil was a chubby little thing whose uniform didn't fit and who was always lost in a dream. He was charming, though, and clever and immediately popular. My friends wanted him to join our secret society. Our initiation process is a mock hanging at night. The newcomer stands on a pile of bricks out in the woods behind the school with a noose around his neck and answers questions. For every wrong answer, a couple of bricks are removed. We usually give up when the rope is really taut. I secured the noose around Agil's neck, but the bricks were uneven and I stumbled and fell, pulling Aqil down with me. Our combined weight meant that his neck was immediately broken.

The art of asking the right questions.



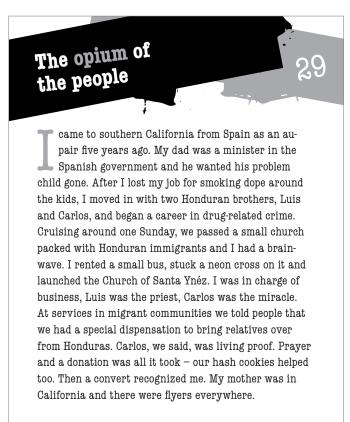




Time and the hacker y husband is the CEO of a British newspaper publishing house. Bruce is a skinflint who enjoys terrorizing people. It helps that he's six feet four, weighs 17 stones and grins like a hungry crocodile. Our marriage is as stale as yesterday's news, but I'm the editor of one of his magazines. For more than a year now, I've been having an affair with John, head of the legal department. Two nights ago, John told me that Bruce was outsourcing editorial work to freelancers - which is legal but totally unethical towards his employees. I immediately contacted a hacker I'd once interviewed. In exchange for some dirt I'd collected on Bruce, he sent me details of Bruce's dealings. I passed on the information to a rival newspaper that same evening, packed Bruce's collection of vintage watches as a financial safety net and flew to Amsterdam. I should have switched my phone off to prevent GPS tracking.

The art of asking the right questions.







club at Lac Léman n 1999, while I was studying in Paris, I started a game event with three guys from my class: Olle (Swedish), Bill (American) and Danilo (Brazilian) -I'm from Salzburg. Once a year we spend a weekend playing board games. We've left college, so now we meet in a private club in Geneva. We have our meals there, drink wine and smoke cigars. It's civilized but competitive. This year I brought a crime game. I've just been made professor at a German university so maybe I was a little pompous that first evening. But when Olle questioned my theories, I got annoyed. Then Danilo took sides with Olle, and Bill said I was a lousy detective. I knew I was right, but the others became sarcastic. Finally, Bill told me to stop being arrogant or leave. To make the others listen I hit the table with a candlestick. When Olle laughed at me, I lashed out with the candlestick. The cuts to his face were deep.

Cards and clues in a