



BONUS ENVELOPE C

Do not open until after
completing Objective #3

NORTHUP POLICE DEPARTMENT

226 Peachtree St. Northup Police Department Northup, GA 30159

VOLUNTARY STATEMENT FORM

I, ARTHUR WILLIAM HODGES being duly sworn, am a legal adult of sound mind, and my address is 94 ROSEWOOD CT. NORTHUP, GA. I have been duly warned by DETECTIVE TONY SAYER, who has identified himself as NORTHUP POLICE DETECTIVE that I have the right to remain silent and don't have to say anything if I don't want to; that anything I say can be used against me in a court of law; that I have the right to talk to a lawyer before making any statement and to have him here with me; that if I can't pay a lawyer, one will be given to me before I make any statement if I wish. I understand what my rights are and am willing to make a statement. I do not want a lawyer at this time. No promises or threats have been made to me to induce me to make this statement.

I AM PROFESSOR ARTHUR HODGES, AND ON THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 26TH, 1995 I DELIBERATELY KILLED MAX CAHILL. I MUST ADMIT, IT WAS BRILLIANTLY PREMEDITATED AND I TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN FINALLY DIVULGING THE DETAILS.

I KNEW MAX WOULD BE WORKING LATE THAT NIGHT AND HE'D BE ALONE, AS THE REST OF THE FACULTY WERE ATTENDING A BANQUET IN DOWNTOWN ATLANTA. THIS PROVIDED THE PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO EXECUTE MY PLAN.

I NEEDED A GOOD REASON FOR NOT ATTENDING THE BANQUET AS I WAS TO BE A KEYNOTE SPEAKER. I ALSO NEEDED AN ALIBI. SO, I TURNED TO SYRUP OF IPECAC. SYRUP OF IPECAC USED TO BE ADMINISTERED TO THOSE WHO SWALLOWED SOMETHING HIGHLY UNPLEASANT IN ORDER TO INDUCE VOMITING. AND SINCE I'D BEEN SWALLOWING THE HIGHLY UNPLEASANT PRESENCE OF MAX CAHILL FOR FAR TOO LONG, IT SEEMED APPROPRIATE THAT I SHOULD USE IT IN THIS PARTICULAR INSTANCE.

~~IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM. NOT ONLY WAS I ABLE TO CONVANCE EVERYONE OF MY SICKNESS, BUT I WAS ABLE TO DO SO BY MANNER OF VIOLENT, PROJECTILE VOMITING ALL OVER ANOTHER PROFESSOR WHOM I LOATHED ALMOST AS MUCH AS I DID MAX CAHILL. IT WAS LIKE KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.~~

I PLAYED THE PART OF THE AILING STOMACH BUG VICTIM AND WENT HOME. THE EFFECTS WORE OFF WITHIN THE HOUR, AS I CONSUMED ONLY THE SMALLEST AMOUNT NECESSARY TO DO THE JOB. I RESTED A FEW HOURS, REGAINED MY COMPOSURE, THEN WENT BACK TO CAMPUS.

I DISCOVERED THE SECRET TUNNEL ABOUT A YEAR BEFORE THE MURDER. QUITE BY ACCIDENT ONE DAY, I NOTICED THE HIDDEN DOORWAY WHILE LOOKING FOR A BOOK ON DAVENPORT'S BOOKSHELF. AS A DISTINGUISHED HISTORIAN, I KNEW INSTANTLY IT HAD TO BE PART OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD. I DECIDED TO KEEP IT AS MY PRIVATE LITTLE FIND FOR A WHILE AND COME OUT WITH IT OFFICIALLY IN A BOOK THAT WAY IT WOULD GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS MY DISCOVERY.

THAT WAS MY PLAN RIGHT UP UNTIL THE DAY OF MAX CAHILL'S PINNING CEREMONY AS THE NEW DEAN WHEN I THOUGHT OF AN EVEN BETTER USE FOR THAT SECRET ENTRANCE.

I ENTERED THE TUNNEL DOWN BY THE RIVER THROUGH THE HIDDEN BOOKCASE, THEN MADE MY WAY INTO PROFESSOR DAVENPORT'S OFFICE AND WALKED UPSTAIRS TO THE DEAN'S OFFICE.

WITH ME, I CARRIED AN OLD METAL FILING TOOL, AND A HEAVY IRON BALL AND CHAIN—BOTH ARTIFACTS FROM THE TUNNEL. I JUST KNEW CAHILL WOULD BE

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COMPLETELY CAPTIVATED. IT TOOK HIM QUITE BY SURPRISE WHEN I WALKED INTO HIS OFFICE. HE ACTED WORRIED ABOUT ME, AND SAID I SHOULD BE HOME RESTING. HE PLAYS THE PART OF THE CONCERNED CITIZEN SO WELL. I SAID I'D MADE SOME DISCOVERIES TO DIE FOR, AND IT COULDN'T WAIT. TO DIE FOR—BRILLIANT, EH?

I TOLD HIM I'D JUST DISCOVERED THE SECRET PASSAGEWAY, AND THAT IT MUST BE PART OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD, GIVEN THE ARTIFACTS I'D FOUND. I HANDED HIM THE FILE AND ASKED HIM TO READ THE INSCRIPTION. AND WHILE MAX WAS STRUGGLING TO READ THE WORN DOWN LETTERS THAT WERE BARELY LEGIBLE, I GRABBED THE CHAIN, LIFTED THE BALL UP OVER MY HEAD, AND CAME DOWN UPON THAT KNOW-IT-ALL SKULL OF HIS WITH FULL FORCE.

HE NEVER SAW IT COMING. IT MADE SUCH A NASTY SOUND WHEN THE BALL HIT HIS SKULL. I WASN'T PLANNING TO, BUT BY SOME STROKE OF LUCK I ALSO MANAGED TO BREAK HIS OSTENTATIOUS YALE WATCH IN MY FOLLOW-THROUGH.

JUST LIKE THAT, MAX WAS GONE. ALONG WITH ALL THE PROBLEMS HE CAUSED ME.

BUT I STILL I NEEDED ONE TEENY, TINY LITTLE THING FROM HIM TO MAKE IT ALL COMPLETE—THAT LAPEL PIN THEY GAVE HIM WHEN HE BECAME DEAN. THAT PIN WAS SUPPOSED TO BE MINE, AND IT SIGNIFIED EVERYTHING I'D WORKED SO HARD FOR, YET THAT SNIVELING LITTLE SNOT SNATCHED IT ALL AWAY FROM ME. THERE WAS EVEN AN ERROR TO IT—AS IT WAS A MIRROR IMAGE OF WHAT EVERYONE ELSE'S PIN LOOKED LIKE. JUST LIKE HOW IT WAS AN ERROR TO GIVE THAT POSITION TO HIM INSTEAD OF ME. BUT NO MATTER, I SWITCHED PINS. IT WAS TRULY MINE TO BEGIN WITH AND NOW I COULD WEAR IT PROUDLY, AS MY OWN LITTLE SECRET.

A FEW WEEKS LATER, I WAS RIGHTFULLY APPOINTED DEAN.

BACK WHEN MAX WAS JUST A PRETENTIOUS PUPIL OF MINE, HE PUBLICLY CHALLENGED ME ON A POINT I'D BEEN TEACHING ABOUT THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD AND WOULDN'T LET IT REST. RIDICULOUSLY, HE WAS RIGHT AND HE MADE ME THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE ENTIRE SCHOOL. SINCE HE USED THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO TRY TO TAKE ME DOWN BACK THEN, IT SEEMED ONLY BEFITTING—AND FATEFUL—THAT I SHOULD TAKE HIM DOWN, FOR GOOD, WITH THE HELP OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

IF GIVEN THE CHANCE I WOULD DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN. I MANAGED TO GET AWAY WITH IT FOR DECADES AND GIVEN MY AGE THEY'LL MOST CERTAINLY GO EASY ON ME IN PRISON.

Arthur William Hodges



Congratulations Detective!

You Solved Case No: C4-10261995

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