

The Westing Game

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“Jake Wexler had given up his private practice (both private practices) now that he had been appointed consultant to the governor’s iniquity panel for a state lottery (thanks to a recommendation by Judge Ford), Grace was proud of him, and his daughters were doing well. In fact everything was fine, just fine.

Hoo’s On First was a great success. Grace Wexler, the new owner, offered free meals to the sports figures who came to town, and everyone wanted to eat where the athletes ate. The restaurant’s one windowless wall was covered with autographed photographs of Brewers, Pachers, and Bucks. Grace straightened the framed picture of a smiling champion singed: To Grace W. Wexler, who serves the number-one food in town-Doug Hoo. She certainly was a lucky woman: a respected restaurateur, wife of a state official, and mother of the cleverest kid who ever lived. Turtle was going to be somebody someday.

The narrow scar remained, and would always remain, on Angela’s cheek. It was slightly raised, and she had developed a habit of running her fingers along it as she pored over her books. Enrolled in college again, she lived at home to save money for the years of medical school ahead. She had returned the engagement ring to Denton Deere; she had not seen him since Crow’s wedding. Ed Plum had stopped calling after ten refusals. Angela had neither the time nor the desire for a social life what with studying; her weekly shopping date with Sydelle, and Sundays spent helping Crow and Otis in the soup kitchen.

“Study, study study,” Turtle said.

Angela saw little of her sister, who was either at school, in Flora Baumbach’s apartment- or at the library. “Hi Turtle, how come you’re so happy today?”

“The stock market jumped twenty-five points.”