



JOHNNY RUSS

SEX: Male

HEIGHT: 6'2"

WEIGHT: 196 lbs

KNOWN ALIASES: J Russ, John Russ, Johnny R, Rohnin

TATTOOS: Umbrella covering an Ear from rain (left arm), Horse and Eagle (right arm). Emerald Castle (back)

WANTED FOR: Grand Larceny, Conspiracy, Breaking and Entering, Escape from Jail

CASE: The Treasure Hunt Amusement Park Heist

STATUS: AT LARGE

LAST KNOWN MOVEMENTS: Johnny Russ was last spotted at the Casino where he was being questioned for counting cards. The Casino trespassed him; Russ refused to leave and was subsequently picked up for trespassing. Unfortunately, Russ escaped from his holding cell while being booked into the county jail before he could be questioned regarding the storage locker heist at The Treasure Hunt Amusement Park.

***LEADS:** Below the window in the cell, a hand-drawn map* was discovered, presumably dropped by Russ as he squeezed through the small opening. A poem believed to be the inspiration for the map was found on the back, along with some general notes pertaining to its creation.



THE LEGEND OF FARMER H (STOP WISHIN GO FISHIN)

They say it happened one night around a crooked card table, somewhere out beyond the last fence post and the reach of the law.

A well-endowed farmer named H sat quiet in the saddle, cards in one hand (fours) and whiskey in the other, when he began telling a strange tale about a flower gypsy who had once stolen his drunken heart.

But every love story out here has a price.

H claimed he ran into a witch who lived high in the mountains—a mean old sorceress who laid a curse upon him, forever keeping him from finding any type of love that was true. Whether it was bad luck, black magic, or simply a fool's mistake, nobody at the table could say. I was holding aces.

But the real trouble came on his wedding day.

With his nerves running hotter than a branding iron, H rode out to the water to do what any sensible cowboy would do:

Go fishing.

And that's where the curse took hold.

While casting his line, the wedding band H had acquired flung from his vest pocket landing in the hands—or perhaps the talons—of a nightingale. The bird swooped down, mistaking the bait for a morsel, snatched it up, and disappeared through the window of the old barn.

The bird then flew toward two trees landing somewhere beyond the dry hills, carrying H's ring away into the wilderness.

But that wasn't the strangest part.

According to H, a horse had transformed into a great magical eagle, sprang into the sky, and devoured the nightingale before it could reach its destination.

The ring was never recovered.

And so the hunt began.

To this day, legend says H wanders those dry hills, searching for the nest that may lead him to the two trees—and the treasure hidden there.

Some say he's been searching so long that the wind itself has started giving him clues.

Others say the sun has finally gotten to him.

Either way, every so often H wanders back into the casino, looking disheveled, dehydrated, and half-mad, muttering strange words about colors.

“Want Pantone...?”

Nobody knows what it means.

Nobody knows what he's looking for.

But the old-timers say that if you listen closely, H isn't talking about colors at all.

He's talking about coordinates.

And then there's the matter of the cards.

The last time I saw H sitting at the table, this was the hand:

2 — 2 — 5 — 4 — 4

Five cards.

Five numbers.

A trail left behind by a man who may have lost more than his wedding ring.

The question remains:

Who took the bad beat?

Me?

Or H?

Because somewhere out there, beneath two trees in the dry hills, the treasure is still waiting.