

The Case of the

# secret garden

COTSG



## *Sew More Curved Seams*

Inklingo curves are the easiest ones you will ever sew. All of the instructions you need are on the website and blog.

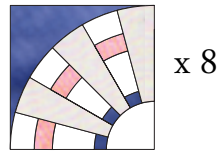
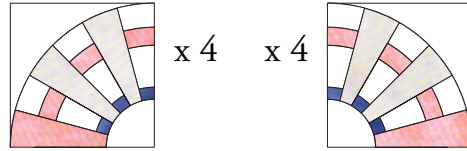
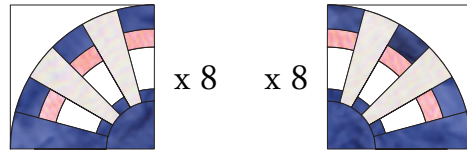
This is the counsel The Mustachioed One is prepared to reveal:

1. No printing this week!  
Please keep the rest of your light and dark fabrics where you can find them.
2. Sew the corners and quarter circles on the 32 New York Wheel blocks you started in Clue # 6.
3. Catch up on printing, cutting, and sewing from previous clues, if necessary.
4. Prepare for Clue # 8. We are very impressed that so many detectives have finished Clue # 6 already. They are staked out watching to see what to do next. If you finish Clue # 7 quickly too, our intrepid agent has some top secret info for getting a head start on Clue # 8. (It's a long story.)

All of the shapes are printed from the **New York Wheel shape collection**, which is still on sale for a limited time. When you buy the shape collection, you also receive the **Sunflower Quilt Design Book** (PDF download, \$20 value).

Previous clues are on the **All About Inklingo** blog.

# Clue #7



*Add the corners and quarter circles on the blocks you started in Clue # 6. Press as before.*

## Coming in Clue # 8

- The key to The Secret Garden!
- An Electric Quilt project file to help you increase the size of the quilt with borders, if you like.
- A surprise.

You are invited to ask questions, share your insights, and collaborate on the clues with other detectives in the [Inklingo Yahoo Group](#). It is a very friendly place and you can see the progress on other quilts for the Case of the Secret Garden.



For your eyes only. Your secret agent reveals a partial manuscript from Clue # 8. We believe it was cunningly smuggled in his moustache. Wait to press these seams. Burn this.

*Monkey discovered the partial manuscript for Clue # 8 in a manner surprisingly similar to Catherine's adventure at Northanger Abbey! (Jane Austen, NA Ch 21)*



Monkey's heart beat quick, but his courage did not fail him. With a cheek flushed by hope, and an eye straining with curiosity, his fingers grasped the handle of a drawer and drew it forth. It was entirely empty. With less alarm and greater eagerness he seized a second, a third, a fourth; each was equally empty. Not one was left unsearched, and in not one was anything found.

Well read in the art of concealing a treasure, the possibility of false linings to the drawers did not escape him, and he felt round each with anxious acuteness in vain. The place in the middle alone remained now unexplored; it would be foolish not to examine it thoroughly while he was about it. It was some time however before he could unfasten the door; but at length it did open; and not in vain, as hitherto, was his search; his quick eyes directly fell on a roll of paper pushed back into the further part of the cavity, apparently for concealment, and his feelings at that moment were indescribable.

His heart fluttered, his knees trembled, and his cheeks grew pale. He seized, with an unsteady hand, the precious manuscript, for half a glance sufficed to ascertain written characters; and while he acknowledged with awful sensations this striking exemplification of what had been foretold, resolved instantly to peruse every line before he attempted to rest.

The dimness of the light his candle emitted made him turn to it with alarm. A lamp could not have expired with more awful effect. Monkey, for a few moments, was motionless with horror.

Darkness impenetrable and immovable filled the room. A violent gust of wind, rising with sudden fury, added fresh horror to the moment. Monkey trembled from head to foot. In the pause which succeeded, a sound like receding footsteps and the closing of a distant door struck on his affrighted ear. His nature could support no more.

A cold sweat stood on his forehead, the manuscript fell from his hand, and groping his way to the bed, he jumped hastily in, and sought some suspension of agony by creeping far underneath the quilt. To close his eyes in sleep that night, he felt must be entirely out of the question. With a curiosity so justly awakened, and feelings in every way so agitated, repose must be absolutely impossible. The storm too abroad so dreadful! He had not been used to feel alarm from wind, but now every blast seemed fraught with awful intelligence.

The manuscript so wonderfully found, so wonderfully accomplishing the morning's prediction, how was it to be accounted for? What could it contain?