



Bayport is a postcard kind of town.

Postcards that show off all of its best parts.



The lighthouse. The harbor. The boats that fish for lobsters and tourist dollars.



The postcards are invitations, bringing people to this sleepy little town.



And living here it sometimes feels like we're meant to stay frozen in time, forced to stay the same, like the images on the postcards.



But there's a lot the postcards don't show.

Stuff that I'm only finding out.

Stuff like...



...murder.




My father,  
Fenton Hardy,  
was murdered.  
One month ago,  
March 20th.

And they think my  
brother Joe and  
I did it. Offed our  
own dad.


I loved that man.  
There's no way  
in hell I would. Or  
could.





...THIS IS  
REAL LIFE.

KRAK



Maybe I should  
have chosen to  
"remain silent."


Joe's better  
at this part, the  
whole physical  
force thing.



I ALWAYS  
**KNEW** FENTON  
HARDY WAS  
A CROOKED  
COP.

AND YOU  
KIDS EVEN  
WORSE.

EVERYONE  
THOUGHT YOU  
WERE ANGELS.  
WELL...



Collig's not the  
smartest app  
on the phone.

...NOT  
ANYMORE.

But he's right.  
We're no angels  
anymore. Not like  
we used to be.



I kinda miss the old days. Before things got complicated.

We had it all. Our parents were cool.

Dad was the lead detective for the police, Mom ran a small online business.



We actually did well in class. I guess 'cause we paid attention? Well, at least a bit more than most.



We had friends. Lots of 'em.



And no problems in the girlfriend department.



And great part-time jobs working for a local lobster restaurant. Prime gigs, great tips by tourists.

I guess those were our postcard days.

Until...