



The streets are different here - the cafes are gone, replaced by a small, cosy pub resting on a well-lit corner. You duck into the warm glow to investigate.

A woman is belting out a Celine Dion hit on the Karaoke machine while patrons quietly murmur over their drinks. But one man in particular seems quite flustered. From his booth overlooking the street, he casts his eyes around as though looking for a prankster. His eyes settle on you.

“It was you, innit?” he says as you approach. At your confused look, he merely harrumphs and stands up. “Well, very funny. Guess I’ll just have to buy another one on my way home,” and he marches out into the ever-pouring rain outside.

Thoroughly confused, you watch him go. Lying on the table is a newspaper, opened to the crossword section. Though some of the puzzles have been completed, it seems as though he was scratching the answers into the page with a toothpick...

Perplexed, you lift the newspaper up, only to discover a strange arrangement of paper scraps underneath. Another clue?



Shapeshifter

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