You stand in front of an imposing building, ringed all around by flagpoles. The central flag, a white compass on a blue background, flutters gently in the breeze.

This somewhat peaceful scene contrasts dramatically with the crowd appearing behind you. Speaking only English, you cannot understand a word of what is being said - or rather, shouted, as the procession moves past. In time with their footsteps, the crowd shout “Stalen ze onze banen!” and “Ils ont volé nos emplois!”

Beyond the marching column you can see into the city proper. It is as though every shopfront and foodstand has been blown apart by some unseen force, leaving the inhabitants of the city with nothing.

Your resolve to catch these terrorists grows, and as you pick your way through the devastated streets, glass crunching underfoot, you spy an old photograph lying conspicuously atop all the rubble. Could this be a message from E.V.I.L.?
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