



The sounds of rioting fade, replaced now by quiet music and the strong smell of flavoured tobacco. A quick scan of your surroundings reveals something of a speakeasy - the few customers of this place sit at green-felted tables and handle cards and chips as one would expect for a gambling house, but the decor is anything but lavish.

An attendant approaches you, and says something in a language you cannot understand. At your confused look, she switches to English. “Why are you here? Who told you about this place? I bet it was Suat, doesn’t he know how careful we have to be nowadays? Ever since ‘98 we...”

You cut her off. “I’m sorry, but I arrived here by rather unconventional means. I have reason to believe something was stolen from this establishment.”

“Stolen?” she says before laughing mirthlessly, “they did more than that.” She leads you through the haze towards a spotlight illuminating a bare patch of stained green carpet. “One minute the ball was whizzing around - Evren had all his money on red - and then slam! The whole thing disappears. Never seen anything like it.”

Your attention is drawn to a scrap of paper hidden in the shadows around the spotlit ground. Are the E.V.I.L. henchmen always this messy?

