



From temperate to freezing in an instant; your body protests, but your commitment to the cause dulls the odd sensations. You pause for a moment to get your bearings, still seeing fleeting inverted images of the hospital in the back of your mind.

Your vision barely has time to adjust before you are knocked off your feet, falling awkwardly onto the pavement.

You roll out of the way as three men race past you in pursuit of your assailant. Within a few moments you are on your feet and chasing after them in turn.

You make a hard left at a watchmakers', chasing the group down the street and through an alleyway between a chocolate shop and a cheese factory. Once through to the other side, you realize that the four men are trapped.

The three men who passed you on the ground are wearing business suits, but their collars are open and bare. The man they were chasing wears a grimy t-shirt, but is burdened by a sack full of every kind of cravat, ascot and neckerchief imaginable. Clearly out of breath, the man frantically looks around as he tries to operate a device on his wrist. As his three pursuers close in on him, he throws the contraption on the ground and runs into a nearby building.

You scoop up the device and give chase, but all four have disappeared from sight. Nevertheless, you seem to be in possession of some E.V.I.L. technology, and have interrupted a theft in progress - you are getting closer and closer to the heart of this conspiracy.

The device appears broken, but there is a curious engraving on the back...

