



Blinking to clear your eyes, you are greeted by the altogether welcome sight of a hot breakfast buffet. You hastily grab a plate and head for the line.

The woman in front of you appears to be having a heated conversation with a flustered waitress, none of which you can understand.

“Problems?” you inquire after the woman leaves, unable to suppress your detective’s curiosity.

The waitress refills the sausage tray as she explains in English. “A Norwegian guest looking for the subway. I told her the only subway system we have is in the capital. Then we got to arguing over which country had a subway first.” With a wry smile, she adds, “Obviously it was us. We invented the best stuff for blowing holes in the ground.”

“Ah,” you say, choosing not to comment. ‘While I’ve got you, could you also point me to the cutlery?’”

The waitress smiles again and points to a silver bucket by the wall. Sheepishly, you retrieve a knife and fork. “Thanks. How about those little butter packs, or jam?”

A sullen look comes over her. “I’m sorry, sir. We have no need for those since part of our breakfast menu was stolen.”

Stolen? You race for the buffet, not willing to believe her, but the evidence of yet another E.V.I.L. theft is apparent. They’ve messed with your breakfast - a mistake they’ll regret.

But as you turn away from the buffet, your eye is caught by something unusual amidst the scrambled eggs. After a few minutes of careful fishing, you’ve uncovered a small tile with a confusing bas-relief design...

