



A rather pleasant view greets you on your arrival: emerald green fields, rolling away as far as the eye can see. The hill closest to you is crowned with a crumbling old castle. You make a beeline for it - it's as good a place to search for E.V.I.L. as any.

As you near the ruins, you think you can make out the shape of a body lying amidst the rocks and grass. Your mind races - has E.V.I.L. progressed to murder? Soon, you are standing over the body of an uncouth man, and lean in to check for signs of life...

“WHO’S THERE?” The man convulses and scrambles to his feet. He gawks at you madly, one eye wider than the other. “Well, who are you then?” His accent is pleasing and familiar.

“I beg your pardon, sir,” you stammer, still recovering from the unexpected explosion. “I suspected you were dead!”

The man cackles. “Just having a nap, friend. But a strange nap it was. Empty, somehow.” He leers at you. “Maybe you suspected right, and I’m a zombie freshly risen from the grave!” Singing folk music to himself, the odd fellow dances away down the hill.

“Sir!” you call after him, hoping to catch his ear before he dances out of sight. “Could you point me to the nearest town?”

He spins around and bluntly inserts a message into the lyrics of his song. “Look next to you, coat-man!”

Sure enough, there’s a tall sign next to where the man was sleeping. You study it, hoping to glean some idea of where you are, but as it turns out this is no ordinary sign...



# Location

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