



A booming voice rings out.

“Aha! You think you’ve beaten me, but how wrong you are!”

You hastily blink away the last few traces of bright light, preparing to take action against this unseen adversary.

A second voice sneers in response. “We’ll see, coward!”

As you blindly wonder about the identity of this third party, you hear a concerted “Boooo!” from all around you. It sounds as though hundreds of people have gathered to watch this confrontation – judging from their desire to participate, they’re a dangerous lot.

Finally, your surroundings come into focus. You are sitting near the back of a large outdoor theatre, where hundreds of onlookers are pointing and cheering at a group of actors on the stage in the middle of the semi-circular seating. The actors are bare-chested and wield fake-looking spears and shields.

Thanking your eyes for clearing before you embarrassed yourself, you covertly survey the theatre of signs of E.V.I.L., but it would be near impossible to spot a master thief in this crowd. On stage, the characters make way for a group of costumed singers and dancers.

“Just arrived? You haven’t missed much,” whispers the woman next to you, as she bounces a purring toddler on her knee. “They’re re-enacting the first-ever games.”

Before you can respond, the woman joins the rest of the audience in singing along to what is clearly a very popular song being sung by the performers on stage - or rather, they try to, but are thrown off by the odd song structure.

“Hey! They left out the only part I know the words to,” the mother complains in confusion.

Suddenly, you spot a red figure disappearing around the back of the stage. You charge down the stairs and barrel through the stage performers, but once again, you’re too late. You backpedal to the stage, and can see something pinned to a wall prop surrounded by actors.

“Stand back!” you yell. “This is an international criminal investigation. You’re tampering with crucial evidence!” The actors retreat, to the audience’s dismay, clearing the way for you to examine the strange scrap of parchment pinned to the wood...



Lime Tucky

Author: Rory Tarnow-Mordi



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