



W owing not to let E.V.I.L. get another theft past you, you enter the inviting souvenir shop with more vigilance than you thought possible – bordering on paranoia.

“Hello!” exclaims the shopkeeper. She rushes around the counter and weaves her way between stands of native paraphernalia to get to you. “Welcome to the Temple of Wonders! Have you visited the pyramid yet?”

Your eyes narrow to slits. “Why? Do you want me to leave? What are you hiding?!”

To the shopkeeper’s credit, her smile never wavers. If anything, it grows wider. “Nothing!” She hands you a thin foam tablet painted to look like stone. “We also offer a range of lunch choices and relaxation services.”

You study the menu, looking for any sign of crime. Every item on the menu is prefixed with the same thing: ‘Authentic Wonderful sandwiches’, ‘Authentic Wonderful jacuzzi’, and so on.

“What makes your shop so wonderful?” you ask.

Smile now threatening to crack her face in two, the woman answers. “We are located at one of the seven wonders of the world! It’s right outside!”

“New wonders,” adds a grouchy male voice from another room. The shopkeeper ignores the correction.

You notice something unusual about the tablet – two of the items have been modified, and are labelled simply as ‘Authentic Wonderful’ followed by a blank space. You read one description aloud. “Lie down and relax as our trained staff...” You pause to double-check the rest of the sentence. “...Pulverise your pains away with ancient stone knuckles.” Not particularly enticing. You read the other: “Choose your own vegetables, meat, and type of pot, and we’ll do the rest with our authentic, wonderful stock and gravy.”

You wave the tablet in the woman’s face, almost frenzied. “Are you saying I’m too late to prevent these from being stolen?!”

“Yes,” she says through bared teeth. Foiled again!

A sudden crash near the shop’s entrance draws your attention – someone has just darted out, knocking over a ceramic plate. Just as you are tossing up the likelihood that you will run down and tackle a bystander, you notice something peculiar about the broken pieces on the floor...

