



The smell hits you before anything else, a smell you're grateful to recognise immediately: the smell of home. Your relief is quickly replaced by a patriotic determination to stop E.V.I.L. before they meddle with Australia.

You're standing beside a busy intersection in western Sydney, and at the sight of what's across the road, you get an idea that you're certain will aid you in your pursuit of the red figure. You stride onto the asphalt, halting the traffic with your shiny and ludicrously high-ranking badge, confident of your plan.

"I'd like to buy a car," you are saying confidently a moment later to a salesman in the car yard's lobby.

The salesman grins. "No worries! Any ideas of what you're after?"

You hadn't thought that far ahead. "Something fast." If this civilian is to help you, you need to be completely honest. You hold up your badge. "I am in pursuit of E.V.I.L., and I believe they can travel at the speed of light."

The man raises an eyebrow. He looks around and over his shoulder, then presses a hidden button under the desk. "Watch your step, sir," he murmurs as the floor in a two-metre radius around the desk begins descending.

When the elevator stops, you're standing in a gigantic room full of rows of sleek, modified cars. "All augmented with the latest hyperdrive technology. I'm guessing you're still on the I-Witness." He chuckles to himself. "So outdated! Please help yourself to refreshments, then choose a car brand and I'll take you to that row."

Very willing to oblige, you turn to a table of drinks and treats and select a familiar flat-bottomed teardrop chocolate wrapped in blue foil - but picking it up, you realise it is empty. In fact, all of those chocolates are gone - a crime so sickening it destroys your appetite.

"What the..." Turning back to the salesman, you see him hurrying toward a vacant space in a row of cars. He efficiently pulls out a radio and speaks into it. "All automobile transaction operatives, we have a code 7 in the basement garage. Vehicles missing. Futura, Landau, and Fairmont models."

Sure, you think, that's probably a theft, but the disappearance of your favourite chocolate seems infinitely more important. As you squeeze the final empty teardrop of foil into a ball, quivering with frustration, you notice the strange arrangement of squares lying on the table underneath...

