



Dou've been staring at this map for hours - it doesn't seem likely that your mind will suddenly decode any hidden meaning after so long.

But apparently this concession was the only thing your eyes were waiting on, because even as you consider giving up, imaginary lines and words start forming across the paper...

"Look!" you exclaim. You pull a photocopied page from your coat pocket and slam it down on top of the image.

Detective Cisra, standing at the other end of the table, peers at the upside-down document. "My hourly reports," he murmurs. "Do you think they could be related?" The commander is staring at you just as intently.

"I'm certain of it. The pattern of thefts and target countries was no coincidence." You whip a pen from your breast pocket and, caution thrown to the wind, start scribbling notes all over the map and Cisra's reports. "Watch."

At the end of your demonstration, Cisra looks up, a newfound resolve in his tired face. "I understand. And now I know where to go. Commander, I'm ready for transportation."

But the commander is shaking his head. "Cisra, you've been through enough. Get some sleep. Our new detective here will finish things off."

Your ears perk up at the change in language. "New detective?"

"Consider yourself hired, and then promoted. Several times. We need sharp eyes like yours." The commander puts a hand on your shoulder, and in the same gesture, directs you toward the door. "Celebrate later. I'll let the technician know where to send you."



Armed with the knowledge you need to protect the world from E.V.I.L.'s grand heist, you materialise at the zoo gates and immediately rush in. Judging from Cisca's notes, E.V.I.L.'s master thief also seems to be in possession of teleportation technology, and it's paramount that you stop them before they get a chance to work it.

You barrel past the queue of tourists and locals lining up for tickets, offhandedly flashing your new badge - it certainly doesn't quell the outrage, but at least no one tries to stop you.

You glance at a map of the park on your way out of the lobby, memorising the zoo's layout, and make a beeline for a specific exhibit. Not a moment too soon - a woman in a red coat, face disguised under a wide, tipped red hat, is leaning over the enclosure's fencing, arms reaching out for the petrified marsupial...

Your mind races over the options. You can't risk firing your weapon with so many bystanders around - not to mention the animal within arm's reach of the thief. You can't shout without risking the woman escaping. After a quarter-second of consideration, you go with the only available plan, hoping this exhibit lives up to its reputation...

Three sharp whistles, and sure enough, a bombardment of grey, large-eared marsupials descends on the thief from the trees above. Evidently, even E.V.I.L. has been successfully convinced by Australia that the dangerous creatures exist only in legend - as it were, the woman shrieks and falls to the ground, coat already rended into scraps by the feral animals.

You smile to yourself while striding over, procuring a set of handcuffs with one hand. The other hand activates the beacon to let headquarters know you're returning with the thief in tow. "You should really research your targets better."



““ ... Come on, tell it once more.”

“You’ve heard it four times. I swear, the story’s already changed since an hour ago!” You grin and raise your glass. “To seeing that same look on E.V.I.L.’s face the next time we outsmart them!” Everyone in the small, Australian pub holds up their drink and cheers.

A familiar face takes a seat next to you. “Fantastic work today.”

“It was your evidence that made it possible,” you reply. “A lesser detective’s attention to detail in writing those reports would not have cut it.”

Cisra holds out a hand. “We still haven’t been introduced. Detective Cisra.”

You grasp his hand. “Detective Xyzzy.”

Cisra puts his hat on. His trenchcoat is still drenched, torn, and possibly scorched in one or two places. He heads out, but pauses and turns in the doorway, a wry smile on his face.

“I’ll have my eye on you, Detective Xyzzy.”