



The *Skyslicer* never hits the water.

“Look!” yells Lamar. Keeping a tight hold on his chair, you peer through the cockpit glass over the front of his head.

Straight ahead, the sea is parting as if Moses were standing on the deck of the cargo plane with the two of you. An elliptical tunnel opens up, water rushing around the edge of its vortex, and the *Skyslicer* hurtles through it.

Darkness closes in, with nothing but the ocean depths ahead. Gradually, you realise the plane’s breakneck descent is slowing.

Suddenly, a whirring, buzzing sound echoes through the pitch black. Red lights shine out around the liquid tunnel, and a moment later, a host of robotic arms lunge forth from the watery walls, ripping pieces from the *Skyslicer*’s hull like giant scavengers.

“Get off, get off!” cries Lamar, but there’s nothing either of you can do. They make short work of the cargo plane, and soon there’s nothing left but Lamar’s leather chair and the two of you attached to it, slowly floating through the air. Oddly, one small robotic arm presses something into your hand: a note, with a strange title.

Before you can look at it, a white spotlight powers on somewhere in the tunnel, illuminating everything around you. The robotic arms have disappeared, but you’ve reached the tunnel’s end: a great circular glass door, with a drawing on it.

“What is it?” you whisper.

Lamar’s response is strangely calm. “It’s a dog.”

The glass porthole retracts open - apparently Lamar has cracked its password. The drawing reminds you of the note given to you. Wondering what it could be, you unfold it...



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MEETS **THE EYE**

YOU CAN BANK
A BANK

THTHEBOXINK

TOTHEROAD

YOURLIVELIFE OPLAYURS

CAST YOURSELF

THEGETGAME

PERFECTION THE PASSIONATE

ENOUGH ENOUGH

IT'S HOWE