



Lamar is livid.

“This is all your fault, Xyzzy,” he hisses. The two of you have been waiting in a small metal cubicle for an hour, with the words “HUMAN PROCESSING” written in red stencil letters on the floor.

Finally, one of the walls slides back, revealing a short, blonde-haired woman wearing what looks like a girl guide’s outfit. Lamar’s mood rapidly changes from whiner to charmer.

“Well, hello,” he says cheerfully, as though he hadn’t just been sucked into an oceanic vortex, but the woman only has eyes for you.

“Detective Xyzzy,” she says in an accentless and somewhat sycophantic voice. “Devil’s Triangle, Incorporated welcomes you. We had not been expecting a visit from your office so soon after your commander’s last inspection.”

A whole tonne of revelations in those words, but you’re quick to play along. “We... like to keep you on your toes, Miss...?”

“Penny Earhart. Please, follow me. It’s actually fortunate you’ve arrived. We have something of a mystery you may be able to solve. It’s the darkness.”

Hastily, you keep up with her rapid pace, Lamar in tow. Penny Earhart leads you through a narrow corridor. The huge glass windows in one wall look out over an incredible hangar, with dozens of planes from a host of time periods and what looks like an army of pilots dressed in the same scout’s uniform.

At the end of the corridor, a metal door awaits, with the words “DEVIL’S TRIANGLE, INC.” around a triangular logo. Something in your detective’s mind tells you there’s something odd about that logo...

