



Eventually, Cosmo appears, but unfortunately you have no idea where he was hiding before. A short, thin, spectacled man in tourist-y Hawaiian clothing, he perfectly fits your preconception of a computer hacker hiding on an island in the Pacific.

“What are you doing?” he yells when he thinks you’re within earshot. “Trying to get me arrested? Hmm? Tell your chief man he can forget our deal. Not worth putting up with this!”

Is he talking about the commander? The old man sure did get around, from the sounds of it, but you’re reluctant to give away how little you evidently know about his case files. “The deal’s still on,” you say carefully. “What’s happened to my phone?” You pull it out from your pocket, jumbled transmissions still pouring out like radio soup.

“I’m here. Like I said. So turn that off. You’re disrupting the project!” You oblige him, but have to take out the battery to do so. “Good,” he says. “Some of the moai receivers are leaking transmissions. It’s the jade. Bad design.” He shakes his head, evidently bothered.

“You put receivers in the statues?” you ask.

“Receivers! Transmitters! Everything. But not me - it was already there. Your chief should tell you. Easter Island is a giant satellite array. World’s most powerful. And powerful transmitter! I can infiltrate wireless networks anywhere. Even...” he leans in close, “underwater. They have bases there. Huge!”

“I’m aware of them,” you mutter, mostly to yourself.

The little man makes a frustrated noise. “You’re wasting listening time. Working time. Already wasted enough from your idiot phone. I’m going back - don’t follow!”

Of course, following is the first thing you do once he’s out of view. You track his footprints to the base of one of the largest moai statues you’ve seen, but there’s nothing there but an odd pattern on the stone...

