



Dou approach your plane.

A masked figure steps out from behind it.

They are clad from heel to crown in a grey jumpsuit, outfitted with all sorts of technological wizardry. Their arms are crossed, and their head cocked. An image of a skull stares at you from the grey face mask. Its voice sounds like Darth Vader.

“Detective,” says the figure, almost amicably. “Well done on making it this far. But I’m afraid you won’t be going any further.”

You keep a hand close to your rat-filled pocket, protectively. “Who are you? Are you behind all of this?”

“I am,” says the masked figure immediately. “But it doesn’t matter who I am. Soon, I will only be one thing to you. Do you know what that thing is?” Their head tilts forward, and you can sense them smiling. “It’s your ruler.”

You stiffen. This person is clearly insane, and dangerous.

“Don’t worry, I won’t hurt your little friend there,” they continue. “He and I have had enough fun here over the last few days. Half of his time as a rodent, and he still wouldn’t tell me what I wanted to know. I can respect that fortitude. You can take him with you after I fly away in your plane here.”

“YOU fly away? I don’t think so,” you say with more confidence than you feel.

“Then you’re the world’s biggest fool, Xyzzy. As you will learn, it only matters what I think. Goodbye.”

The masked figure presses something on their right wrist, and points a finger at you. A complex digital readout flashes across a screen on their chest piece. There’s a sharp, high-pitched noise, and you feel like your body is being squashed through a kitchen funnel, the image of that digital readout burned into your retina in the darkness...



A large grid of mathematical symbols and numbers, including 4, +, -, x, /, %, ^, √, !, (,), {, }, ~, and ∞, arranged in a pattern for a puzzle hunt.