



“**W**hat - ?”

The lounge room has transformed into an opulent hall, lined with paintings, and gargoyles atop stone columns. A crystal chandelier hangs over the finely dressed guests like a clump of icicles. The TV set is nowhere to be seen.

“Who – who are all these people?” You finally manage to stammer. Hang on. “More importantly, there’s a body up—”

“I don’t know, they all just started walking in, and this godawful jazz started playing, and somehow the room was changing, it was different, and then it was —” For once, Josh doesn’t seem as collected as you.

“Can you all shut UP?!” Ori snaps. Perhaps out of shock at hearing her so assertive, you and Josh quickly comply. But there’s a dead body! “Something really wacky has happened here, and we’re not going to work out what it is, or how to stop it, by yammering on. Right?” You and Josh nod meekly. “First of all we need to work out where the hell we are.”

Xavier, who had already been carefully looking around the room and tapping nearby objects, takes this opportunity to share his findings. “I don’t think this is a real building. The light fittings are totally anachronistic, the stone columns are actually painted plastic, and the gothic tendencies in the architecture don’t really match up with any era of construction.” He pauses for effect. “It’s like someone who just wanted a dramatic looking room made this place *up*.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Leisl is biting her nails, and glancing nervously about the room. The guests, masked or tuxedoed, are going about their conversations without taking any note of us. “Surely you aren’t implying...”

Before she can continue, and before you can tell everyone that you found a dead body upstairs, a short, stocky woman with a monocle bursts into the hall from the kitchen double doors (you glance through them into the neighbouring room, and your suspicions that Josh’s place has completely transformed into something unrecognisable are confirmed.) “EVERYBODY!” The room slowly decrescendos to a silence after her scream. “The great Count Niklaus has been murdered most foul!” All the guests gasp. Except for five underdressed college students, who simply raise their eyebrows in confusion.

The woman with the monocle carries on. “I am a detective. Detective Waverly. I was invited here by the Count under his belief that certain servants used the chaos of his gatherings as an opportunity to steal silverware from his kitchen. So I was observing the meal preparations, but upon searching the servant bathrooms upstairs, I discovered the Count’s body... with his eyes removed!” Another gasp from everyone else.



# A Strange Introduction

*Author: Jeremy Yip*



Unable to control an irrational frustration in response to this statement, you blurt out to your friends “Hey! That’s what I was trying to tell you!”

Immediately, all eyes swivel onto you. Oops.

Detective Waverly walks up to you, examining the five strangely dressed guests.

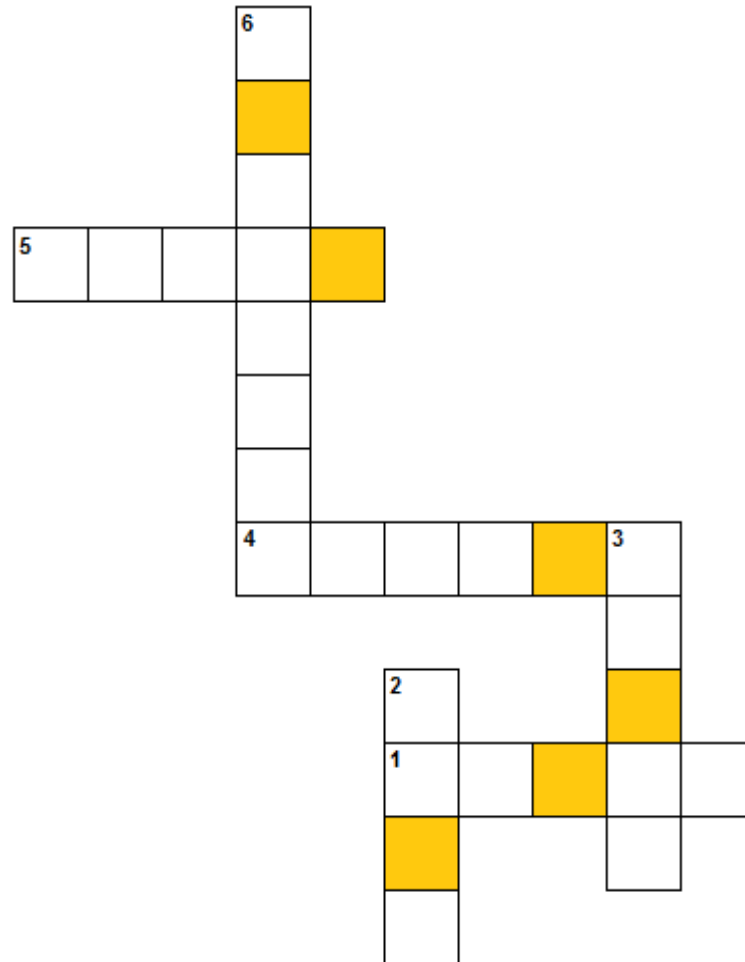
“And you are...?”

Double oops. How exactly are you supposed to introduce yourself here?



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*One - Cotton based material*

*Two - Duration*

*Three - At seesaw, wheelbarrow, elbow etc.*

*Four - Gave back*

*Five - Kingly*

*Six - Sweet courses*