



“**T**m...” For a moment, you’re not sure if you should lie – but then you realise there’s not really any other option. You extend your hand. “I’m Luca Davvis. Experimental fashion pioneer.” You gesture to the others, who seem mildly impressed at your speedy cover. “These people are my top models, selected for their... unconventional looks.” There’s visible offence on Leisl’s face, and you can’t help but get a little satisfaction out of the minor victory. “I was invited here to showcase our newest line of clothes, and just now I also came across the Count’s body.”

Waverly counters, “And you didn’t immediately inform everyone on the premises?”

Ah. Hm.

“...I’m prone to... seeing morbid images. Visions. Hallucinations, if you will. It is the condition of an artist. I was informing my models of what I had seen, and they were to come with me to verify whether or not it was real.” Bingo!

“When was this?” Her eyes are squinted at you.

“I saw the body just a few minutes ago.” You calmly reply.

“I didn’t see you pass through the kitchen.” She replies, with a sly smile growing on the ends of her lips. Well, you *did* pass through a kitchen, but it was a different one... “uh...”

“I think you are most suspect, Mr Davvis, and that your fashion is horrible, and that you are hiding something. But I do not believe you murdered the good Count.” She turns to address the room. “Something dark is afoot in this mansion. And the killer is among us!” A ripple of panicked murmurs.

God, this detective is so over the top and melodramatic. Wait, what?

As the general volume of the hubbub increases, and the detective moves about the room to ask other guests about what they may have seen, Xavier pulls your group aside, his eyes gleaming with excitement.

“I think we’re inside a murder mystery.”

“Great observation, Sherlock. Only a man of your pedigree would have noticed that.” Josh mutters. He’s always loved winding Xavier up.

“No, I mean an actual murder mystery.” He gestures to the guests, their white noise conversation, the falsified architecture. “It’s like we’re on the set of a live action movie playing around us. Don’t you get it? It’s *incredible*.” He leans in confidentially.

“We’re inside a movie.”



Bad Maths

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$$\begin{aligned}
 17 + 10 - 7 \times 2 &= 2 - 1 \times 8 + 15 \\
 72 \div 9 + 3 + 3 &= 22 + 1 \times 2 - 3 \\
 -43 \div 2 - 1 \div 2 + 41 &= 32 - 13 - 1 \\
 6 + 2 \times -2 + 3 &= 4 + 16 \times 2 - 32 \\
 36 - 37 + 2 &= 24 - 25 + 10 \div 2 \\
 5 + 9 \times 3 - 28 &= 12 + 7 \times 2 - 24
 \end{aligned}$$