

Water Slide

“Can I paint his yoo-hoo gold now? It’s kind of my thing, you know.”

—Goldmember

EUREKA!

Time to locate the lecturer to claim your prize. You ask around the department only to discover that he’s a phantom—he doesn’t have a desk, he’s not a visiting academic, and he doesn’t even have a coffee mug in the departmental tea room. Actually, the thought of food reminds you of your morning indulgence, and you head off to the bathroom. Unfortunately, your steadfast attempts to flush are met with no more than a weak spluttering noise; a little investigation reveals that the water supply to the whole room has been disconnected.

As you head towards the exit, fully intent on finding some maintenance people to complain to, you trip over a loose tile. You feel compelled to pick it up and notice some numbers scratched onto the reverse side. Your attention is drawn to the remaining fifteen tiles on the floor and you notice that they are all intriguingly covered in dots.

8	4
2	1

			○
	○	○ ○	
	○		○
○	○	○ ○	○ ○
	○	○	
○ ○	○ ○	○	○ ○
○	○ ○	○ ○	

—Norman Do