A good hour later, still feeling indecisive, another dose of caffeine starts to sound very enticing. There are several people in the queue in front of you, and as you line up you hear their order; twelve lattes with milk and one sugar. Determined to be different, you promptly order a latte, milk, one sugar, and a muffin. Just to be different. Who doesn’t want to be unique?

A moment later and you’re back at your seat. Still basking in your uniqueness, you can’t help but overhear the conversation taking place on the adjacent table. You decide to call the people Fred and George.

Fred: Hey Sweetums, Almost finished lunch?
George: Yeah. Here, like some honeydew? Can’t eat much more.
Fred: And you said you were an animal with a capital A! Thanks.
George: (Munches) That friend of yours with the gold tooth, what does he do now?
Fred: Funnily enough, he’s a teeth doctor! And vice versa.
George: Him? Really? That’s crazy, Harry!
Fred: Yeah, almost crazy enough to get a job with Dubya. Anyway, we’d better go now. Who was it we’re supposed to meet again? That guy who loves chickens?
George: That’s right. Who’d call a chicken Hunter, anyway?
Fred: It was that Thompson kid, remember?
George: Oh yeah, him. Thicker than a Texan steak. Oh, zoot! Look at the time! We’d better get moving.

As they hurry away, you wonder what it all meant. Who were they going to see?

Suddenly a flash of insight floors you. Sam Kekovich had been right all this time. Not only was his conspiracy theory sounding more and more plausible, but it might stretch further than even he had expected. You had to find Sam, and soon.