

# Samurai

—Paul Fijn

You slap yourself as you realize the inside cover of the folder had the Professor's address neatly written on it. Sam, his stardom having been instantaneously revived by his worldwide live interview, is nowhere to be found, and so you'll have to head over yourself, completely unprepared.

On the tram, you are reminded that you haven't slept for almost two days. Seeing nothing particularly suspicious nearby, you take a quick nap...

Suddenly, sunlight pierces through your eyelids, and you jump up to discover that your trusty public transport programming has managed to wake you up at exactly the right spot, despite you never having been here before. You can't quite be sure how many times you've been to the terminus and back, but at least you're here now.

The building looks like a laboratory of some sort, the only entrance blocked by a pair of burly and very Australian security guards who want a password before they will even discuss any possibility that one of their professors has been locked up in Cuba.

Flipping back through the manila folder as a last resort, you notice that one of the pages is quite crumpled and covered with various dried sauces, as if someone had used it as a napkin after a nice, juicy steak. Under all the sauces, there's some sort of crazy looking grid, and a very strange message. "Make sure to use both pairs seperately." Given that the rest of the the pages are crisp and untouched, perhaps this page gives the password Dubya (or one of his more intelligent henchmen) must have used to get into the building.

