Your efforts over the next day remain fruitless, apart from learning that something big is to happen soon. You decide to head down to the local pub to indulge in a parma.

You study a list of words while enjoying some classic music by the Jackson 5. A stranger approaches you. “Fancy a game of pool?”
“Sure.” You acquire a set of balls at the counter.
“10 ball? That’s boring. Let’s do 45 ball.”

His face cracks into an evil grin. Taking the first shot, he shoots a clear jump shot, landing the cue ball perfectly in the middle of the group.