

Gift-wrapped

—Corey Plover

You're really good at these now. Blinky bearily has time to move before you diffuse the bomb in the cube.

"Look Blinky, I was wrong! Green Patch Hill is greener. It's greener! You can stop this! *We* can stop this."

"It's TOO LATE mate. It's too late to apologise, it's too late! Professor Undaberg, I'm sure that you know all about critical mass. Tell me, what always happens if you don't stop or slow down a viral outbreak?"

Bundy's pupils dilate in sheer shock: *critical mass*. Even to the uninitiated, critical bears dangerous undertones... double damage perhaps?

"And now imagine for a sec what could happen if I turn the continuous distribution device up a notch. Farewell, Professor! You've got roughly ten minutes before things get *critical*," Blinky shrieks in maniacal laughter as he claws his way ever higher towards the continuous distribution device control room. "I'll leave you with a prezzie, a reminder of the past."

You have no time to waste! You know that you need to give chase to Blinky Bill while the world is still intact. But for whatever reason, Bundy is fixated on the the set of gift-tags in his paws and refuses to budge. You wonder if he's been hypnotised and if certain key phrases might reawaken him.

