

Crypt

“A Constitution should be short and obscure.”

—Napoléon Bonaparte

“FREE AT LAST!”, you silently exclaim, while staring into the vast panorama of wilderness set before your eyes. Remembering the instructions left by Van Rjien in the library, you head off into the woods. If the key isn’t here, at least you might get away far enough and call the police.

After an excruciating hour of hard slog through deep wilderness you begin to wonder if you’ll ever find your way back to civilisation. As you wander into the first clearing you’ve seen in twenty minutes, you take a moment to sit down upon a rock.

As you rest, your eyes wander around, noting other very similarly shaped rocks. A flash of insight occurs, and you suddenly realise that you’re sitting in a graveyard. In the near distance you make out a path that is almost completely obscured by weeds. Deciding that any path is better than none, you take a deep breath and push on once again.

Your wanderings lead you into a large stone crypt. At the other end of the large room is an imposing metal door. Mounted next to the door is a small black and white keypad. Curiosity aroused, you look around the room until your eyes settle on an epitaph carved into the opposing wall. Inspiration strikes, you punch in the passcode and step into the darkness...

The cool drug.
Strange but not black.
B.L.E.P.W. backs down.
Two top classes leave once more.
Money before a true deal.
Quiet change for the French.
Jim, Lucee and I get together.
Firm late at firsts?

—Paul Fijn