

Acts

“There are few things more pleasing than the contemplation of order and useful arrangement.”

—Arthur Phillip

Startled by the sound of a door creaking open, you turn around and come nose to nose with the lecturer from yesterday. He introduces himself as Arjan Joost Van Rijen and asks you to follow him to his office.

Trailing behind him, you make your way through labyrinthine corridors, restricted access areas, and more staircases than should be physically possible in a building of this size. He abruptly halts in front of a small, unremarkable door and throws it open, revealing a magnificently cluttered office piled to the ceiling with books, curios and knick-knacks.

“Sit down, sit down, we have much to discuss. Oh tulips! I must take this phone call.”

As Van Rijen somehow navigates the obstacles with ease to reach the phone, you struggle to wedge yourself into a clearing between piles of thick books. After a quick exchange on his handset, he hangs up, apologises and hurriedly rushes out again. You sigh, realising that you have no hope of making it back out of the room, let alone the building, at least until he returns. You absent-mindedly pick a book off the top of a pile and flip it open. As you turn the pages, you realise that they are all blank except for the contents page.

THE BARD'S LOST TOME

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—Benjamin Anderson