

Turing's Revenge

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You utter the magic syllables and Bundy snaps out of his reverie. He turns to you, his dark eyes conveying simple gratitude and steely resolve.

“We need to stop him, at all costs.”

You nod in agreement, and together, you pursue Blinky up the spiralling bifurcating staircases. Bundy is on all fours, clawing furiously up each series of steps. Like a hunting hound, his nose sniffs left and right, leading you ever closer to Blinky. You sprint up the stairs, trying to keep up, and soon feel the lactic acid building in your legs. You press on, knowing that the fate of the world might very well be in your hands, while making a mental note to do more uphill-training when you next go jogging.

Rounding the coming corner, you see the trailing red lab coat just within reach. Bundy lunges forward and tackles Blinky to the ground. The pair of bears – one actual, the other colloquial – violently tussle about and quickly lose their footing, koalaesing into a slow and painful avalanche of fur rolling down the endless staircase. You shudder in horror as they suddenly veer to the right and smash straight through a glass window.

“BUUUUNDYYYYYYY! BLIIIIIIINKYYYYYYYYYYYY!”

You scramble to the shattered glass panels, but it's too late – they were falling to their deaths, their screams inaudible from this height. A million thoughts race through your head. What do you do now? The continuous distribution device is just upstairs and you could easily turn it off, but that would buy you another six, maybe seven hours at most until the dropbear infestation hits critical mass, and your only hope just dropped out of a giant gum tree. *Game over.*

At the same time, a competing thought in your mind is: why do I see Bundy and Blinky hovering about outside that window?

“Hello! Can you hear me?”

“Yes Bundy, what are you doing out there?”

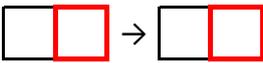
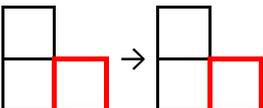
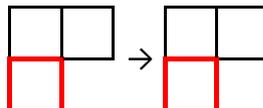
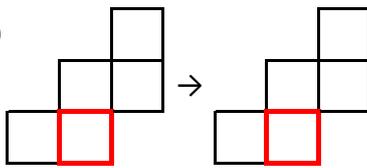
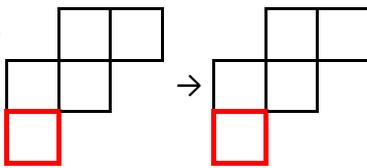
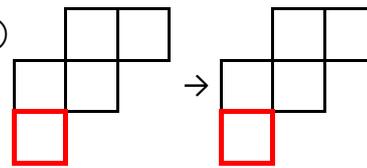
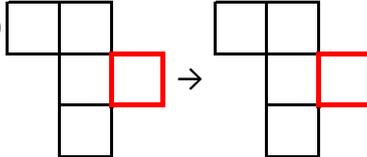
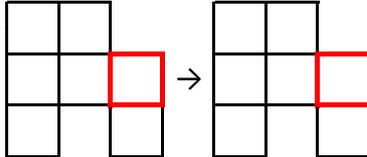
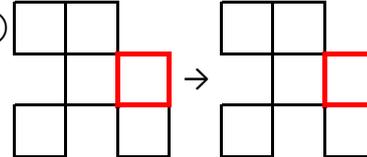
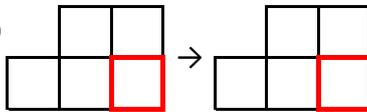
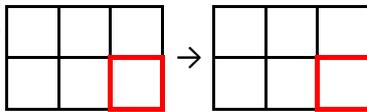
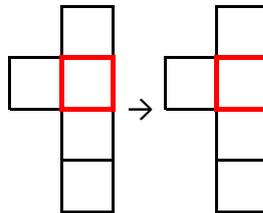
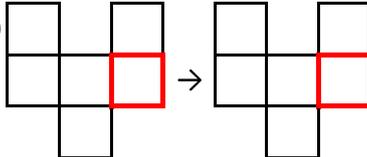
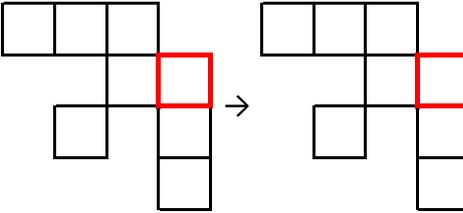
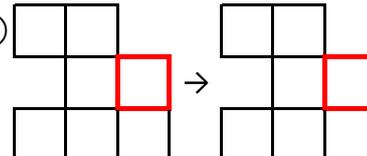
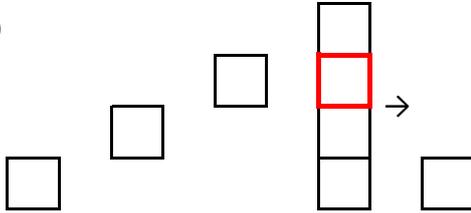
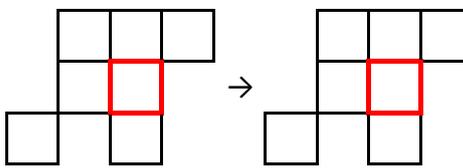
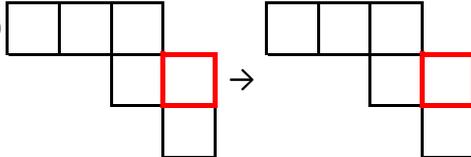
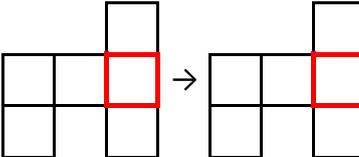
“I fed Blinky all of the Gummiberry antivirus while we were falling. He is currently undergoing the process of koalafication and we might have trouble getting back into the building for a while. I think we're about to start descending – quick, go turn off the CCD! I'll give you additional instructions when we float up agaiinn. . .”

You lose no time in running upstairs and forcing yourself to calm down sufficiently enough to remember the four security codes you cracked two days ago. Pushing the big red OFF button, the whirring of the device gently dies down. Running back down the stairs, you await Bundy's re-elevation.

“We need to get some more of the antivirus within six hours or so. I gave my recruiting agent some of the antivirus to hide at a safe place on campus. She won't reveal to you where it is hidden, so you will have to discover its location by yourself. Blinky tells me that Port Lincoln airport is roughly half an hour's drive away, and that his personal pilot – Dave will take you to Uni and back. Huuurrrryyyyy. . .”

Tick tock clickity clack ding! The world is waiting.

TURING INSTRUCTIONS
IN ORDER OF FIRST USE

- ① 
- ② 
- ③ 
- ④ 
- ⑤ 
- ⑥ 
- ⑦ 
- ⑧ 
- ⑨ 
- ⑩ 
- ⑪ 
- ⑫ 
- ⑬ 
- ⑭ 
- ⑮ 
- ⑯ 
- ⑰ 
- ⑱ 
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