



"I KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOUR OPERATION!" YOU BLUFF, UNVEILING YOUR CRANEA PHOTO ID. "IF YOU GIVE UP NOW AND HELP ME, THE GOVERNMENT WILL GIVE YOU IMMUNITY. ANSWER ME!"

"I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING!"

YOU GRAB ANOTHER PIECE OF PAPER THE MAN HAD BEEN CARRYING AND IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZE IT -- A BLUEPRINT OF AN INTERNET DATA CENTER, WITH THE MAIN POWER GENERATOR HIGHLIGHTED IN **ORANGE**.

"INTENT TO BLOW UP A DATA CENTER. LEVEL FIVE FELONY. YOU'RE LOOKING AT A DECADE IN THE LOCKUP, MINIMUM. THAT WHAT YOU WANT?"

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! I'M AN ARCHITECT! I'M DELIVERING A BLUEPRINT TO A CLIENT..."

RUNNING LOW ON PATIENCE AND TIME, YOU ELBOW HIM IN THE NECK, KNOCKING HIM OUT COLD, AND YOU TAKE THE LEATHER JACKET. IN A POCKET, YOU FIND AN ID CARD WITH THE NAME MAX PINE, AND A NOTE READING, "MEET AGENT X AT MCEENERY PARK WHEN YOU'RE DONE". YOU PLACE A HIDDEN TRACKING DEVICE ON MAX, AND HEAD TO GRID COORDINATE **P12** TO MEET THE AGENT.