



YOU TAKE OUT A SKELETON KEY FROM YOUR POCKET AND JIMMY THE DOOR OPEN. ON THE DRIVER'S SEAT, THERE'S A BRIEFCASE WITH A THREE DIGIT COMBINATION LOCK.

IMPATIENT, YOU SET IT ON THE PAVEMENT, AND BLOW OFF THE LOCK WITH YOUR SIDEARM. INSIDE THE BRIEFCASE, YOU DISCOVER A FILE FOLDER LABELED "CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA." THERE ARE HUNDREDS UPON HUNDREDS OF SECTIONS AND CLAUSES, MANY OF THEM CIRCLED OR UNDERLINED, BUT THE TEXT IS TOO DENSE FOR YOU TO UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY MEAN OR WHAT THEY COULD HAVE TO DO WITH TWITTER. YOU TAKE PHOTOS OF EACH SECTION WITH YOUR BLACKBERRY AND EMAIL THEM TO THE ONLY CONSTITUTIONAL SCHOLAR YOU KNOW -- BARACK OBAMA. MAYBE HE'LL BE ABLE TO TELL YOU WHAT THEY MEAN.

AS YOU LOOK FOR SOMEWHERE TO WAIT FOR THE OWNER TO RETURN TO HIS CAR, YOUR BLACKBERRY VIBRATES. OBAMA ALREADY? NO, IT'S FROM CRANEA.

"WE'VE CONNECTED THE SECURITY FEEDS FROM SAN JOSE FOR THE PAST FEW HOURS, AND HAVE TRACKED THE MOVEMENTS OF THAT CAR'S DRIVER SINCE HE PARKED IT. HE'S ON A BENCH IN CESAR CHAVEZ PLAZA NOW. SHOULD WE POSITION A **MARINE**?"

"NO. I'LL HANDLE HIM," YOU REPLY.

HEAD OVER TO CESAR CHAVEZ PLAZA AT LOCATION **M21**.