

Hi Clark,

I've been watching you look for me the past few months, and I've got to say – you're pretty bad at this. For a while I thought you were letting me get away on purpose. You're probably wondering what this is, exactly. Don't worry, it's not the manuscript for an emotional memoir or a brutally honest tell-all about my time in the Agency. It's a story written just for you, and it's the only way you're going to find me. In the pages that follow are a series of codes that will lead you around the city and eventually, to me. They're not in normal page order, mind you (you'll see why soon), but at the end of this thing, you should be at my doorstep.

What possible reason would I have for coming back to Los Angeles and feeding you clues to find me? Well, I'm bored, Clark. I've barely had to work to evade you for the past three years, so I decided to raise the stakes on this chase. The way I see it, it's a win/win: you get some much needed help in tracking me down, and I get a little more excitement in my life. Plus, it makes me feel good to know that while I'm frustrating you with these puzzles, I'm frustrating you more with having to listen to what I'm saying for once.

So here's how this will work. Each of these pages contains two puzzles that will only make sense once you're at a certain place in the city. Solving one will give you a symbol – match it to the map in the back to find the next location. Solving the second will give you a number – turn to that page to find the next set of puzzles.

For example: the symbol clue might be something like “what sits atop the compass” while the number clue might be something like “the numbers of Sans on the camino.” If you're at the right location and *looking at the map*, that kind of thing will make sense. Also, while I just said the puzzles “might be something like,” in this case I should have said they “are exactly like” because the examples above are, in fact, the first two puzzles.

I'm glad you're still trying to find me, Clark. If you weren't, writing these pages would have been a colossal waste of time. Not that I really have anything better to do with my life, thanks to you, but it would have been a shame if the considerable effort I put into assembling all of this had gone to waste. So thanks for not giving up on me – you really know how to make a woman feel special. Oh, and if you're wondering where to start to find the memorial mentioned above, take a look at the map and start here:



Emma Foxglove

I really hope you aren't reading these pages in order. I know playing by the rules was never really "your thing," but if you didn't solve the puzzle on page one, find the next page number, and walk to the correct location on the map, you're not going to find me.

Do you remember the day I started at the Agency? You sauntered up to my desk, did your cool-guy lean, and said, "Welcome to the show, kid. It can be rough here for a woman, but I've got your six." Because I was 22 and didn't realize that this was exactly how normal people don't talk, I swooned. For probably my first year on the desk, I was enamored with you. After all, like you constantly told everyone, you're a real life super spy.

I still remember the first time you took credit for a project I planned. You told me something about how the institutional sexism in the Agency meant no one would take a young woman seriously – that if I really cared about my ideas, I'd let you present them so they wouldn't get stopped at the glass ceiling. In retrospect, I'm thankful it's your name on all those memos instead of mine. My guilt for promoting the Agency's ideology is bad enough without having a paper trail linking me to all the heinous things I did. And to some extent you were right – no one's going to believe a twenty-something girl was behind covert operations in China, extraordinary renditions in Madagascar, and black propaganda in Bolivia. But a real life super spy? Sounds right up his alley.

It's crazy to me now that I was still infatuated with you despite everything I'd heard you say. You know the entire office was bugged, right? That I was listening at my desk when you told your boys you were going to "nail me" during the Colombia operation? It wasn't until that night in Barranquilla when you actually tried it that I realized you weren't just pretending to be smarmy to fit in with your disgusting friends.

For a long time I was ashamed of falling for your act for as long as I did – I thought I was an idiot for not immediately seeing through your crap to all the red flags you were waving in my face. And maybe I am a bit to blame. But I was young, you were in a position of power, and I'm done beating myself up over your manipulation.

I'm not done beating you up, though, so this puzzle's going to take some effort. To start, look for the Janssens at the end of the spiral. You should be able extract a numeral from each of their names if you ignore the Ds. Add them up to find the next page number. To fill in the boxes below, go look at some trees. Thinking about countries and families will have you on the right track.

[illegible]

There's something I didn't tell you before, and I feel like it's time to come clean - you're not the only one who has these pages. Several other people, handpicked by yours truly, received a copy at the same time you got yours. Unfortunately for you, they'll be looking for me too, and if they find me before you, I'll be giving them some of the documents I took before you made me go on the run.

Most of the files are harmless; there are two or three decent people at the Agency unlucky enough to call themselves your coworkers, and I didn't want their careers to go down the toilet just because you weren't smart enough to solve a few codes. To protect the mostly innocent, the documents only contain information on you - little details like your height, your eye color, and your role in a number of operations that will almost certainly implicate you in war crimes.

Extreme, I know, but I wanted to light a little fire under you. Really ups the sense of urgency, doesn't it? For the record, I'm not saying that I've never done anything wrong — I know I have plenty to be ashamed of. Luckily, I'm not the one racing to solve a series of puzzles made by a disavowed spy before she leaks an extremely incriminating intelligence dossier to a bunch of strangers.

Are you having trouble finding your next clues? Giving them away for free was a one time thing, and I don't want to make this too easy on you. Very obvious clues aren't fun for anyone, but I'll tell you this: each sentence on this page contains part of a coded message, and thinking about beginnings might be helpful in figuring out the next page number. Finding the rest of the information you need will take some walking around. Wandering too far won't help though, so stay near the southwest poles.

Does it feel strange to have me bossing you around, Clark? I'm sure you'll figure all this out eventually. Somewhere around here is the name of the Great Lake where Niagara Falls begins. The flag above it has a slogan — the thing you don't give up will tell you which symbol to head to from here.

Readers who are not Clark: I'm sorry for addressing so much of this to him and not you. I'm not usually a vindictive person, but I think in this case it's pretty warranted. Clark pretty thoroughly destroyed my life (as you've probably guessed by now), so I really appreciate you trying to find me before he does. Thanks for all your hard work.

I've called you incompetent quite a few times in the preceding pages. I do think you're incompetent, don't get me wrong, but I never meant to imply that you were the only incompetent person at the Agency. Despite being recruited from top-tier schools, our coworkers were, by and large, idiots. I, however, think I can safely say that I was extremely good at what I did (though I would never say that the things I did were good). I know that makes me seem conceited, but hey, I must have been a pretty valuable resource to be so hard to take down.

Over the course of my last year at the Agency, you had me under internal investigation for the following crimes: insubordination, leaking classified information to foreign nationals, embezzling discretionary funds, blackmail, and — this one is my favorite — theft of office supplies. (I really enjoyed how you planted those boxes of printer toner in my car.) And while the accusations hurt, it hurt more that you didn't make them fit into a larger narrative.

Back to my point about widespread incompetence — whenever we got intelligence from outside sources, we were taught to verify it. We're not waiting for our own data when we might have usable information at our fingertips. So occasionally we would use information we acquired from third parties, but we'd take it with a grain of salt and verify the content. Unless it came from our own analysts, we'd try to figure out how and why it might have been manipulated.

At no point in your plan to take me down did this type of thinking enter anyone's mind. If it had, it might have occurred to them that the information about my "crimes" was coming from a guy I'd been ineffectually trying to report for sexual harassment for the better part of a year. So the fact that no one saw through your plan and I got charged with treason seems like a pretty good argument for Agency-wide incompetence to me. And yes, I've considered that your buddies in management knew what you were doing and didn't care. In my book, that counts as incompetence too.

If, despite your incompetence, you've made it to the right place, you'll find a sign at the top with seven words and no symbols. Find those words in the text above and use them to play connect the dots in the order they appear on the sign. On the front of the bottom arch are four letters — you might need some distance to see them. These are the key that will decipher the Vigenère ciphertext "CXFH". Try to decode it by hand — I'd bet you could use the practice and you'll need a pencil for the other puzzle on this page anyway. There's a tabula recta in the back.

I've been thinking a lot about what I want. Well, I've figured it out. I wish it was less banal, but I want my life back. Sure, some parts of being on the run haven't been so bad. Traveling's nice and there are times when I've enjoyed the challenge, but I've gotten lonely. I can't justify making friends knowing that if you ever got it together and dropped the hammer on me, the people I care about would be crushed too. I can't keep running forever.

I've always thought that the best way to get someone to do what you want is to make them understand why you want them to do it. That's what this has been about, Clark. This whole hunt was just a mechanism for you to understand what you did to me and prime you for this proposal: turn yourself in and tell the truth. I know that I said if you followed my letters through to the end, I'd come with you. Well, this is my other condition. Go to management and come clean about everything that happened between us. Do that, and all of this ends.

I don't want vengeance - I never did. If you'd just gone to a thirty minute sensitivity seminar instead of sabotaging my career, none of this would be happening. But I'm hoping by now you've realized that I'm a force to be reckoned with. I'm sure you understand that all the time I put into making these puzzles could have been put into dismantling your life. But I'm not trying to retaliate against you, Clark, I just want a normal life. And the only way I can figure out to get that is to persuade you to tell the truth and accept the consequences. I'm not counting on getting reinstated - we both know it's too late for that - but I think maybe I still have a chance to live a normal life.

I didn't lie about giving these pages to other people. There are still civilians looking for me, and if you don't find me first, they're getting the documents I took. I'm sure you understand why I need that kind of leverage.

Do me a favor – if civilians do manage to solve my puzzles before you, don't screw with them. They didn't ask to be part of this, so don't try any of your manipulative crap on people whose only crime was getting excited about a few puzzles.

Speaking of which, the puzzle on this page is superencrypted, and you have some work to do. Find the place where one story ends and another begins, then find the keyword on step seven. Running it through the only unused cipher in the codex will get you a number that fills in the first row of empty boxes below. Below that, put down the correct order of these pages. When everything finally adds up, go ahead and give me a call.

	1	0	3	4	9	6	6	2	0
+									

Nobody ever tells you that when you're on the run from a corrupt intelligence agency that has falsely accused you of treason, faking your death actually gives your pursuers a huge advantage. I imagine the reason no one tells you that has to do with its incredible specificity. There aren't really how-tos, handbooks, training guides, or explainer videos for pretending you're dead, but if there were, that would be something good to include. I really wish I'd known that ahead of time.

My plan was to disappear, pretend to be dead, and hope you'd stop looking for me. What I didn't think about was the fact that a legally dead woman doesn't have the right of habeas corpus. A legally dead woman can be disposed of without any red tape or due process.

I've never been one to put much faith in the American judicial system, but corrupt as it is, there was a chance it would have worked out for me. By faking my death, I gave up that chance and let you take the gloves off. And yes, I know that none of this is news to you. But – in case you forgot – you're not the only one reading this.

I didn't realize exactly how much I'd helped you out until my funeral. I watched a recording of the service from Jakarta. I really would have loved to be there – I'd always wanted to go full Tom Sawyer.

I'll go ahead and say it. Faking my death was a miscalculation. As much as I'd like these pages to paint the portrait of a woman who did everything right and lost it all because of a single chauvinist in a position of power, I want to be honest. I've made mistakes. Some, through operations I contributed to at the Agency, are probably unforgivable. Others, like faking my death, were stupidly shortsighted. But none of my mistakes were as vile and malicious as yours.

Don't worry – I don't expect you to change or apologize. I have zero illusions about you becoming a better person. But I do believe that revealing the truth is a vital step in making the world less awful, so that's what I'm doing.

The next page to turn to should be fairly obvious if you've been doing this right. The location will be a bit trickier, though. To find the code hidden in the first four paragraphs on this page, you'll need to decrypt another cipher with the method you used before. The ciphertext you're looking for is the last five words under the cannon – it's also something I did before you ruined my life. Use the cipher key printed below, and pay attention to the spacing. When you're done, you'll know how to mark up the map.

DAAN QAU AA CD HV EA VA OA JAAC IAZ

It's pretty clever of the Agency to recruit kids while they're still in college. I wonder how many other analysts had the same experience as me – getting pulled out of a poli-sci seminar, told you have certain “aptitudes,” asked if you've ever considered a career in intelligence. How can you say no? It's the perfect bait for an idealistic over-achiever searching for a way to make a difference in the world.

Were you like that, Clark? Young, starry-eyed, searching for a purpose greater than yourself? It's hard to imagine, but I guess it's probably not easy picturing me that way either. Working in intelligence changes you quickly – it corrupts your idealism so thoroughly that you start to get embarrassed at the fact that you ever had principles.

It begins with thinking that the end justifies the means. You get a report showing that covertly overthrowing an oppressive regime would save millions of lives over the next decade. That leads you to manipulate some data to make a stronger case for false flags or high-level assassinations, not realizing that if you're manipulating your data, your superiors probably manipulated the data you used to justify manipulating yours.

By the time you're able to appreciate that irony, you've probably also figured out that your entire job only serves to uphold the status quo and reinforce the policies of the rich and powerful. You're not really changing the world because the people in charge don't want the world to change. They, and by extension the Agency, want nothing more than to keep everything exactly how it is. That way, there's no threat to their power.

Of course, if you've realized this, you've become far too jaded and compromised to change careers. You've contributed to countless war crimes all so a few ideologues could push their corporate capitalist agendas and make their rich buddies even richer. Once you're tangled up in that, you're in it for life. Unless of course, you're forced out by an unrepentant narcissist and wind up with nothing to lose. If that happens, you start to have some options.

I know it's been a long time since the academy and your codebreaking's probably a little rusty, so I included a codex and an outline of some tradecraft methods in the back – the one you'll need here is the book cipher. On the off chance that you didn't need the help, I thought it might be nice to include for our other readers who I'm sure are much closer to finding me than you. Oh, and as you solve the book ciphers and fill in the boxes below, feel free to plop down in a booth, grab a drink, and look around the front room – if you're in the right place that shouldn't be hard to do.

2.3.4.7 / 7.3.3.15

8.2.2.4 / 4.2.1.7

I		S
	A	

M	A	Q

R	B
	O

I	
	A
M	

x + - =

I initially thought that a top-secret organization specializing in clandestine operations would be better about discretion than most workplaces. Unfortunately, in most respects, the Agency is the same as any other office – the only difference is that our gossip is deliberately fabricated and deftly distributed.

When did you start your campaign to erode my reputation? Was it immediately after I stood up for myself in Colombia? It couldn't have been much later, because you ramped up the slander slowly at first, even as you continued to harass me. Little things, like that I had an uncle who got me hired despite my low aptitude scores, or that the projections in my reports were consistently off base. People started talking, and by the time six months had passed, you had the rumor mill operating at full capacity.

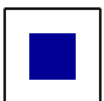
My favorite was when I heard – through the bugs in your office I mentioned before – that I was 1) a compromised tramp in a love triangle with an AECOM exec and a foreign operative, 2) a square who stayed in on weekends exclusively working on crochet projects, 3) a square who stayed in on weekends exclusively playing an antique harp, and 4) a power-hungry deviant who was trying to sleep her way into the director's inner circle. That was all in one day. I think it was a Tuesday.

I didn't understand at first, but spreading all those rumors at once was one of your more clever moves. If it had just been one thing, it wouldn't have had staying power. The rumor would have died out. Spreading wildly conflicting reports and letting them duke it out kept people talking and speculating. More importantly, it made them isolate me.

It made sense that you'd be able to turn your boys against me fairly easily, but getting the women on board too? I really don't like complimenting you, but I have to say, the whole thing was very well done. What you lack in conviction, integrity, and basic human decency you make up for in your ability to ruin a hard-earned reputation.

Just because I can talk about them now doesn't mean your lies didn't hurt. I spent countless nights awake back then wondering if I should have just slept with you and avoided this whole situation. But I'm glad I didn't. I'm proud of myself for the fact that your attacks couldn't bring me down. I'm sure my resilience irritated you to no end, and I hope these pages are doing the same. Speaking of which, for your next clue, find a seat by the fountain and think about how you shaped your lies. You'll also need to take a long look in the mirror. I'm not going to spell this out for you, but when you find the right letters, you'll need these numbers: 2 4 2 5.

CODEX

Alphabet	A1Z26	Morse Code (Dits & Dahs)	Maritime Signal Flags	Alphabet	A1Z26	Morse Code (Dits & Dahs)	Maritime Signal Flags
A	1	• –		N	14	– •	
B	2	– • • •		O	15	– – –	
C	3	– • – •		P	16	• – – •	
D	4	– • •		Q	17	– – • –	
E	5	•		R	18	• – •	
F	6	• • – •		S	19	• • •	
G	7	– – •		T	20	–	
H	8	• • • •		U	21	• • –	
I	9	• •		V	22	• • • –	
J	10	• – – –		W	23	• – –	
K	11	– • –		X	24	– • • –	
L	12	• – • •		Y	25	– • – –	
M	13	– –		Z	26	– – • •	

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
A	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
B	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A
C	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B
D	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C
E	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D
F	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E
G	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F
H	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
I	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
J	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
K	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J
L	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K
M	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L
N	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
O	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N
P	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O
Q	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P
R	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q
S	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
T	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S
U	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T
V	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U
W	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V
X	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W
Y	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X
Z	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y

MAP

