Henry:

Sprinting along Fox bridge, Dr. 'Grim' (G)Reeper, closely tailed by a troop of government officials and officers, deftly tapped the right side of the glasses he wore to reveal to him his victims who he was to frame: the image wasn't clear. Freckled with vague specks of what could only be described as an insult to Reeper's own technological advances, the camera started to tremble, blur then flail as more brown substance was dumped upon it. Reeper tapped the left side of his hight-tech glasses, returning normal vision, so predictable he thought, knowing that most of his colleagues have been taken into custody because of his declaration to use his own methods: this chase for the framed was just buying time before he himself would be caught.

Digging through the humus surrounding their cell, George, Annie and Eric now are met with something that one would definitely not find whilst digging a hole in the ground: a safe padlock supposedly to be used to open up an exit. The trio stared at it in mouth-gaping astonishment in their luck of uncovering the secret exit to the hell in which they were enclosed in. There must be a clue to what the password was, right? The search was on.

Ignorant of the officials behind him, Reeper swore when Eric tore one of his cameras apart to find a crumpled note left bundled between its circuits: it contained all the clues that they (especially Eric) would need to figure out the doctor’s passcode to the trapdoor leading to ‘*Old Cosmos’’* room. This was turning out to becoming a ticket to custody for Reeper, his captives were escaping and now even the guards behind him were whispering amongst themselves about something and it was something against him. There was no other option, his old friend must be contacted: Alioth Merak…