

You were expecting a warrant for my arrest, weren't you? But my trail continues...this is the story of the path I took just before I hid the coin. Think you can follow it to the loot before I come back to retrieve it?

After running around hell a bit, I ended up at the second-last place you tracked me to. (The last place was too far away.) Facing its entrance, I could see double doors off to my right and ahead of me. I went through these doors, and down a long corridor. I went down some stairs, though I also had the option of taking the easy way out. I turned at a gate, and saw some curious windows on my right. Soon I saw an elevator, so I took it to the first floor. Stepping out I saw the first red object -- it was a dull crimson -- and went to the other side of it, where there were some stairs. Dashing up with my characteristic bravado, or should I say, bravada, I saw some curious signs and symbols. I made a mental note of something there:

1. funk city
2. inc. 1711
3. all for our country
4. lux et veritas
5. resurgens

Swiping some pamphlets on my way out, I went to a place that seemed to suggest itself, passing the first bird on the way. I looked up to see a safe place. I started in another direction, towards some pretty nerdy looking people. But I changed my mind before I got too near them and went as far away from them as I could. On the way I glimpsed out a window an Escher-esque landscape, with strange blocks and a stairway that seemed to go into the sky.

Continuing through a pair of double doors, I then glanced off to my left, and stole something I saw there. It had an affinity with a certain number, so I set off towards the place that bears that number. On the way I saw the second red object, a bright scarlet.

At first I missed the turnoff, and passed a spot that made me shudder a little. Ah, memories are a hard thing. Backtracking, I saw the writing on the wall, and headed down the turnoff in the other direction. ...I was a bit concerned myself.

Passing some junk not worth stealing, and jogging a little to reach my destination, I saw a door on my right. I remembered there were things worth stealing there, but I couldn't get there from here.

Pressing on, and taking the right option when I had a choice (but then, my taste is impeccable), I walked on, going up some stairs that presented themselves. I saw the third red thing, vermillion maybe. Passing it, I saw a sign of something odd, so I went in that direction, where I found what it was that had seemed worth stealing before. It was two things, actually. I took them.

But I was in a bit of a hurry, so I kept on, shaking my head at something even I found inhuman...even I. Then, right on the cusp of the millenium, I turned and walked across a bridge (the bridge to the 21st century, I mused?).

I turned left again, went up a flight of stairs, and saw my old adversaries, so I turned back and ran down as far as I could. Sometimes running away is the most courageous thing a person can do. Seeing an oasis ahead of me, I realized I had to get around it to keep going in the direction I wanted to. I did so, taking

the hard path down.

There was something shiny there but it was not worth stealing. So much is not. I thought about stealing the alphabet, but it takes the fun out of it when it's free for the taking. To my right I saw signs of civilization. I had been here before. I made a mental note of the only negative number here. Then I took the four digit number that appeared two or three times, and subtracting 862, realized it could be thought of as a place. I went to that place.

There, the following numbers were helpful to me:

26 23 14 20

Leaving in an appropriate direction, I turned towards a deity and saw, directly ahead, my next destination, far away. I made a mental note of its number as I set out. Upon getting there, I stole some names from the area, just because I liked the way they sounded, and what they named. I turned in that same appropriate direction as before, and walked a long way.

Finally I saw a weighty sign to one side, and went in the opposite direction. There was another nice red object, just red, nothing fancy. But I liked it so much I stole its mechanism.

There was the second bird nearby, so I turned and walked in that direction. I like birds. I saw a sign advertising something I didn't need, but went that way anyway (what the hell). I continued, and noticed I had to change direction slightly. I made a mental note of the opposite direction.

Finding myself in new surroundings, I went up to a place I view with somewhat mixed feelings. I walked through it and descended halfway, and, closing one door, opened another and descended again. I found myself near an object that reminded me of Microsoft, strangely enough. I kept on.

I sighted what was maybe the third and fourth bird of this little jaunt, but then again, they might have been the same bird. Faced with a decision, I conceded that since I already had some of what lay in one direction, there was no sense in taking more of them. I went in the other direction.

I kept walking. I pushed a button and went where it indicated. I walked along, lost in thought. But the moment I started to descend, I realized I'd missed something. I turned around, remembering what I already knew. Something I could recall; then the first and second red objects spoonerized; something else I could recall; that appropriate direction; another something I remembered, and finally, another direction. Good luck, suckers.