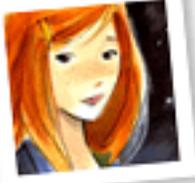




The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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About Me!



Hi! I'm Scarlett, I'm 21 and I'm a student at Marmalejo College in Perplex City, majoring in journalism.

Phew, that's the basics out of the way! Now for the interesting stuff - I'm not just, like, majoring in journalism, I really love it! I know some people think it's a bit hokey, but I really believe that journalists can make a difference. My friend Iona Rodie who writes for the Sentinel has changed City Council policy on the environment with her writing. One day I'm going to do the same.

I'm on the staff of the Marmalejo student newspaper, The Column (look out for my articles in the "What's On" section). In my spare time, I love hiking (planning the big trip to Tanraga in the summer), watching football (Perplex City Raiders - woot!), and I play Pyramid obsessively. I don't have a boyfriend just now, but I'm definitely looking :)

Umm... Other stuff... My dad, Sente, runs the Academy (but you probably knew that already). I'm really lucky, because I get to meet a lot of influential people, but I know I'll still have to work hard to be successful so I'm not letting it go to my head! I'm living at home right now - I'll be moving in with some friends from The Column next year, hooray!

If you'd like to get in touch, you can email me at scarlett@thescarlettkite.com :)



The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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About this site

So, this is kind of a sad story :(I've been interested in journalism for years now, and when I got accepted to Marmalejo I interned for a couple of weeks at The Sentinel. (That's when I met Iona.) I loved it! Loved it loved it. I think I did really well, and they liked me too, and I really wanted to work for them. You know, like, be a girl-about-town student reporter, or on "what the young people are doing nowadays". That happens, right? So I managed to wangle myself a meeting with the editor, to make my presentation. My sister helped me put it together (she can be a sweetie sometimes. When she wants to be...), and it looked amazing, if I do say so myself! With all the different things I could write, and mock-ups of how it could look, and pictures of me and examples from other papers showing how they have young reporters as well. I worked so hard.

And... you know how this story ends... they turned me down. Right down. Point blank.

:(

Iona says I'm really talented, and I just need to work hard at college and come back to them when I'm done studying, but I had this brilliant idea! (lightbulb!) I thought I'd write a blog about this game my father's launching, about the search for the Cube, and also looking at the Earth papers, to see what they're saying about it. I know my blog's going to be really awesome, and when The Sentinel see it, they'll just have to employ me, if only as their "cube correspondent"! :)

Now, OK, I admit I've had a little bit of luck here as well, because I happened to mention this idea to my dad while one of his techie guys was listening, and he said "How about if we use this site as a test for our communicating-with-Earth systems?" (well, he didn't actually say "communicating-with-Earth", but went on for about 20 minutes about some complicated stuff that needs testing, but anyway that's the gist of it). So here I am. The first person from Perplex City to write a blog you guys can see. Hi!



The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite Friday, April 1, 2005

Hello World!

Category: print, 10:04 AM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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Hi everyone! So, there are some bits of info about me and this site available over to the side but first of all, Well Done for finding me! I just knew those boring people at the Sentinel would delete my URL, but I thought it was about time you guys knew where I was. I was sure you'd all be up to a little challenge.... Plus, they really are extraordinarily trite at the Sentinel. Tee hee.

:-)

Anyway, what I'm mostly going to do here is talk about the media from your world. The feeds are kind of slow coming through (all your internet and stuff comes to us through the Academy) but we're getting there... (yawn yawn, this guy Von at the Academy seems to get everything more quickly than I do - he's always boasting about it). And, yeah, my dad keeps saying how you'll be interested to hear about my life, so a bit of that too! And, OK, before you ask, no I didn't steal the Cube. And no, I don't know who did! Wish I did... that'd get me a job on the Sentinel for sure! ;-)

Time to get going on these press links.... There's so much to catch up on already. So over the next few days I'm going to be finding all those links I know I've put here somewhere and putting them up for you all to see what's been going on!

And for my first trick (drumroll....) Crazyexciting! An article in the Times! And it talks a lot about Adrian from MC - I've emailed him myself (waves) - hi Adrian! And it's so amazing to hear how interested you guys are in us... after we've spent so long hearing about you!

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From Times Online
November 27, 2004

Alternate reality gaming

Adrian Hon should know. Hon, 22, spent much of the autumn distracted by I Love Bees, a vast alternate reality game (or ARG) in which players worked together to save 20th-century Earth from aliens. There were clues at [ilovebees.com](#), but the plot was also advanced by "real life events" such as calls to payphones. "You were given a phone's GPS location and a prearranged time, and when it rang you'd say a password to move the story forward," Hon explains. "We eventually found our phone on Dean Street in Soho. A dozen people had been turning up every day waiting for that call."

I Love Bees turned out to be a promotion for Microsoft's Xbox game, Halo 2. "People say, 'Oh, you're being used by marketers', but does it matter if a well-written game is designed to sell you something? TV's full of ads, but you can still enjoy ER."

Besides, Hon is betting on ARGs for his own prosperity. In August, he gave up his neuroscience PhD at Oxford to help set up an interactive-fiction business. Its first game, whose sponsor he won't reveal, will go live early next year. It is called Perplex City, and already its website offers tantalising clues to lure prospective players: "My people have lost something... whose value to us is immeasurable," pleads a desperate letter from the Perplex City Academy. "There is compelling evidence that an unknown party has taken [it] and concealed it somewhere in your world... The feeds will be searched Perplex City's highest towers and modes...

CI

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I Can react
Fast smir iPhone
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FINAL

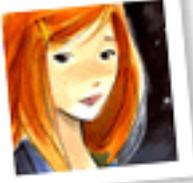
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Monday, April 4, 2005

Zowie!

Category: print, 05:04 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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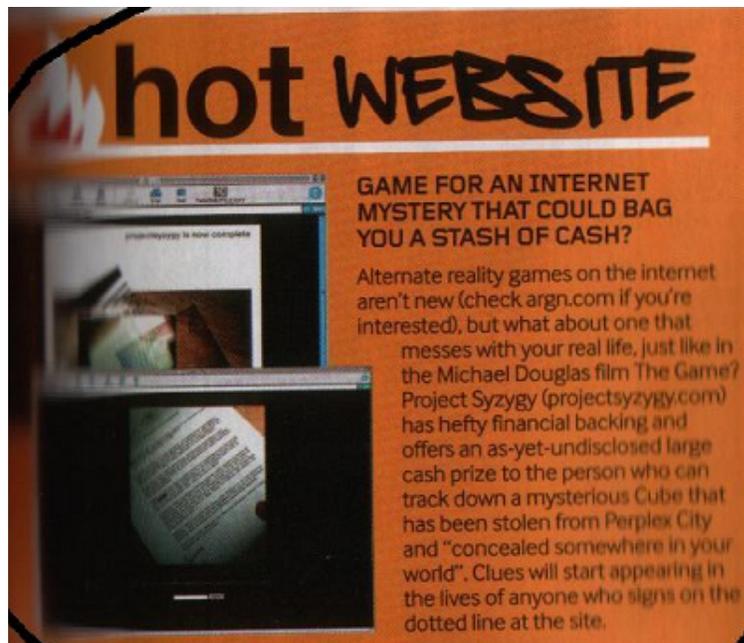
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Oh wow, so suddenly I get about 50 million emails from all you guys! Amazing, I'm just so (blush) flattered, and excited to hear from you all. You've asked so many questions about the city, and about me and the cube... I just don't know where to start. Mission number two then: not only to keep up with the press, but also to try to answer some of your questions!

Hope you won't mind if I start with kind of an easy one ;-) A couple of people asked what Ascendancy Point is. Easy! It's the big spiky thing at the bottom of this page! Heh. Not just at the bottom of this page, though.... It's the tallest building in the city. It's ummm... (goes to look up info) apparently 1.3km tall, and is just amazing inside. Like, it's so huge that people say you could live for weeks without leaving it. (It'd be kinda weird to do that though :-))But they have all these great restaurants near the top - the sweet rolls at the Red Hot Bakery are just fantastic. Ooh, and the 125th floor is this foresty sort of garden. Sooo peaceful.

And, now I've made a start, today's bit of media! (Loads of those to get through too :-)). Here's a cool one.



We're hot! And the guys at MC say that we've had loads of sign-ups on that page, so I guess we must be!

The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Tuesday, April 5, 2005

The mysterious cube ;-)

Category: print, 11:04 AM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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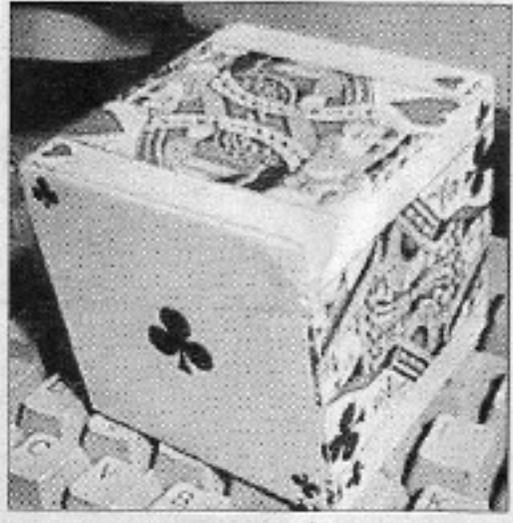
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Just a quick post but... huge-enormous article in the Guardian yesterday about us! Mentions Michael from MC who I know my dad's been in contact with quite a bit. I don't know all the details of what they've been planning together, but the bits I've seen look amazing. I can't wait for you guys to see it too!

When the guys from MC sent me over the story, though, I noticed it says that the "mysterious cube" is "pictured above". Which it is not! :-D That's not a picture of the cube - I should know, my dad took me and my sister to the Museum to see it enough times!

Here's the picture:



It's not the real thing, but it is pretty cute!

Now for an answer to a question.... So many questions, so little time! So, just a quick one for today: A few people have asked if they can access The Column. The answer is... sadly not if you're not in Perplex City :-(. Maybe one day, but I don't think providing access to student newspapers is top on the Academy's priority list right now!

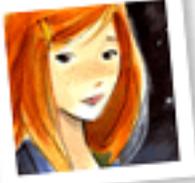
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Thursday, April 7, 2005

Not the Cube... but really clever

Category: web, 01:09 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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I'm still getting so many emails from you guys! It's great, and the guys at the Academy are really pleased that the connection between us is working so well. Don't have time to answer a question today, but promise I will very soon.

I found another cube that's not ours! But this time you can actually move it around and look at it... Very cool.



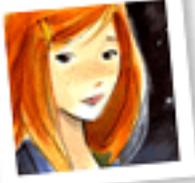
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, April 8, 2005

What's wrong with this picture?

Category: print, 12:35 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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Hello all!

Time for the next installment of Scarlett's Amazing Answers to All Your Perplex City Questions. :-D This is fun! I never realised there were so many things I knew about that other people would be interested in! So, quite a few people have asked "what's up with the pictures?" My first thought was: Hey! I thought they looked pretty good! But, looking a bit closer, it seems like you're asking why we use drawings a lot, not photographs. I had to think a bit about this one. (Scratches head.) It's kinda weird to work out why things are the way they are, you know?

I asked my sister, and she showed me in some old books and papers that we used to use photos a lot more. So... I think it's a "cool" thing. Like, when photos were pretty new we seemed to use them a lot, and now that they've been around for a while, not so much. I mean, it's not like we need them for ID, and you can get a lot of live feeds with your key so... they're a bit irrelevant. :- (Feels sad for photographs.) I did see an amazing exhibit of photographs of leaves at the Restructure Gallery a few months ago, though.

Phew! Now I'm done with the anthropology, a bit more investigating your world! Much more interesting, to me at least :-). Here's an article that mentions Adrian from MC again! Seems like all he does is give interviews ;-). I love that story about the guy running to get his guitar - you have some amazing ways to have fun!

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OPINION REVIEWS RESOURCES IT JOBS

Down the rabbit hole

By Taya Fabjanic
February 26, 2005
[RSS](#)

It's 7.51am and the payphone next to the bus stop starts to ring. It rings for three minutes. You get flashbacks to The Matrix or Get Smart. You pick up the phone and hear, "Jim! Thank God you're there. I'll bet they're already on their way so you'll have to move fast. Run home and destroy the documents! Be sure there's NOTHING LEFT! If contact you again tomorrow."

Tomorrow comes and you get to the bus stop by 7.51am, just in case. Again the phone rings and again you answer. Same guy. Same message. So, as with every mystery, you do an internet search to shed light on your experience. What to type in the search field? The only distinguishing element is the payphone number, so you type it in.

Among the results is a link to a discussion board where you read a frantic woman's posting from the United States and she's trying to find a guy named Jim. As you read other postings on the discussion board you realise you've stumbled across a mystery spanning thousands of payphones around the world. By picking up a randomly ringing payphone, you

Like Cary Grant in North By North West ... anyone can have an adventurous life when they play with alternate realities.



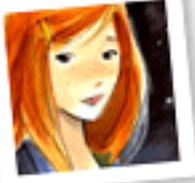
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Tuesday, April 12, 2005

Ambigram

Category: me, 04:33 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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Oh and I wanted to say hi to Jemima, who's been emailing me even though she's not well. I'm sorry, Jemima - I hope you feel better soon. And, to answer your question, yes we get sick too. Some awful flu went round everyone I knew last winter; we all felt pretty low for ages. So, loads of sympathy to you!



The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Wednesday, April 13, 2005



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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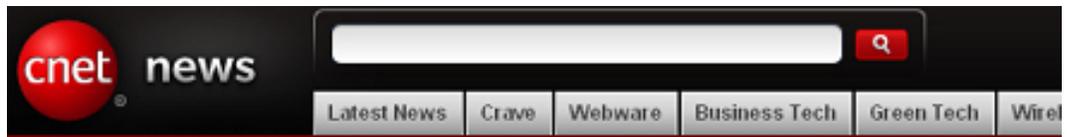
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Blushing...

Category: print, 12:11 PM

Looking at all your emails (they just keep coming, wow!) I feel like I want to say a couple of things. One is: thank you so much for being so lovely and supportive and kind about my blog. You're all just wonderful! (Well, all apart from this one guy who called me an "insolent child". I'd hate to see how he'd write to my dad! ;-)) And the other is... thank you for all your lovely emails about me. I don't think I've ever had quite so many offers all at once! You're all very sweet, and I hope you don't mind that I'm not writing back to you individually. And hey, if we ever find a way to get, you know, things over to your world, maybe I can be in touch with you!

Till then... nose back to the grindstone. This article is great. I'd forgotten that you guys had seen that postcard of the city. It's beautiful, huh? I love looking at the city at night, when it's all lit up. The view across the park from my house is so peaceful, even though I know the city's full of busy-ness...



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February 28, 2005 4:00 AM PST

Blurring the line between games and life

By [John Borland](#)
Staff Writer, CNET News

[2 comments](#)

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The first advertisement appeared in USA Today a week ago, right on schedule.

People from around the world had stayed up all night waiting for it, talking in chat rooms and online forums. It had to be a clue, they thought. Everything before it had been a clue.

"LOST. The Cube," read the ad, posted at the top of the paper's "Notices" section. "Reward Offered. Not only an object of great significance to the city but also a technological wonder."

The cryptic notice, along with several subsequent ads in The New York Sun, The Times of London and Monday's Sydney Daily

Telegraph, are the first tangible signs of a mystery called "Perplex City" beginning to unfold online.

It is the latest well-funded entry in a young medium called "alternate-reality gaming"--an obsession-inspiring genre that blends real-life treasure hunting,

News.context

What's new: "Perplex City," a cryptic mix of Da Vinci Code mystery and video game logic, is generating buzz as the latest alternate-reality game.

The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite Monday, April 18, 2005

Questions, questions, questions....

Category: web, 06:25 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

Has to be a short one today! I'm going out this evening... dinner at Conundra with Violet and some of her friends! Seems like a perfect opportunity to answer the question that keeps being sent through: "what is your sister like?" So, ummm... :-) like most older sisters she always thinks she knows best! She's cool, though, doesn't complain too much when I borrow her clothes, and she does ask me out sometimes with her friends. All in all, love you sis!

And, just to continue the theme of brevity, this only has a little mention of us, but I thought I'd put it in anyway. I like hearing about these puzzle-solving teams... you're obviously the ideal people to find the cube!

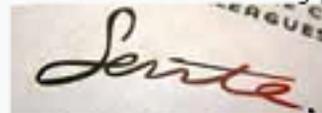


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Real Reality Games

□ 03/01/05

How do you get people around the world to cooperatively solve incredibly complex problems, where they have to spend hours of their own time, lots of their own money, co-ordinate with hundreds or thousands of fellow problem solvers, and even risk embarrassment, or their own lives to do it, all for zero financial payoff? No, it's not the military, or the public school system. It's the power of ARGs -- alternate reality games -- and if designers could incorporate one tiny piece of it into their solutions, they could see them become something previously unimaginable.



We did a little writeup about [I-Love-Bees](#) earlier this year. This online/offline ARG mixed a compelling story, intriguing webspace, recorded radio drama, and real phone calls to form an incredible user experience, and marketing engine for the release of Halo 2 for X-Box. Some of the more amazing stories included hundreds of gamers persuaded to make strange poses in New York in exchange for clues from the in game character on a payphone, and a man who trekked into hurricane Ivan in order to receive a phone call from an in game character. The game was an unexpected success, and has raised awareness, not only of the genera of ARG-type challenges, but also the tantalizing possibility for using this style of problems solving for more real, tangible problems.

Now, the newest ARG is beginning to trickle into the web's collective consciousness. [Perplexcity.com](#) is at this point very new, and almost nothing is known about its purpose. But in light of the opportunities of the genre, it is worth watching it unfold. You can catch up at [TranZed](#)

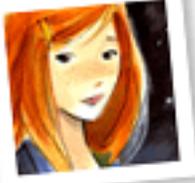
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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Tuesday, April 19, 2005



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

I give in!

Category: me, 04:49 PM

So, I've received a huge pile of emails (can you have a pile of emails? A flurry, maybe? ;-)) asking about keys. This is another one of those questions that's tough to answer... to find parallels that'll make sense to you. I'm talking to a couple of people at the Academy, Von and my sister's friend Kurt, and they're going to come up with some useful analogies for me. Watch this space!

Meanwhile... Another ambigram has arrived! This one's just for me and my blog :-). A guy called Bruce has sent it over and I love it. Thank you!

<Ambigram of The Scarlett Kite is lost...>

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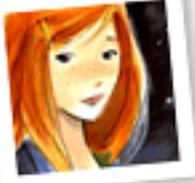
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Wednesday, April 20, 2005

Shhhh...

Category: me, 02:13 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

Probably shouldn't say this, but everything's going a bit mad in my house right now. There seem to be people calling all hours, and my dad's really stressed out, so I'm hiding in my bedroom most of the time and sneaking down to make toast when they've all gone! Sigh. This is not going to make me a top reporter... On the other hand, it means I'm getting way more studying done than usual. Term paper on Classical Riddles is almost finished. Yay!

Still, it's a bit tiring living here right now. I just don't want to upset my dad by asking him questions when he's so exhausted. I guess you've all seen the leak at the Sentinel; I know there's something planned for Friday but, before you ask, I don't know what it is and if I did I probably couldn't tell you! I'm sure you'll love it. :-)

Hmmm... time for toast, I think....

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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, April 22, 2005

Catching up with you

Category: print, 11:17 AM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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Oh and here's a great article from Liberation. I'm pretty sure that Adrian from MC's a real person - my dad's in contact with MC all the time right now, so I hope he's not making them up - still... I'm starting to have my doubts!



The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Thursday, April 28, 2005

This is funny

Category: web, 11:26 AM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

A cartoon about us. I guess you guys liked my dad's surprise, then! Just wait and see what he has in store for you.... (I'm teasing, I shouldn't).

For some reason lots of you have been emailing me to ask when my birthday is, and what sign I am! Don't know why - I don't believe in that star sign stuff at all. It seems a bit silly. But, just to keep you happy, I'm an Archer. July 2nd. I love having a summer birthday - means I can always have a picnic or some open-air party. :-)

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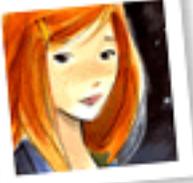
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Tuesday, May 3, 2005

Ebay auction action!

Category: web, 04:55 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

Hello again! I guess from the emails I've been receiving that you've all found the sites my dad's put up for you to look at, huh? Can you imagine how difficult it's been for me not to talk about any of this stuff? My dad's had all these high-level meetings in the house with the CRR people, Academy people and even the founder of Whipsmart! Obviously, I hear stuff - I've practically had to stop talking altogether to avoid letting everything out!

Anyway, phew, at least this first bit's out of the way now that you've got your parcels and Leitmarks. On the subject of which... MC sent me this link from Ebay. Wow! That's already more than 1,000 Lecks! (Sound of me contemplating what I could do with 1,000 Lecks. Nice dinner for two on Mobius? Now, who would I take...?)

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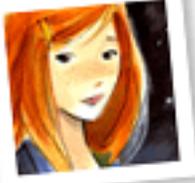
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Tuesday, May 10, 2005

Broadcast fame!

Category: tv, 02:50 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

I spoke to the guys at MC on Friday (even though my Dad's not so sure I should... something about neither of his daughters knowing when to keep quiet. I think he's still a bit annoyed with Violet about that interview) and they were super excited about the fact that a broadcast feed service called the BBC were in their studio filming them talking about Perplex City! It seems that Michael and Adrian are going to appear on a "television" program called The Culture Show, which will be shown in the UK on the 12th May at 7pm UK time. I think how this works is that you have to make sure to watch it at a particular time... don't quite get that, but anyway, make sure you catch it

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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Thursday, May 12, 2005

It's tonight!

Category: tv, 11:32 AM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

Just in case you guys forget (I know I'd forget...), that programme about MC and Perplex City is being broadcast tonight. Here's the link to them again.

Also... seems like a perfect time to give my explanation of keys! So the Earthology guy at the Academy, Von, said that you should think of them as a combination of: "a phone, a TV, a video, a computer, a stereo, an MP3 player, a bank card, a passport, a house key..." and some other things he couldn't think of a good analogy for. And, um, mine's red with a little kite logo on it.

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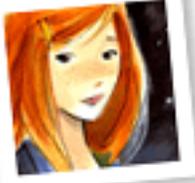
The Scarlett Kite

[About The Scarlett Kite](#)

Friday, May 13, 2005

Auction update

Category: web, 02:10 PM



That auction I mentioned the other day went for 67 British pounds - that's over 1,300 Lecks. If only I could sell things over Ebay... I can't imagine what you'd pay for some of the documents my father just leaves lying around the house!

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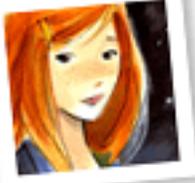
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Wednesday, May 18, 2005

You guys are strange....

Category: web, 10:48 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

The nice folks at MC sent me a link to this strange but really funny video clip. It's some sort of spoof of my Dad and Adrian. I have no idea what language it's in though... maybe I'll ask Anna at the Academy what she thinks :-). And it's certainly not accurate, since Dad and Adrian haven't ever met in real life!

Oh, also, I keep meaning to say thanks for all the emails you've sent me about the parcels; I'm really glad you enjoyed them! Some of you naughtily asked me for the answer to my dad's little riddle... very cunning, but I'm sure you understand why I couldn't answer that!

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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, May 20, 2005

E3!

Category: web, 04:39 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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OMG! The guys at Mind Candy are having the most incredible time at the E3 convention in Los Angeles... they've been sending me all their news and keeping me up to date with how it's going. They've met a whole bunch of journalists, and some of the people on Earth who are already looking for the Cube. It seems like my dad was right - people are getting just as excited about the game as I am! Also, they've been schmoozing the celebrities too. They met Wil Wheaton and Virgil Tatum who's apparently some famous game designer. No fair - I wanna be there!





The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Tuesday, May 24, 2005

It's blogtastic!

Category: web, 02:56 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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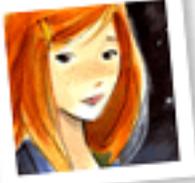
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, May 27, 2005

I'm going to be on the radio!

Category: radio, 12:58 PM



This is very exciting! I haven't said anything about it before I heard for certain, but I'm going to do a radio interview for a station in Britain! It's called TalkSport and it'll be broadcast... er, sorry about this, between 3.30am and 5am on Monday morning - you can listen to it online at www.talksport.net, and I'll see if I can link to it afterwards. I'm going to be on the radio! [does a little dance]

Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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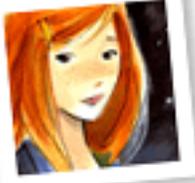
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Monday, June 6, 2005

My interview!

Category: radio, 10:27 AM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

Wow... what a week I've had! The lovely people at Talksport have sent me a copy of my interview from Monday, which you can listen to here, if you haven't heard it already. That was such fun; I hope I'll be able to do it again sometime! And this means that I'm officially the first person from Perplex City to appear directly in any of your media which is just... incredible! All of my friends working at The Column, the student newspaper at Marmalejo College, are all very impressed, if I do say so myself. :-) The editor, Brede, says he's even thinking of giving me some more high-profile assignments. Excitement!

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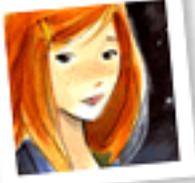
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Wednesday, June 8, 2005

Summer's here!

Category: me, 02:28 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

It's a lovely sunny day today in Perplex City - the sky is so blue, with little fluffy white clouds, just like a child's drawing. Had a free morning, so went for a stroll in the Park, where they're already putting up the seating for the PCAG matches and the concerts later in the month - so exciting! There are tiny wild strawberries growing in the bushes to the north of the Hausam theatre - they looked so pretty I didn't pick any, just looked at them. And... couldn't help thinking how nice it'd be to have someone to share the walk with. Actually, I have kind of a crush on someone, but I don't think he's noticed. Not sure he knows I even exist...

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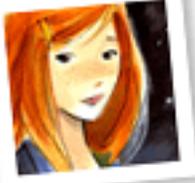
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Monday, June 13, 2005

School's out!

Category: me, 11:15 AM



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Not quite, but soon... and soon it's going to be my birthday too! Trying to decide what to do. Half the people from the Column are all off doing the Solstice Gambol right now - I've done it before, it's really good fun, but this year I had classes. Still, I'm planning to take a car out to the camp tonight to see them: Margot, Brede, Sanj and Zaisa will all be there - I'm sad I can't walk with them :-(. Still, we'll be able to talk about what we'll do for my birthday - all suggestions gratefully received!

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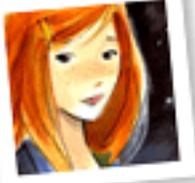
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Tuesday, June 21, 2005

Happy solstice day!

Category: me, 06:21 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

Hey, it's solstice day - happy holidays! Went to the balloon-release this morning which was really magnificent, seeing all those white balloons drifting off into the sky which is so incredibly blue this morning. Just, wow. And now there are all sorts of events at the Academy, so I'll head along there. This time of year always reminds me of being a kid again, getting dressed up in costume for a party, taking part in the cube hunt. I've still got a few of those little cubes in a bowl on my bookshelf; they're so pretty, decorated in different colours.

Reminds me of how one year, when I was about 7, so Vi must have been about 13 - we decided to hint to some of the other kids that there was a whole bunch of cubes hidden in my dad's office. When he came back, he found these kids all over his office, turning out his drawers, looking under his furniture! Violet got into a lot of trouble about that and I didn't at all, I guess because I was younger. I felt guilty, but not very guilty ;-).

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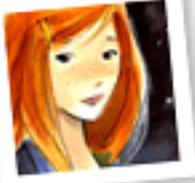
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, June 24, 2005

The Sentinel follows my lead!

Category: radio, 09:13 PM



Just heard from the lovely people at Mind Candy that Michiko Clark - the editor of the Sentinel, and the very person who once turned me down for a job - is going to be interviewed on Talksport radio like I was! It's going to be at roughly the same time - around 3am this coming Monday. So exciting! I'm a trendsetter!

Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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Broadcast at 3:20am on 27th June 2005. Listen to a recording of the interview (4.5MB mp3).

Mike Mendoza: Talksport 1089 and 1053, I'm Mike Mendoza. Well, last month we told you about Perplex City, the alternate reality game where players follow clues hidden in the internet, in newspapers, in their adverts, even on radio programmes in order to find the mysterious Cube and win a grand prize of £100,000. Now to follow up on events in Perplex City and tell us how the Cube is going, we're able to speak via an inter-dimensional link with Michiko Clark, the editor of the Perplex City Sentinel newspaper, which us Earthlings can find at perplexcitysentinel.com. And a very good morning to you.

Michiko Clark: Good morning, it's very very exciting to speak to you, of course, I've never spoken to a real Earth person before!

Mike Mendoza: Well, y'know, it's nice and I'm delighted that you are joining up with us today, but first of all Michiko, what is the Perplex City Sentinel?

Michiko Clark: It is a newspaper just like the newspapers you have on Earth, or so I have been led to believe. There is a little bit of a difference in it, we don't have a paper edition any more, we discontinued that about 15 years ago, it'd just become wasteful and it just wasn't necessary any more.

Mike Mendoza: Mmm hmm. Okay, now we're able to read the Sentinel here on Earth, aren't we?

Michiko Clark: Yes, there is an external edition, unfortunately due to the limitations of communicating between our two worlds, it's a very small fraction of what you can see in the complete real Sentinel, but you can find it - I believe you've already said it - at perplexcitysentinel.com.

Mike Mendoza: Mmm hmm, yup. Now what's your role at the Sentinel?

Michiko Clark: Well, I'm the editor-in-chief, which means that I keep track of the direction of coverage, the integrity of our reporting and your standards, budgeting and hiring and scheduling, all of the things you have to do to at a typical newspaper.

Mike Mendoza: Aha, well, on Earth we call them the big boss of course. Now tell us more about Perplex City, I mean, where actually is it?

Michiko Clark: You know, it's funny because I could ask you, 'Where is Earth?' just as well and you would probably be able to give me just the same kind of answer I can give you. We have dozens of really sharp minds who've been working on a lot of theories and equations about where Earth is and where Perplex City are in relation to each other for years and years now. And we haven't found any conclusive answers, it's a really interesting field of research as I understand it.

Mike Mendoza: Mmm hmm. Now is it possible to visit Perplex City?

Michiko Clark: At this time it is not, I'm very sorry. Well, we all assume the Academy is working on a way right now to transport people and things between Perplex City and the Earth right now. They say that they haven't, and you know, we choose to believe them.

Mike Mendoza: That's fair enough, okay. Now if I could visit, what sort of things could we do there?

Michiko Clark: It's a beautiful city, I really wish you could come. Well, the big thing now, of course, with summer coming on, is Alchemy Beach, there's a lot of volleyball there and practically always some sort of a carnival going on and it's just beautiful, the water is so clear and it's just so warm now. If you're not the outdoors-y type, then there's always the upscale shopping at Isabella Levenay of course, which is a high fashion brand, or if you think you can get in, then there's the new curiosity shop which is in the northeast part of town. It's a really funny shop I guess, by some standards, because they don't advertise their presence, it's actually a difficult thing even to see the door, and once you get into the entryway, they sort of look you over and decide whether you're well-dressed enough to be allowed in. You have to have to have a password even if you are well-dressed enough to come in, and they change the password every three hours.

Mike Mendoza: A bit like some of the lap-dancing clubs we have on Earth then, actually. Now, there's a column written by Earth contributors in the Sentinel, isn't there, I understand?

Michiko Clark: Yes, it's called the View from Earth and it's actually been very well received. It's primarily perspectives on Perplex City issues as seen by people from Earth, and it's really interesting to us, I guess, to see our world from somebody else's eyes. You can learn a lot about yourself that way.

Mike Mendoza: What do you actually think of Earth?

Michiko Clark: You know, it's actually interesting how similar our worlds are, and at the same time, how different they are. I guess people are very much the same no matter where you, and everybody wants to find, you know, somebody to love, and they care about their families and their homes. On the other hand, there are some big things that we find very different, for example, you have a focus on physical sports, and while we do have and enjoy physical sports, we're primarily concerned with intellectual sports, particularly with puzzle solving. For example, we're really impressed by your air travel, of all things, because while we do have the power of flight, we don't have anything like your commercial airline networks and it's just really strange to us to see that somebody could hop aboard an airplane and end up halfway around the world in just a few hours pretty much any time they wanted to.

Mike Mendoza: Mmm, that's technology I guess. Now how is it you're able to speak to us today?

Michiko Clark: Well actually, I'm not entirely certain, I'm at the Academy, the Perplex City Academy right now, and it's a very cold room with all of this really cold and imposing equipment. I don't suppose you can hear the hum from where you are?

Mike Mendoza: Very slightly I can, yes.

Michiko Clark: They tell me it makes use of the Fairway-TN effect and there are all sorts of equations, but I did very poorly in Reality Studies at academy, sort of glossed over it, so I could not begin to explain it to you myself.

Mike Mendoza: Um, are you blonde, by any chance?

Michiko Clark: Haha, no, actually, why do you ask?

Mike Mendoza: Just wondering, that's all. Now, have you - I've just noticed, I'm not silly - you've got an American

accent, but you're from another world, so why is it you have an American accent?

Michiko Clark: You know, we've actually noticed the same thing, and different municipalities in Perplex City have somewhat different local dialects, it's been fascinating to us how well many of them map to Earth dialects as well. There was a fine scholar, Ruth Coralhouse, who wrote an interesting paper on it around thirty years ago. But I'm from the Gladstone municipality, in particular.

Mike Mendoza: Actually, tell us about Ruth Coralhouse, who is she?

Michiko Clark: Ruth Coralhouse is an interesting case, she actually passed away just a few weeks ago. She was a senior fellow at the Academy in the social sciences department and an early Earthologist. She's been in the news lately because she bequeathed, I believe, 45 million Perplex City lecks to the Academy on the condition that they use the money to research how to transport her ashes to Earth. I guess she wants to have her ashes spread over the Mediterranean in Greece, did I say that right?

Mike Mendoza: Yes, yes, that's spot on.

Michiko Clark: It's a bit of a scandal because the Academy doesn't usually accept bequests with conditions attached to them; they don't want to have the appearance of being influenced by money. But they haven't really ruled yet on how to deal with this particular case, because everybody assumes they're working on how to get things to Earth anyhow. It's very strange.

Mike Mendoza: Mmm, yes. Well, I'm confused. Now, the reason we're speaking today is because of the Receda Cube (pronounced 'ree-see-DAH'). What is that?

Michiko Clark: Well, actually that would be the Receda Cube (pronounced 'rey-KAY-DA').

Mike Mendoza: Oh, Receda, sorry.

Michiko Clark: That's quite alright, and that's why we're speaking today. It's sort of a priceless cultural artifact of our, and it was stolen from the museum in the Academy about a year and a half ago. There is a reward being offered, on Earth, for its return, I believe it's 100,000.

Somehow a team of researchers at the Academy have placed it - not placed it - but they've somehow figured out that it's located somewhere on Earth now. We don't know how possibly it could have gotten there, but there is where it seems to be, and we have a company on Earth who's helping us I guess, Mind Candy is what they're called. As I understand it, they're releasing a series of puzzle cards, actually, and well that's actually another whole story.

Mike Mendoza: Okay, now you mentioned before that you may have problems with pronunciation, well, mine's even worse, because I don't speak your language as well as you speak ours. But I've noticed in the Sentinel that you give a lot of bad press, and I hope I get this name right, and I was reading it yesterday, to Sente Kiteway, and why is that?

Michiko Clark: Sente Kiteway, yes, and the reason why he gets a lot of bad press, is quite frankly, in the eyes of the Sentinel we don't think he's doing a particularly great job. Take those puzzle cards for example. There's this series of puzzle cards that are supposed to attract interest in our plight with our missing Cube and get people on Earth to help us in trying to retrieve it, obviously it's a very important object to us, and we haven't seen any visible progress on this. We hear - at the Sentinel we have a number of sources, who have leaked to us a number of printing delays, I hear now, and the memos from Mind Candy that we have seen insist that this is a very complicated project and prone to this sort of logistical problem. But quite honestly I think that if they were really taking this job seriously, if they really grasped the significance of this object to our people, then they would be doing a better job.

Mike Mendoza: Mmm hmm. Okay, now we had a Perplexian girl, her name was Scarlett Kiteway, who sounded a little like you, by the way, a couple of weeks ago. Do you actually know her?

Michiko Clark: Actually I do know her, I met her a while back, she was actually an intern at the Sentinel for a few weeks, and can you believe she came to me with this crack-brained proposal to actually write a regular column at the Sentinel. She was I believe 19 years old at the most? And it was really all flash and no real substance. She's, I'm very sure, a very sweet girl but she doesn't have the life experience to have anything interesting to say, you know what I mean?

Mike Mendoza: I know exactly what you mean, yep. Lot of people say that about my show at times, it's terrible. Now I understand you just had a major holiday, is it June 21st, how did you actually celebrate that, Solstice Day?

Michiko Clark: Yes, Solstice Day is our summer holiday. It's actually traditionally a prank holiday, where children play little jokes on their parents and perhaps get little joke gifts. There's a traditional three day gambol around the city limits, where people walk - the city limits are actually 120 miles around right now, they keep asking if we should maybe switch the gambol to four days, since when it the gambol began, the city was considerably smaller, but so far they've kept it at three. It's really a very difficult walk though.

Mike Mendoza: I can imagine.

Michiko Clark: And of course, we have Cube hunts, the most notable on the Academy grounds, where the Academy staff hide small brightly-colored cubes all around the Great Lawn on the Academy, and then children can come and search for them, it's a lot of fun!

Mike Mendoza: Ah, it does sound like fun. I should come over there sometime and try it myself! Ah, now, let's get on with some of the news you're covering in Perplex City at the moment. Tell us about Pietro Salk.

Michiko Clark: Pietro Salk, actually is, well, he was, a very close colleague of mine, and our best investigative reporter, and I'm afraid I found out just before I came to the Academy this evening that he has passed. It's a strange case though, because, basically he seemed fine when I spoke to him last Monday, and then he fell into a coma later that evening. On Wednesday he came out of it briefly and create a maze, of all things, and then collapsed into the coma again and the doctors said that his condition had significantly deteriorated. Now, these mazes are really interesting because they've led us to a few old items from his files. I just don't think it means anything because he was very diligent about keeping me posted on his work, and especially for someone who clearly wasn't operating with all of his brain, the levels get much harder after the fifth one, and we have, I guess, one person at the Sentinel who's gotten as far as level seven or eight so far, but we don't know how much there is, and we don't really know the significance of all of it. It's really a mystery to us, what all of this was

caused by and what it means?

Mike Mendoza: And who is Aiko Entrescore?

Michiko Clark: She actually is a member, it turns out, of a splinter religious group called the Reconstructionists, and she was actually arrested, I think it was last week, I'm afraid my sense of time is getting a little off-kilter, for suspicion of stealing the Cube herself. As it turns out the evidence didn't carry out that particular case, I guess. She's still under heavy suspicion that looks very bad, because she belongs to a religious group that is very happy that the Cube has gone missing. They thought that in the hands of the Academy it was always a kind of heretical state for the Cube to be in.

Mike Mendoza: Now, what's happening in the world of entertainment in Perplex City at the moment?

Michiko Clark: Well actually, the big news today is that there's a new album by Roll For Damage coming out. They started recording it some time ago, it's called Take Initiative, and we just had a release date for it, it's coming out on September 1st, and we're very excited.

Mike Mendoza: This is a rock band, isn't it?

Michiko Clark: Yes, it's a rock band, and actually they're the most famous and popular rock band in the city. I guess they might compare with, I guess, your U2, perhaps?

Mike Mendoza: Can you hum one of their songs? Uh, don't worry about that.

Michiko Clark: You don't want me to sing, trust me!

Mike Mendoza: Ah, no, I understand that. I mean, do you sing the same way as we do on Earth?

Michiko Clark: I would think so. No, we've actually listened to some of your recorded music and it's very similar in a lot of ways.

Mike Mendoza: Uh huh, so what else is happening in the world of entertainment?

Michiko Clark: Well, there's a new reality show - no, I'm sorry, a new season of the reality show The Lab that just began on Friday, and in this first episode there was

the usual toss-up over how much lab space each player got, and there was a maze challenge in which Louise Haydock did remarkably well, I guess it's from seeing all of those rats in mazes - she is herself a neuroscientist. But the interesting thing in The Lab here is Ryman Gardner, he is actually a PCAG senior player. They've never actually had a senior Games player on the show before.

Mike Mendoza: What's the PCAG?

Michiko Clark: The PCAG is the Perplex City Academy Games, and that is our biggest sport in Perplex City. It's kind of a puzzle solving competition. There are a variety of puzzles, and there's a points scoring system. Lots and lots of people play, although not many people play in the elite, professional level. We actually do quite a lot of news about the PCAG. Currently there's a new player, well, not that recent, she's been playing this year, called Gabriella Petel, and she's just managed to put in a breakaway performance, we've been very impressed with her. She didn't show that potential the last few years, so it's been very interesting.

Mike Mendoza: Uh huh. I was reading in the Sentinel the other day, a story about a singer by the name of Joya.

Michiko Clark: Yes, Joya has confused all of us. She is a very popular singer, and actually she used to be romantically linked to the singer of Roll For Damage, that rock band, Alejo Jackson, and actually she's rumored to be pregnant with his child. They broke up under really really rocky circumstances a few months ago, and she right away became engaged to her produced Horace Shockley. Now on Solstice Day she was supposed to marry Horace Shockley, and simply did not show up at her own wedding. No-one's really sure what to make of this at this point and she's secluded herself, not talking to the press, ever since they. We just don't know where it's going.

Mike Mendoza: No... and do you make babies over there the same way as we do on Earth?

Michiko Clark: I have been led to believe it is precisely the same way.

Mike Mendoza: Threecisely? Does that mean you do it three ways? Okay, now, as you probably realise, we are actually a sports station, we talk about sport, do you

have sports in Perplex City?

Michiko Clark: Well again, our primary sport is the PCAG. We do have some physical athletics, but they don't tend to get the press, if you know what I mean. We do have a controversy in the PCAG, I believe she is fourteen years old, named Myra Champaign. The PCAG recently ruled to let her start playing, even though, I guess there was an ethical question. The PCAG doesn't allow cognitive enhancing drugs in its players, because they want to ensure a fair and level playing field for people at their natural level of intellect. Now Myra is absolutely certified clean of cognitive enhancing drugs right now, but as a child she had a developmental delay of some variety and she took some cognitive enhancers for a few years to treat this symptom.

Mike Mendoza: Did you know what type of drugs they were?

Michiko Clark: No, I'm afraid I don't know exactly what drugs they were, we do have a wide array of cognitive enhancement drugs in Perplex City, with different, I guess different effects, there's some that make you more alert, that give you clearer thought, there are some that can improve your memory, some of them work very nicely and are widely available, some of them are a little more dangerous, it's, I guess it's a side-effect of intellect being so important to our society.

Mike Mendoza: Listen, it's been great talking to you Michiko, we must do it again some time and thank you for talking to Earth today, and so we will link up again soon I hope.

Michiko Clark: It's been a honour, thank you very much.

Mike Mendoza: It's been our honour, believe me, thank you for your time. All the best. That's Michiko Clark, who's editor of the Perplex City Sentinel.



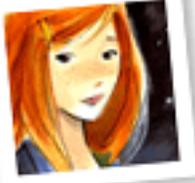
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Monday, June 27, 2005

Mutter mutter

Category: radio, 04:50 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

I can't believe that after I mentioned Michiko Clark on my blog she was so rude about me! It's not like she got the idea to appear on Earth radio from me or anything. And she called my idea about writing a column "crack-brained". She only thought it was crack-brained because I said that I might mention the news from Earth too, and the Sentinel thought that Earth was completely unimportant until they started to be able to talk to you guys!

OK, I'm not really sulking, but she could have been nicer about me. Anyway, because I am still a dedicated and loyal reporter for all my readers, here is a transcript of Michiko's interview. I've also got the original recording (4.5MB mp3) that you can listen to. I'm off to one of those Old Town history days tomorrow, so I'll let you know how I enjoy it!

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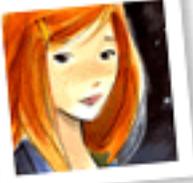
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Wednesday, June 29, 2005

Old Town History Day

Category: me, 09:15 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

Blech. Went to a history day in the Old Town yesterday. I usually love walking round the old town, and I thought it'd be really cool to go and look at all those people dressed up in old-fashioned costumes! Some of the costumes were great - old cloaks and hoods, wooden shoes, the three-barred walking sticks that you see in the old pictures, that sort of thing. But everyone was just getting so drunk on all the free beer it was really kind of gross. Literally, I saw a couple of people vomit in the street. I don't know why anyone would want to drink so much that they make themselves sick - it can't be fun, can it? It really doesn't look like fun. The streets had got so dirty with litter as well - dropped wrappers and leaflets and goodness knows what. I guess it's probably true what they say that the Old Town doesn't get the attention that the rest of the city does. It's such a shame because the buildings are really beautiful.

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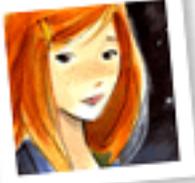
Thursday, June 30, 2005

The Scarlett Kite

[About The Scarlett Kite](#)

An article of mine

Category: me, 11:02 AM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

OK, so some of you guys asked a while ago if I could post up some of my articles from The Column here. To be honest, I didn't want to because I didn't think they were really good enough yet.... At least, not to share with people from another world!

But, Brede's just given me a new assignment (I think he's still impressed that I've been interviewed on the radio :-)) and I'm really quite proud of what I've done so far, so I thought I'd let you see! It's going to be a regular short article on Perplex City Places, reminding the readers about all the cool stuff there is to do right here in the city, which is so easy to forget when you live somewhere, you know? Everyone's all about "rural charms" and "small town life" but this city's amazing! So, here goes, my first effort, to be published next week so you get a sneak preview:

... what do you think? Is it OK?

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The Scarlett Kite

Making the point by Scarlett Kiteway

Ascendancy Point might just seem like another landmark on the horizon to many Perplex City residents. With its reputation for high-price accommodation and chic, exclusive boutiques, many people feel that it's not just the tallest building in the city, it's completely out of reach. But Ascendancy Point has a huge amount to offer the budget-conscious Perplexian; even as a student, I was able to find plenty to do and enjoy.

I started my day in the Arboretum, where the friendly staff were glad to explain their work and introduce me to some of the more exotic specimens, including various carnivorous plants which must be hand-fed. From there, I took the elevator up to the 160th floor - the apartments in the 160s are in the most expensive price bracket, and the other floors are only accessible to those who live there. But on the 160th floor is the Point's show-apartment - for those who have Lecks to burn, or just want to see the high life. The five-bedroom apartment stretches across three floors, with an open-air terrace and garden protected by high-tech buffering devices which turn the powerful winds into a gentle breeze.

The Point's famous restaurants can certainly be pricey but the Red Hot bakery offers an affordable lunch - filled rolls for only 20 Lecks. I ate mine in the waterfall-atrium on the 40th floor, along with dozens of other Point-residents. The atrium stretches five floors up; its stark architecture may not be to everyone's taste, but I found the arrangement of black and white pebbles and granite blocks to be surprisingly relaxing. The atrium is also home to a selection of black-and-white themed games - Chess, Chequers and Go, so it's the ideal place to people-watch, and perhaps even get talking to some of the players.

After lunch, I decided to take in a movie on one of the big screens on floor 78 - the screens show a variety of classics, rather than modern movies. I plumped for the '59 version of "Absalom and Tavant" with the classic cast including screen-idol Isiah Wright. It was certainly an improvement on the recent disappointing theatre performance of the play. Entry to the screens is absolutely free during the day, as are many other attractions in the Point. In fact, there was so much to do that I ran out of time before I ran out of choice - watch this space for further suggestions of days out in Ascendancy Point!





The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Tuesday, July 5, 2005

My birthday!

Category: me, 06:01 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

OK, first of all, thank you so much to all the lovely people who sent me birthday wishes and birthday cards! :-D It was so great to get them all and I'm sorry I can't respond to them individually.

For those who're interested, I eventually decided to have a birthday picnic on the beach at Alchemy Bay - I think that was the suggestion of a guy called Seej, so thank you for that! In fact, I liked it so much that I've decided to write my piece for next week about it! I'll post it up here when it's done. I also wanted to say thank you for all the sweet emails I had about my Ascendancy Point article! A couple of people have asked if I'll take requests - the answer is... ummm... well... I'll take *suggestions*, how about that? I have to run the ideas past Brede, so the final decision is his. :-)

Anyway, the picnic at Alchemy Bay was wonderful - the weather was a bit windy (some actual sand in the sandwiches) but clear and bright. The guys from the Column came, and so did Violet, Kurt, and some other friends from Marmalejo. Iona brought a cake from an exclusive boutique bakery on Dalia Way - with little red kites in icing sugar decorating the edges! My goodness, I'm twenty.

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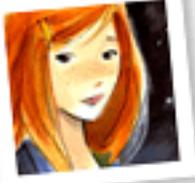
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Thursday, July 7, 2005

Alchemy's Magic

Category: me, 12:48 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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7 July 2005

9.54am

From: tor.moulden@ascendancypoint.com

To: scarlett@thescarlettkite.com

Subject: Making the point

Dear Scarlett,

One of my staff here at the Red Hot Bakery has just drawn my attention to your mention of us in your recent article in The Column. I'd like to thank you for your kind words, and also invite you back, the next time you come to the point; we're putting together a whole new selection of baked goods and we'd love you to be one of the first to try them.

All the best,

Tor

Isn't that lovely! And mmm.... free baked goods.... Anyway, here's next week's offering:

<CONTINUED>

Continued »





The Scarlett Kite

Alchemy's Magic

by Scarlett Kiteway

Those of us who have lived in Perplex City all our lives might feel that we know Alchemy Bay like the backs of our hands after years of family weekends and school outings. Can it really have anything new to offer? The answer, after my recent trip to the Bay, is a resounding yes. Alchemy Bay has spruced itself up and is now the ideal day-trip for the city-dweller longing to swap the roar of traffic for the gentler sound of the waves.

Along with a group of friends, I took a picnic to Alchemy Bay one weekend day. Remembering our childhoods, we'd been expecting a few tired beachfront shops selling icecream and overpriced buckets and spades. But no longer - we needn't have bothered with the picnic at all, given the number of excellent shops and restaurants along the front, selling everything from "catch of the day" cooked to order to selections of fruit brought in fresh from local farms. One deli - The Alchemy Bay Provisions Company - even specialises in pre-packed picnic baskets with all the essentials for a great day out, including sachets of suntan lotion!

But if you're watching your Lecks, bring along a picnic and just enjoy some of the free entertainment on offer along the beach. The magnificent views speak for themselves, and after more than 25 years of city council funding to keep the beach clean, it positively sparkles. The water is clear and perfect for snorkelling in the shallows. Along with this the Alchemy Bay Society sponsors a series of events and performances by local artists on the beach. The day I visited, I was able to take in a puppet show - *The Children in the Forest* - and listen to guitar music by a local trio. Other events have included an artist's competition, open-air concerts and beach games, including volleyball, for children and adults.

And if you get tired of all that fresh air, or get caught in unseasonable rain, why not head along to the Naval Office's Maritime Museum? You can spend time in its galleries learning about the history of sailing and shipbuilding, or just relax on one of the armchairs in the long Viewing Gallery which looks out to sea.

Varain Bay, further up the coast, may offer better waves for surfers and Cedar Beach greater opportunity for celebrity-spotting, but for an enjoyable, accessible day out you can't beat Alchemy Bay.





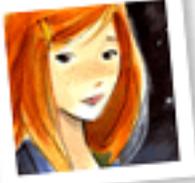
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, July 8, 2005

A secret...

Category: me, 01:26 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

OK, so I probably shouldn't post this, but who cares? I'm tired of the Sentinel writing their stupid articles criticising my dad. Particularly because I happen to know that the most recent one is completely wrong. Hah! Take that Michiko! So... I know, because my dad told me yesterday, and I don't even think it's that much of a secret, that a handful of the cards will be available today from one of the nine Cardinal stores. Apparently, Playlounge in London will have some for sale in store from 3.33pm today. So, wrong again, Sentinel!

I've asked the Mind Candy folk to try and send me a photo of the first person to buy a pack. Can't wait to see what happens!

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The Scarlett Kite

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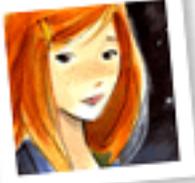
Thursday, July 14, 2005

Wired!

Category: web, 09:45 AM

Good morning all!

Here's a little article from Wired, talking about why the search for the Cube is so important :-). We think it's pretty important too!



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GAMING : GAMING REVIEWS

Perplex City Faces Reality Check

Daniel Terdiman 07.12.05

It sounds like the back story for a cheesy Keanu Reeves vehicle: The Receda Cube has been stolen from the Perplex City Academy and secreted away from the unnamed planet to Earth.

But, on July 13, people worldwide are expected to begin searching for the mysterious missing cube and the real \$200,000 prize its recovery will bring.

The hunt is at the heart of *Perplex City*, a new alternate-reality game, or ARG, and the first major effort in the category to launch as a stand-alone project rather than as a marketing tie-in to something like a video game or a movie.

And as such, many ARG observers think the game's success, or lack of it, will say a lot about the future of the genre.

"It's really important, I think, that this is a venture designed to show another way ARGs can work and reach mainstream players and build a fan base specifically for this kind of gaming, as opposed to another kind of intellectual property," said Jane McGonigal, creative designer at [4orty2wo Entertainment](#), a developer of ARGs.

Alternate-reality games have gained a lot of attention in the last year, especially with the success of *I Love Bees*, a tie-in to the blockbuster video game *Halo 2* and *The Art of the Heist*, a promotion for

The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite Friday, July 15, 2005

Photos!

Category: me, 04:42 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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A whole bunch of cool photos today! Firstly, here are some photos from PlayLounge in London, at which the first puzzle cards were sold. The man who bought the first one is called Reason. Hi!

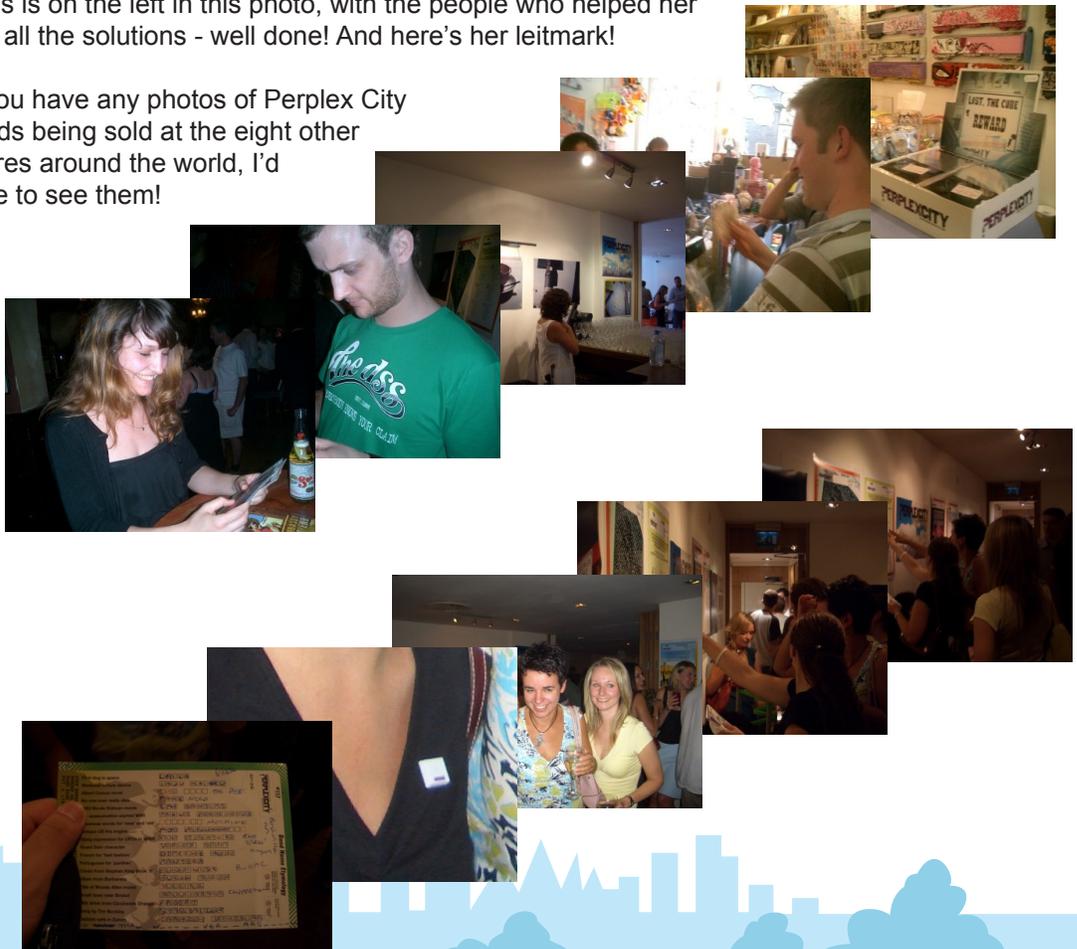
And some photos from the Mind Candy press party on Wednesday night. It sounds like it was an amazing party - I wish I could have been there. As well as being full of interesting people, they had wall posters of some of the cards, and everyone was having fun solving them together. I'm so glad you guys understand that one of the most fun parts of puzzle-solving is the teamwork!

Anyway, Mind Candy held a competition where everyone had to collect and solve lots of puzzles to win a "Playstation Portable" - a sort of games-dedicated key. In the end, a girl called Jess won the contest - she's one of the original 333 people who received that gift parcel from my dad. I guess you really deserved that leitmark! :-)

Sigh, now I really wish I'd been able to come to the party...

Jess is on the left in this photo, with the people who helped her get all the solutions - well done! And here's her leitmark!

If you have any photos of Perplex City cards being sold at the eight other stores around the world, I'd love to see them!





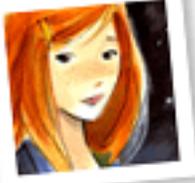
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, July 29, 2005

Decisions, decisions

Category: me, 04:40 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

So I received a Dalia Way gift certificate for my birthday - it's one of those ones which is interchangeable between lots of different stores in the same area. I went window-shopping today to decide what to spend it on... I think my mind is almost made up because I saw the most adorable little key charm in one of the boutiques - Floria. They always have the greatest stuff there, really original and cute. Anyway, they had this little charm in the shape of a bunchful of kites, like a bunch of flowers held together with a ribbon, and some of them bent over with the tail ribbons looking like leaves. I can't describe it, it was really cute. I guess a new pair of boots might be more practical, because Vi really wants hers back, but I expect she won't mind if I hold onto them for another couple of weeks....

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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Wednesday, August 3, 2005

My new article

Category: me, 06:00 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteyway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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Things have slowed down a bit at the Column, what with the summer vacation, but we're still putting out the odd edition. Here's my latest report of a jaunt around the city - my trip to Mazy Wave Court!

Amazing Wave Court

We've all been there on school trips, we've all taken pictures of the ancient frescos and spent a happy hour or two lost in one of its mazes. We've all sat through yet another lecture on "Classical Maze Design and Implementation" and, perhaps, silently cursed Mazy Wave Court for ever having been built. But is there more to Council Leader Liern's mansion than an educational day out for children and source material for historians? In the summer heat, I decided to find out.

My first impressions weren't particularly inspiring. Catering to the school holidays, Mazy Wave Court provides a range of events and puzzle trails for children - useful for parents who want to amuse their children for a few hours, not so pleasant for adults who'd like to spend an afternoon away from the hordes of children who invade the park at this time of year. The mansion itself was practically a no-go area for adults. The house was filled with children searching for those historic elements to the building we've all found in our time - the carved mark of three, the statue of Madna with his jug, the six interlinked mazes in the faces of the hexagonal chamber. These historic features are certainly worth another look, but perhaps not when 45 children are taking pictures of them.

But wandering away from the house, I found the hidden treasure of Mazy Wave Court - its gardens. As a child I remember finding the intricately-patterned gardens rather dull, and this seemed to be the opinion held by most of the young visitors to the Court last week. The main mazes were heaving with children, but the outer gardens were calm oases of tranquility. The apothecary garden, dedicated to plants, shrubs and trees which were thought to have healing properties, was wonderfully restful, even offering a discreet stall selling fresh lemonade and various old-fashioned "remedies". I don't know whether it'll achieve its original aim of "curing the skin of all inflammations and noxious dis-eases" but the strawberry cleansing cream I purchased was certainly soothing.

The furthest garden is a particular treat - it looks out onto Founders Lake, with a small jetty allowing visitors to take out rowboats or simply relax and admire the view. Though the building itself may be awash with children, the gardens secure Mazy Wave Court a very favourable verdict.



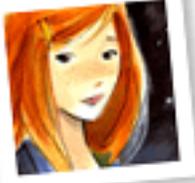
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, August 5, 2005

Back to the Sentinel!

Category: me, 10:25 AM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

OK, so... I know I said I'd never do this again, but... I'm going back to the Sentinel! Iona says they've been enjoying my pieces in The Column, so they've offered me another internship for a couple of weeks over the summer. I thought about saying no after those things that Michiko said to me, but I don't think I'll be seeing her that much anyway, and I had such a good time last year. And as I have time before the Tanraga trip, and I don't want to be hanging around the house... it just all makes sense! So, from Monday I'm back interning at the Sentinel - wish me luck

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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Monday, August 8, 2005

Lunchtime

Category: me, 04:30 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

Well, here I am back in the Sentinel offices! Taking a quick lunchbreak to update you on my day. Not that I've had much to do this morning, it's been a whole lot of saying hi to people, with them smiling and saying things like: "Great! An intern! I've been wanting someone to clean out that back store cupboard." Still, everyone's really friendly and it's great to be back on the newsfloor, hearing about all the stories before they hit the paper :-D. I just love the buzz you get from sitting in a newspaper office!

One sad thing is that I'm only sitting a few desks away from Pietro Salk's old desk. They've left it mostly as it was, although they've cleaned out his old files of course. It's so sad what happened to Pietro; I think they're planning a little Sentinel memorial service sometime soon which I'll go to. I didn't know him very well at all but I remember seeing him in the office last time I was here, and I know everyone at the Sentinel misses him very much.

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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, August 12, 2005

Last night

Category: me, 03:30 PM



Hi. A few of you had emailed me to ask if I could look for something for you, in the Sentinel offices. And last night I did. And I didn't find what I expected. And... I don't think I can carry on blogging about this. I'll be sending an email soon.

Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, August 12, 2005

I found something important

Category: story, 06:13 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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The Sentinel's a weird place to work. It's Perplex City's leading newspaper, so everyone's serious and focused, but at the same time there's an "atmosphere of trust", so it's OK to take long lunches and wander off for hours at a time. Which, I have to say, I do tend to do sometimes, being an intern. It's been kind of a dull week, all things considered, only punctuated by long lunches with friends and colleagues. Except for last night, which wasn't dull at all. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Monday was pretty standard. Iona Rodie, my friend here at the Sentinel, took me round to introduce me to the staff as the new intern. We passed by Pietro Salk's desk - he was a Sentinel reporter who died a few weeks ago. It was really sad; he was young and his death was completely unexpected, just a sudden stroke, they said. His desk has a picture of him on it now, and some flowers. It's a strange empty place in the middle of a busy office. People go quiet every time they walk past his desk.

Wednesday, my sister Violet and her friend Kurt came to see me. Kurt's one of the few other people in Perplex City to have a website that can be viewed from Earth. We love to talk about the letters we get from people on Earth and compare thoughts but on Wednesday Kurt seemed sort of rattled, which was odd. Apparently last week one of his Earth correspondents had asked him to find out what a "Reynolds ionizer" was. He drew a blank, but his key (the all-purpose sort of computer we use here) detected that a military trace was being used to find out who he was. He thought he'd blocked it, but he's been finding a couple of odd things on his key since then, which makes him think that maybe something got through and he's being tracked.

I have to say, I didn't think much about it after that. Kurt's really cool, and excellent with technology - I was sure that his key couldn't have got infected with anything too damaging. Thursday, no one came to see me :- (So I spent my lunch hour checking through some of the email *I'd* received from people on Earth. Strangely, quite a few people wanted me to go and have a look at Pietro Salk's desk, to see what I could find out about him. I guess whenever someone dies unexpectedly, you always want to know what they were like, to understand what happened. Anyway, I didn't mind, but I thought I should probably wait until everyone else had left the office.

That was the hardest part, really, staying in the building long enough to do it. I often stay until 8pm or 9pm - everyone does, it's just part of the job. When the first people left, I said I was "finishing something up". Then when a few stragglers were leaving, they kept asking what I was working on that was so urgent. I said it was schoolwork, and they rolled their eyes. At 11pm, the Sentinel's editor Michiko Clark herself wandered through the office; I think she was quietly impressed to see me still working, but she didn't say anything and I felt too guilty to say hello!

Continued »





The Scarlett Kite

But by 11.30pm the floor was silent apart from the hum of the air conditioner. I walked over to Pietro's desk. The office was eerie - the only movement was my reflection in the dark windows. I kept thinking that a security guard was going to find me, or that someone in a neighbouring office block would look over and see what I was doing. But the floor was quiet. I stood in front of the desk - there was nothing on it apart from a floral display and a big picture of Pietro, smiling. I turned the picture face down on the desk.

I sat down in his chair. That felt weird too. No one sits at this desk now. I pulled open his file drawer. It was mostly empty. A few old case files lingered at the back, for stories of his that are over and done with: Zindian Trials, Tompeka and Lode, Five of Cups. I remember that story - it's recent. A guy got murdered in his bar and they found technological equipment stashed there. I pulled the file out and opened it, but there was nothing in it. I don't mean that there was nothing interesting in it - I mean that it was empty. I didn't quite understand that. If someone had taken over Pietro's files, why hadn't they taken the file folder out as well?

I put the file folder back down on Pietro's desk and stared at my reflection in the window. Nothing seemed to make sense, and I'd wasted a perfectly good evening searching through a dead man's desk. I felt ashamed of myself. I went to put the file back in the file drawer, to leave everything as I found it. Which was when I noticed something. A tiny note written in pencil but definitely in Pietro Salk's handwriting. On the back of the file folder, just by the metal hanging rod. It said this:

Reynolds ionizers. Viendenbourg.





The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, August 19, 2005

Oops!

Category: print, 05:11 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

It's been a while since I've updated! With working at the Sentinel, everything in my life has got a bit... busy. It seems like I don't have any time to myself at all anymore. But, to keep up with the Earth media, here's an article from Der Spiegel. I'm glad they've noticed that Perplex City lives!

In other news, Brede, who I work with on The Column, asked me out this week! On a proper date, not just a friends thing. I've had a bit of a crush on him for a little while now, and I didn't think he'd ever notice me... :-D. It's a bit weird, because we're going away to Tanraga with another couple of friends in a few weeks time, but I think it'll be really great! Wheeeeeee! Vacation and new guy in my life!

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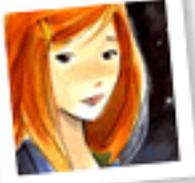
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Monday, August 22, 2005

it's getting more mysterious...

Category: story, 08:55 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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Viendenbourg.

I stared at the file for a few minutes, just to convince myself that the faint pencil note was really there. Reynolds ionizers. Viendenbourg. The word meant nothing to me, but I jotted it down on a scrap of paper, and then carefully put the file back in Pietro's desk drawer, where I'd found it. I left the office, smiling at the security guard on duty downstairs, feeling like I had the biggest secret in the world burning a hole in my brain. Pietro must have done research into Reynolds ionizers, must have found out more than that they're just "military tech". This was a lead.

Of course, the first thing I did when I got home was to check my key for anything about Viendenbourg. Nothing. It's not the name of a person, it's not the name of a place, it's not the name of a company. I thought of putting out a request for information in a tech chatroom, but that seemed like it'd draw too much attention to me. I'd have to be more sneaky.

I had a long think the next day. Clearly, I was looking for something that had *some* link to military technology. So perhaps someone who knew about military technology could help me. My key hadn't brought up any matches for the name Viendenbourg, but someone out there in the city must know what it meant. Unless, of course, Pietro Salk had just made it up. But something about the simple fact that I couldn't find any information on the word Viendenbourg convinced me that wasn't the case. If it were just a random word there'd be something, somewhere. This felt like a cover-up.

So I put on my walking shoes (in fact my sister Violet's stylish black leather kneeboots :-)) and went out to visit the Museum of Perplex City where I know they keep a lot of military records. I figured maybe Viendenbourg might be the name of some old general - something that someone might tell me if I wasn't asking about Reynolds ionizers in the same breath.

I love the Museum. It's clean and white, with high ceilings and lots of light. They have a special room dedicated to the military archives and there were about 20 people each sitting quietly next to a box full of old papers, looking through documents. I was the youngest person there by probably 40 years! I guess there are a lot of older people researching their family histories. One white-haired man was looking through a box of papers dated 5BC with tears rolling down his cheeks. Military history must make moving reading.

I asked one of the research assistants if she could help me find out anything about Viendenbourg. She was around 80 or 90 years old - lots of older people volunteer as docents and advisors at the museum. She was very sweet, but completely useless. She checked the museum key system but found nothing, so we went meticulously through every record in her physical index system. I felt terrible, because we were talking pretty loudly and the room was really quiet. Everyone must have heard what we were saying.

Continued »



The Scarlett Kite

After about an hour, we'd exhausted the physical records and it didn't look as if we'd got anywhere. So I thanked her for her time, and she started to put the records away. As she walked off, I started to gather my belongings together, so didn't notice the old man from the 5BC box until he was right next to me. Up close, he didn't look as old as I'd thought - maybe only 60. His eyes were very pale blue, translucent as if their colour had been worn away over the years.

He said: "I think you dropped this" and put a tiny data-button into my hand.

"Oh no, I didn't have one."

The elderly man looked up. The research assistant came closer. He closed my fingers over the data-button and smiled:

"Yes," he said, "I think it belongs to you."

And as I was standing there, puzzled, he walked off. Surprisingly fast for an old man.

I have to confess, I thought he must have put his contact details onto that button, or some weird key virus, so I wasn't in a hurry to open it up. When I got home, I set up an "airlock" function to protect my data and opened it up. But it wasn't some old man's details, but a map. Of an area near the Tanraga mountains. With what looked like a small village marked with an x, and a little, scribbled note. "Viendenbourg. Before everything changed."





The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Wednesday, August 24, 2005

A sad day

Category: me, 02:28 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

The Sentinel had a service this morning to commemorate one of their reporters who died a little while ago - Pietro Salk. I didn't really know him; I met him a few times last time I was interning at the Sentinel, we had lunch together sometimes among a group of people. It was a really lovely service, held in the Sentinel building's atrium, where people just walked up to the microphone to share their memories of working with Pietro. I didn't have anything much to say - I just said a couple of words about how I remember that Pietro would make a point to pick up Julian Blooms for his wife on Fridays, when the ones he grew himself didn't meet his exacting standards. I always found that so sweet - I could tell just by the time he took choosing those flowers how in love he was with his wife.

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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, August 26, 2005

my investigations continue

Category: story, 02:45 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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Viendenbourg. Everything keeps coming back to that name. First, a mysterious note written in pencil on the back of a dead man's file. Now, a name scribbled on a map given to me by a stranger in a museum. Things are just getting weirder and weirder.

Of course, the first thing I did was to go back to the museum, to try to find that old man again. The very next day, I went back and asked around. The lady in the military archive room said she'd seen him a couple of times before, and that he uses *paper* ID, rather than using a key. She didn't seem that surprised, said a lot of the older people prefer to use paper ID. She thought his name was Peter something - not very helpful. She wouldn't look it up for me, and she wouldn't tell me what he'd been examining. I was about to leave, frustrated. Then I had a brainwave.

I said: "I saw he was looking at a box labelled 5BC; it must be a very moving set of material." And she said: "Oh yes, he cries every time he looks at it." And then she put her hand to her mouth, as if she shouldn't have said anything. I checked on the military archive database; there are 7,968 boxes for 5BC, so that doesn't get me very far, but at least it's something.

On the way home, I stopped at a map store. I'm going on vacation soon with my friends Margot and Sanj and... my boyfriend Brede! We've only just started going out, so I'm still a bit overexcited. He's great, so kind and sweet. I worried it might be a bit weird going on vacation together now that we've started dating, but I think it'll be fine. Anyway, I'd promised the guys that I'd get maps for our trip to Tanraga, so I bought the most detailed, most close-up ones I could; downloads for my key as well as paper maps. The map the old guy had put onto that data button wasn't the most accurate in the world, just a sketch-map really, but he'd put in a few key landmarks: the Grey Towers, Veldet Lake, Iskara Peak, the Sunken Island, so I thought I could probably work out where Viendenbourg might be on an up-to-date map.

As I walked home, I thought about what all this could mean. Obviously that guy in the archives was doing historical research, so he probably knows all about old place names. Maybe he wanted to tell me where Viendenbourg was, but didn't want to get into conversation with me, or talk to the archivist. Maybe he was just being old-fashioned and charming. But I couldn't help having a prickling feeling at the back of my neck. Maybe he knew I'd be there. Maybe he'd been waiting for me, or for someone, to come round asking about Viendenbourg. How did I know the information he'd given me was accurate, anyway? Maybe he was just some mad old guy who heard me saying this weird word and made up an explanation for it. How could a whole place be forgotten anyway? If Viendenbourg was the name of a village, even an old name, why wouldn't it be in the records?

Continued »





The Scarlett Kite

When I got home, I looked carefully at the map the man in the archive room had given me. Viendenbourg. It's in what looks like a deep mountain ravine, with a small lake to the north. North of Iskara Peak, to the west of Veldet Lake, almost surrounded by the spiky range of the Grey Towers. It's not a place you'd really go to on vacation - Veldet is beautiful and lush, Iskara is magnificent but the Grey Towers are bleak - stunning from a distance but no fun to hike - just miles and miles of shifting shale. I mean, people go there, but not *many* people. And this place is right in the middle of them. You wouldn't even get a good view! Still, it was pretty well identified on this map.

So, I brought up my up-to-date maps and overlaid them, matching peak to peak, ragged lake shore to lake shore, slowly bringing the two maps into line with each other. And I looked. And there, on my modern map, where a village called Viendenbourg should be there was... nothing. No ravine. No small lake. No village. Nothing.



Friday, September 2, 2005

About The Scarlett Kite

I'm setting off for Viendenbourg

Category: story, 10:29 AM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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I'm setting off for Tanraga tonight. It's all happened so quickly - my friends Margot and Sanj have made the final arrangements for the accommodation, my boyfriend Brede has finalised our itinerary - when we'll be taking the train, and when we'll be walking. And tonight I'll be on that train heading out west. I love trains; there's an old-world elegance about them. The ones that accompany the Tanraga walking tours are fitted out in the original style of 300 years ago; they have sleeper compartments and dark velvet seats and tiny bathrooms fitted out in brass and chrome. Beautiful. So tonight the four of us take the midnight train. It's scary and exciting. For me more than for my friends.

I haven't told them about Viendenbourg. I'm not sure why, except maybe that it sounds so crazy that I wouldn't know where to start. I've said I might want to take a detour. I'm not sure I really want to do that either. Of course, my friends said: a detour? Is it somewhere cool? Can we come too? And I couldn't tell them. I pointed in the general area on the map, told them I had a history project that had to do with that location. They looked at me strangely. Brede said: "what history project?" And I said the first thing that came into my head: "Family history." It must have been obvious that I didn't want to talk about it anymore, because they all went quiet. Maybe they think I have some terrible family secret.

In the past week, I've been trying to find out more about Viendenbourg, or Reynolds ionizers. Viendenbourg brings up nothing, literally *nothing* on any kind of search I try. I've been to five different libraries around the city, and I've even asked my sister Violet to do a search in the Academy library where she works. Nothing. She says she's going to keep looking while I'm away, though. About 30% of the Academy's material is still in hard-copy only. Maybe she'll find some clues.

Perhaps the only other lead is Kurt's key. I haven't told him what I'm doing, but I asked him, as if it was nothing important, whether he'd managed to solve the problems he'd been having with his key. He said he had to dismantle the system to get rid of the embedded programmes of the military trace. And while he was doing that, he managed to make them spit out a location code. It's a military code, so it doesn't give much location information, but he said the general area is: Tanraga. Of course the Tanraga area covers hundreds of square miles. Still, it makes me feel like I'm going to the right place. Or maybe the wrong place.

There is one other thing. I had a farewell dinner with my dad and Violet last night. I didn't bring Brede - not after the last time when Vi and my dad had a big argument, but actually it was nice, just the three of us, like when Vi and I were children. Vi was heading out to poker afterwards, and wanted to arrange to meet Kurt for a drink, but she had to call him on his temporary key, because he's been having all these problems. She told my dad the whole story, about how Kurt had been looking for Reynolds Ionizers, and been stung by a military trace and wasn't that a disgrace? My dad just went really quiet, and after a few moments he said: "Tell Kurt to keep his mind on his job. That's my advice. Tell him to get a new key, and stop worrying about any 'military trace'."

And he gave Violet one of his "I'm serious about this" looks.

I don't know what that means. Maybe nothing. But maybe soon I'll find out. My rucksack is all packed, waiting on the floor of my bedroom. And tonight I'll be taking the train.



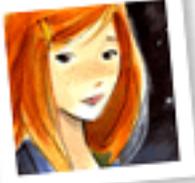
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, September 2, 2005

Vacation time!

Category: me, 06:22 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

Hey! Just want to let you all know that I'm off on vacation tonight! I'm going on a six-week train/hiking trip to the Tanraga mountain region with my friends Margot and Sanj and my boyfriend Brede :-D. It's supposed to be incredibly beautiful there - I'm just so looking forward to it!

Just before I go though, I promised my dad I'd let you all know about this puzzle. Apparently the people at Mind Candy wrote it so it's not too difficult - just a bit of fun :-).

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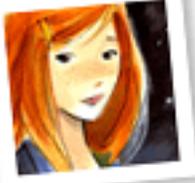
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Wednesday, September 7, 2005

Cubefest!

Category: me, 07:15 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

I just had a message from the guys at Mind Candy that they'd like me to pass on. This week there is going to be the first ever Cubefest in London! It'll be at The Ha Ha Bar, Villiers Street, London on Saturday 10th September and starts at 2pm. Lots of the guys from Mind Candy are going to be there, there'll be a Mind Candy-sponsored buffet, and everyone's welcome! I think there's a website for the event on its way - I'll let you know when it's ready. Sounds like it's going to be a great time. Sigh, another party I can't go to....

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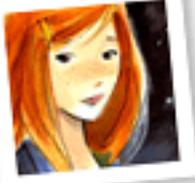
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Thursday, September 8, 2005

More cool stuff :-D

Category: me, 10:38 AM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

Another cool piece of news from Mind Candy :-). They want to get more people from Earth involved in the search for the Cube (naturally!) so they have a clever idea - they're going to give away some cards to you guys who read my blog, so that you can put them in interesting locations where they might be found. You know, leave them on tables in cafes, on the train, in your school or library.... I'm sure you can come up with some better ideas than that! So, the people who email me with their addresses and the best ideas for where they're going to put the cards will receive a package, free, to distribute. Mind Candy will only send out a package to one person in each city, though, so you'd better be original! Looking forward to hearing your crazy, creative ideas! :-D

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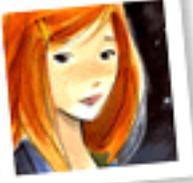
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, September 9, 2005

I'm travelling to the mountains.

Category: story, 12:24 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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We've been travelling for a week now, but we haven't got very far. It's all in the plan - we stopped over for three nights at Elmness, to see the artiak migrations at the waterfall. And a night at Brede's aunt in Peterfitch for berry-picking and general rustic charm. We spent all day picking - and when the juiciest berries seemed just out of reach, I sat on Brede's shoulders to get them. It's been so great just to spend time together, having fun. Still, we've had three nights on the train in the past week, and four solid days staring out of the window at the scenery passing by, getting less and less inhabited, further and further away from home. I like the feeling: a combination of desolate and cosy. Outside are miles of wooded forest, punctuated by the occasional small village or town. Inside I'm sitting in my comfy window seat with my guy next to me, feet curled under me, sometimes reading but mostly just staring out. This is now officially the furthest I've ever been from the City. It feels weird. I'm not out of key range or anything, but just... I feel like I'm out of range of myself somehow. Like all that stuff that happened in the City was just a dream.

It wasn't, though. I haven't said anything to Brede, but I think someone might be following us. The night before last, at about 2am, someone tried the handle of our door. I know it could have been a train official - although I can't think why they would - or someone mistaking their room in the dark, but I don't think so. The handle turned really slowly, as if whoever was on the other side knew we'd be asleep in there and was trying not to wake us. I was awake, looking at the stars flying by out of the window, but Brede was asleep, he didn't see. I can't stop thinking about it though, that handle turning so slowly. Luckily, we lock the door at night. When the door didn't open, the handle was raised again, very slowly.

And then, today, when we came back to our compartment, after spending a couple of hours sitting in the restaurant, I was sure that my belongings were out of order. It's nothing anyone else would notice, but my sweaters were less neatly arranged than I'd do myself. (My sister Violet would laugh if she saw me write that, but I like to be tidy when I travel.) I've kept everything about this Viendenbourg mission on my key, though, and I always keep my key with me, so if someone was trying to find out what I've been doing, they wouldn't have found anything. I let out a little noise when I saw the disorder. Brede said:

"Is something wrong? Are you OK?"

Because he worries about me like that.

But I couldn't tell him. He'd think I was crazy.

And even more so, I can't tell him the thing I think I saw a few moments later. The trains are arranged in compartments, with a corridor to one side running down the length of the whole train, and a window in the door at the end of each corridor. This means that if you stand in the right place you can almost see down the whole train from the corridor outside your compartment. As long as there's no one standing in the way, of course. As soon as I saw that my sweaters had been moved, I went out into the corridor to see if I could see anyone nearby. I don't know, maybe I'm just paranoid. But I'm pretty sure I saw the figure of a tallish man with white hair walking away, three or four carriages further down. He turned and walked into a compartment, seemed to be saying something to someone inside. And, I'm almost sure, as he walked inside, he turned his head slightly and saw me, seeing him.

The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Tuesday, September 13, 2005

Cubefest report

Category: me, 07:13 PM



Sounds like the Cubefest was a great success! I had an email from "European Chris" to tell me all about it. He said: "The day was lovely and everyone else who is trying to find the cube are outstandingly nice people." Doesn't surprise me to hear that all the Cube-hunters are lovely people! The guys from Mind Candy also sent me over this great photo of Katie, who at 7 years old is our youngest Cube-seeker so far! Hi Katie!

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Katie, our youngest Cube-seeker

Have to go now; we're about to set off on a quick wildlife-hike at dusk. So exciting :-).



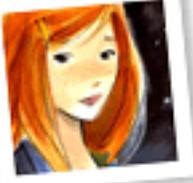
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, September 16, 2005

How our holiday is set up

Category: story, 12:13 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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We've been travelling for two weeks now and I realise I haven't properly explained how our holiday works, or shown you a map or anything. I can't send a map over, but I've loaded up a quick one on my website at <http://www.thescarlettkite.com/hikemap.jpg> for you to have a look. It's quite cunning, really - the idea is basically that you hike from one pre-designated rail stop to the next, and then take the train through to the next part of your hike. A lot of students do this sort of travelling; you take a tent with you to sleep in during the hike, and then have a couple of days on the train to rest before the next leg of the journey. The train company even take on your extra bags to your next stop for you. Our journey goes in a wide loop, so that it's not much further to come back than it was to go. We're planning to make five hiking trips with rail journeys in between. Number 4 takes us closest to Viendenbourg. It won't be easy to make it there and back in time to get the train, but I'm more curious than ever.

In any case, this has been our first week of proper hiking (Hike 1) - and my feet are sore! It's been great though. We've seen some amazing places - we took the Absent Woods path, walked through the Wentome Hills and saw the seven-tiered waterfall at Amanra. We even took a dip in the pool at the base of the waterfall. It's been a wonderful week - I'm so glad we came. There's a thing that happens when you're walking all day - your mind slows down, your thoughts become clearer, everything seems to pop into focus. So I think I was just a bit stir crazy last week, imagining that someone had been going through my stuff or trying the door. I was just trying to see conspiracies at every turn, but I'm feeling a lot sunnier now!

The other great thing about a long trip like this is the people you meet. This kind of trip is popular with students, so there have been a few people taking the same route as us. We've met up with a party of six students from the University (I didn't mention that my dad's the head of the Academy - those University people can get a bit touchy!), a honeymooning couple and a guy named Allain who's travelling by himself. Allain's pretty cool, actually. He's shy and keeps quiet a lot, but he knows a lot about botany and geography - we walked with him for a couple of days and he told us about the way this area's ecology had developed, the kind of plants you find here. When Sanj got stung by some hoare-ivy, Allain climbed a tree to get some berries for him to rub on it which took the pain away. Cool, huh? If I wasn't dating Brede I think I'd be interested in Allain. I think Margot's pretty into him ;-).

Anyway, Allain's travelling on the same train as us right now. Yesterday night, a bunch of us all had dinner together - me and Brede, Sanj, Margot, the guys from the University and Allain too. It got quite late - one by one everyone else went to bed so it was just me, Allain and Brede.

Allain seemed more comfortable talking when it was just the three of us. We discussed our itineraries. Amazingly, he's taking almost the same journey as us, with the same stops and treks. Except that, on that fourth journey, he's planning to spend longer than us. "Yeah," he said, "I've got a little private excursion I want to make. Off the beaten track." Brede said: "Why, where are you going?"

Allain ran his hand through his hair, looked down at the table and then back up at us. "I know this sounds crazy," he said, "but I'm going to a place I'm not even sure exists - Viendenbourg."



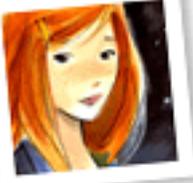
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, September 23, 2005

Allain tells me more about Viendenbourg

Category: story, 12:16 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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I couldn't believe it. Allain was going to the same mysterious location as me!

I must have jumped in my seat when he said the word Viendenbourg, because Brede said "What's up, honey? Is everything OK?" I told him I was fine; I was longing to ask Allain what he knew about Viendenbourg, why he was going there, how he'd found out the name, but I didn't want to seem too curious. Luckily for me, Brede was interested as well.

He said: "What do you mean, you're not sure it exists?" Allain smiled and looked down at his hands.

"I know, it sounds pretty insane doesn't it? The thing is," he leaned forward, "you know I'm a student at Edyta College?" We nodded. Edyta College is fairly prestigious - it's a rival school to Marmalejo where Brede and I study. "And I guess you must be able to tell that I'm interested in a lot of different subjects, right?" We nodded again. "It's almost a problem, actually. I'm supposed to choose a subject of special interest next year, but I haven't been able to. Anyway a few months ago, among all these other projects, I got interested in studying the history of, you know, the war."

Brede and I both breathed in sharply. We knew about the war, of course. Everyone does. But it's not something you talk about. It's a dark part of our city's past - we've moved on. "I can't explain it," said Allain, "I was drawn to find out more. I even started reading through some of the material in the military archives. It was there that I first heard about Viendenbourg." Brede and I were very quiet now. "You know that material, it's mostly, well, fragments. So much knowledge has been lost from that time, even the technological developments of the final 50 years are mostly gone. And no one wants to try to retrieve them."

Brede shifted in his seat. I could tell this conversation was making him uncomfortable. What Allain said was true - everyone knows that technological advances were made during the war, but given where they led, no one wants to try to get them back. "I know that's what everyone thinks," Allain continued, "but the more I looked at those fragments the more amazed I was. From the documents, they had AIs far in advance of our own, and medical and health developments that were just... astonishing. I decided to try to piece some of that knowledge back together."

Suddenly, Brede stood up. His face was pale. He looked calm, but determined. "I'm very tired," he said, "I think I'll go to bed. Are you coming, Scarlett?" I looked at him. I knew why he was leaving. A lot of people feel like Brede does about the past - best left forgotten. You can't move forward while looking back. But I had to know about Viendenbourg.

"In a few minutes," I said. Brede looked at me. He said nothing, turned and walked toward our carriage. Allain and I looked at Brede's receding back, and then back to each other. There was a little pause, then he continued.

Continued »



The Scarlett Kite

“I worked in the military archives for weeks, piecing together records, trying to make some sense of formulae and notes. Sometimes a hint of meaning would seem to be within my grasp, but then it dissolved again. I felt I was getting nowhere. And then, one day, an old man with white hair came up to my desk. He said: ‘I see you’ve been working on ancient technology.’ I nodded. He said: ‘You’ll never get anywhere with those old notes. You need the originals.’ I smiled and told him that the originals had been lost centuries earlier. He looked at me, and then handed me a data button and said: ‘I think you dropped this’.”

He told me the rest of the story, but I felt that I’d heard it already. Allain had also received a map showing Viendenbourg, he’d also compared it to modern maps and found that there was nothing there. And now he was also travelling to Viendenbourg. There was a long silence after he finished. I had to make a decision, but I felt it had almost been made for me. Perhaps it was stupid of me, but I felt I wanted to trust him, at least as much as he’d trusted me. I said: “I also met that man in the archives. He gave me a map of Viendenbourg. And I’m going there too. And there’s something else... I think I’ve seen that man on this train. I think he’s here.” And I stood up, said goodnight, and went to bed.

That was a week ago now. I’ve spent the past week trying to make things up with Brede. We’ve walked through some of the most beautiful places there are, but sometimes, as we’re walking, I catch him looking at me strangely. As if he didn’t know me at all. I can’t explain it to him. I thought of trying to tell him the whole thing but somehow, now that it’s linked to Allain, I don’t feel I can. We haven’t talked about it. We haven’t seen Allain this whole week of walking but today we reached the train again. While Brede was getting our luggage, I sneaked a look at the passenger manifest and found out which compartment Allain is in. And about an hour ago I went along there to talk to him.

As I reached the carriage, I heard raised voices. Or, at least, one raised voice. It was Allain, shouting. It was as though he was talking to himself, although he paused occasionally. He was shouting: “You should never have told her! You should never have trusted her! Now she’ll find out everything!”





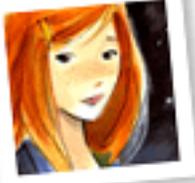
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, September 23, 2005

Cards competition

Category: me, 05:13 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

Thanks so much, everyone, for all your email with such fun ideas for spreading puzzle cards around on Earth! The response has been so overwhelming, it was hard to pick among them. It's been so much fun reading these on my long train journeys. :-)

I've selected the best ideas and sent them on to the guys at Mind Candy. Parcels should be winging their way around the world to the winners in the next few days. Of course, if you get up to any adventures while distributing these I'd really love to hear about it - and given your crazy ideas, I'm sure there will be plenty of adventures to be had!

But remember that Mind Candy can only send packs to people who've sent me their address, so if you haven't done so yet, you'd better send your address over quickly

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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, September 30, 2005

A chat with Margot

Category: story, 05:15 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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I'm not sending this out in email this week because I'm having some problems with my key. I'm so sorry!

It's been a weird week. I should be just enjoying my vacation, chilling out, spending time with my boyfriend, but instead I find myself constantly thinking and wondering about this guy I've met, Allain. Even Margot and Sanj, who haven't heard any of our arguments, wonder if there's something wrong between me and Brede. Yesterday, while we were walking through Slead Forest - it's amazing, there are vines there so huge and tall they look like trees - Margot pretended to have a stone in her shoe so the two of us would fall behind a bit. When Brede and Sanj were a little way in front of us, she said:

"Look, Scarlett, is everything OK with you and Brede?"

I said everything was fine.

She looked at me and said: "Is it about that detour you want to make? The family history thing? Sanj and I will go with you if Brede's being funny about it."

I shook my head.

"Everything's fine, Margot. Seriously."

She looked at me, tipping her head to the side.

"Sanj said that Brede thinks you're interested in that guy we met - Allain. Are you?"

I laughed, shook my head, and marched quickly to join the boys. Margot still looks at me funny, though.

So now I'm being extra careful not to seem to speak to Allain more than anyone else. Still, after what I heard last week, I felt I had to confront him and ask him who he'd been talking to in his compartment. He'd said he was travelling alone - has he brought a girlfriend with him? Someone else?

I saw him again as we were getting ready to board the train last night. He wasn't looking any different to normal - still tall, a little dishevelled, with dark hair and a slightly suspicious air. But no more suspicious than usual. When Brede went to freshen up, I grabbed Allain and pulled him into a corner of the platform. I don't know if Margot or Sanj saw what I was doing. Allain seemed pleased to see me but I realised I was angry. Had I alienated my friends, not to mention my *boyfriend* because of this man only to find out he was lying to me?

"Who are you travelling with?" I said.

He blinked at me. "No one. I'm travelling alone."

I felt sure he was lying.

"Then why were you shouting in your compartment last week? Having an argument? I heard you. You told someone they 'shouldn't have trusted her,' you were angry."

He blinked again. "You heard that?"

"Yes."

He ran his hand through his hair and looked at me. I noticed that his eyes were pale blue. He seemed so sincere.

Continued »



The Scarlett Kite

He said: "I talk to myself sometimes. That's all it was. I don't know. I've been working on this thing by myself for so long that I think I'm going a bit crazy. I didn't know whether I should have trusted you or not, told you about Viendenbourg. I was shouting at myself."

I must still have looked pretty unconvinced.

"Look," he said, "we can't talk now, but I've decided I was wrong. I should trust you. And I have something to show you - I think there's more information on my data button than I thought, perhaps a secret hidden file. Come to my compartment when you can get away."

He told me his compartment number and squeezed my arm. Then he turned and walked away.

I know, in my heart, that I should stop this now. I know that I should forget any of this ever happened. Next time the train stops, we'll be as close to Viendenbourg as we'll ever be, but I should forget that and just carry on with our regular trip. I should ignore Allain every time I meet him. I should go back to my life. But instead of all of that I went to his compartment last night. I waited until Brede was asleep, I put on my robe and I crept out of our carriage, down the train to where Allain had told me he was. I was tired. It was late. Probably my eyes were playing tricks on me. But as I was walking down, when I was a carriage away from Allain's compartment, I was sure, completely *sure* that I saw an old man, with white hair, come out of his compartment. Not just any old man, but the old man I met in the library all those weeks ago. The old man who told me about Viendenbourg. I stood still. I couldn't quite believe what I was seeing. But I was sure. It was him. Even the very fast walk, as he sped away and out of the carriage.

In a daze, I walked down to Allain's compartment. I knocked on the door but there was no answer.





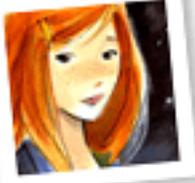
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Monday, October 3, 2005

Try your luck

Category: tv, 04:50 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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BBC

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Salary is dependent on experience but £25k-£40k is a rough guide. The role is preferably full-time but we will happily consider freelancers.

If you are interested in applying or would like further details please email your CV to headhunters@bbc.co.uk.



The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Monday, October 3, 2005



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

The train has stopped

Category: story, 05:12 PM

I've only got a few moments to write this - Brede is packing up our few final things. I told him that I was sending a quick note to my family before we set off hiking. This really is a distant region, we might even be out of range for full key functionality for a day or so. And we're going to Viendenbourg. At least, *I* know that's where we're going, but I haven't told Brede, Margot or Sanj what it is. I've just muttered the family history thing and said it's supposed to be beautiful. They don't mind, we've rearranged our train tickets to give us a little extra time. I think Margot and Sanj anyway think that I'm acting so weirdly that they'd better just humour me. I don't know what Brede thinks at all. I feel guilty all the time for not just telling him the truth. And there's the other thing, another reason that he's gone all silent. Allain is coming with us. Or at least, we're all heading in the same direction, so it seemed simplest, and safest, for us to travel together. None of us seem particularly happy about that. I don't know if I can trust him, but I figure nothing much can go wrong if I have three friends with me. Anyway, that's the plan.

Brede is waving at me - I have to go! The next time I write, I'll have been to Viendenbourg!

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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, October 7, 2005

Viendenbourg

Category: story, 03:58 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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I'm writing this from a hospital bed. We've been taken to a facility in the Tanraga mountains and I... everything's so confused. The last few days are a blur. More than a blur, I don't remember... I just don't know where to start. Maybe the best thing is to start from what I know I remember. From where I'm sure. There's not much I'm sure of.

When I last wrote to you, we were setting off to Viendenbourg. I remember that. I remember writing it. It seems longer ago than just a few days. We packed up our kit and set off on the trail. We'd calculated it'd be about two and a half days' hike out to the place where Viendenbourg ought to be, so we'd hit it at about lunchtime on the third day.

The first day was fine, uneventful. There had been some showers the previous night, but the skies had cleared. We all seemed a bit clearer too, now that we were actually on our way. I walked with Brede, Margot and Sanj walked with Allain. We were just five friends enjoying a hike. That was the first day. I remember it.

I remember the second day, too. That was when I started to realise that everything wasn't quite as it seemed. It was at the end of the day's hiking. We'd come through some densely wooded terrain and out into a plain where we'd camp for the night. We all had our jobs to do. I went to gather firewood so that I could make the fire. Margot and Sanj arranged the camp. Allain was helping Brede set up the tents. That was when it happened.

Allain was putting in tent pegs. I'd been to gather firewood and walked to the camp from the back, coming up through some trees close behind him. I stopped for a moment to rest. He didn't know he was being watched. Perhaps that's how I saw it, through both of us being off our guards. He was swinging his mallet down onto the tent pegs with such concentration, lifting it high and bringing it down hard. And I found myself thinking: "so strong, for an old man". And I saw it then. It must be. Allain has the same gait, the same height, the same pale blue eyes as the old man I met in the library all those weeks ago. I knew, just knew, that they were the same person. That Allain must have disguised himself, for some reason, to talk to me. That he's still doing it now. I only knew I'd dropped the firewood when Sanj ran over to see what was wrong.

I watched him all that evening, while we ate our dinner and sat round the campfire talking. I couldn't get away from the others to talk to Allain. But I watched him and I knew that I was right - his eyes were the old man's eyes.

The next day, we set off early. We didn't know what we'd find at Viendenbourg. On the map it was barren, not even any trees. We thought we'd have to come back to the forest edge to make camp. I remember walking and the sun was so bright, amazingly bright, glaring. Maybe that's just in my memory and not real at all. I only have fragments, shards of information. I think I was confused then, but perhaps that's because I'm confused now. The morning dissolves into trees thinning into nothing, and mountains growing closer and I remember... I remember a conversation with Allain. I remember walking and falling behind in step with him. I remember taking his arm and whispering urgently.

Continued »



The Scarlett Kite

I said: "I know it was you. In the military archive that day. I know that was you. Disguised, or something. You tricked me! To get me to come here - you made me come here!"

I remember he looked at me with his pale blue eyes.

He seems calm, in my memory.

In my memory he says: "No, I didn't, that's not how it is."

I don't think I believe him.

I'm getting so tired now. I don't know if this makes any sense. I'm just trying to... put it all together. It doesn't make sense to me either. I remember Viendenbourg, a shape on the horizon. I remember Brede, trying to... do something? Say something? I'm sorry, I'm so sorry I can't make more sense than this. I remember being injured (but was that in my mind? or where do I hurt?) and I remember Brede trying to help me, and then... I don't know.

I have to go now. They say I ought to sleep. Please don't tell anyone else what I've told you. I'll write again when I can.





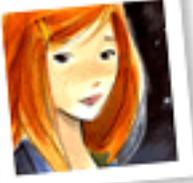
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, October 14, 2005

Stuck in hospital

Category: story, 04:33 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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OK. I'm sorry about that message last week. I must have sounded so confused - I think the people at the hospital had given me something to help me sleep, and in any case I was pretty out of it. Thank you all so much for not contacting my family; I've told them all they need to know - that I'm OK and that nothing's seriously wrong. Thank you for realising that I'm an adult and can make these decisions myself. Strangely, I did get a call from Iona at the Sentinel saying they'd had some tip-off that I was hurt, but I was able to reassure her that it was nothing serious. I guess journalists really do get to hear everything!

Anyway, I'm doing better now. I'm not even really hurt, just a few scrapes and bruises. Margot and Sanj are the same: just minor bumps and scratches. It's Brede who's seriously injured. And Allain is, well... Allain's missing.

The truth is I really don't remember a lot of what happened at Viendenbourg. I don't even have a proper impression of the place. That might be the drugs, or the shock, or... I don't know. I think I remember a building: long, grey, low-slung. And a sound... a whining hum, like machinery. I could have dreamed it - I've spent quite a bit of time sleeping and they say the drugs make the dreams very vivid - but it seems more real than that. I've spoken to Margot and Sanj - they remember even less than I do. They just remember walking and then... nothing. Nothing until the rescue guys found us.

We were at the bottom of a steep slope, they say. The four of us. Allain wasn't there, not anywhere. But Brede, Margot, Sanj and I were huddled at the base of a ravine. There were marks all down the slope to show where we'd fallen. The rescue guys said it happens pretty often in this area - people come off the track, get lost, it gets dark, they miss their footing and fall. I don't remember any of that, none of us do. We don't remember walking in the dark or getting lost or falling. But the rescue guys said we were lucky. Brede's key has emergency distress beacon which goes off automatically if it senses he's been injured. If it hadn't been for that... well we probably wouldn't have died, but we might have been a lot worse off before they found us. The hospital staff couldn't understand how we'd been hiking so late in the day only wearing our T-shirts and shorts, with our warm clothes still in our backpacks. And they don't know how what happened to Brede happened.

Brede's leg has been smashed. His right leg. They say it looks like someone hit it, repeatedly, with something large and heavy but that couldn't have happened - none of us would have hit him, none of us even had anything of the right shape or size. So they say it's probably an odd effect from the fall. Maybe some rocks landed on top of his leg. Except they didn't find us under any rocks. Or maybe it was a wild animal attack - there are some puma around here. Except that they don't tend to attack people, and there aren't any bite marks on Brede's leg. They say he's going to be OK. He's been pretty beaten up, has spent a lot of time drifting in and out of consciousness. I've been spending my days holding his hand, reading to him or just talking about anything that comes into my mind. His family are coming up here; I've had a struggle to persuade the hospital not to call my family, but apparently that's the one thing I was really insistent about even under medication. I don't want to have to give them explanations. I don't want to have to tell them what I think... that I got us all into this mess.

Continued »



The Scarlett Kite

There's something else as well. When I woke up in this hospital bed, I had something in my hand. They tell me they tried to pry my hand open to get it out but I just wouldn't let go. It's only a twisted bit of metal and black plastic but I recognise what it is. It's half of Allain's key, battered and broken like Brede's leg. It means that, wherever he is, whatever's happened to him, he can't call for help.





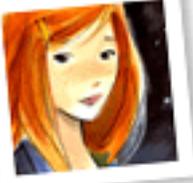
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, October 21, 2005

Recovering, slowly

Category: story, 03:50 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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It's been a strange week. Not in the exciting way that my weeks have been strange up till now, just strange and horrible, both scary and boring. I've talked to Violet and my dad, have managed to persuade them not to come up here by sounding extremely cheerful. I don't feel that cheerful though. Brede has been in surgery to repair his leg and in between times I've been sitting talking to him. He's getting better. Not a lot better, but a bit. He's awake a lot of the time now, and even able to talk himself. Margot, Sanj and I have taken it in turns to sit with him. He remembers even less than the rest of us, nothing of that final day at all, barely anything after we left the train. That's something none of us understand; how foggy our minds have become about that time. The doctors say it's because of the shock, or the exhaustion, or the fall.

Brede's angry. When he's awake, when he has strength, he's angry. I guess he has a right to be. Whatever happened to us wouldn't have happened if we hadn't been *there*, off the beaten track, walking an unregistered path. He says he's not angry with me, but I don't know if that's true. His parents are here and, whatever Brede feels, *they're* angry with me.

We had a long talk a few nights ago, the four of us. We put our memories in order, piecing together as much as we could. We talked about odd things that we thought had happened on the walk. Sanj said he remembered feeling frightened when there was nothing to be scared of - just that the trees seemed to be suddenly unexpected and strange. Margot remembers being lost - she says she remembers all of us together being lost, staring at the maps, trying to get our bearings, not being able to get a lock with our keys. Neither of them remember the building I think I saw - low-slung and grey. Put together it doesn't amount to much.

We've told what we remember to the mountain rescue people and the police. We've told them that there was a fifth person with us, but the truth is that none of us really know anything much about him - none of us even knew his second name. The police say they've checked but there's no one called Allain registered with Edyta College. They're following it up but there are no good leads. The mountain rescue team have scanned the area several times but there's no sign of anyone lost in the area.

And so I'd basically come to a decision. I didn't know what had happened to Allain, but there really wasn't anything I could do to help him. Sometimes, when I'm tired, I think that we just all imagined there ever *was* an Allain. As I thought about it, I became more convinced than ever that it'd been him that I met that day in the military archives, that he'd dressed up for some reason to persuade me to come here, to bring my friends. It's the only thing that makes sense, although it doesn't make a lot of sense. Maybe it was Allain who smashed Brede's leg. That doesn't make much sense either. Last night I'd decided that it was time for all this to be over, for me to go back to the city with my friends, to try to forget that any of this ever happened. That was last night.

Continued »

But today it's all different. Because, this morning when I was quietly reading in my hospital room, there was a knock on the door. I said: "Come in?"



The Scarlett Kite

And the old man from the military archives walked in. He looked just as I'd remembered him, tall, white-haired with pale blue eyes.

He said: "You are Scarlett Kiteway, yes?"

I nodded. I couldn't say anything.

He said: "You have to help me. They've taken my grandson. They've taken Allain."



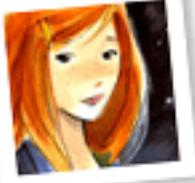
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, October 28, 2005

The old man

Category: story, 05:46 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Or seeing. For a moment I was sure that I was having another one of those vivid dreams I've been getting. This was the man from the archives! The mysterious man who'd set me off on all these adventures! Who'd nearly got us killed! As soon as I was able to react, I leaned over toward the panic button on the wall next to my bed. The old man was quicker than me, though. I reached for the button but he grabbed my wrist.

He said: "Don't do that. I need your help."

I struggled, trying to free my wrist. "Let me go!"

He leaned close to my ear and whispered: "Please, Miss Kiteway, I need you to help me. If I tell you who I am, will you promise not to press that buzzer until I explain why I'm here?"

I looked at him. Close-up he seemed older, more tired-looking.

"Yes."

He let go of my wrist and stood back, looking at me.

I said: "So who are you?"

He said: "My name is Henry Castille, retired Major of the Perplex City Defence Forces."

"And why are you here? What is Viendenbourg? Why did you give me a map to it? What is *going on*?!!"

He sighed and ran his hand through his hair. He looked so much like Allain when he did that.

"Miss Kiteway, I'm afraid I can only answer some of those questions. I wish I could do more, but, like you, I am still trying to establish what is 'going on'. But I can tell you what I know."

He reached one hand around to rub his shoulder, wincing as though he were in pain.

He said: "May I sit down?"

I nodded and he pulled up the straight-backed chair from its place by the window. He looked so vulnerable, I almost wanted to comfort him. He took a few moments to collect himself, had a sip of water. I suggested that he just start at the beginning, and try to explain to me what's going on.

He smiled, just a little.

"Miss Kiteway, the 'beginning' is so long ago that no one can remember it. That is part of the problem. But I can start by telling you about how we came to meet.

"We first encountered one another, you will recall, in the military archives, when you came to research a word you had not heard before: 'Viendenbourg'? You spoke very loudly, it was impossible not to hear what you were discussing." He smiled. "The exuberance of youth. And I gave you a map to the place. Did you ever stop to consider that it was an astonishing coincidence that a person who could give you the precise information that you required should happen to be in the archives at the same time as you?"

I nodded, silently.

"It was no coincidence. My grandson and I, we have been, well, researching Viendenbourg, researching the Reynolds ionizer for some time. I knew you would be in the archives that day, and I came to wait for you."

Continued »



The Scarlett Kite

“But...” I said, “but, but... the woman in the archives said that you came there often; that you always cried when you looked at that box, from 5BC.”

“Yes, that is correct. I often visit the military archive, I often look at that box. The history of our city is tragic. But I made a special point to be there at the same time as you.”
He stopped to take another sip of water. I thought about what he’d said; it didn’t seem to make any sense at all.

“How could you possibly know I was going to be in the archives that day?” I said. “How could you know I was investigating Viendenbourg?”

“Your friend, Kurt, tried to research Reynolds ionizers, yes? His key was attacked by a military-grade trace. Contrary to popular belief, it is possible to construct a military-grade trace, and even conceal its origin, without having to be a member of the military. At least, without having to be a member of the military any more.”

“It was *you*?!?! You hacked *Kurt’s* key?! But how did you know about me?”

He smiled. “You triggered some of our alerts when you searched for Viendenbourg. We could easily trace your connection to Kurt. Allain and I knew who you were, we knew that you must be looking for the same thing we are.”

“Just a second,” I said, “You did all this? You rigged up a military-grade trace yourself, and you’ve been tracking me and Kurt? You’ve been tracking me this whole time?”

“We’ve only been tracking you for a few weeks. We’ve been involved in this search a lot longer than that. We’ve been looking for Viendenbourg for many years now.”

“We? You and Allain? But he’s only my age, he’s only a student.”

“Not with Allain. I set up these systems with... my daughter. Allain’s mother. A computer expert. Allain came here to find her. She is missing.”

I’m sorry, I have to stop now - I’m very tired and I haven’t even told you half the things that Major Castille and I have been talking about over these past few days. I have to keep stopping to rest. I’ll carry on my story as soon as I can.



The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Tuesday, November 1, 2005

London Expo

Category: me, 06:42 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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Hey! I haven't blogged for a long time - we've extended our trip in Tanruga for a while, because my boyfriend Brede unfortunately had an accident so we're waiting till he gets better. Don't worry, he's definitely healing well :).

The guys at Mind Candy have just sent me this great picture so I just had to say hello! It's of an event called the "London Expo", where Mind Candy had a stall. You can see an actor called Toby Stephens who played "Gustav Graves" in a "James Bond" movie holding some of our puzzle cards! How extremely exciting!





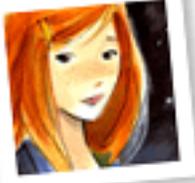
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, November 4, 2005

Thinking and planning

Category: story, 06:28 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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I'm back. Things are moving on, even while I've been sitting here in hospital. Brede's getting better every day. I sit with him, we talk about the future, about how it'll be when we're back in the city and he's recovered. And when I'm not with Brede, I've been talking to Major Henry Castille, hearing his story, finding out what he knows. I'll try to summarise what he's told me as well as I can.

The last thing I wrote was about his daughter, Allain's mother. She's the reason they're here. He's shown me a picture of her, him and Allain all together. He didn't want to show me the picture, but I've been asking for proof of his story. He's told me a lot about his family history. We've had so many conversations over the past two weeks, but I'll try to condense what he's said, while telling it in his own words:

"My family's history," he said, "can be traced back hundreds of years. Since before the... since before 0BC. The family of Castille is a noble one. For centuries, we have been leaders in the arts and sciences, the Academy and the military. Especially the military. So much knowledge of the past has been lost, but family traditions remain strong. We Castilles called ourselves the gatekeepers and our home was at Viendenbourg, part of the greater province of Perplex City.

"In the city, we think of the past as being long gone, unretrievable, but it is not as far away as you might think. There were Castilles at Viendenbourg during the War. My grandfather knew the last of them, an old man when my grandfather was a boy, a man called Salvant Castille. Salvant had been a seven-year-old child in 0BC. It is he who kept alive the story of what happened to our family, that we were sacrificed so that Perplex City could win the war.

"The details are hazy - Salvant Castille was only a child, of course, but what he knew was grim. Our family were the keepers of a great secret at Viendenbourg, a secret that was used to win the war, but the use of it destroyed the family, killed the people who had guarded it for so long. Out of all the family: parents, grandparents, siblings, cousins, seven-year-old Salvant was the only survivor. He passed down the story of the terrible wrong done to us, and I have tried to learn the truth.

"It has taken a great deal of time and effort for me to locate Viendenbourg; I was a young man when I began to piece together the evidence from the archives and from family tales, but now I am sure that the location I gave you was correct. I want to find out what happened at Viendenbourg, how my family died. I want to bring the truth into the light.

"I raised my daughter, Claire, to follow in my footsteps; using my military knowledge and her software expertise we continued our research. For a time, after Allain was born, she became disillusioned. She didn't want Allain to be involved, said that the family traditions were all nonsense. But she had to believe after we started to detect chatter in the most secret channels, talk that indicated that something was happening again at the place we knew as Viendenbourg.

Continued »



The Scarlett Kite

“Claire has always been one of the top minds in her field. She’s cultivated underworld contacts as well as the more ‘legitimate’ ones so that she would be in the right place to find out more about Viendenbourg. When we heard that something was happening again in that place, we worked out how to put her in the right circles, how to get her name on the right lists. Soon enough, she was offered a ‘most secret’ assignment in the Tanraga mountains; we knew that we’d struck gold. We were thrilled, the three of us - we would finally discover the truth about Viendenbourg!

“Claire was offered this position in mid-267. She went out to Tanraga and Allain and I were left behind in the city. To begin with, we heard from her frequently. All her communications were intercepted so she had to speak in code, but we knew she was OK. It was she who set up the automatic trace that attacked your computer and your friend Kurt’s. But later, we weren’t hearing from her as much. And a few months ago, we stopped receiving messages altogether. That was when Allain decided to go out to Viendenbourg himself.

“Forgive me for involving you. I didn’t want him going alone. You’re not the only person to search for Viendenbourg, but you seemed trustworthy and good-hearted. I gave you a copy of the map so that you’d travel with him, to keep him safe. I would have accompanied him myself, but I am an old man. The hike would have been too much for me.”

So that’s the story. It explains, at least, what’s been happening to *me* these past few months; explains why Major Castille gave me the map, and why he and Allain are so interested in Viendenbourg. What I still don’t know, what *we* still don’t know is what really is going on at Viendenbourg - Henry’s family history is pretty vague about what the big secret over there was to begin with, let alone about what they could be doing now. But I guess the only way I’ll find that out is to go back there. I just don’t know what to do. I’ve told Henry I’ll think it over for a few days, and he seems disappointed, but there’s not much he can do. So that’s what I’m doing: thinking about what to do next, waiting for Brede to heal.





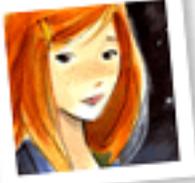
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Wednesday, November 9, 2005

Harrods

Category: me, 04:00 PM



A piece of news from Mind Candy! Apparently Harrods, a big store in London which stocks Perplex City puzzle cards, is holding a "Trading Card Extravaganza" on Saturday 12 November. It sounds great fun, especially for children!

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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, November 11, 2005

Decisions

Category: story, 02:00 PM



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Well. Brede is better. Much better. So much better that he can walk around a little, that his parents are going to be able to take him home to Perplex City soon. And me? I should be going back with them. I really should. It's perfectly clear. And yet.

I've spent my week talking to Major Castille, hearing more of his life story and talking about what we plan to do next. Although he says his daughter is the real genius, he's quite the computing whizz himself; he's put together a little plan for what to tell my family and friends if I decide to stay here when the others go home. There's a bird and animal sanctuary up here in Tanraga - Major Castille can make it look like I'm doing an internship there, rig up their systems to list me on the staff, send mail from them confirming that I'm working there. It's very clever. So, if I do decide to go, my family won't be worried about me. That's pretty important to me.

He's rigged something else up, too. Something much more clever and a bit scary. It has to do with what he wants me to do: to go to Viendenbourg to find Allain.

Apparently Henry and Allain had suspected for a while - based on coded information that Allain's mother Claire had sent them - that Viendenbourg would be protected by a sort of "confusion-field". It's done in some complicated way with a remote form of "galvanic vestibular stimulation," he says. Anyway, it's something that is broadcast in a wide ring around Viendenbourg and which makes you feel confused and even fall over or wander off course if you get too close. The field starts off very mild and becomes more intense the closer you get to the centre. Henry thinks that this is what happened to our party, and that Brede just got really unlucky in falling down a cliff. He thinks that we got too close to the centre, much closer than any ordinary hiking party would have done, because Allain was with us. Because of what Allain had.

Knowing to expect the "galvanic vestibular stimulation," and armed with some information from Claire, Henry and Allain had rigged up a device in his key that would cancel out most of the effects. This, Henry thinks, is why we got closer than we should have done - because Allain remained unaffected for much longer and was able to guide us even when we got more and more confused. And then... well, Henry doesn't know what happened next. I showed him Allain's ripped-apart key and it made him even more worried. He thinks that maybe it burned out at the last minute. Anyway, he's taken a look at the kinds of stresses it's exhibited, and has put something similar together in my key. It's sturdier; he thinks it'll be better at withstanding the strain. So, if I go to Viendenbourg, I should be protected.

If I go. That's the big question. I've probably got a week or so to think about it, and then I'll have to make a decision. My friends will be going home. Should I go too?



The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, November 18, 2005

I made my choice

Category: story, 04:29 PM



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I talked to Brede this morning. I told him that I was thinking of taking up a place at the Carrick Tanruga Animal Shelter. It's what I've told everyone else: my father, my sister, Margot and Sanj, Iona, Kurt. They've all believed me easily. I've made cute little faces about how I love the animals so much and can't bear to see them hurting. It's true - I do love animals and I can't bear to see them in pain! That's not the reason I'm thinking of staying, though. But no one's known that. No one except Brede.

I went to see him in his room; he was exercising on the weights machine, working to get the strength back in his leg after all these weeks of lying still. When he saw me at the door he stopped, unhooked himself from the machine and sat down at the table. I told him my story, just like I've told everyone else, with smiles and fluttering eyelashes, and sadness about the poor little animals. He listened in silence and when I was finished he said:

"It's Allain, isn't it?"

And I tried to convince him it wasn't. I told the whole animal shelter story over again, but this time a bit more hurt because he hadn't believed me, and he listened again, patiently. I think I've never really appreciated this about Brede before, how patient he is. When I finished telling my story, he leaned across the table and took my hand in his. He said:

"Scarlett. You should come home with us. It's time for this to be over." I tried to interrupt him, but he didn't let me. "I don't know what kind of hold Allain has over you, I don't know what he's made you think, but it's not good for you. I can see it even if you can't. This isn't... this isn't about us, it's not about you and me. I just want you to be safe."

I stopped denying it then. I told him he couldn't understand. He asked me to explain it to him, so I did. I told him about the whole thing. About Reynolds ionizers and Viendenbourg, about Henry and Allain, about Claire Castille who vanished, about having to go and rescue them both, or at least find out what's happened here. I showed him the maps and the documents. I showed him the picture of Henry, Allain and Claire all together - I've posted the same picture here.

I told him all of this, I think, because I needed someone to know just to convince me that it was real, not some dream or a story I made up. And he listened, like he does. I asked him if he believed me and he said that he did, that it explained a lot of things he'd been wondering about, but that didn't mean I should go. And I told him I had to. I just have to go.

He squeezed my hand very tightly. He said: "Claire Castille's not your mother, you know. Just because your mother died... like that... you don't have to find every lost mother in the world. It's not your job. You can live your own life."

And I said I knew that, but I still had to go. And he just looked at me: not angry, but sad.

So I guess Brede and I are officially broken up. And I'm going back to Viendenbourg.



The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, November 18, 2005

Wave 2

Category: me, 07:07 PM



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Good news! Mind Candy says that Wave 2 cards will be available for sale next week!

Mind Candy says they've mixed together some cards from Wave 1 along with the new ones, so that new players still have a shot at getting a whole collection. But they said that some of you probably mainly want Wave 2, as you have nearly all of the Wave 1 cards already!

So to reward all of you who have been with us from the beginning, they've decided to do a special offer from Firebox. They'll be sending out five packs per each order for four packs, which should mean you'll mostly get Wave 2 cards. It will only be in effect for 48 hours, and they're not sure yet when it'll start, but I'll let you know as soon as I hear -- keep checking back so you don't miss it!

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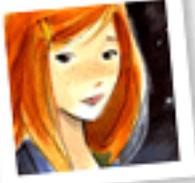
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Wednesday, November 23, 2005

Second Wave is Out

Category: me, 03:35 PM



Second wave cards are definitely on sale now. How exciting! :) I just wanted to dash off a quick post to let you know Firebox isn't doing their special offer yet -- though it should be coming in the next few days. Keep on the lookout here!

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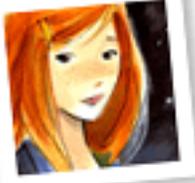
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About The Scarlett Kite

Thursday, November 24, 2005

Special Offer this weekend

Category: me, 11:28 AM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

I just heard back from Mind Candy that Firebox will be running their special offer this weekend. That means from 0:01am Saturday 26th to 11:59pm Sunday 27th (GMT), they'll be sending out five packs per order instead of four packs. Please remember that the times I gave above are in London time, so if you live in another time zone, you should check that it's actually the weekend in London when you order!

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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Saturday, November 26, 2005

In Tanraga town

Category: story, 12:08 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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It's been a busy week, one way or another. It's been nice to keep busy - it's stopped me missing my home, or wondering what I've got myself into or thinking about Brede. Not completely, just enough so it doesn't hurt so much.

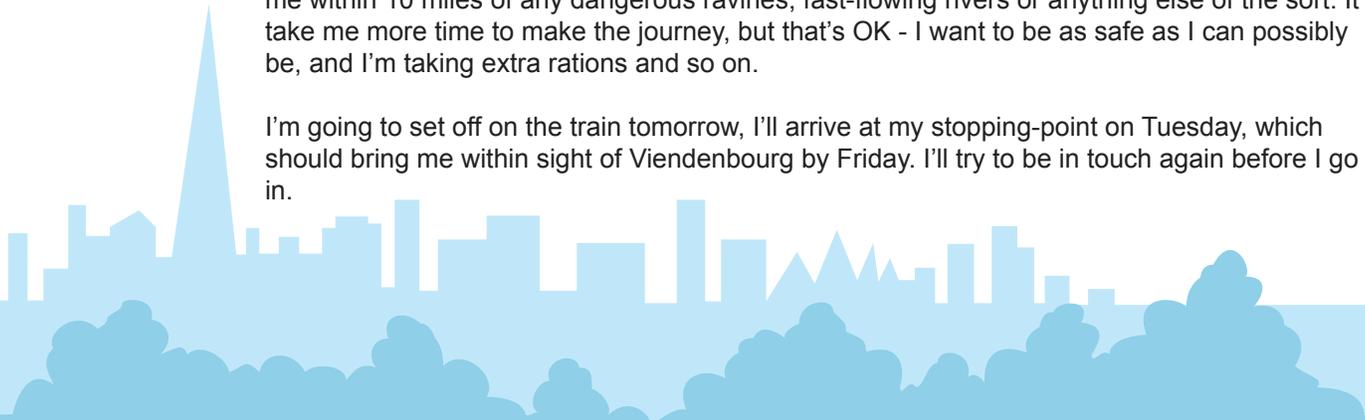
They left on the express train on Wednesday. Margot had stuffed her backpack full of Tanraga souvenirs - she has five younger siblings and had promised them all gifts! Sanj was as quiet as ever, but he hugged me and made me promise to write as often as I could. Brede was with his parents almost all the time. We only had a minute or two alone together when they went to check in their luggage. He squeezed my hand, and told me that if I ever needed him, for anything at all, I should just get in touch and he'd do everything he possibly could. We even arranged a special little key-message code; a few seemingly-innocent words I can use to let him know I'm in trouble. And then they got on the train, the train pulled away and they were gone. I didn't realise how alone I'd feel now.

Major Castille has rented a house here in Tanraga Town, and we've spent the past few days planning my journey. He's been fixing up my key with this special dampening-field so that I shouldn't be affected by this GVS protection that seems to have been set up at Viendenbourg. I'm also taking another key - one that is specifically tuned to monitor about 75 of my physical functions and will instantly send out a wide-beam distress signal if it detects I'm suffering from anything more serious than a blister. He's welded that one on a titanium chain round my ankle.

There's been a lot for me to learn as well. When he sent Allain, he thought that he could just walk into Viendenbourg pretending to be a lost hiker and appearing all innocent. Now that he's sure that Allain's been kidnapped, he thinks I need a better cover story, so now I'm Lana Metzger, a computer specialist with a lot of Claire Castille's skills and backstory. My key's been programmed to support that story, as long as it gets no more than a cursory check. If Viendenbourg really is a most-secret military installation it won't get me far, but maybe far enough to at least establish that there is a Viendenbourg. That's the plan, anyway. And, as Major Castille keeps pointing out, I'm Scarlett Kiteway, and one key-call to my father with some actual evidence will blow this thing wide open. As long as I can find any actual evidence.

Other than that, Major Castille has bought me the highest-quality camping and hiking equipment on the market. I'll be taking a longer way round this time, a route that doesn't take me within 10 miles of any dangerous ravines, fast-flowing rivers or anything else of the sort. It'll take me more time to make the journey, but that's OK - I want to be as safe as I can possibly be, and I'm taking extra rations and so on.

I'm going to set off on the train tomorrow, I'll arrive at my stopping-point on Tuesday, which should bring me within sight of Viendenbourg by Friday. I'll try to be in touch again before I go in.





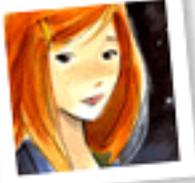
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, December 2, 2005

Now I'm on my own

Category: story, 02:18 PM



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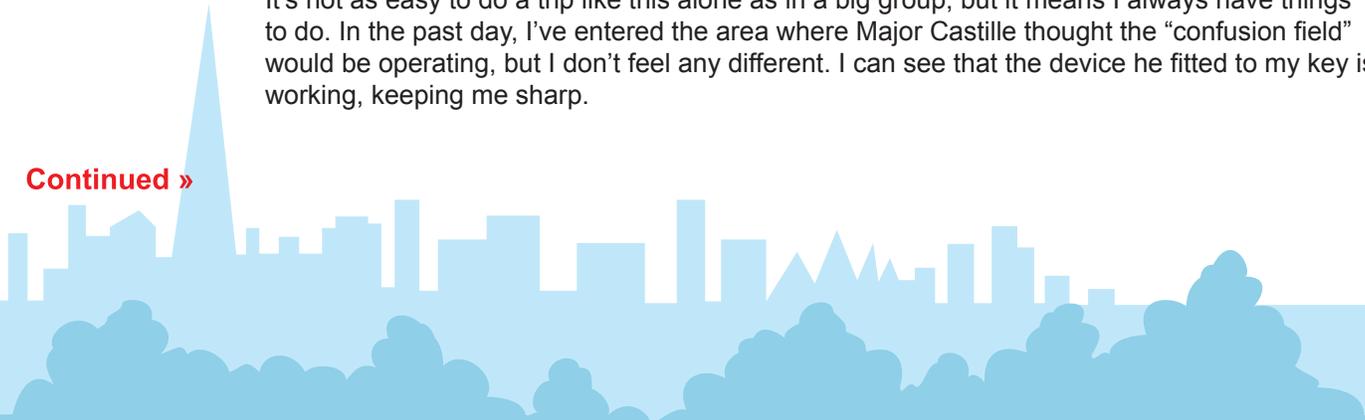
It was weird, this week, travelling on the train by myself. I kept remembering how last time I made this trip I was with my friends, how Margot and I used to play Pyramid late in the evenings, with the countryside flashing by outside the windows, just dark shadows of trees and mountains. I miss my friends. They're back in the city now, back in school. Sanj sent me a long mail about what's going on at Marmalejo; the Wheel team's won a game against Besley South, the Column is back in production, the school is gearing up for all the plays and celebrations at Restitution. It's all going on without me. I'm trying not to think about it too much.

I've been busy anyway, reviewing a lot of material Major Castille's given me about the history of the city. There's a lot to read about the war, a lot we didn't learn in school because they think it's better that schoolchildren not be exposed to horrible stories from our past. I'm grateful, in a way. I think maybe I was better off not knowing that my ancestors probably murdered millions of innocent people. It makes me feel even more jealous of the guys back home, of Margot and Brede and Sanj, who don't know about this stuff, who might never know about it. I wish I didn't know about it.

Major Castille has given me a couple of books: Roger Portson's "Last Days of Anjsbourg" and Imelda Monting's "Remembering the fallen". They piece together as much as they can of the story of the war; it's not much. So many records were lost, and that period was so confused, with agreements and counter-agreements, hopeful years when it seemed like the war was over, never to return, tense years of threats and posturing, and desperate years when it seemed that everyone in the world could be obliterated. It's horrible; I can't even imagine what it would be like to live through something like that. Portson's book is particularly sad - he combed through what records were available and open-to-access of people who had actually been to Anjsbourg, before the war. He has pages and pages of people describing the cobbled streets, the curved buildings with sloping pointed roofs. Little details are the ones that stick with you, like a merchant talking about how Anjsbourg produced the finest leather goods she'd ever seen, and how she'd bought one for her little son, a leather horse. Knowing that makes them seem, I don't know... real.

Anyway, since I left the train I haven't had much time for brooding. I've been hiking long distances every day, keeping out of the way of the major trails and making good time, keeping to the plan. It's beautiful here, and quite often I just get lost in enjoying the walk, the scenery. It's not as easy to do a trip like this alone as in a big group, but it means I always have things to do. In the past day, I've entered the area where Major Castille thought the "confusion field" would be operating, but I don't feel any different. I can see that the device he fitted to my key is working, keeping me sharp.

Continued »





The Scarlett Kite

And, as we'd calculated, this afternoon just before sunset, I came in sight of Viendenbourg. There really is a Viendenbourg, and I've seen it, from the top of a high ridge where I've camped. It's like seeing in real life a place I've only ever seen in a dream before; a low-slung grey building, much larger than I'd thought, extending back a long way. People are always going in and out through the open gates and, yes, there's a hum of machinery. But now that I'm here I can tell what that hum really is: it's the sound of drilling.

I'm planning to wait here for a couple of days, to observe the comings and goings, to see when would be the best time to go down. But I don't think it'll be too tricky; I expect they think the confusion field is impregnable, because the gates seem to be left open all the time. So this is it. I'm going into Viendenbourg.





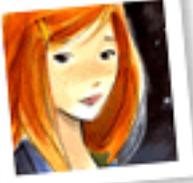
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, December 9, 2005

Lana Metzger

Category: story, 02:42 PM



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I've been sitting here, in the woods, by my small campfire for 24 hours trying to work out what to tell you. Trying to work out what just happened. It's not that I'm confused. The device in my key is still working, the confusion field protecting Viendenbourg hasn't got to me. I've tested myself, just in case, listing the names of the seven founders of the Academy and their dates, running through my multiplication tables. I'm fine. I'm healthy. I'm not injured. I even found Allain. But it didn't go like I expected. Perhaps I should start from the beginning.

Like I said last week, I spent a few days watching the comings and goings at Viendenbourg, to get an idea of what the best time to get in would be. I also carefully scouted around the perimeter, after dark, and staying in the cover of clumps of trees or rocky outcroppings. The place is large, about 2 miles all the way round, with many more buildings in it than I thought. There's the main building, the long, low grey one. It's huge, probably at least 150,000 square metres. That's the building which the noise of drilling comes from about 14 hours a day. There are also other buildings though; offices and houses, what look like dorm rooms and even a few stores. The more I watched, the more lax their security systems seemed. The gates are open all the time; people walk in and out easily, not even showing their ID to the guard. They even come out to go running! A couple of them have come scarily close to my campsite; they seem to be convinced that no one could have got through their confusion field.

So, the whole thing was in one way really simple. Yesterday at lunchtime, when there's a lot of milling around anyway, I changed into a smart business suit I'd bought in Tanraga Town, made a bundle of some papers and a file, and just walked through the gates like I knew where I was going. I've seen my sister Violet do this kind of thing loads of times, it's her special skill. She always says she "doesn't like dealing with receptionists", so she just walks straight through as if the place belongs to her. I've always thought it was kind of cheating; like, if you were supposed to be somewhere you should be able to get in by asking, but it's certainly a useful thing to be able to do.

Anyway, I did know where I was heading. As I walked through the gates, purposefully, I was heading for the small cluster of office-looking buildings to the west side of the complex. You might wonder why I didn't go for the long grey building, I guess. It just seemed to me that that was where something important was going on, and therefore the last place they'd be likely to keep a dangerous prisoner. So I headed for the offices. I had my plan all worked out. It was really simple.

Inside, the building looked like any municipal facility; inoffensive cream walls and thick beige carpet, a man and a woman sitting behind the desk. I know Violet doesn't like talking to them, but it was part of my plan.

"Hello," I said, in my best crisp, I'm-so-bored-with-this voice. "I'm here to see Allain Castille. I'm Lana Metzger, I've been brought in to evaluate him."

I thought that, whatever they'd done to Allain, he would need to be "evaluated".

The man tapped at his key, and looked up: "I'm sorry, there's no one of that name here."

Continued »



The Scarlett Kite

I hadn't expected this, but thought quickly.

"You know, the young man who was found in the woods," I pretended to check my notes, "nine weeks ago."

The man blinked at me. I tried to make my face into a stern I-don't-have-time-for-this expression.

"Oh," he said, "that* guy. You've found out his name have you?"

I nodded. He smiled.

"Great. I guess you had to get it eventually, huh? After all the stuff they've been doing to him He's in building 12, observation room F."

He handed me a key-card and even pointed which direction I should be heading in. I couldn't quite trust it was going to be this easy. If Allain had been held here all this time, why hadn't he just been able to escape, the same way I'd got in? I didn't like to think what that "stuff they've been doing to him" could have been.

As I walked up the steps of building 12, I could hear my heels clicking very loudly on the concrete. My heart was thumping. The building was laid out with separate front doors to each set of rooms; as if he were their guest, instead of their prisoner. Room F was on the upper level. I walked round to it, but the curtains were drawn and I couldn't see anything through them. I waved the key-card in front of the reader; the light flashed from red to green. And I opened the door and there was Allain, sitting at a desk, writing.

I couldn't believe it. It had been so long since I'd last seen him, but he looked just the same. He looked up as I walked in, surprise and bewilderment on his face.

"Come on," I said, "let's go! Quickly!"

He looked hard at my face and said: "Who are you?"

I stood there for a few moments, just staring at him. There was no recognition in his eyes. And so I apologised, said I had the wrong room and walked, confidently, slowly, off the compound. And I've been here for the past day trying to work out what to do now. I can get into the compound any time I like, but I don't know what to do with that. And I don't know what to tell Major Castille. What have they done to Allain?

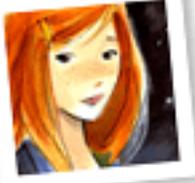
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, December 16, 2005

Ambush

Category: story, 04:13 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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I spent a lot of time thinking, after I sent you that message last week, thinking about what to do, what could possibly have happened to Allain, thinking over what I'd seen.

I've ticked off the points in my mind. He didn't seem to be in pain, or to have been injured. That's good. He didn't seem frightened, or incoherent. That's also good. He was in what looked like a pretty comfortable small apartment, with no one supervising him, writing something with books on the table around him. That's good too. He didn't remember who I was. That's not good. Admittedly, we haven't known each other that long, but we spent several weeks together, we shared some intense times. Can the people at Viendenbourg have wiped his memory? If they have, why? If they know who he is, if they're concealing what happened to his mother, if they don't want him to know, why haven't they just killed him? None of it made any sense.

But, over the week, I worked out a plan. Major Castille had given me, in amongst my supplies, a little bit of Neuroceptin - it's a prescription medication for people who are overly aggressive and violent. Given to normal people it makes them woozy, docile and biddable. Major Castille thought I might need it if I had to slip past a guard or evade capture. It's in a spray canister - just spray it on any exposed area of skin and it's absorbed within three seconds. So my plan, such as it was, was to go into Viendenbourg, just as I had done before, spray Allain with the Neuroceptin, and walk him out of the compound, maybe take him a couple of days journey from Viendenbourg, then call Major Castille. It didn't quite work out like that.

I walked into the compound just as before, passing the guard, taking my key-card straight to room 12F. I flashed the card in front of the door. The light turned green, the door unlocked. I turned the handle. The room looked empty. I'd thought this might happen. I'd decided that if Allain wasn't in his room, I'd just wait until he came back. I walked into the room. And, suddenly, I was grabbed from behind.

Two people, one on either side of me, practically lifted me off the ground. Before I knew what had happened, someone had wrenched my arms back behind me and cuffed my hands together. I turned my head. Three people - two men and a woman - dressed in military uniform were standing around me, with weapons pointed at me. They'd been waiting in the darkness of the room, clearly. One of the men motioned with his weapon, and said: "Miss, turn around. Slowly."

I did exactly what he said. Looking around I saw that soldiers were waiting at the bottom of the staircase I'd just walked up, at the end of the passage I'd just walked down, in the square central area I'd just walked through. Evidently they'd known I was coming. Probably they'd known since I entered the compound.

With two armed men at my back, I walked down the staircase, and onto the back of a troop transport waiting there for me. Two of the men exchanged words as I climbed up into the back of the transport. I couldn't catch what they said, though. I found that my legs were shaking. I tried to ask where they were taking me, but didn't get any reply.

Continued »



The Scarlett Kite

It's not what I thought, though. They've locked me in an office. An office. It's weird - somehow I imagined they'd have a holding cell or a dungeon or something. The soldier who brought me in here unbound my wrists and told me to wait, that "someone" would be along to see me shortly. In this office. I guess they really didn't expect any curious visitors. In any case, I've wasted no time. Using the key Major Castille doctored, I've logged on to the networks here, and have downloaded any document with "Claire Castille" in it. I'm no hacker - although I do have her personal passwords, and a few of the most up-to-date hacking programmes installed on my key, thanks to the Major - if any information's deeply buried I won't have found it. But, like most offices, not everything's deeply buried. I haven't had a chance to read what I've found yet, but my key seems to have turned up a few things. And if I get out of here, I'll be able to read them. If I get out of here.

So now I'm waiting for "someone" to come and talk to me. Don't worry about me, and please don't tell my family what's going on here. As the Major said, I'm Scarlett Kiteway, no one in a military facility is going to hurt me. I've set my key to call my father immediately if I give it a signal or say any one of about 10 keywords. I'll be fine. I just have to know what's going on here.





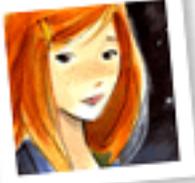
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, December 23, 2005

No, I'm not dead

Category: story, 03:48 PM



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I'm back. Out of Viendenbourg. And everything's OK. Well, sort of. Some things are OK and some aren't at all.

The last time I wrote I was waiting in an office at the Viendenbourg facility to be interviewed. I didn't have to wait long. A few minutes after I sent you that bulletin, the office door opened and a woman came in to talk to me. She wasn't at all what I'd expected: short, probably in her mid-fifties, and looking kind of worried. The first thing she said was:

"Miss Kiteway, we're so sorry to have treated you in this way. I'm Commander Fitzgerald. I hope you haven't been made too uncomfortable?"

I blinked. This was not what I'd been expecting either. She offered me a cup of tea, and I just nodded.

After a few moments, I managed to ask:

"How did you know who I am?"

Commander Fitzgerald smiled and winked. Winked!

"Ah well. Your key ident forgeries were quite sophisticated, Ms Metzger, but we managed to crack them. I can't tell you how, of course. Classified."

I nodded.

"Now," Commander Fitzgerald said, "I understand that you've come to fetch Allain?"

"Yes!" I almost shouted, "what have you done to Allain?! Why doesn't he remember me?"

"Ah. Yes, I think I can explain that." She leaned back in her chair. "As I'm sure you're aware, this is a secure military facility. We're conducting research here, research which is, of course, classified. We have certain... protection measures in place around the facility. As far as we can tell, Allain was hiking in the area while wearing a device which was engineered - quite cleverly - to counter the effects of that protection field. I believe you are wearing a similar device. Perhaps you made them together." She smiled again, tipping her head to one side.

"We think that the device Allain was using suddenly overloaded, causing a massive energy surge which, in conjunction with his suddenly coming into contact with our protection field caused the memory problems you've noticed. We don't think they're permanent. In fact, since seeing you last week, his memory seems to have been returning very quickly. We're delighted to see this - until now he hasn't even been able to tell us his name."

Continued »



The Scarlett Kite

We found him wandering in the woods near our facility several weeks ago - he was confused and disoriented. We made him as comfortable as we could, but his key had been damaged, and we were unable to find out who he was. Now that we know, of course, we're happy for you to take him home with you. Now," she said, "I've told you what I know. Perhaps you'd like to tell me what you and your friend were doing trying to break into our facility."

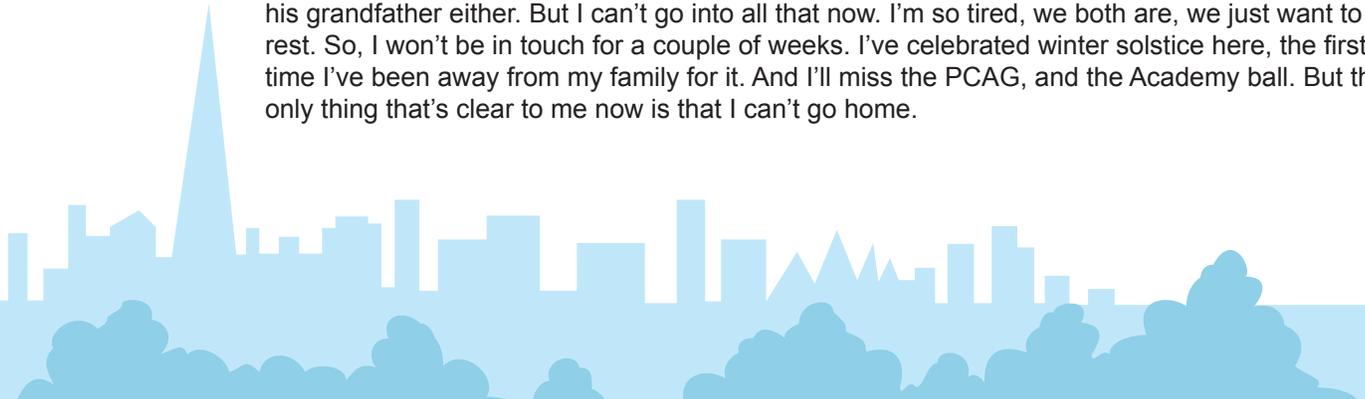
I was amazed. I couldn't work out how much she knew, or even whether she was telling me the truth. I'd expected to be interrogated, but instead I was sipping tea. I'd expected to find something out about Viendenbourg, but I could see now that that was stupid; she wasn't going to tell me anything. So I did the only thing I could: I made up a lie. I said that Allain and I were friends. True so far. That we'd been hiking in the woods. Also true. That we'd discovered an anomaly in the area, and we'd rigged up some devices to try to penetrate it. Just because we were curious. That Allain had been the first to try one, and I'd come in afterwards to find him. It wasn't a very good story; there were a lot of things it didn't cover, like how I'd managed to put together a fake identity of Lana Metzger which was so perfectly suitable for getting into the facility. My only hope was that Allain hadn't told them his surname, and that the man I'd spoken to on reception wouldn't have remembered it, so that they wouldn't make the connection with Claire Castille.

Commander Fitzgerald listened to my story silently. She sipped her tea as I spoke. A slight smile played on her lips.

"Ah," she said. "I understand. You've been very clever, Miss Kiteway, and I certainly wouldn't want you to break your cover now. But I think you can let your father know that our security systems are up to scratch, can't you? And I'm sure that next time he comes to inspect the facility he will find the modifications we've made to be extremely satisfactory. Now, let me arrange a transport for you and 'Allain'. Will Regansborg be far enough for you? You can catch the train there."

She stood up and walked towards the door. I sat in stunned silence. All I could do was nod.

That was a week ago, and Allain and I are still in Regansborg, a small town in the mountains. We've decided to stay here for a while. By the time I saw him again, his memory had come back enough for him to recognise me, and know who I was, but neither of us are sure what we want to do next. I don't want to talk to my father. And some of the information my key managed to pull from the Viendenbourg systems has made us unsure about whether we want to contact his grandfather either. But I can't go into all that now. I'm so tired, we both are, we just want to rest. So, I won't be in touch for a couple of weeks. I've celebrated winter solstice here, the first time I've been away from my family for it. And I'll miss the PCAG, and the Academy ball. But the only thing that's clear to me now is that I can't go home.





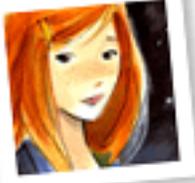
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, January 6, 2006

Holiday blues

Category: story, 04:33 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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Hey. It seems like a long time since I last wrote. More than two weeks, somehow. I guess it's because of the holiday season, everything's been so quiet and I've finally had time to think some things through.

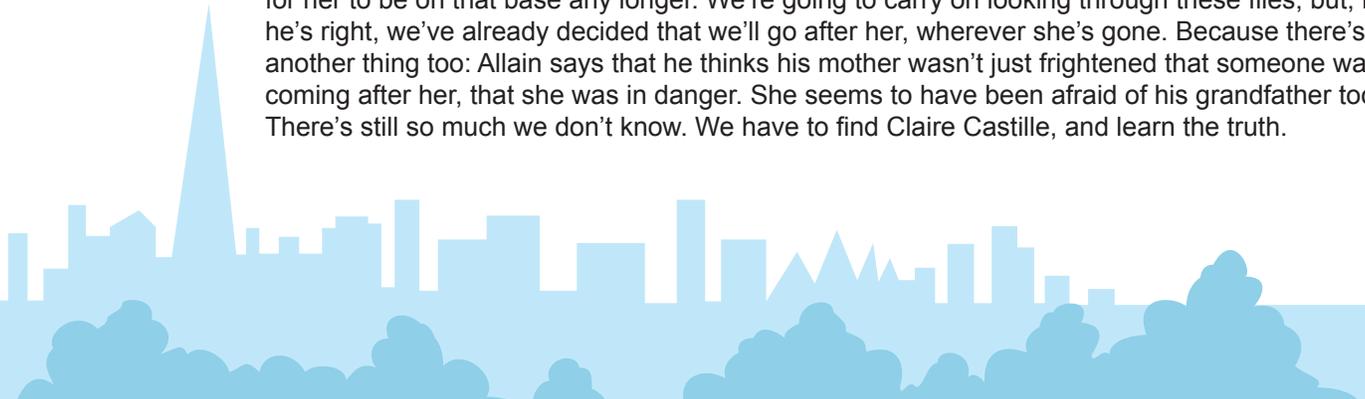
Allain and I have been staying at a quiet inn here in Regansborg. We've talked a lot. About my father, and what it can mean that the people at Viendenbourg seemed to know him. We've worked a few things out; it seems like Commander Fitzgerald assumed that I was at Viendenbourg in order to check up on the security on behalf of my dad. Does this make my dad her boss? It seems like it might. I don't know what to think about that.

Allain's memory is much better now - he only has problems with those few days leading up to the day he vanished. Other than that, he knows who I am, remembers what he was doing at Viendenbourg, remembers his mother and his grandfather.

We've been going through the documents I pulled off the system at Viendenbourg. It's slow to go through them all - some of them look like ordinary emails but Allain says that they contain codewords he and his mother had agreed between themselves which tell him things that no one else would understand. A lot of you have emailed me to ask if I can send you these files; I'm sorry, but I don't feel comfortable doing that. These things belong to Allain and his mother - he knows I'm talking to you about what's happening to us, but if they're secret messages she meant for her son then I'm not sure I really want to send them to you.

We have managed to work out some of what went on, though. We found some personnel files about Claire Castille dating from about two years ago, saying that she seemed "distracted, confused and fearful", and that therefore she didn't seem to be working out as they'd hoped. The word "paranoid" crops up more than once. They get more and more concerned about her, saying that her behaviour's becoming erratic, and even that she's "disrupting the rest of the team". And then, in the middle of May last year, all the personnel files just stop - there aren't any more about her at all.

I thought that maybe my key just hadn't been able to find any more files, but Allain has another idea. Some of the clues he's got from his mother's emails seem to indicate that she left the base, that she's gone on somewhere else, that she was afraid and she decided it wasn't safe for her to be on that base any longer. We're going to carry on looking through these files, but, if he's right, we've already decided that we'll go after her, wherever she's gone. Because there's another thing too: Allain says that he thinks his mother wasn't just frightened that someone was coming after her, that she was in danger. She seems to have been afraid of his grandfather too. There's still so much we don't know. We have to find Claire Castille, and learn the truth.





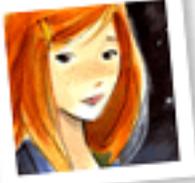
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, January 13, 2006

Making plans

Category: story, 05:00 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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Allain and I have spent the past week making our plans. We've translated as much as we can of the messages that Claire Castille left for Allain in her emails and files. Allain's been working on the project feverishly, day and night, even though he's really not well enough to be working so hard yet. He still sometimes gets headaches, and memory "blackspots", where he goes for a memory from his past he knew was there and finds that it's gone. It's very frightening for him, and for me. Although he remembers everything useful about how to function in the world: how to use a key, how to read, all his education, he still constantly feels like there's something important he's forgotten.

But he's remembered enough to work out the messages from his mother. At first I thought he was crazy, that maybe it was another effect of the memory-loss, and that he was imagining these messages in the files. But he's shown me enough to make me convinced. The same words being formed by the letters at the start of each sentence in document after document, odd spelling mistakes where the letters missed out make the same words. And the pre-arranged codewords constantly reappearing. There's no doubt in my mind she was trying to tell us something, no doubt that she hoped that Allain would be the one to find these messages. And no doubt, to me, that she wanted him to follow her. Why else would these words keep on appearing: TO ANJSBOURG?

So, we've made our plan. We're going to travel out to Anjsbourg, and see what we can find there. As far as I know, there's nothing but an empty plain, overgrown with tall grass out there. But then, I've never been - all I know is what we learn from history books and I'm rapidly coming to the view that they don't tell the whole story. It's a long way from home. Not just farther than I've ever been, but farther away than anyone I know has ever been. I guess I should warn you that I'm not sure how good my key reception is going to be, the farther we get away from the City. It might be OK, but it might be patchy, so I can't promise that I'll be in communication as regularly as I have been.

There's another thing as well that, even among all this worry, has got me very excited: we're going to be taking a car! Not a driverless car, but one of those old-fashioned ones that you drive yourself! We have bought one here - people still sometimes use them to drive out into the wild country - and have spent the past week practising and learning how to take care of it. Allain's been taking it all very seriously, studying the manual with a little frown in the middle of his forehead, but I can't help it, I'm excited. We're going on a real adventure, in a real car!



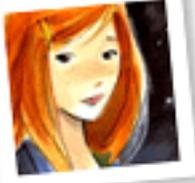
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Tuesday, January 31, 2006

PCAG on Earth!

Category: me, 08:00 PM



Hello everyone! Sorry I've been so quiet for such a long time. I've been SO busy here at the animal rescue centre that I've hardly had a moment to myself. Still, when I got a message from Mind Candy about some upcoming events on Earth I just had to post the link here so you could see it! Here it is.

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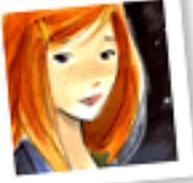
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, February 3, 2006

Back on the road

Category: story, 04:51 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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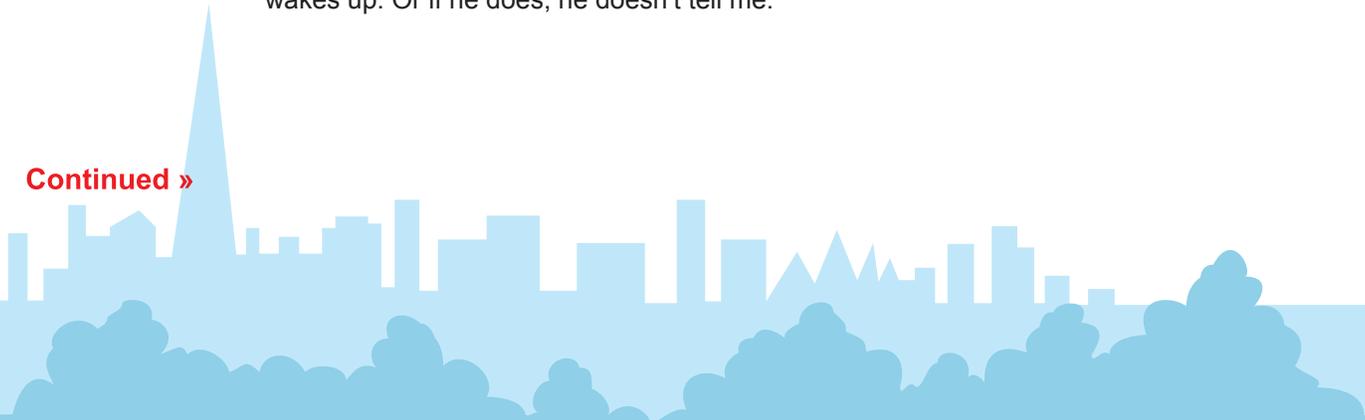
We've been travelling for just over two weeks now and, as I expected, my key signal has been intermittent. For some reason we seem to have hit a good spot the past few days, perhaps because we're travelling through open country at relatively high altitudes, so I've taken the chance to read through, and reply to, a lot of mail from home. I see a few of you noticed that I'd posted something to my blog - it seemed like the best idea. I didn't want my dad noticing that I hadn't posted anything and wondering why. I feel worse and worse about lying, though. Perhaps because what I say is getting further and further from the truth.

So, an update. For the past two weeks we've been heading north and west, averaging about 200 miles a day, taking it in turns to drive. We're not travelling especially quickly - lots of the areas we're going through aren't properly mapped, the roads are poor and we often have to stop to navigate. Also, we're not travelling at night - we don't know what's out here and we don't especially want to run into anything big (a cougar, a mountain, a human being) that comes up on us unexpectedly. Still, we've been making progress. The days have been getting noticeably shorter and colder as we get further north - we're both glad of the fur jackets we bought back in Tanraga, despite the irony of wearing fur when all my friends think I'm rescuing cute animals from danger.

I'd say it's beautiful here, except that that doesn't begin to describe it. It's huge. It's the hugeness which is so overwhelming. I mean, I thought I'd seen hugeness in the city - I've been to the top of Ascendancy Point, I've taken boats out from Alchemy Bay. But that hugeness is nothing compared to this. The land we've been travelling through this past week is so flat that it feels like the sky is right on top of the ground, like you might bump your head on the sky at any moment. We've been driving along a coastal road for the past three days - the sea's a choppy dark-grey here, so different from the coast of Perplex City. There are enormous birds which hover in the sky, staring down at the patches of scrubland we're driving through, then dive down to pick up some of the smaller badger-like creatures which eat the vegetation here. Allain knows the names for all these animals - he tells me, but I can't seem to hold them all in my mind.

Allain himself is doing better. He's come out of himself a little - he had been so withdrawn. But he's been getting nightmares. He mutters and shouts out at night in the tent, so that I have to wake him gently. He doesn't seem to remember what these nightmares are about when he wakes up. Or if he does, he doesn't tell me.

Continued »





The Scarlett Kite

Anyway, we're getting closer to our destination. Or at least what we think is our destination. We've been following the signs and messages Claire Castille left for us. Those coded messages have led to more extensive information, with a trail we're following now - yesterday we passed a rock formation shaped something like a table-and-chair which she had said we would. (I don't know how she knew about this - either she must have been here before us, or she has access to photographs which aren't available publicly.) She called it the "Anjsbourg gate". And today, just before sunset, we found a ruined house. It was the first sign of human habitation we've seen in more than a week. We went to look around - it was just a stone cottage, built with its windows facing the sea. Its roof was gone, and so were half the walls, but there was still enough to see that, once upon a time, someone had lived here. It gave me a strange feeling. What kind of place are we going to?





The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, February 17, 2006

Travelling to Anjsbourg

Category: story, 07:24 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteyway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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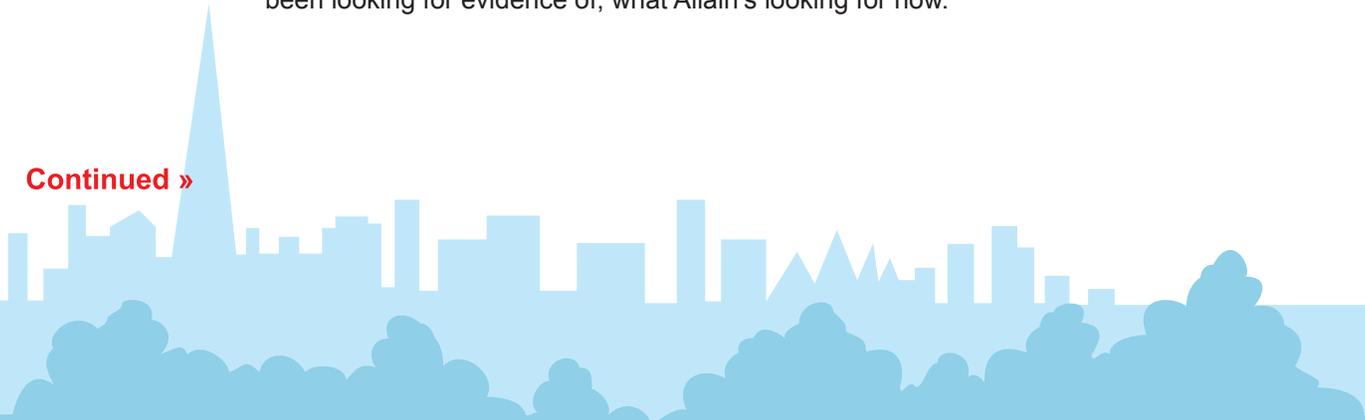
I'm so sorry I'm writing infrequently. Out here, my contact with the key network is so limited, and so much of that has to be used to keep up the pretence to my friends and my family that I'm still working at a nature reserve in the mountains. I'll try to fill you in on as much as I can, but I think the story of what's happened in the past two weeks will take a while to send. I hope you can be patient.

Firstly, Allain's insisted I make it clear to you all that we haven't been travelling for 3,000 miles in a straight line! We take what roads or tracks exist, and they tend to be winding and circuitous. Added to that, we had to go nearly 1,000 miles out of our way - 500 there and 500 back - to go around a range of mountains whose name I don't even know, not to mention numerous more minor diversions around forests, lakes and ravines. There are no bridges or tunnels or ways cut through the trees. No one has been this way before us to make it easier for us. When we come to a river that's too wide to cross, we have to go upstream until we find the place where it's narrower. Still, as the crow (or one of your aeroplanes) flies, we're about 1,600 miles from Perplex City now. Sometimes I wonder if we're going to fall off the edge of the world, like Madna does in the stories. Maybe, like him, we'll meet our shadows on the other side.

After I last wrote to you, we began travelling even more slowly. We came across more abandoned houses, slowly at first, only one every 10 or 20 miles, and then more frequently, even two or three clumped together. They were all in the same state of disrepair, all looked like they hadn't been inhabited for centuries. But still, we're looking for Claire Castille, we had to check every one.

As we travelled further, we found that some of the houses had strange marks on them. Only to one side - the side we're travelling toward. We started to see these marks on some of the larger rock formations as well. Black streaks, etched into the rock. Like the stones at the base of a campfire, like the air burned on them. Allain's been making notes and collecting samples and taking pictures with his key. We don't talk about what we think might have caused them. We both have the same suspicion and it has to do with the war, with Viendenbourg, with what we've come here to find. It seems to make Allain happy to collect the specimens, although I don't know what he's planning to do with them. He says his mother always taught him how important it was to collect "scientific evidence" even in the days they used to go for country walks together, looking for signs that spring was coming. I can't help wondering what Claire's been looking for evidence of, what Allain's looking for now.

Continued »





The Scarlett Kite

But, after several days of travelling like that - slowly, meticulously, collecting samples, coming across more and more scarred rocks, I think we've now found what it was evidence of. We brought the car up a low hill, just enough to conceal the valley below from sight. We're used to this now. We go slowly, in case there's a sheer drop the other side. There was a falling off on the other side of this rise, a dip in the earth, enough so that we had a view across maybe two or three miles of valley. Empty valley, for the most part, filled with scrubby plants, a river running through it down towards the sea. A good place for a settlement. Someone else must have thought so too because, on the outskirts of this valley, where the rocks curl over to give a little protection to the area underneath, there were houses. Broken houses, but houses, in a wide half-moon shape, extending around the circumference. Like scraps of crust left in a pie dish after the pie had been tipped out. The remains of Anjsbourg.





The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite Friday, February 24, 2006

Anjsbourg

Category: story, 05:32 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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Anjsbourg. I remember that Allain and I stood on that ridge for a long time, staring down at the valley below us. We were both silent - it felt as though uttering a single word would have been somehow improper, as if what the place demanded was silence. We looked down over the scrubland, and the thin rim of broken houses around the outside until, in some wordless agreement, we walked down the gentle slope and into the remains of the city.

As we approached the bottom of the valley, Allain pulled on my coat a little with one hand, stopping me. He drew out a device, a radiation detector - I think you call them Geiger counters - from his pocket and did a broad sweep around us. Nothing. The odd flutter of background radiation, but nothing out of the ordinary. Not that we'd really been expecting any radiation, but we knew we had to be careful. Allain's eyes met mine - he was frowning, looked a little worried. I wondered if he was going to tell me to go back to the car. I wouldn't have gone, of course, but I would have understood his asking. Whatever happened here had happened a long time ago, but an atmosphere remained. Maybe it was just the reminders of such a quantity of human suffering.

We walked along the perimeter of the city, where the broken houses were. I was struck by how foreign they looked, how clearly unlike Perplex City. Where roofs or parts of roofs remained I could see that they were made with some pink-coloured tile and each sloped gently to one side, as if they'd been swept that way by a giant hand ruffling through them. I looked at those roofs, thinking about how the water would drip off them when it rained, and how they'd make a good place to sit in the sun. I wondered if the people here ever used to sit on their roofs, or if it just wasn't done. I thought of how there was no one to ask, and I felt like crying.

We walked on. Around a corner, between two houses, there was a mosaic on the wall. There was a sun, with a face in the middle, its mouth open, its eyes screwed tightly shut. There were four men standing underneath holding pointed poles - each one had a different expression on his face. One was smiling, one was crying, one was frowning and red-cheeked with anger, one had his eyes closed as though he was asleep. On the other side of the picture, the artist had put growing plants, with flowers of green and gold, red and purple. Allain and I stood and looked at this for a long time. I ran my fingers over the surface of the mosaic. To whoever made it, to the people who looked at it, it was probably as clear as day what it represented. But we had no way to know.

Further on we passed by houses with stone benches outside, set at the right angle to catch the afternoon sun, and a larger building, decorated with carved mazes like you see on some buildings in the old Town. In one house, the roof had collapsed downward, making a large sheltered area where some raccoon-like animals had built a nest. Many of the other buildings made homes for nesting birds. It seemed to me that we might have been the first people here in a hundred years, in two hundred years.

And then, we rounded a corner. There was a place, behind a large colonnaded structure where it looked as though there had once been gardens, and a triangular-shaped pool. And there, on a slight rise in the land, sheltered on three sides by collapsed walls, were two large, modern tents. Proper tents - the kind you can buy in any camping shop in Perplex City today.



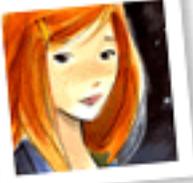
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, March 3, 2006

Signs of Life

Category: story, 04:17 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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We could hardly believe what we were seeing. The tents looked so incongruous in this dead, decaying city that it almost seemed that we must be looking at a hologram or a movie. We hadn't seen any sign that human beings had been here in the last 200 years - no tracks, no garbage, nothing. And now, this.

Of course, we were excited. Claire Castille had led us all this way - perhaps she was inside one of these tents right now? But what if it was someone else? We felt grateful that the solemnity of the place, its haunting emptiness, had made us walk softly, speak quietly. There was no way to know who was inside those tents.

So, we waited. Allain signalled to me that we should take shelter under a collapsed balcony where we could sit relatively comfortably with a clear view of the entrance to the tents between some fallen slabs of marble. We waited. And waited. The sun was low in the sky. Some bats flew out of the awning of the colonnade opposite us. We waited some more. Darkness came. We wrapped our coats more tightly around us and took turns napping. Morning came. No one had come, and no one had gone. We shared some water and energy bars and talked, quietly, about what to do next.

At about 7am, we decided to creep quietly toward the tents, to listen and, if we heard nothing, to try to look inside. We crept. We waited. Three mice scuttled across the cracked bottom of the empty pool. We couldn't hear anything. We waited. Allain crept up to the entrance to one of the tents and looked inside. He beckoned to me. The tent was empty of people. We both slipped inside.

We looked around us. This tent was clearly someone's home. It was laid out very neatly, very precisely. An army cot was set up in one corner. Military-style fatigues were folded in a set of canvas shelves hanging from the centre of the tent. There were boots, a mirror, wash gear and a selection of survival supplies: about two years' worth of iron rations, we guessed, solar water collectors, first aid kits and useful-looking knives in multiple sizes. We thought about taking something but decided against - we didn't really need anything else, and we didn't want whoever was living here to come looking for the person who'd stolen their stuff.

Moving quickly, we checked that the second tent was empty too and then took a look around it. The second tent was more interesting. It looked like a centre of operations. An enormous plan was pinned to a table with pins stuck in it, shaded areas and printed notes on sticky flags. There were several trunks - locked and too heavy to lift, but on the evidence of some items we found in a small daypack there had been some serious collection of archaeological samples here. Each was neatly labelled with a printed tag. Fragment of vase, circa 45BC. Bowl of spoon, circa 20BC. Carved flower maze, circa 70BC. In one corner were tools, kept in excellent order.

Continued »



The Scarlett Kite

Allain examined the plan. He looked up at me. I knew that he'd been hoping to find his mother, Claire, waiting here. It didn't make sense to me, though. Why would Allain's mother be here on an archaeological dig? When she was running from the army and some other mysterious threat, why would she take on such a task? And how could she have come here? We'd seen no sign of a vehicle - this looked to me more like a military operation; someone had been dropped here and would be picked up later. Still, Allain was smiling.

"Someone," he said, "is excavating. In a pattern. Very meticulously. This is a plan of the old city of Anjsbourg. I know where they are."

I looked at him. I wanted to tell him to be calm, to be reasonable. That he shouldn't expect to find his mother here, that it might just be a dead end.

"Let's go and see then," I said.

The site of the dig we were aiming for was about five miles away, around the circumference of the city. We could have walked straight across and made the journey a little shorter, but it wasn't worth it for the risk we'd be spotted. We walked quietly. By the time we arrived at the right location, it was almost midday.

At first, we couldn't see anything. A line of broken houses. A long high wall, still miraculously intact, overgrown with moss, with an archway through into a tangle of thorns which might once have been a garden. We almost missed it. But Allain made us stop and wait and listen. And we heard the quiet sound of digging, just behind the wall.

Moving slowly, we made our way to the arch in the wall and peeked round. A woman was digging, down in a long trench, working very carefully with a trowel, excavating what looked like a subterranean mosaic wall, brushing it with a paintbrush to remove loose dirt. As we watched, she stood back to admire her work and ran her upper arm across her forehead. Before we could move, she turned round.

It was Claire Castille.

She looked up, squinting against the noon sun and saw us, saw Allain. She started, as though an electric shock had run through her. And she held out her arms toward him, and he scrambled down the slope to embrace her.





The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Wednesday, March 8, 2006

New York PCAG Tournament

Category: me, 05:50 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

I've just gotten these pictures from Mind Candy - they're from the PCAG tournament in New York. How very exciting! Congratulations to Gabriel, the winner! (They tell me he's the one in the first photo being presented a trophy from Andrea at Mind Candy.)

It makes me a little sad to know I'm so out of the loop on what's happening with all of you and in the city, but I do think what I'm doing here is important. Just this morning I was feeding berries to an owl with a broken wing, and he looked at me with his giant, wise eyes, and I realised again how very rewarding this experience has been, even if I do miss home a bit from time to time.

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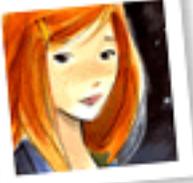
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, March 10, 2006

Claire tells her story

Category: story, 05:54 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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Claire Castille is a small woman. It was that I noticed, when we were sitting in her small tent by the excavation site, our hands wrapped around tin cups of tea. She looks thinner than she did in Major Castille's photographs, her hands almost bony but with strength in the sinews of her arms. She has a fierce determination to her, too. And she couldn't stop looking at Allain. I noticed that - as she made the tea, as we talked, as we walked from her temporary tent back to her more permanent base - she just kept looking at him and smiling. He was smiling, too, the widest smiles I've seen him give since I've known him, I think.

There was so much to ask her to explain, but I thought that could wait. The first evening, I left Allain and Claire sitting looking through the photos on his key - of him at college, him with his grandfather, him rowing in the college crew - and her asking for explanations of every normal, ordinary everyday thing he'd done. I walked outside the large tent and sat a little way away, climbing up a collapsed marble awning to get a view across the empty city. I looked up at the stars and wondered who the last person before us was to stare at the stars above this place. The night was very still. In the distance some animal was calling in long, loud whoops and another of the same kind returned the call. I pulled my knees up to my chin. I sat there like that for a long time.

And the next day, Claire Castille told us her story. Allain was worried at first - we'd been moving for so long that I think he felt afraid to stay still. But Claire said she'd been here for months, that she's been scanning the area regularly for signs of life and she's been the only human being here the whole time. I think she was a bit concerned about how easily we'd found her, though - she and Allain have been talking about putting up proximity alarms around the whole city.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. I ought to let you hear Claire's story as she told it to us herself.

"I'm a software expert," she said. "But I expect you know that." She smiled at Allain. It was morning. We were sitting on a ridge overlooking the city sipping our morning tea. She ran her hand across her forehead. "I suppose you also know that I've been involved in a few things I might have done better to stay out of. That doesn't matter right now. But I'm good at what I do. Very good, in fact." She looked down at her hands and smiled. "I have been called a genius, but it wouldn't be for me to say.

"In any case, a bit more than a year ago, I was offered a job. It was a fascinating position, working for the military at the place you know as Viendenbourg. Among other things, they wanted me to work on developing and maintaining an innovative kind of security system they have there - I think you've come into contact with it. When I accepted, all they told me was that I would be working to protect the development of classified technology. I didn't need to know anything else, it wasn't my area.

Continued »





The Scarlett Kite

“But,” she smiled, “that wasn’t enough to stop me wanting to find out what was really going on. You’ve been to Viendenbourg, you’ve seen the facility there, you’ve seen how they operate. I did my job very well, maybe too well - the external security system seemed unbreakable, and so people became a little bit more lax about internal security. I was able to track communications inside the base from time to time, and so found out about what was going on, about what they were doing in that long building with the sound of drilling coming from it. And what I found out horrified me.”

She paused, took a sip of tea, and looked out across the ruin where there was once a city. When she continued to talk, she didn’t look at us, but carried on staring at that empty place.

“I don’t know everything. I never got inside that building. But I know something. They’re digging something up there. I don’t know what it is. But they’re trying to put together something that’s buried there, or recreate something that was made a long time ago. And after I learned that, I knew I couldn’t stay there. Allain knows why - it’s because of what our family did at Viendenbourg.”





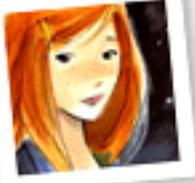
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Wednesday, March 15, 2006

Fun Surprise

Category: web, 09:23 PM



I've got a special treat for you today! Mind Candy has given an exclusive advance Wave 3 card to Game Daily, including a special code for solving it and getting points. It really sounds like everything is gearing up for the release of Wave 3, which I understand is coming very soon now. :-)

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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite Friday, March 17, 2006

Claire's confession

Category: story, 02:07 PM



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I said: "What do you mean 'what our family did at Viendenbourg'? I don't understand."
Claire Castille sighed and looked down at her hands again.
She said, in a voice so low I could barely hear her: "What did he tell you?"

I shook my head, still puzzled.
She spoke again: "What did my father tell you?"

I think I understood then, before she even explained it to me properly. But my voice spoke, even while my brain raced to the conclusion of the story.

"He told me a great wrong had been done to your family, at Viendenbourg. That you were sacrificed to save the city. I saw him crying while looking through the evidence in the military archives, and that was because of what had been done to you. He told me that he wanted to achieve justice."

Claire looked at Allain, then back at me.
"We do," she said, "we do want to achieve justice. We need to find out the truth. But the family legend is not that we were sacrificed. We were complicit in what happened at Viendenbourg. Our family was destroyed, but we were responsible for the deaths of hundreds of others. I suppose," she took another swig from her mug of tea, "that he was crying because he knew that. Because of guilt. Which we still feel after all these generations. That's why we have to know what really went on there."

She took Allain's hand and held it between hers. She smiled at him.

"And that's why I told you to stay away from your grandfather. Because I couldn't bear him to know that someone is trying to do again at Viendenbourg what was done in the past. And what we think was done here, at Anjsbourg." She looked back at me. "I don't know for certain. All I have to go on are some fragments of information, some family legends, and some information I found at the Viendenbourg base. But I think we might find the answers here, in the ruins of Anjsbourg.

"And there's something else as well." She sighed again and smiled a strange, wistful kind of smile. "Allain, I can't go back to the city. If you want to go, I can't go back with you. Because someone's after me, and if he finds out where I am he'll come, and he'll find me, and he'll kill me." She smiled again. "This probably sounds crazy, like a paranoid woman gone mad from too much time by herself, but I'm afraid it's true. I worked on a job in 267 - an illegal job, I sometimes take them on to fund our Viendenbourg research - but this one went bad. The man who employed me has eliminated the two others who worked on the job with us and I'm certain he'd come after me if he could."

Allain, who had been silent all this time, his eyes half shut against the sun, suddenly stirred. He bit his bottom lip, ran his hand through his hair and said:

"Who? Who is it who's after you? We can find a way to stop him."

And Claire Castille smiled again and said:

"He's a shadow, a figment. You could never find him. I only ever knew him as V," she shook her head, "and that's no help at all."



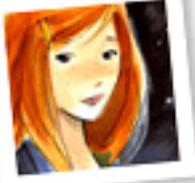
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, March 24, 2006

A favour for you

Category: story, 07:16 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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I'm sorry to have been trickling this story through to you over several weeks - as you know, I have extremely limited key access here, mostly only a few minutes a day. I suppose it's been helpful in one way, though. Some of you have emailed me to tell me that you think you know what Claire's crime was, that she was working with this "V" to steal the Cube. The truth is, I've suspected this myself. She hasn't said anything, and I don't want to push her, but I can't think of another crime that's been committed in the city in the past four or five years that would mean she felt she couldn't go to the authorities, even if her life was in danger. A couple of things she's dropped into conversation have also led me to that suspicion.

But I can't ask her directly. Over the past few weeks I've come to understand how precarious my position is here; I came out here hoping to reunite a son with his mother, and I've done that, and I'm proud. But now I want to go home and I think if Claire felt I threatened her, and Allain in any way she wouldn't let me do that. I don't think she's violent, not that. But it'd be easy enough to cripple our car, or my key. And it's not like there's a bus home.

So, I'm planning to be here for another few days. If you can think of one or two questions I could ask without arousing suspicion, I'll be glad to ask it. But remember that my key access is very limited - if you send dozens of emails I won't be able to get them all in time. It seems like many of you talk to each other, so if you could perhaps discuss it and then send me one email before next Friday, that would be best.

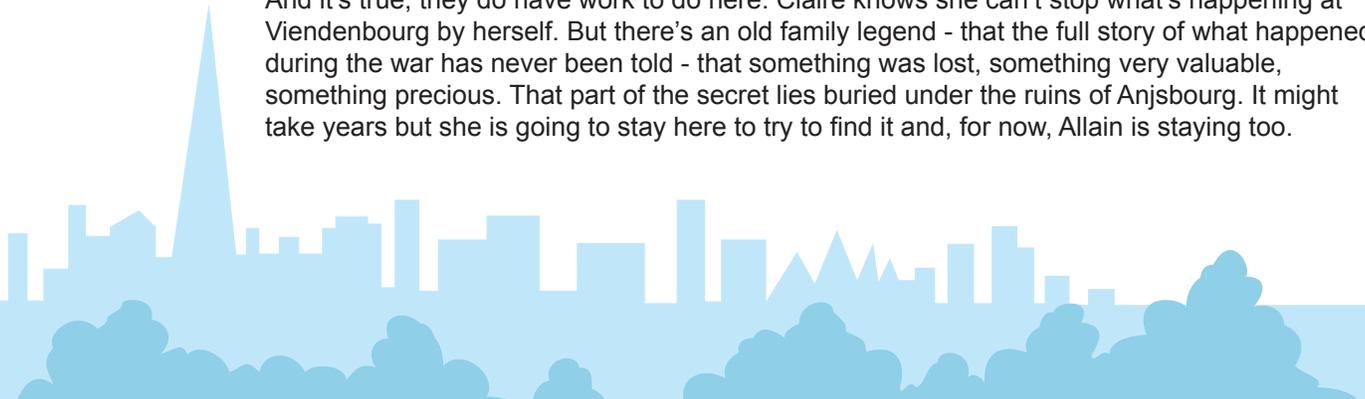
In any case, I should finish up telling Claire's story. There's not much further to go and much of it has come out in conversation over the past few weeks, while we've all been living and working together here in Anjsbourg. Claire and Allain have discussed whether he could go home too, when I do, but Claire says that would be too dangerous.

"I'm afraid," she said, one evening at the end of a long dig, "that V would find you. He'd try to use you to get to me. He might... he has no scruples. I'm sorry." She looked over at Allain, who was stretched out on his cot in the tent. "Maybe we could make you a new identity? Maybe Scarlett could help with that?"

Allain sat up, looked at me, grinned, and shook his head.

"Not yet," he said, "I'm tired of running for now. Besides, we've got work to do here, right?"

And it's true, they do have work to do here. Claire knows she can't stop what's happening at Viendenbourg by herself. But there's an old family legend - that the full story of what happened during the war has never been told - that something was lost, something very valuable, something precious. That part of the secret lies buried under the ruins of Anjsbourg. It might take years but she is going to stay here to try to find it and, for now, Allain is staying too.





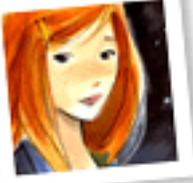
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, March 31, 2006

Coming home

Category: story, 05:10 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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I'm on my way home. It feels wonderful, like the air is singing. I've put down the roof of the little car and I can taste spring in the air. I've only come 60 miles or so since I left this morning, but just the idea of home is filling me with happiness. The city! My own house! My bed! My friends! I feel like I can hardly remember the city anymore, or who I was when I was in the city. It's been a long journey.

But it'll be a shorter journey coming home. Claire Castille, who's made several forays in the surrounding area, has given me directions which should cut a lot of time off my travels. And since I won't have to keep stopping to examine strange rock formations, collect soil samples or look for clues of which way to go next, I should be home in about two weeks. Home. Every time I write it, it makes me happy.

I've mailed my friends and family to tell them that my time at the Tanraga nature reserve is coming to an end, and that I'll be back soon. They're so excited to see me, too! Even Brede sent me a note back saying that he's looking forward to seeing me. I am so looking forward to picking up with my normal life again. A part of me just wants to forget that any of this ever happened, just wants to go back to being Scarlett again.

But I know that's not going to be possible. With what I know about the city now, I won't be able to look at anything in the same way again. I've been trying to think of what I'll do when I get back, after I've seen my friends and had my favourite sundae at Whipsmart, of course. I'm not sure who I can tell about what's happened to me, or if I can tell anyone. Maybe Brede? I'm not sure. I was thinking maybe Kurt would be a good person to talk to - but after all the illegal things I've done, I don't know if he'd have any sympathy. Besides, he has a new girlfriend now (he sent me a picture - she's cute) so maybe he doesn't hang out with Violet so much anymore. And Violet? I don't know. I know I can't talk to my father, not after what I found out at Viendenbourg, so maybe I can't trust her, either. I'll have a lot to think about over my next few days of travelling.

It's going to be weird being so alone over this journey. But at the same time, I'm looking forward to it, too. It's been quite difficult to keep my suspicions about Claire to myself all this time, and to ask questions without seeming too curious. Still, this morning as we were packing up my stuff into the car, I managed to put your questions to her, at least as far as I could - she and Allain have already made it pretty clear to me that the family legends are for them alone. Like you suggested, I started off by talking about her father, asking her whether she wanted me to let him know they were safe. She smiled and said that "wouldn't be necessary," that she's found her own way to do that.

I knelt down to check the car's tyres.
"And what about 'V'?" I said. "After everything you've said, I'm worried he'll come after me."

She looked down at me, then carried on tightening the bindings on my trunk as she spoke. "I can't deny that's a possibility," she said. "You should be careful. Don't tell anyone my name. Don't tell anyone you met me. Don't tell anyone where you've been."

Continued »



The Scarlett Kite

“But what if he does come to find me?” I said. “What should I do? Can you tell me anything about him? What he looks like? What does ‘V’ stand for?”

She stood away from the car, hands on her hips and surveyed her work. She breathed out slowly.

“Yes,” she said, “I suppose you need to know. At least what I know. I only met him three times. He’s in his mid-30s, with dark hair. He looks like a thousand other guys you might meet. As for the name, ‘V’. Once I heard someone else - someone who’s dead now - call him ‘Vadik’. Like the shadow-wizard in the story. It’s appropriate for him. And as for what you should do if you ever meet him: run. Just run.”

“And how,” I tried to sound like a naive child, like I couldn’t restrain my curiosity, “how did he come to be after you? What did you do?”

Her face clouded at that.

“You don’t need to know. It’s enough to tell you that I was involved in a robbery, that I wrote some code for him which enabled him to subvert one of the most advanced security systems in the world. But the robbery went wrong. We never got our hands on the target.”

“What happened?” I said. I opened my eyes very wide, raised my voice a little higher in the register.

She shook her head. “Someone else was there. I don’t know who and I don’t know why. But to do what they did, they must have been a better programmer than me. That’s not a large group.” She thinned her lips and wouldn’t say any more.

I hope that’s helpful to you. To be honest, I felt chills just asking about this V, or Vadik. I know you need this information, but I’m hoping that’s the end of my involvement with this end of the investigation. Right now, I’m just looking forward to getting home.





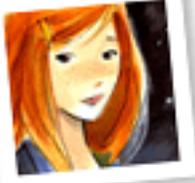
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Thursday, May 18, 2006

Soooo sleeeeeeepy

Category: me, 03:39 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

 [About me](#)

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Wave. Hello all. I'm so glad to be back in the city! Spring is here, the blossom is on the lilac trees in the park and I am sleeping in my own bed which, let me tell you, is looking exceedingly good to me after months away at the animal sanctuary.

I wish I could tell you I've been having exciting adventures since I've been back, but, really, not so much. I've been sleeping about 10 hours a night; just so exhausted from travelling! I've been visiting old friends - my friends Margot and Sanj are dating now, which is so exciting! They're so perfect for each other, and I'm really happy for them. I've even been out with Brede a couple of times - his leg is all better since he broke it while we were on vacation - but we haven't been out out. He's seeing a dance student called Chloe who seems really sweet, but it's been great to hang out with him. He's the only one who hasn't been bugging me for photos of my time at the animal sanctuary. It's so hard to explain, but really I was too busy to take pictures of all the injured animals! My father keeps threatening to write to the sanctuary to ask if they have pictures he can put on the walls, but I keep telling him that would just be embarrassing.

So many things seem to have moved on while I've been away. Violet's boss at the library died, which is very sad. She's seemed kind of depressed lately, and I've tried to cheer her up but she doesn't seem to want to talk. Usually she talks to Kurt when she's sad but he was spending so much time with his girlfriend Miranda that I don't think they've seen a lot of each other.

And then, you probably heard a little while ago Kurt was injured in a gas explosion! I didn't see Miranda at the hospital when I went to take him some flowers and fruit but he said she was on a hiking trip or something. It seems a bit weird, though, for her not to come back when he was in such danger. Maybe he played it down when he spoke to her - he's always so stoic when it comes to things like that. In any case, he and Violet went off for a few days to rest in the country which I think did them both some good. When I spoke to Violet after she got back she said that Kurt seemed very focused on what he needed to do, and that he didn't need her support anymore, which sounds like he's making progress!

It's such a lovely day today, maybe I'll suggest she sneaks off a bit early from work and we can go for icecream in the park. Although, I think she said she was meeting Caine. I think there's something going on there but, with Violet, it's so hard to tell.





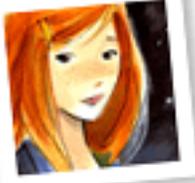
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Wednesday, June 14, 2006

Video Competition

Category: web, 04:32 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

So, way back when I started this blog, I was supposed to be keeping tabs on all of you Cube hunters on Earth, marking exciting media mentions, talking about my life and answering your questions, that sort of thing. I guess I've dropped off on some of that just a little bit (or I guess pretty much entirely) and, well, my dad is after me for it. You should hear him, his hands all folded up in front of him, 'It's not even like you're working, Scarlett,' and so on.

And, well, I have started really missing talking to all of you Earth people. It's been nice to have a long breather after returning from Tanraga, but I've started getting a bit restless, and school's out for the term. So I hate to say it, but my dad is right and I should start keeping up here a bit better!

So with that in mind, I'd like to congratulate the winner of Mind Candy's video competition, UKVer2, who made Perplex City, Meet South Park. I have to be honest, though, that sort of thing isn't going to go very far in convincing Perplexians that you aren't a violent lot! :-)

My personal favourite, though, was Pirates and Ninjas, just because everyone looked like they had so much fun filming it! And the videos were all really terrific, though I confess I didn't understand some of them very well. I can tell that everyone worked really hard, too - I can't imagine going to the trouble to write a song, like in It's time for!

So again, congratulations to all of the winners, and cheers to everyone who made a video! And I'll try really, really hard to post more often going forward.

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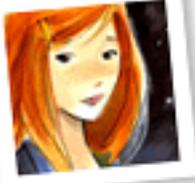
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Wednesday, June 21, 2006

Talking with Violet

Category: story, 04:59 PM



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You do know how to keep a secret, don't you?

I met with Violet, Kurt, and Anna Heath, of all people, a few weeks ago. I guess you know all about that. I finally told Violet the whole truth about my long journey to Viendenbourg, and on to Anjsbourg. All the while Kurt and Violet kept interrupting me, asking me for more information on the drilling at Viendenbourg, or what precisely Commander Fitzgerald said about my father. And they asked me several times to recount every scrap of detail I could remember about V - that Vadik fellow - and about Claire Castille's story.

Given that we seem to have followed strangely parallel courses despite the miles between us, it was a little bewildering to find that we had all four of us been talking to you. And you kept my confidence through all of it. Thank you for that.

There's more that happened after that meeting, though, that you probably don't know about, and it's part of why I've been so quiet since then. I stayed with Violet after the others had gone.

'I don't have anything to do,' I observed.

'That's true,' she said.

'But I want to help.'

'Too bad,' Violet said, and stood to collect the empty glasses from the table.

I paused a moment to try to keep calm. It's so easy to become angry when I'm talking to Violet, and the last thing I needed was to fall back into a role as her annoying little sister.

'I think I could do some good,' I said. 'Don't push me out of this on the grounds that I'm too young.'

Violet's shoulders bowed for a minute, and she wouldn't look at me.

'It's not that,' she said. 'You've proven you can handle yourself in the big, bad world.'

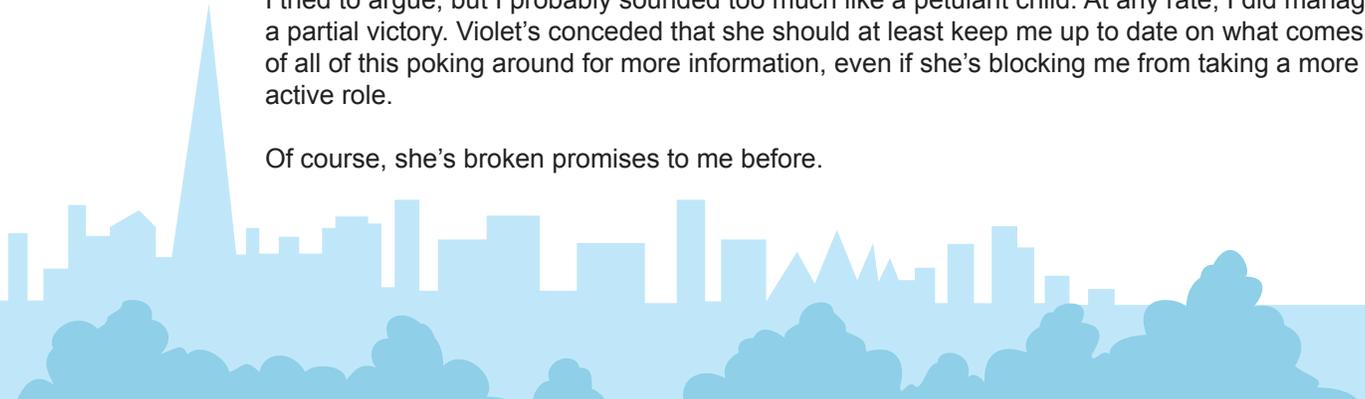
'So then why?' I pressed, following her into her kitchen.

She put the glasses down on the counter and turned to face me.

'You're too risky,' she said. 'V might know about you, and dad certainly suspects something about your ridiculous fluffy bunnies cover story. The best thing for you to do is lie low and try to keep attention away from yourself.'

I tried to argue, but I probably sounded too much like a petulant child. At any rate, I did manage a partial victory. Violet's conceded that she should at least keep me up to date on what comes of all of this poking around for more information, even if she's blocking me from taking a more active role.

Of course, she's broken promises to me before.





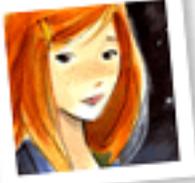
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Wednesday, June 21, 2006

Gadgetell

Category: web, 04:59 PM



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Look, I'm posting twice in just over a week, see? Be sure to tell my dad what a good job I'm doing. ;-)

Anyway, Michael Smith from Mind Candy got together with Gadgetell for an interview a while back, and you can see it here. The best part is, there's a free Wave 4 puzzle card at the end to be solved! If you haven't, yet, put on your lucky puzzle socks and have a crack at it. :-)

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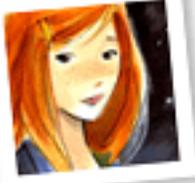
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Thursday, June 29, 2006

A Surprise!

Category: print, 05:43 PM



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The guys at Mind Candy have gone and put a free card, Gravity, into this month's Game Informer, so look for it if you pick up a copy...

But I have something WAY more exciting coming up! I'm working on a really great surprise for you, and I just know you'll like it. I can't tell you what it is yet, but don't worry, I won't keep you in suspense for terribly long. :-)

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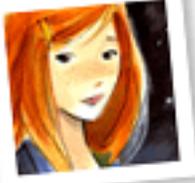
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, June 30, 2006

My New Project!

Category: web, 05:56 PM



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Well, today I can tell you what my surprise is! I've been looking around for ways I can help the hunt for the Cube from over here, and I dreamed up doing a weekly puzzle contest over on Myspace - and I have to say, I don't know how much it'll help anyone to find the Cube, but I was really taken with the idea and I thought it would be so much fun I just had to do it!

Go on over to Myspace and take a look around... I'll be putting up the very first puzzle hunt sometime today. And the best part is, I talked my dad and Mind candy into giving away PRIZES! This week it's a pretty sparkly brand-new DS Lite in black. I'm sure you lot are so sharp that nobody else will stand a chance to win, though if you'd be willing to tell all of your friends about my little game, I'd really appreciate it. :-)

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The Scarlett Code



Puzzles!
Prizes!
Pizzazz!

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24 years old
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12/18/2006

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www.myspace.com/thescarlettcode

Scarlett's Interests

General: love puzzles of all sorts, of course -- I'm Perplexian, aren't I? I also really love journalism, and I hope to make a real difference in the world once I'm older. Oh, and I love music, games, and Whipsmart ice cream.

Music: Roll for Damage, Joya, Viard... oh, and please don't tell anyone... but I really love Aurora Belle!

Books: Alice in Wonderland

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Scarlett's Blurbs

About Me

Hi, my name is Scarlett Kiteway. I'm a journalism student at Marmalejo College in Perplex City. I'm 21 years old, have a sister, Violet, and, sigh, no boyfriend right now. You can read a lot more about me if you read my regular blog at The Scarlett Kite...

About The Scarlett Code

So glad you asked! The Scarlett Code is a weekly online treasure hunt that anyone can take part in. Every week I'll be posting the questions here on my Myspace blog, and offering TWO prizes! When you think you've got the answers, go to that week's solve URL page and tell me what you came up with. The fastest person to get the right answers will get a bundle of Perplex City schwag - friends of mine will get a little headstart, of course :o) - while a random winner will get a cool grand prize, so there's no penalty for joining in a little late in the week!

If you're stumped but I've got your curiosity itching, never fear -- I'll post all of the answers right before I post the next week's questions.

Tips and Hints

Do whatever it takes, LOL! No, seriously, you can use Google, or try to get your friends thinking about it, anything that helps you. Sometimes you'll have to use a bit of sideways thinking, and I'm not above using horrid puns or obscure pop culture references, so be on your guard!

About Perplex City

You may not know a lot about Perplex City, but we know lots and lots about you! The Academy in Perplex City has been observing Earth for decades, but we never made contact until, a couple of years ago, someone stole the Receda Cube from us -- that's a really important thing to us, like the Crown Jewels or the Mona Lisa -- and somehow brought it to Earth. We're looking for Earth people to help us look for the Cube, and we're offering a £100,000 reward to whoever find it for us! Go to PerplexCity.com to find out how to help!

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Friday, June 30, 2006

Week 1 - The Scarlett Code!

Current mood: excited

Well, here it is, the first of my very own Scarlett Codes for you guys to solve! I'm really excited to be able to do this, but super nervous too, since I want everyone to have fun. Hopefully you'll find some cool stuff on your hunt for answers...

The lucky randomly-chosen winner for this week gets a shiny new Nintendo DS Lite in black, and a copy of Brain Age DS to go with it - and there's a bonus prize of Perplex City schwag for the first person to send me the right answer, too! To have a chance to win, all you have to do is find the answers, get the codeword and then submit it at my website. Since this is my first try, I'd love to hear what you think about the questions. Go on and write me at scarlett@thescarlettcode.com if you have something you'd really like to say. :-)

And now, without any further ado, let's get started:

OK, all you have to do is find the answers to each question, and then take the letter indicated in the brackets. Put the letters together to form a word, and submit them using the link at the end...

At long last, The Earth Is A Sandwich, almost certainly ushering in a new era of peace and diplomacy. But what country hosts the top half? (1st letter)

Your phone predicts that 2256695334363687 spells what? (15th letter)

Which muscle-bound actor starred in -29.675507, 152.088268? (7th letter)

Where did Perplex City's rock outfit de jour, Roll For Damage, play on March 3rd? The _____ (1st letter)

Which rather theatrical greeting has just been added to the Oxford English Dictionary? (4th letter)

Where the hell is Matt dancing on the 21st stop of his round-the-world dance-off? (5th and 6th letters)

Got the codeword? Go here to submit your answer!

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Friday, June 30, 2006

Hi!

Hi, welcome to my site, and thanks for stopping by! My name is Scarlett Kiteway, and you can find out a little bit more about me just by checking out my profile... As you may have already gathered, I'm planning on running a weekly puzzle contest, just for fun, and I'll be posting the very first one in just a little while. :-)

From time to time I'll probably talk about some other things, here, too... life, sisters, boyfriends, school, the usual suspects. Anyway, thanks for coming to check it out, and I hope you'll stop by often - or at least once a week to do my puzzles!

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Thursday, July 06, 2006

Week 1 - The Answers...

Thanks so much, everyone who wished me a happy birthday. I had a great time, a nice fancy dinner out with my dad and my sister - I even got some really great gifts - and it was even nicer knowing that people like you I've never even met were thinking of me. :-)

If you haven't submitted your answers for this week, it's too late now! Great work, all of you who followed my trail to the end. I'll announce the winners along with this week's new puzzle. And for those of you who didn't quite get it all in time, I give you last week's answers:

1) The magical Earth Sandwich was completed in Spain - see this video to witness the moment!

2) Tapping 225669534363687 when your cellphone is in "predictive text" mode spells "acknowledgements."

3) Put those coordinates into Google Maps and you'll see a tiny place in the Australian outback called Diehard, which was also a film that Bruce Willis starred in, you've probably heard of it?

4) Roll For Damage played at The Click on March 3rd, the same venue they debuted in all those years ago.

5) The theatrical greeting that's just made it into the dictionary is "air kiss" - see the other weird words that made it in, too.

6) A nice easy one to finish - you just had to watch Matt boogie around the globe, and the 21st place in the video was Easter Island! And putting it all together...

Taking the letters I said spelt "sticker," which was the codeword you should have entered - although "politics," "raciest" and "tractor" were good tries, I guess!

Now be a little patient, and I'll have my next quiz up in a little while...

The Scarlett Code



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Thursday, July 06, 2006

Week 2 - The Scarlett Code

Right, on to Week 2! Now you've seen one week's questions and answers, you'll start to get the hang of it, even if you were a little muddled last week. The good news is, I have the same prizes to award again, so you've got a whole fresh new chance. :-)

Just for a refresher, here are the rules: The lucky randomly-chosen winner will get a shiny black Nintendo DS Lite and a copy of Brain Age DS to go with it. The very first person to send in the right answer gets a prize, too, of Perplex City goodies thank to the guys at Mind Candy.

To have a chance to win, all you have to do is find the answers to my questions, take the first letter of each answer to make the codeword, and then submit it at my website (the link is at the end of the quiz). The number in brackets is a clue to how long each answer should be.

Annnnnnd here are the puzzles you've been waiting for:

1) In what city can you find this statue?

2) Which web-celebrity got Unboomed this week? (6,7)

3) It's good enough for you, it's good enough for him - what rather well-known figure got sent a Nintendo DS Lite and a copy of Brain Age by Nintendo as a birthday present this week? (6,1,4)

4) Which high-flying soccer team (whose best ever result was 9 - 0 against the USA) is nicknamed The Azzurri? (5)

5) Caine, Perplex City's leading wannabe-rockstar, plays for a band called The Ooze. But what is their frontman called? (7)

6) What's Superman's original name? (No, not Clark Kent - the other one...) (3-2)



All done? Then click here to submit this week's keyword!

What, you're still hanging around? Oh, I suppose you want to know who won last week, don't you? Well, the very first person to submit the right answer was Luke. Great work! And the lucky DS Lite winner from last week is... Zed! Congratulations to both of you. :-)

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Thursday, July 13, 2006

Week 2 - The Answers...

Current mood: anticipating ice cream!

Hi again, and well done to everybody that entered this week! From the comments, it sounds like you had a much easier time solving the Code this time around. Anyway, the competition is now closed, so here are the answers if you got stuck...

- 1) This crazy upside-down statue is at Latrobe University in Melbourne.
- 2) It was Amanda Congdon who got "Unboomed" from her videoblog partner, Andrew Baron.
- 3) George W Bush got given a DS Lite & copy of Brain Age by Nintendo for his 60th birthday.
- 4) The Azzuri is the nickname for the Italian soccer team...
- 5) The lead singer of Caine's band is called Crowley...
- 6) Superman's original birth-name was Kal-El.

Take the first letter of each to get last week's codeword: Magick.

I hope that tidies everything up for you nicely! Congratulations to this week's winners: Ryan was quickest off the mark and wins Perplex City goodies from Mind Candy, while Rob was picked by the Random Winner Picking Machine and gets a Nintendo DS Lite with a copy of Brain Age! Congratulations guys. :)

Everybody else, look out for a new Code in the next few moments!

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Thursday, July 13, 2006

Week 3 - The Scarlett Code

So it looks like it's time for another one of Scarlett Codes, huh? Hopefully you're getting the hang of them by now, and once again I've got cool prizes for the winners, so get cracking! Just for a refresher, here are the rules:

The lucky randomly-chosen winner will get a shiny black Nintendo DS Lite and a copy of Brain Age DS to go with it. The very first person to send in the right answer gets a prize, too, of Perplex City goodies thank to the guys at Mind Candy.

To have a chance to win, all you have to do is find the answers to my questions, take the first letter of each answer to make the codeword, and then submit it using the link at the end. The number in brackets is a clue to how long each answer should be.

And now for the questions:

- 1) Competitive Staredown is my new favourite unheard-of sport. In the video below, the guy in the orange tank top is celebrating at the "Quad Cities what"??? (5)
- 2) Check out this amazing Piglet Squid! (It kind of reminds me of a Whipsmart Cow, actually - see below...) But what's the proper Latin name for this adorable aquatic animal? (14,8)
- 3) Kyle MacDonald swapped his one red paperclip for all kinds of weird stuff, until on his fourteenth swap he finally got himself a house! However, when he swapped an afternoon with a celebrity for a KISS snowglobe, his fans weren't very happy. "I think a little piece of me just died inside," said one. But who was the celebrity? (5,6)
- 4) In 10,000 years' time, massive, strange constructions like the one below might mark the sites of dangerous radiation. One of the weirdest ideas is a field of what? (6)
- 5) The Long Blondes. "Lust In The Movies" features Arlene Dahl, Anna Karenina and which "socialite, debutante, and heiress"? (4,8)
- 6) Which Whipsmart Ice flavour is named after the philosopher Descartes? (3)

All done? Then click [here](#) to submit this week's keyword!

Good luck, and see you all next week. :-)

The Scarlett Code



Puzzles!
Prizes!
Pizzazz!

Female
24 years old
Perplex City
United Kingdom

Last Login:
12/18/2006

MySpace URL:

www.myspace.com/thescarlettcode

Scarlett's Interests

General: love puzzles of all sorts, of course -- I'm Perplexian, aren't I? I also really love journalism, and I hope to make a real difference in the world once I'm older. Oh, and I love music, games, and Whipsmart ice cream.

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Friday, July 21, 2006

500 Friends!

Current mood: chipper

Wow, 500 friends already! I have to say, I've never felt so popular in my life. Some of you have left comments for me with questions I thought I should answer, as long as you've gone to the trouble... first, Eeyore is Love asks me how you know who the weekly winners are. That one's easy! I announce the name of the winners along with the answers each Friday. And don't worry if you can't check back, because I also send email to the winners to let them know individually.

Then, Frank is asking me whether I'm an alien! Too funny! I could just as well ask if you're an alien, Frank. :-) But seriously, I've talked to my friend Kurt about it, and he says as far as anyone knows, Perplexians are just as human as anyone on Earth (or maybe the other way around). Not like we've got a ton of basis for comparison, but a lot of comparative biologists and doctors went over this question back home a few decades ago, and determined that we all seem to be about the same, as far as anyone can tell without actually sending tissue samples back and forth, or some ridiculous thing like that. At any rate, back in Perplex City, we've mostly given up on thinking of you lot as aliens. :-)

And also, thank you again to all of my birthday well-wishers. I've got a lot going on right now, with studying for exams in the fall and all, and everytime someone new told me happy birthday it just cheered me right back up again!

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Friday, July 21, 2006

Week 4 - The Scarlett Code

Category: Quiz/Survey

Time for Week 4 of The Scarlett Code! Hope you're feeling as sharp as usual...

This is your last chance to win a shiny, black Nintendo DS Lite with a copy of Brain Age! Starting next week, I'll be giving away different prizes every week - but don't worry, I'm sure they'll be just as cool. As usual, there's Perplex City goodies for the first person to get the right answer.

I'm sure you get how it works by now - find the answers to the questions, take the first letter of each answer to form a codeword, and then click the link at the end to send it to me!

Without further ado - the questions:

- 1) Which demotivational poster imparts the sage wisdom "It's amazing how much easier it is for a team to work together when no one has any idea where they're going"?
- 2) According to The Register, the remote village of Huangyangtan's bizarre and mysterious model is how long on the longest side?
- 3) According to Slate's faux-Myspace profile, Rupert Murdoch's favourite book is The what?
- 4) What was my sister Violet's word of choice on September 8th 2005?
- 5) Whose laser systems does Chad Vader want to check out in this video?
- 6) The Nicest Thing - how many sugars does Kate Nash like in her tea?

All done? Then click here to submit this week's keyword!

Happy hunting, everyone - see you next Friday... :)

The Scarlett Code



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Friday, July 21, 2006

Week 3 - The Answers

Category: Quiz/Survey

Welcome back, everyone, and congratulations to all the entrants this week - especially all the new ones! It's Friday again, and time for a new Code, but before we do that let's see last week's answers:

1) The Competitive Staredown champion was celebrating at the Quad Cities Clash.

2) The latin name for a piglet squid is Helicocranchia.

3) Kyle McDonald swapped an afternoon with Alice Cooper for a KISS snowglobe.

4) One way of marking radiation in 10,000 years time is to build an enormous field of Spikes.

5) The other debutante from the Long Blondes song "Lust In The Movies" is Edie Sedgwick.

6) The Whipsmart Ice flavour named after Descartes is Rummy.

Take the first letter from each answer to spell last week's codeword: Chaser.

And now to announce last week's winners - drumroll please!

Chris wins the awesome Nintendo DS Lite & copy of Brain Age, while the terrifically mood-lit Sarah wins a bunch of Perplex City stuff for being quickest to crack the code!

The Scarlett Code



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Thursday, August 03, 2006

Week 4 - The (belated) Answers

Hi everybody,

It's been a while, I know, but here are the answers to Week 4's Scarlett Code...

- 1) The "ignorance" poster was the one you were looking for.
- 2) The huge scale model was nine hundred meters long.
- 3) The faux-Myspace profile had The Fountainhead as Rupert Murdoch's favourite book.
- 4) My sister Violet's word of the day was exsanguinate.
- 5) Chad Vader had the hots for Clarissa.
- 6) Kate Nash likes three sugars in her tea.

Take the first letter from each answer to spell last week's codeword: Infect.

Congratulations to the winners: Jonathan F was the fastest person to get the right answer and wins a bundle of Perplex City stuff, and Locard was the randomly chosen winner of the Nintendo DS bundle - great work!

This week's Scarlett's Code is on its way... :-)

The Scarlett Code



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Friday, August 04, 2006

Week 5 - The Scarlett Code Current mood: melancholy

Sorry to miss last week, everyone. There was the trouble with MySpace on Friday, and then a friend of the family died unexpectedly, so I sort of lost my motivation for a while. I'm sure you all understand.

Actually, it looks like some of you already know about Anna - thanks, Fiera, I miss her, too. :(

However, I can't see fit to rob you of your expected quiz for two weeks running, so I'm putting one up for you today. Let's call this one in memory of Anna, and make sure to have fun with it! Anna would want it that way.

This week there's a new grand prize - a Nabaztag for a randomly chosen winner, a really cute gadget that does all sorts of neat stuff via the internet. And there's Perplex City goodies to be won for the first person to send me the right answer!

Like usual, to crack the code, find the answers to the questions, take the first letter of each answer to form a codeword, and then click the link at the end to send it to me!

- 1) Which less-than-catchy fake band contains the number 21532?
- 2) According to this beautiful interpretation, Bullet For My Valentine sing about a banana eating what?
- 3) Harry And The Potters aren't scared of the death eater's hats or their what?
- 4) Cheap Ceretin might be able to help make your conversations longer and more fulfilling. But who does the first recommendation come from?
- 5) Who's this, crafted in Lego by Nathan Sawaya?
- 6) Who's featured backseat "web show" was on the Net in '96?

All done? Then click here to submit this week's keyword!

Good luck, one and all...

The Scarlett Code



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Friday, August 18, 2006

Week 5 - The Answers!

Category: Quiz/Survey

Hey everyone,

Here's last week's answers:

- 1) The band you were looking for were the dubious-sounding Pogo Sandman 21532.
- 2) Funnily enough, the answer to this question was answer!
- 3) Harry And The Potters aren't scared of the Death Eaters' cloaks.
- 4) Mandy allegedly hypes up the amazing powers of Cheap Ceretin.
- 5) The lego brick mosaic is a picture of Alfred Hitchcock.
- 6) Nickelodeon had a webshow from Natalie back in '96.

Which makes last week's codeword PACMAN.

And what about the winners, huh? Buzman got the quickest answer and wins Perplex City goodies, and Lee Wardle wins the adorable Nabaztag! Congratulations guys :-)

And Week 6 of The Scarlett Code will be appearing shortly - watch this space!

The Scarlett Code



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Friday, August 18, 2006

Week 6 - The Scarlett Code!

Current mood: bored

Category: Quiz/Survey

Sorry to miss last week, guys. As you may have heard, things have been kind of crazy around here since Thursday. I'm not clear on what happened, exactly, but there was some sort of massive power failure - it was crazy everywhere in the city, since nothing like this has happened in ages and ages and nobody was sure what to do! - and the data link from us to you was lost or severed or something... anyway, my dad's been working nonstop since then, and no time to talk to me or explain what's happened exactly, so sorry I don't have anything more to tell you!

And now the link is up again, but I'm sooooo so so very bored. I'm staying with my aunt and uncle for a little while, and it's like the most dull holiday you've ever been on. And here I am, bored and still entertaining you lot! I should force you all to send me funny stories to pass my time or something. It would be only fair, wouldn't it? :-)

Anyway, I guess it isn't right to make you suffer with nothing to do, too, so here's this week's quiz! As always, just find the answers to the questions, take the first letter of each word to form a codeword, and then send it to me using the link at the end... get cracking! There's Perplex City stuff for the first person to send me the correct answer, and a Nabaztag for the winner.

1) Which edible, mythical deity appears in the clouds here?



2) Who was the first person to survive a Ninternship?

3) What road borders the West of the PCAG headquarters?

4) Which academic is quoted by USA Today, in an article on The Largest Thing In The Universe?

5) According to The Onion, a lack of what is contributing to rising oil prices?

6) Where did the three Mexican fisherman found adrift 11 months after they went missing set sail from?

Think you've got the codeword? Send it to me!

See ya next week - Scarlett xx

The Scarlett Code



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Friday, August 25, 2006

Week 6 - The Answers!

Hey everyone,

Thanks for all your entries this week! I guess it's time for the answers, right?

- 1) You can clearly see the famous Flying Spaghetti Monster emerging from the clouds in this photo.
- 2) Joan of Arc was the first person to survive a Ninternship.
- 3) Osiris Road runs along the west side of the PCAG headquarters.
- 4) Ryosuke Yamauchi is quoted in the USA Today article about the Largest Thing In The Universe.
- 5) According to The Onion, a lack of dinosaurs is contributing to rising oil prices.
- 6) The Mexican fishermen who were adrift at sea for eleven months set sail from San Blas.

So, the codeword was fjords! Congratulations are totally in order for Scribe, who won the Perplex City things for being the quickest to submit his answer, and Jason Fabry, who won the adorable Nabaztag... just email me your address at scarlett@thescarlettkite.com guys, and I'll make sure you get your prizes :-)

Stay tuned for a post in just a few minutes...

The Scarlett Code



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Friday, August 25, 2006

No quiz today...

I'm sorry to say, it looks like I'm going to be stopping my puzzle hunts for a while. It's been great fun, hasn't it? But school is starting up again soon - the Academy is off break already! - and I've got exams to write beforehand, and I just don't think I'm going to have the time to dedicate to it for a while... and anyway, my dad spoke to me earlier today and said he wants me to refocus on my education, because 'you missed so much last year, Lettie, and I hate to think you've fallen behind. Your education should come first!'

I really hope none of you are too disappointed. I'll miss it myself. :-(

But don't worry, I'll still be posting here from time to time, and of course I'll be reading your comments and emails, and trying to respond whenever I can. :-)

Oh, and one last thing for now - a bit ago, poozle asked how it is I can access MySpace from Perplex City, so I should probably give an answer! I asked my friend Von about it, and I don't really understand all of the technical details myself, but he said something about how the data link does allow limited access through a filtered interface sort of thing, or something like that. Von gets a little overenthusiastic when you ask him about stuff like this, and talks way too fast to really follow. Basically, I think it means the average Perplexian can't go round using the Earth internet because they can't use the data link, but I've got special access for doing things like this. :-)

Cheers!



The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, July 7, 2006

Blogs and Birthdays

Category: me, 01:30 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

[About me](#)

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So, it looks like a lot of you remembered my birthday and said something over at Myspace. (It's so strange, having two blogs to update!) Anyway, thank you so much, it really helped to lift my mood when I've been starting to feel a little down. :)

See, during my time spent in Tanraga with the animals and all, I missed rather a lot more school than I'd intended to. In the fall I'll get an opportunity to take some proof of competency exams, so hopefully I won't have so far to go to graduate, but I'm going to wind up studying rather a lot the next couple of months. I'm just making a game plan now for which proofs to take and how to prepare for them.

And it's about time for me to start working up my Academy entrance application, too, if I want to go. I know dad would be upset if he thought for a minute I weren't going to even apply, I saw how he was with Violet. And he still hasn't given up with her, either, so I know he'd quadruple his effort with me! Still, I want to be a serious journalist, and while an Academy program in psychology or sociology might help me a bit, I'm not sure how sensible it would be to take the time for it.

At any rate, for my birthday, I had a really lovely dinner with Violet and dad at Conundra, including the most wonderful warm gooey-centred chocolate cake you can even imagine. And dad gave us a weird gushy talk about how we're grown women now and hardly even need him anymore, and then he gave me an old-fashioned stationery set with an ink pot and a quill pen and everything. Violet said I could keep the jacket I borrowed from her last month, and then on top of that she gave me a magnificent puzzle necklace. Oh, and when I saw her earlier in the day, my friend Margot gave me a beautiful bound book she made of some of the best photos we took on our hike together.

Still, between my blogs and my studies, I've got a lot of work cut out for me this summer, so I guess I'd better stop complaining and get on with it. :-)



The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Wednesday, July 19, 2006

Wave Four

Category: me, 04:35 PM



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Well, thanks to that leak to the Sentinel, you all knew about Wave 4 coming out sooner than anyone wanted. I think they'd had a big announcement planned for just the week before the release, to spring it on everybody as a nice surprise, and of course the Sentinel went and ruined it. Dad is in a state over it, stalking everywhere with a black cloud over his head. Vi and I have both been trying to stay out of his way.

Then again, Vi seems to be staying out of everyone's way lately, so far as I can tell. She hardly returns my calls and hurries me off when I do reach her. I've stopped by her apartment a few times, but she's never home lately. Though, don't tell her, but I did borrow her new strappy shoes anyway. Don't worry, I'll have them back before she notices anything :-)

Anyway. I got a bunch of questions in my mail from a few people, so I thought I'd try to answer some of them (too many to answer them all, though!)

Cassandra wanted to know if the photo album Margot got me was from my Tanraga hike with my friends. Yes, that's what it is :-). Photography isn't really in style here in Perplex City, but she has a way with a camera, and the pictures she captured are really inspiring.

You also asked about my friend Iona Rodie, and what she did before she was a reporter for the Sentinel! Iona is older than I am, of course, and she didn't go to the Academy at all. She went to Marmalejo College, like me, and she practically ran the school paper while she was there, so the Sentinel snapped her up the second she graduated because of all of her experience!

Then I have about a hundred questions from Ben :-). I can't answer them all just now, I need to get back to my studyies, but here are a few: If you're wondering what a key is, I've tried to explain that before... and there is no way for people to travel between Earth and Perplex City :-). Which is really too bad, I'd love to visit... but of course this is why we can't go and look for the Receda Cube ourselves! Oh, and yes, puzzle design is an actual career here. :-)

That's it for now! Do feel free to send in more questions, I'm sorry I've become so bad about answering them. :-)





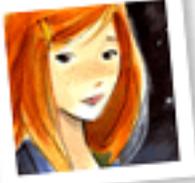
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, July 28, 2006

Please hold...

Category: me, 05:53 PM



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A bit of annoying news - I'm having a few tech problems today, so I can't upload my Scarlett Code on Myspace. I know, I know...

I'll have something extra cool for you on Monday (as long as things are working again!) but in the meantime I thought you might like to know that Jonathan F was the quickest to get the answer last week (and wins Perplex City things) and Locard is the winner of the Nintendo DS bundle. :-)

 [About me](#)

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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Thursday, August 3, 2006

Bad news

Category: me, 09:22 AM



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I heard about Anna from Violet on Saturday morning, and it's really taken away my enthusiasm for, well, everything. I'm sure you understand. Anna has been a friend of the family for years and years. She was one of my dad's colleagues you could count on to speak to you like someone who has something to say, and not condescending or pompous like too many of the fellows are.

I know I'm not usually big on children, but I feel so terribly for Anna's... I remember what it's like to lose your mother when you're small. I keep having flashbacks to when it happened to us, just pictures, really. Violet finding me sitting on the steps and crying, and giving me hugs. Dad looking so tired, and bringing us to stay with Auntie Annaliese and Uncle Sanj for a few days so he could sort everything out. And them being so horribly fake and cheerful, as though we didn't know anything was wrong at all. I hope Fleming or whoever has the children right now knows not to pretend everything is all right, because it isn't.

I have some pictures to post from Comic-Con, and from the Wave 4 launch party in London. I think I likely won't get to it until after the memorial later today, though.

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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Thursday, August 17, 2006

Sulk

Category: me, 06:57 PM



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Sigh. I hate being the youngest. Older siblings always go on about how much responsibility they have, and how they were always punished more because they were supposed to "know better". But, in my opinion this is more than covered by the fact that they get to do everything first! Moreover, they get to do it not only first, but earlier.

When Violet was my age, she was finishing up her degree, had already fipped off my father by refusing a place at the Academy and was making more money than Levenay playing cards most nights and was dating some skanky musician from the Old Town. And what do I get? At the first hint of trouble, like some 12-year-old kid, I get sent away.

My dad's shipped me off to stay with my aunt and uncle for a while. He said that with all of the trouble he's going to have for the next few weeks, he'd rather I stay out of the way as far as possible. Doesn't want midnight meetings disrupting my studies, and people will be tramping in and out at all hours, blah blah blah.

And Uncle Sanjean is even worse! He seems to feel I'm still 8 years old and doesn't want me coming home after 9 at night. I'm supposed to have dinner with them every evening, and have to clear it with them if I want to spend a night at a friend's house. Honestly! As if I hadn't been taking perfectly good care of myself in Tanraga all those months!

Soooo it looks like there isn't much for me to do but live with it. :-(My friend Iona says it might be better for me to be out of my dad's way for the next few days anyhow. She wouldn't say what she meant by it, though.





The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Monday, August 21, 2006

Unsulk

Category: me, 04:29 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteyay, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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Well, I've weathered a weekend with my aunt and uncle, and I have to say, it hasn't been as terrible as I'd thought it was going to be. I had a talk with my Aunt Annaliese about curfews and adulthood, and she intervned with my uncle just in time to save my Saturday night. Now I just have to call and let them know when I expect to be back so they don't fret and lie awake all night. Still tiresome, but at least liveable!

And! Even better! I managed to find out at least something about that blackout last week! :-) I went out with some friends to Cervantes, and Margot's brother's friend was there with us. His name is Emory, and he spent most of the evening trying to chat me up, and - wait for it - he works for the electrical authority! So of course I used my charm and feminine wiles to get some information out of him on the blackout. Violet isn't the only one who knows how to flirt, you know. Doesn't hurt that Emory is very tall and very, very clever. ;-)

Anyway, he told me this is all super-top-secret internal stuff, but it turns out that the reason it took them so long to get power up again is because most of the safety mechanisms that keep an "excessive draw" from taking out the city had been disabled somehow, and they had to go round resetting power stations and reconfiguring them manually. So whoever ran whatever massive piece of equipment it was that caused the blackout, well, Emory says they knew ahead of time it wouldn't run off the normal electrical grid and somehow cut out all of the system's failsafes intentionally!

I do wonder what exactly could need so much power. Of course I'm hearing that same "wormhole to Earth" business that everyone else read in the paper, but I'm not even sure what to think about it. I'd ask my dad, but I'm not sure he'd tell me straight, and anyway, I haven't even heard from him in days and days now.



The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Wednesday, August 30, 2006

Exploration

Category: me, 07:30 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

Wow, you know, with you guys emailing me advice about what I should investigate, and me being away from home again, it's quite feeling like old times!

I'm still at my uncle and aunt's house, but my summer studies are coming to an end. I'll have some exams over the next couple of weeks, but I think all my work has actually paid off because I don't feel worried about them at all really. Well, all apart from biological sciences. But I think I'm going to ace Conflict History, if you know what I mean. ;-)

In my free moments from studying I've been, well, to be honest I've been seeing my friends because I just can't stay in this house all day every day like Uncle Sanjean and Aunt Annaliese want me to. But in my free time from that I've been looking round the house, like some of you asked me to. So far, I can't say I've found anything particularly interesting. There was one afternoon when, tapping on the panelling in the garden salon I found a "secret door." I was very excited for about five minutes while I worked out precisely which of the carved flowers was the handle. Imagine my disappointment when I opened it to find that it contained... cleaning supplies. That's the problem with old houses - everyone else has generally discovered all their secrets already. All the romance is gone!

Still, Uncle Sanjean's noticed my interest in the old house, and he's promised that he'll give me a proper tour very soon. He says he's going to tell me all about Anthony Granier. But knowing Uncle Sanjean, that'll mean a lot of information about the politico-sociological legacy of the man and his literary endeavours and not too much about the strange rumours and speculation we're interested in. I'll try to wheedle all I can out of him, and in the meantime I'll keep on looking for the secret passages and concealed rooms!

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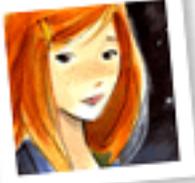


The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite Friday, September 1, 2006

Perhaps a puzzle

Category: me, 02:32 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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Uncle Sanjean finally found a moment to give me the tour of the house this morning. As I suspected, he gave me an in-depth analysis of how Anthony Granier supervised the reconstruction of the city's sewer system, and the impact of his later novels on the burgeoning experimentation in the visual arts. But when I asked about how Granier took up seducing the daughters of his political rivals and then mentioning it up on the council floor, or how his second wife left him because she was jealous of his relationship with Vianne Adamek, my uncle just harrumphed and said he "couldn't possibly comment."

Anyway, there was one thing I saw that really piqued my curiosity. There's a funny bit of an alcove in the hall outside my aunt and uncle's bedroom. In there is a picture with a sort of mosaic frame, permanently fixed to the wall. My uncle showed it to me and said that it's a picture of the place where Granier retreated to write his last novel, Lay Sorrowe to Rest. If you look carefully, you can kind of see a very tiny seam running horizontally above and below it. Anyway, Uncle laughed when he saw me looking at it so closely and said my mother always thought there might be something there, too, when they were children, but they weren't allowed to touch the antiques in the house for fear they'd damage something.

I crept back a bit later in the day and tried to find a way to open it, but none of the tiles seems to be buttons or anything like that. I did notice, though, that there are six more prominent squares of four tiles each - you'll see in the picture - and it's hard to get them to budge, but if you push very hard, they turn a bit. I didn't want to stand there in front of their bedroom fiddling with it all night, it would be rude. Sooo I'm just wondering if you'd take a look at it and see if you can come up with any good ideas on how it might work, and let me know. :) I really don't want them to find me standing outside their bedroom scratching at the door, though, so try to be sure you've got the right answer before you send me there!





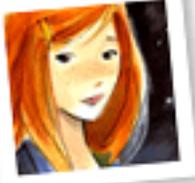
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Monday, September 4, 2006

No luck yet

Category: me, 06:05 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

A few of you have sent me things to try to see if I can get that mosaic to open a secret door or something. So far, no go... and what's more, I've discovered that of those six more prominent tiles, the top one and the lower one on the left side (I guess that's twelve o'clock and eight o'clock) won't budge even a little bit. :-)

I think you're all on the right track trying to make some sort of pattern, though, it's very much in keeping with the popular puzzle style of the time. I keep looking at it and thinking six squares and six colours, that has to be significant, doesn't it?

Anyway, thanks for helping me think about it so far, I'm sure with all of you hard at work we'll have it figured out in no time. :-)

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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, September 8, 2006

Success!

Category: me, 03:59 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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Cheers to you all! I'm so excited, I hurried over to that mosaic to try some more of your solves this morning while my aunt and uncle were breakfasting, and I got it OPEN! The whole panel on the wall just popped open and inside there was a small letter packet, there's just a piece of paper with some blocky lines on it plus a note I can't read. I hid it under my shirt and I'm going to run off and see if Violet can help me decipher the note later on. I think this looks like another puzzle, though, don't you?

Anyway, you must be wondering what the solve was - it turns out to be simpler than anyone had been thinking! I only needed to move two of the tiles to open it. The 2 o'clock tile went 90 degrees counter-clockwise, and the 6 o'clock tile rotated 180 degrees, and then pop! it just opened right up.

Both Brian Rater and Claire Melton sent me this answer, and looking at it, it makes sense, because the resultant pattern leaves only one mosaic tile of each colour on the innermost, outermost, left and right points of the tiles as you look at them from the center, and moreover the colours go through the same pattern.

Sorry it took me so long to get to this, though. I've been writing my placement exams, which have turned out to be much easier than I thought they'd be. This has turned into such a good week!





The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, September 8, 2006

Curiouser and curiouser

Category: me, 06:35 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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Violet's transcribed that letter into something readable. It's rather intriguing:

My dear children, Edward and Amaithe -

As I write this, my time draws near. I have passed too many hours away from you, indeed, and never conceived a manner in which to tell you of all I had seen and done. I am sorry for it. I love you and kiss you both. If your heart is in the matter and you wish to learn more of your father, there is a place which contains much knowledge. I cannot write its name, but this puzzle will lead you to it. I am confident you will find out its secret. Should you travel there at last, go safely and forgive me.

*Your ever-loving,
Papa*





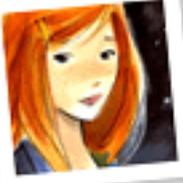
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Monday, September 11, 2006

Loose ends

Category: me, 06:16 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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The strangest thing just happened. The dean's office at Marmalejo College called me early this morning and set me up for an urgent counselling session this afternoon with a curriculum specialist. Now, I'd already had my classes all picked out and registration done, and I'd actually been expecting to attend my first classes today, so I'm sure you can just imagine the state I was in! I spent all morning feeling queasy worrying over whether my exams last week weren't as good as I had thought, and I might not be allowed to take the courses I'd picked!

So this afternoon at the appointed time I got to campus and was ushered into the office of one Jonathan Kamedin, a short, blonde man with a weedy little moustache and bristles of hair sticking out all over his head. He was very friendly, didn't act at all like I was about to have my courses pulled out from under me, so I started to relax a little bit. Once he had me settled, he just sort of sat there beaming at me for a minute, until I couldn't take it anymore.

"What is this all about?" I asked.

"Oh! Oh, oh, of course! It's about your placement exams."

My heart sank a little. "Were they so bad?"

"No, goodness, not at all!" He seemed genuinely startled. "In fact, the college is very impressed with your scores, very impressed indeed!"

I think I just sat there blinking at him for a moment.

"In fact, the college feels that, given the advances you made on your own over the past year, you are clearly the sort of student who excels in an independent study environment," he said.

"You were traveling in Tarraga over the last semester, were you not?"

I nodded.

"Well, your placement exams came back so very high," he said, "We would very strongly like to encourage you to withdraw from your registered courseload and continue on this semester as you did last semester. it was clearly very beneficial to you, truly impressive!"

"Withdraw?" I asked.

"Well, of course you would need to take another round of placement exams mid-year," he said.

"But the evidence shows us that your education would be vastly hindered by restricting you to regular classes. Freedom! That's clearly best for you!"

"So you don't want me in classes this term?"

"Clearly not!" he said. "I'll just go ahead and cancel your existing schedule right now, it's very obviously the best thing for you."

I nodded again, I mean what else could I possibly say? And that was pretty much that!

So... it looks like I have a lot more free time on my hands the coming term than I'd expected.

I'm a little upset about it, actually, because I'd really been looking forward to having regular courses with my friends again, and getting back into something like my regular life. And now I have this gaping hole of free time to fill with some kind of independent study. Sometimes it feels like nothing is ever going to be normal ever again.



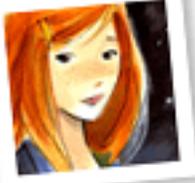
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Wednesday, September 13, 2006

Squiggle-squiggle

Category: me, 02:20 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

Well, as I suddenly have nothing at all better to do with my time, I've been staring at those funny lines on my key all day and pretending it's a legitimate assignment in Historic Logic Patterns or something :-). Good practice, really, and a much more memorable way to learn about it than reading some dull old tract on how "multiple perspectives and repeating patterns or themes were a hallmark of early-AC Perplexian puzzle design." Maybe I'm better off with this independent course of study after all!

So I'm going over what we know about the puzzle, and it seems to be directing us toward a specific place, so it would make sense that it's some sort of, well, map, right? A map to a place than Anthony Granier wanted his children to know about. I get the feeling from his letter that it isn't even a place in the city, to be honest, or else why would he have been away from his children at all?

I did get a good thought from Anji Petrizzo, who said it might be a skyline seen from a lighthouse in the picture. I think there has to be something to that, though I do have some qualms. The city was under very heavy construction at that time - Granier couldn't have known what roofs would be there even a few months after he died. So it must refer to something more permanent than the roofs of buildings. Also, there seem to be many traces - maybe it's views of permanent natural features taken from several different vantage points?

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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, September 15, 2006

Sea Journey

Category: me, 05:23 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

We're going to the Lancewood Archipelago! Violet and I booked our tickets on a fast charter ship leaving from Portside Docks on Sunday. I've never been on a proper journey by sea before - actually, the only times I've been on a boat were around the Mobius Strip with friends - so it's going to be exciting

Dad didn't take much convincing, since he was very pleased with my report from college and agreed that if my trip to Tanraga was so useful, going on a research trip to Lancewood also made sense. "Travel broadens the mind," he nodded sagely. He was a bit surprised though when Violet agreed so quickly to going along as my chaperone, but it worked out well for us.

The Lancewood Archipelago, also known as the Isles of Gyvann because of its historic association with Cubeheads, is one of those places which people love making documentaries about. Our science teacher at school kept on showing us old programmes about the huge Tretretrete skeletons they dug up there. It was hard to believe that they were so big in the past and only just died out a few thousand years ago! I so would have loved to have seen them. There's a lot of other rare wildlife there, cut off from the rest of the world, and some interesting history to do with naval battles and pirates.

After meeting with Kurt, I went down to the Academy archives with Violet to look at the old travel records (we bumped into Von along the way, he seemed a bit flustered when I said Hi), and we found out that a bunch of Academy researchers had visited the islands in Granier's time, but mostly studying zoology and geology. Of course they could be lying, but we didn't find any that stuck out. There is a slight problem, in that the archipelago is notoriously difficult to navigate - the Cubeheads who used to live in a retreat there apparently have the most detailed information about the sandbanks and so on. Strangely, Violet seems to think she can persuade some Recons to help us - I expect she'll fill you in on that though.

So, we should be at the Archipelago on Monday afternoon. Some of the bigger islands are inhabited, and we have a hotel booked there. The exact island we want to go to doesn't have anyone living on it though, so we'll have to take a boat or something. I guess we'll figure that out when we get there.

Oh! I bet you'll want to know how we worked out that it's the Lancewood Archipelago Granier was talking about. I'm not completely sure myself, but Kurt showed me a map of 13 shapes on his office wall that had all sorts of lines and crossings-out. "They correspond exactly to the Lancewood islands, it's absolutely clear!" he said very confidently. I think he said that he'll be posting more about it on his blog. He said he'd love to come along with me and Violet to the islands, but there's no way Garnet would let him take any time off. Oh well...

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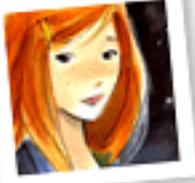
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Wednesday, September 20, 2006

Hobbs Island

Category: me, 05:59 PM



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Sailing is fun! Even if I do have to spend my time with grumpy-pants sister and her love life issues. It's still fun! We spent last night in the little seaport of Great Lancewood. It's a cute town, all the houses face down to the shore and there are even little 'heritage' fishing boats you can take out to explore the harbour with real oars and everything. I wanted Violet to come out on a boat with me, but she just grumped a bit more and said she had some "research" to do. I think she was on her key moaning to Kurt for two hours while I was out rowing my boat all the way round the bay, getting all salty from the sea spray.

This morning, we rented a proper boat though - a self-steering yacht with a little cabin and galley below and all the latest key-port gadgets. I can even play my music and watch my vids on the boat! That is, when Vi's not telling me to keep the noise down :-).

The thirteenth island (which apparently has a name, Hobbs Island, which I think is kind of a shame, because it was cool calling it 'the thirteenth island') is marked on the maps as being "completely uninhabited" with no interesting features or heritage. Because we've been doing this for a while now, Vi and I just looked at that information, looked at each other and programmed the destination into our yacht's navigational systems. You know, maybe to find the Third Power you guys should just go to every place in the world which has "nothing interesting about it" and is "utterly deserted", because that's how these things seem to work.

It's been a perfect day for sailing. The sky is a light china blue and the wind is high and for a few miles a pod of dolphins was following the boat, rolling over and looking as if they were smiling. You're supposed to get special permission to land on Hobbs Island, because the sandbanks are dangerous but we managed to navigate it safely with the map Vi got from her bestest Recon friends. (She doesn't like it when I tease her about that either. She doesn't seem to like being teased at all these days.)

So now we're on Hobbs island. It's teeny, only about four miles across by maybe a six along, and very flat - no trees or anything. Vi's borrowed Kurt's clever tent and various other handy gadgets. Luckily, the tent automatically expands to accomodate more people, or we'd have to share a sleeping bag! I suppose we could sleep on the boat if we wanted but we thought we might find ourselves too far away while exploring so it seems sensible to have the tent.

We haven't had to look far to find something interesting, though. About a quarter of a mile inland we found a huge circular set of foundations. Just as if, as Violet said, there used to be a lighthouse here. And at the edge of the foundations there's a set of steps down into... well, at the moment it just looks like a bare concrete room, like a bunker or a storage cellar. But Vi's going to bring some of the proper scanning equipment Kurt gave her tomorrow and we're going to see what else might be down there.



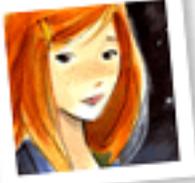
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Thursday, September 21, 2006

So awesome!

Category: me, 04:10 PM



So I know Violet's told you this anyway, but just in case you haven't noticed her post yet... Her friend Kurt's produced this awesome interface for us to explore the lighthouse, and talk to each other and to him. If you want to look at it, go here. It's so exciting!

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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, September 22, 2006

Lancewood Logs

Category: me, 09:55 AM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

Violet and I are still exploring Granier's laboratory here in the Lancewood Archipelago, but I thought it was a real disappointment - nothing interesting, no secret documents, no mummified corpses, nothing like that. We've just arrived back at Hobbs Island for another look and to try and get in the lift, which was locked. I just hope it doesn't just lead to more empty old rooms.

Oh, and in case you missed all the 'fun' that we had exploring Level 1, you can read the logs from yesterday afternoon of Violet, Kurt and me text chatting.

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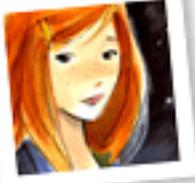
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Tuesday, October 10, 2006

A year on

Category: me, 05:12 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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It's been a year, almost to the day, since I first came to Viendenbourg. Then, I was with my boyfriend and my friends and a strange man called Allain who knew more about the place than he ought to have done. But I didn't know how important that was yet. A year ago I was camping in these woods with my friends and we built the campfire high and told ghost stories and took pictures of each other posing in front of the splinterwood trees and the towering crowns of purple hawksblossom. A year ago I hadn't even put anyone I loved in danger, let alone, well. Let alone killed someone.

I haven't said any of this to Violet. I know she's noticed that I've been quiet. I haven't wanted to say much about anything much since Lancewood and I guess she knows why. But coming here, coming back here and remembering everything that happened last time I was here... if I were to tell her to go back she wouldn't listen, and if I were to explain to her what I'm thinking she couldn't help. But the hawksblossom's blooming again and I'm a little sad, and a little frightened.

We brought the car this time - can't bring it through the woods of course but we've taken it as far as we can and have set up camp in the forest. Kurt took us shopping for a whole new camouflaged tent, with smart-skin which blends into the surroundings. We're taking precautions. He's also rigged up the same bafflers Allain and I had last time, this time super-streamlined, extra-safe, highly-monitorable. Violet says she doesn't know when he gets time to sleep for doing all of this. I think maybe he didn't sleep at all this weekend, just got by on a bunch of Ceretin but I don't know if she knows that either.

I had a conversation with Kurt on Saturday night. Vi and I were at his apartment. She was asleep on the couch and Kurt had his soldering gun out, creating some kit for us. He carried on working as we talked, in that careful meticulous way he does. "So that was quite bad, what happened at Lancewood."

I nodded slowly. "It's difficult to talk about."

Kurt fiddled with a few more connections and pulled out a thin-beamed laser to fix a lattice-work of tiny wires in place.

"Yup," he said. "It's, um, it doesn't get much easier."

I nodded again.

"A bit easier," he said, still looking at his work, "these things are, you know. It's better if you can work out how to talk about them."

"Do you?"

"I've talked to Vi a bit about it. Sometimes. Look, um,"

Continued »



The Scarlett Kite

“Yes?”

He frowned at his circuit board, retrieved a tool that looked like a tiny button-hook and used it to twist two minute screws in place.

“If you ever want to talk. About Lancewood, you know, and I guess. You can talk to me.”

I don't know if Kurt's going to be the person I'll want to talk to about all of this, but I really appreciated the thought. Vi hasn't really known what to say so she's sort of ignoring the whole I-killed-someone part of our expedition and is concentrating on the we-have-to-get-to-the-bottom-of-it element. Which is fine. It's good to have a project.

So, we're back in the forest. We have our special anti-confusion-field gizmos. And tomorrow we're going back to Viendenbourg to find out what's going on. And in my pocket, I have Major Jake Maine's dogtags. Just to remind me why we're doing this.





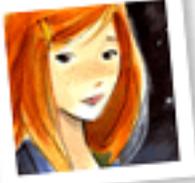
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Thursday, October 12, 2006

Scrambled

Category: me, 06:01 PM



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I guess Violet told you all about our adventures at the Viendenbourg Heritage Centre. It's weird. The compound is still the same, the low-slung grey building is still there but now there's this tourist attraction for, apparently, the general public. It's very odd - obviously it hasn't been there long but really it still had that wet-paint smell to it. It looks so new I practically expected to find bits of it still wrapped in plastic. We feel kind of idiotic not having thought to check up on our key networks about what might have been going on here, but what were we supposed to do? The last time I was here it was a top-secret military facility, who would have thought it'd turn into a theme park?!

Anyway, Violet and I came up with a plan of attack with Kurt. That part of the tour, right at the end, when the children connect their keys to the Viendenbourg network - we decided to hook up at that point. Kurt didn't think he'd be able to find a way in through military security in the few minutes we'd have (and he was right - apparently just looking at the gateway practically made his eyes bleed) but he devised a little plan to retrieve some less-guarded files, the dumped corrupt files stored in temporary files on the system.

Which we now have. Most of it is garbage, just strings of meaningless characters, but Kurt said he thought this part looked significant. He thinks there are several files all mangled together and we hoped, well, we thought, that you might be able to help us untangle them? Kurt gave me the original file and the same one in hex too.



The reader is encouraged to remember that this file has been cleaned up and edited massively by Skenmy, and then further checked. It is a transcript of readable text, and does not include data for what has been speculated to be a .gif file.' Also - although the file splits into different sections here, this is for easy reading. This is one long file.	complete. Third phase successful. 100% reconstitution resolves in Unit 6a, Level 3. Subject intact. Subject severely agitated. Subject tranquilized. Subject expired.	Geopositioning and visual evidence indicates accuracy +/-10m. 2002269 Gamma shields fully effective. 0303269 This is not a decision to be taken lightly. I will comply with your judgement on the matter, though I urge you to authorise the new stage. { lab system 7; active badge interrogated, passed } Chadwick, Subject docile entering first phase. EM interference negligible . Third phase partial success. Subject 40% integrated with site infrastructure. [Recommend application for funding extension.] Subject reports calmness and confidence entering first phase.
<Lab 7, L4> 1302269 Geopositioning and visual evidence indicates accuracy +/-10m. Vertical plane +5m. Finally pulled the plaster off. Argh. Said we should still be friends though - mistake? I know you're right - most obvious rebound relationship ever but I still feel bad for the poor little guy. Still, onwards and upwards right? Subject appears agitated entering first phase. First phase successful. Dissolution complete. EM interference recognised in first phase. Laika 212 prepped for transfer.<Lab 7, L4> Drinks tonight? Dampers and shielding seem to minimise EM interference. Down to 3%. Geopositioning indicates accuracy to within 1.5km on horizontal plane. Gamma shields fully effective. Third phase partially successful. Subject 50% integrated with site infrastructure. Reports extreme pain and disorientation. Master in attendance. First phase successful. Dissolution complete. Geopositioning and visual evidence indicates accuracy +/-10m. Vertical plane -1m. First phase successful. Dissolution	<Lab 7, L4> 2207269 Gamma shields fully effective. Isotope signal strong. Subject reports confidence entering first phase. First phase successful. Dissolution complete. Isotope signal strong. // not yet reviewed // 35% negative emotional state Laika 224 prepped for transfer. EM interference negligible. <Lab 7, L4> Mjr Elan prepped for transfer. f8080:xx95034 internal error bourgmil criticalerror 420 error-authconflict error-redirect error-handover error-output fatal-close EM interference negligible. { extrapolated: badge {line 16} extracted } Aparna Hey Akos // not yet reviewed // 85% negative emotional state EM interference negligible. Laika 219 prepped for transfer. Mjr Jackson prepped for transfer. { extrapolated: badge {line 16} extracted } // labeled A; // triangulated location mapped; entry // passive badge { present } // badge query { chadwick, f {885ea} }	<Lab 7, L4> Geopositioning indicates accuracy +/-1km. Verticals unclear. Tau-Seven authorised. Mjr Maine prepped for transfer. Chadwick Third phase unknown. Subject lost. EM interference negligible. Master Kiteway, Gamma shields fully effective. However, I feel we are reaching the boundaries of our potential with canine subjects. Laika 233 has degenerated severely since her transfer, fluctuating between extreme aggression and selfharm. If we are to fully understand the nature of transference, we must have access to fuller feedback. I propose we initiate Tau-Seven. Aparna Subject docile entering first phase. Gamma shields fully effective. <message begins> <message ends> Audio evidence suggests subject remains in phase two. Unconfirmed

2609269	<Lab 7, L4>	<Lab 7, L4>
::start 657576 +000000	Mjr Choi prepped for transfer.	Subject lost.
::start 657602 +000000	First phase successful. Dissolution	Geopositioning signal faint and
::archive location { dev 19 }	complete.	intermittent. Estimated accuracy +/-
::index { no }	::start 658903 +000000	500km. Signal lost after 95secs.
::retention { 1 }	::start 657989 +000000	<message ends>
::processing time { 0.39 }	::archive location { dev 19 }	Third phase unsuccessful.
::	::index { no }	Geopositioning has no lock.
	::retention { 1 }	Repeated signals produce no
	::processing time { 0.39 }	response within range.
	::	Subject reports extreme pain,
<Lab 7, L4>		disorientation.
{ lab system 7;	As you are aware, a great deal	Subject severely injured. Expired at
active badge interrogated, passed }	of progress has been made in	18:15.
Third phase only partial success.	recent weeks. Phase one has	<message begins>
Subject retrieved. 65%	been securely established and	Carter expected to recover with
reconstitution. Laika 212 expired.	geotargeting is increasing in	prosthetic. Not expected to return
Subject lost.	accuracy.	to duty.
Third phase unknown.	2602269	f8080:xx95034
Laika 233 prepped for transfer.	First phase appears successful.	internal error bourgmail
Subject reports confidence entering	Dissolution complete.	criticalerror 420
first phase.	Dear Martin	error-authconflict
0909269	[LOG EXCERPT ENDS]	error-redirect
Mjr Stephens prepped for transfer.	Third phase unsuccessful.	error-handover
Subject expired.	Geopositioning has no lock.	error-output
0408269	Repeated signals produce no	fatal-close
First phase successful. Dissolution	response within range.	Go with Gyvann.
complete.	EM interference negligible.	First phase successful. Dissolution
I don't really know how to say this,		complete.
and I know it's cowardly of me to	<Lab 7, L4>	
do it over keymail, but I think we	Subject lost.	
need to take a break. The past	EM interference negligible.	
couple of months have been great,	Gamma shields fully effective.	
and you're a really sweet guy, but I	CS has approved additional funding	
don't know that I'm ready for a new	and, for my part, I give you my full	
relationship yet, so soon after Ian. I	support.	
do care a lot about you though, and	Isotope signal strong.	
I hope we can still be friends.	Subject reports readiness entering	
Isotope signal strong.	first phase.	
Your friend,	First phase successful. Dissolution	
2108269	complete.	
Subject reports readiness entering	Geopositioning and visual evidence	
first phase.	indicates accuracy +/-50m. Vertical	
// labeled A;	plane 0m.	
// triangulated location mapped; exit	Third phase partially successful.	
// passive badge { present }	Subject 20% integrated with site	
// badge query { chadwick, f {885ea}	infrastructure; 15% with SSO	
}	Carter.	
Progress noted and submitted to SK.		



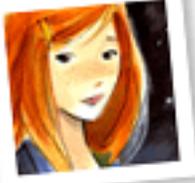
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Saturday, October 14, 2006

Decisions

Category: me, 11:52 AM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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We've all read over those documents that Kurt got off the Viendenbourg network. Thank you for deciphering them for us, but now that you have, I really wish you hadn't.

"Subject reports extreme pain, disorientation."

"Subject lost."

"Subject severely injured. Expired at 18:15."

Something awful is happening at Viendenbourg, that much is clear, and... my father is directly responsible. This is the same man who tucked the blankets up to my chin at bedtime and taught me how to catch fireflies, you know? And I've known for ages now that my father was somehow involved in all of this, from the last time I went into Viendenbourg, but I'd hoped there was some sort of innocent explanation. I think now it's too late for that.

And, try as I might I can't get away from the fact that if my father authorised the experiments on Major Maine, it was he who made me... Well. He might as well have had his hand on the gun with me.

So now we're all huddled together in our tent. It's pouring rain outside, which isn't helping moods, and we're trying to decide who to tell, what to tell. We have to tell someone, we're agreed on that, but there's no way of knowing who to trust. I said on Hobbs Island, maybe the safest thing is to tell everyone. But I don't know what will happen if we do. I don't know what will happen to my dad.





The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Monday, October 16, 2006

Chrysalis

Category: me, 04:17 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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Have you ever had the feeling of having outgrown yourself? Or where you suddenly take a turn around a corner and come face to face with the person you were a year or two ago and realise, properly realise that you're just not them anymore? And you think - when did this happen? I seem to have been looking the other way and pretending to be that person I used to be when all this time, I've been... changing.

So, I was wondering what to write here, about all of this, and feeling confused and sad, and staring at my blog I noticed this, which I wrote not so very long ago:

"I'm not just, like, majoring in journalism, I really love it! I know some people think it's a bit hokey, but I really believe that journalists can make a difference. My friend Iona Rodie who writes for the Sentinel has changed City Council policy on the environment with her writing. One day I'm going to do the same."

I remember what I thought when I wrote that. I still believe it. Journalism is something that can change the world, can make a difference, can right wrongs and expose lies. But every gain is a loss, you know? I remember writing that about Iona's environmental stories, and feeling so excited and happy that she'd stopped some corporate dumping of waste in a protected habitat. And now I can't stop thinking about what happened in that corporation. Did someone lose their job? Were they thrown out of their house? Did their partner leave them? What happens then?

Violet isn't sure about what we've done. Her instinct was to keep everything secret, to investigate more, maybe to find a way to use the information to our advantage. But she agreed it was my call. Because of Lancewood. Because of Major Maine. And because I still believe that revealing the truth can change the world, I've made my decision and you'll hear about it soon. I don't know what's going to happen now. I don't think it'll be good. But everything's different already - there is no good decision anymore. The world has changed while we were looking the other way.



The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, October 20, 2006

Lockdown

Category: me, 02:28 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

I'm writing this from Violet's apartment on Moebius. I've been staying here the past few days. Well, since we got back from Viendenbourg really. I haven't even been out of the apartment today - I've just been sitting in the window seat, monitoring the chat and news channels on my key, browsing some favourite Earth sites and knowing I won't be able to get at them much longer. Vi said Kurt had sent her a quick mail with a warning about the lockdown beginning at 5.30pm today. I think I may never want to leave the apartment again.

I had a conversation with my father yesterday. He's been trying to get through since Monday but I haven't been answering. I can't really remember a lot of the things he said. He was angry, and he was trying to hide it but he couldn't. I remember he said: "Why, Scarlett? Why couldn't you talk to me?" And I didn't have an answer - at least not one that made any sense. And I remember he said: "I want you to come home." And I started crying, and Violet took the key away from me and shouted at him for a while about lying and deceiving, and how he owes us an apology. I've been doing that a lot lately. Crying.

I miss my dad, the dad I used to know, or thought I knew. And I miss the world how it was, when I thought he could solve it all for me. And I don't know what to do or what to say about any of this so I just say: I'm sorry. I don't know how much of this is my fault, but for the things that are, I'm sorry.

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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Monday, January 15, 2007

I'm sorry

Category: me, 01:09 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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There's this nightmare I have, over and over and over. I'm walking in some kind of maze. There's not much light, or the light is flickering, and I'm afraid, just afraid all the time. There's someone following me. Or is it that I'm following them? I can't tell. The lights flicker on and off and I know that they're going to catch me soon. Or maybe I'll catch them and that would be worse, so much so very much worse. And then the lights go off, and it's dark, and I know that they're in the room with me, right there. In a moment I'll feel their breath on my neck. And then I wake up screaming. I've been doing that a lot.

I can't explain what's happened to me, not really. Violet's been so kind, I've never seen her like this before. When I wake up in the middle of the night, and they tell me that I was shouting or screaming, and Caine brings me warm milk and Vi strokes my hair it's like... I think it's like my mother. As much as I can remember. And I know they love me, and I know they want to help, and I trust them, I really do, but I can't feel it. I can't feel anything much, sometimes. Only afraid, and alone. And I think back to the person I was this time last year: travelling, having adventures, excited by new destinations. I can't even believe it was me. I feel like I've always been sad and afraid. It's the Academy Ball this evening and I can't go, I don't want to be around all those people. I don't even leave the house that much anymore. All the time, I feel like something awful's about to happen. Just around the corner, just out of sight.

I hate this, I hate it. I wanted to be able to tell you how I'd spent the past months researching and investigating, and getting closer to finally solving all these mysteries. And some days I feel like that Scarlett, sometimes for a few hours put together and I think: I can do this, this is me again. And then I remember that I'm not that person anymore. I'm someone new, and this is who I am, who I'll always be. I'm a person who killed someone. Before I ever really fell in love, before I learned to waterski, before I finished college, before I tried eating swordfish, before I got married or had children. Before all that stuff that regular people do, I killed someone. I don't know who I am anymore.





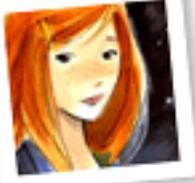
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Tuesday, January 16, 2007

Yuck

Category: me, 11:41 AM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

I feel sick. I think I have been sick, but someone cleaned it up. I'm in Caine's apartment but he doesn't seem to be here. He's left me fresh croissants, fruit and coffee things, but I feel sick when I look at them. He's nice though, Caine. I expect it was him who cleaned me up. I can't really remember. I can't remember very much from last night. I remember getting dressed up, and I remember arriving, and I remember Caine taking care of me and I remember crying, and I feel like some other things happened, and I feel really sad but it's all through a thick murky curtain, a fog. I think maybe I spoiled the party somehow. That's how I feel, I think I cried and spoiled the party for everyone. Caine's left me a note saying he'll be back in a couple of hours, and, for some reason, that I shouldn't turn on the news. I think I'm going back to bed. Everything hurts and I want to cry but I don't know why.

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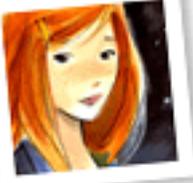
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Tuesday, January 16, 2007

Not Me

Category: me, 03:06 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

It wasn't me after all. It was something else. I would have preferred it to have been me. Why is that? I feel like it would have been easier to bear. Instead, this is what happened. I woke up at about midday, feeling kind of OK. Still sick, but I managed to drink a little coffee. And I still didn't remember anything. My head hurt and my body hurt and Caine still wasn't back so I thought... I'll go for a walk, to clear my head.

It's about a mile, maybe a bit more, from Caine's place to my dad's house and it seemed perfect. It's been a pretty warm day - I carried my dress shoes in my hand and enjoyed the walk, the feeling of air in my lungs and warm sun on my skin. And it was only when I got almost to the house that I saw all the cameras and the journalists waiting, and it was only then that I remembered what happened last night. I think there are pictures of me crying on every news station in the city right now. And I still don't know where Caine's gone, or why.

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The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Thursday, January 18, 2007

Gone

Category: me, 03:54 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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I'm angry. I think I haven't been angry for weeks, maybe months. At least, angry with anyone who isn't me. But now I'm angry. It feels... nice. Strong. Alive.

Vi took me back to dad's house - I didn't want to go there by myself but I'd left some stuff there and wanted to see if anything had been taken. Whoever it was - Vi guesses some journalist - had turned everything over. Not just turned over. Destroyed. The Zingiber sofas my mother chose, ripped to shreds. Urns and vases smashed. Drawers tipped out onto the floor. Paintings cut out of their frames and left, curled and crumpled, on the floor with the other debris. It felt angry. The whole thing felt like someone was personally angry with us, wanted to hurt us.

The bedrooms were just the same. All my books were thrown on the floor, the photos I took in Tanraga which I'd had printed out as posters were ripped and crushed. They'd even gone through my wardrobe, ripped into the linings of my coats. One of them was Violet's coat, in fact, but she didn't seem too angry. She wanted to know if anything was missing but I couldn't tell. There could be loads of things missing that I'll only think of when I go to look for them in six months' time. This was what made me really, properly angry. Someone I've never met, someone I don't even know. After everything that's happened, everything I've done and it's not even... it just doesn't make sense.

Vi went to look around the rest of the house while I sat in my bedroom. I picked up one of the antique leather-bound books my father had bought me years ago - the faceless someone had ripped its covers off. She found me still staring at it when she came back.

"Are you OK, Lettie?" she said. "We can leave if you want to. You don't have to stay here."

I didn't answer.

"Lettie? We'll get someone in to clean up. Everything can be replaced."

I turned that book over in my hands.

"Lettie? Sweetheart? Let's go now, OK? Maybe you should take a little nap."

She's been like this for months.

"I'm not a child, you know," I said.

Continued »





The Scarlett Kite

“Um. OK. Yes. I know.”

“I don’t need anyone looking after me.”

“OK then. Let’s go?”

“You know, while you and Kurt were sitting at home messing around with investigating libraries and Recons I went to Anjsbourg!”

“Yes,” she said, “I remember.”

“I’ve been further away from the City than anyone else we know! I’m different from you! You don’t have to treat me like a baby, I don’t have to always be taking naps and drinking tea!”

I looked up at her. She was smiling.

“Yes. Good. In which case, I have an idea for you.”





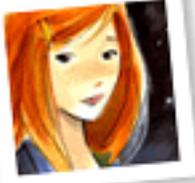
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, January 19, 2007

Something happens

Category: me, 09:43 AM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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Sorry about the cliffhanger yesterday - I think old habits die hard. But I suppose if finding old, brave Scarlett means also rediscovering my enjoyment of cliffhangers, it's worth the trade. And I really think I am finding her again. I feel so much better now, so much calmer and like I know what I'm doing again. I can't help worrying that it won't last but I hope, I so hope it will. So, Vi and I came up with a plan. I'm going undercover at the Sentinel! Not very undercover, of course, because they all know who I am. (I asked Violet if we could come up with some kind of disguise for me, but she seemed to think that wasn't the best idea. She was very kind about it though - I wonder how long it'll be until I can make her properly tetchy with me again ;-)).

Here's the plan: I go into the Sentinel today at lunchtime to talk to Iona. This was really easy to organise because everyone's so nice to me right now. I'm going to ask her if she knows about who might have broken into our house - no one's been arrested, but our best guess is still that it was a journalist looking for information. It doesn't seem likely that Iona will be able to tell me anything but it's worth a try; she might have some leads that could help or, if I'm very lucky, I'll manage to wangle my way onto the Sentinel key systems and see if anyone's been trying to sell information about us.

It's so nice to be back. I haven't burst into tears about anything for more than a day now! I'm worried about going back there, but everyone's been so supportive. Violet's annoyingly insisting that I 'check in' with her as soon as I leave the Sentinel - she and Caine are still so worried about me. But I really think I'm getting better, I've even called a couple of friends and I'm looking forward to Caine's band's gig next week - the only way is up!

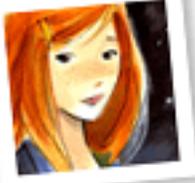




The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Wednesday, January 31, 2007



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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Hello?

Category: me, 04:46 PM

I think this is recording. I can see the words coming up on the display - it should be OK and I.... They've put bandages on my hands. Nothing hurts but I feel so sleepy. I'm, I'm fading in and out. Everything seems very distant, like a dream, or something someone told me once. Kurt came to see me today, I think. Unless it was a dream, but it doesn't seem... He told me all about the different drugs they're giving me, and what the effects are. Kurt knows so many things. He'd found me some literature about tissue regeneration treatments and said I shouldn't worry about my hands because at least 90% of the damage is repairable. They don't hurt. Nothing hurts at all, and my head is very quiet and peaceful. I think it's the drugs. I'm trying to remember what I....

[No vocal signal detected.]

No, no please, no, I don't, I don't!

[No vocal signal detected.]

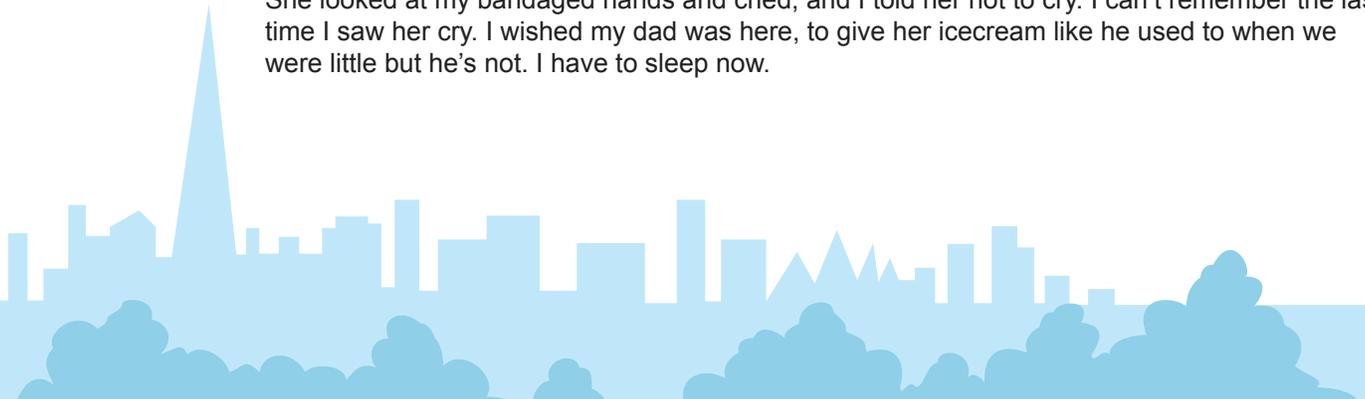
Sorry, I fell asleep. I keep doing that. I think of things and then I lose them again. The doctor said not to fight against it, just allow myself to heal. Sometimes moments come back suddenly, vividly. Just now I thought I was back there... in that.... It's so funny that I was in The Point. I love The Point. It didn't seem like... I thought I was far away, in Anjsbourg again maybe. I...

[words indistinct, please repeat]

Sorry, I. I don't know what I told them. They put needles in my arm and I... there's no way I could warn the Castilles. I don't know.

[words indistinct, please repeat.]

It doesn't like it when I cry. It thinks I'm making indistinct words. Funny. Everything seems funny right now. I don't want to make the little machine unhappy, but it's so unhappy. Maybe it's me who's unhappy, but I can't find it in my head. Violet came to see me, after Kurt. She told me about Caine, but it seemed to me like the very last thing in the world to think about. Violet was angry like snow around her hills and valleys and I told her so, but I don't think she understood. She looked at my bandaged hands and cried, and I told her not to cry. I can't remember the last time I saw her cry. I wished my dad was here, to give her icecream like he used to when we were little but he's not. I have to sleep now.





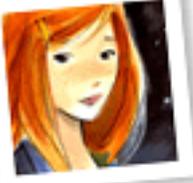
The Scarlett Kite

About The Scarlett Kite

Friday, February 23, 2007

The heart of the matter

Category: me, 06:08 PM



Hi! I'm Scarlett Kiteway, I'm 21 years old, a journalism student in Perplex City and this is my blog all about the excitement over the search for the Cube. I'll be keeping track of what the media over there is saying about it, and maybe a little bit about my life as well!

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In all of my journalism classes, they tell us to suspend judgment of the facts, to doubt everybody. I guess I never really understood before that they really meant... everybody.

I think back, now, to that ball night. I felt so very grown-up in my new gown. It was white satin, with a maze of little sparkly beads all on it, and it was strapless. I was so smug that I had talked my dad into letting me wear a strapless gown. And I felt sorry for Violet who was too sick to come.

I guess that's when she started lying to me. To everyone.

A couple of days after the ball, I made soup from an old recipe of our mother's I'd found in the kitchen, and I brought it over to Violet's apartment. Her nose was so red you could've used it for a traffic signal, and her eyes had these terrible purple smudges underneath. I made her eat the soup and clucked around piling her up with pillows and blankets, just like she'd done for me a hundred times when I was sick. And she croaked up at me, "Don't ever change, Lettie, you're perfect just as you are."

Well, it's too late, I've changed anyhow. People keep treating me like I'm broken, you know. They talk to me in hushed tones and they lay their hands on my shoulder in a way meant to be reassuring and they avoid asking me about anything 'worrying' or 'stressful,' which means nobody wants to let me talk about everything I've been through. I'm not broken, though. I mean, I think I was before, right after... you know. With my dad. And Lancewood. I'm not, now.

But I'm not the same Scarlett I was three years ago, either. There's a Scarlett-shaped hole in everyone's life where I used to fit, and I don't fit there anymore, but people keep trying to push me back in. And I'm just so angry at everyone, at Kurt and Violet and my father for all lying to me, and for expecting me to just trust them again and go on being sunny little Lettie. And I'm angry at the whole city for giving Kurt and Violet a Silver Solve for their very convincing years of deceit, while I get... "Oh, don't worry, Scarlett, the drugs are almost entirely safe. We're very probably almost sure that everything will be fine, eventually." This must be what growing wiser feels like.

Violet knows I'm angry, of course. She sees it simmering there under the surface. Maybe the worst part is she thinks I don't have a right to be angry at all; like when we spoke a couple of days ago.

"I was only trying to do the right thing," she told me.

Continued »





The Scarlett Kite

I told her: "I know you were 'trying to do the right thing.' I know you didn't ask for it, I know you were afraid, I know you were trying to keep me safe. I understand all that. But the point is, you lied. You even lied to me."

I shook my head, and tried to explain just one more time. "And you were so good at the lying, Violet. So very, very, good that I just don't know where the real Violet is anymore, or if there's even a real Violet at all."

I still love my sister, I just don't know if I can trust her. But I'll always be there for her if she needs me. She did risk her life and her secret to come save me, in the end. Although... without her secret I guess I wouldn't have needed saving.

My fingers don't hurt so much anymore, you know. They still feel bruised when I use them. They're so ugly, though, and I can't bear to look at them. I've been wearing gloves, and telling people it's to protect my fingers, but really it's so I don't have to see them all the time. They remind me of all the ugly things there are in the world.

