Everyone looked at the colonel. He considered his position.

"And we have your word for all this, do we?" he retorted scornfully. Somehow his manner betrayed his guilt to the room.

Scarlett turned to him, "But why?"

Her search for meaning in this death was short-lived.

"He's lying!"

The colonel aimed the revolver right at Attila's head.

Scarlett threw her arms down on his to stop him. He turned towards her and fired. Scarlett collapsed, covered in her own blood. And it formed a deeper, darker, more poignant shade of red than any of her worldly attire.

Colonel Mustard reeled around to face Attila once again, but he was gone, as was Lara.

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They awoke as per usual in the archive room. Attila was fully awake, heart still pounding from the adrenaline-filled, life-and-death situation.

"A man is never more alive," he said, panting, "than with a gun to his head."

Lara looked over at the Cube. They had re-solved four faces, and from her angle that was all she could see. She reached out in the darkness for the Cube's occult gleam. She turned the shape around in her hands.

The green face looked particularly sad.

"This next," she said.

She grabbed Attila's hand and they were gone.

SENBAZURU