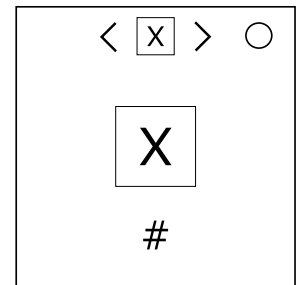


## On the Subject of Censorship

*A Ray of hope emanates from this manual.*

- An excerpt from Fahrenheit 451 will be cycling on the center display. It will cycle one letter at a time, without punctuation and spaces, looping around when necessary. Each letter's corresponding number will also be shown below the center display.
- The excerpt can be found in Appendix: F1R3.
- Each displayed letter may be replaced with another letter.
  - All iterations of a letter will be replaced.
- Determine the unencrypted letter whose corresponding number is 1 and adjust the letter on the top of the module as necessary. Press the top display to submit.



## Appendix: FLR3

It was a pleasure to burn.

It was a special pleasure to see things eaten, to see things blackened and *changed*. With the brass nozzle in his fists, with this great python spitting its venomous kerosene upon the world, the blood pounded in his head, and his hands were the hands of some amazing conductor playing all the symphonies of blazing and burning to bring down the tatters and charcoal ruins of history. With his symbolic helmet numbered four-fifty-one on his stolid head, and his eyes all orange flame with the thought of what came next, he flicked the igniter and the house jumped up in a gorging fire that burned the evening sky red and yellow and black. He strode in a swarm of fireflies. He wanted above all, like the old joke, to shove a marshmallow on a stick in the furnace, while the flapping pigeon-winged books died on the porch and lawn of the house. While the books went up in sparkling whirls and blew away on a wind turned dark with burning.

Montag Grinned the fierce grin of all men singed and driven back by flame. He knew that when he returned to the firehouse, he might wink at himself, a minstrel man, burnt-corked, in the mirror. Later, going to sleep, he would feel the fiery smile still gripped by his face muscles, in the dark. It never went away, that smile, it never ever went away, as long as he remembered.

He hung up his black beetle-colored helmet and shined it; he hung his flameproof jacket neatly; he showered luxuriously, and then, whistling, hands in pockets, walked across the upper floor of the fire station and fell down the hole. At the last moment, when disaster seemed positive, he pulled his hands from his pockets and broke his fall by grasping the golden poll. He slid to a squeaking halt, the heels one inch from the concrete floor downstairs.