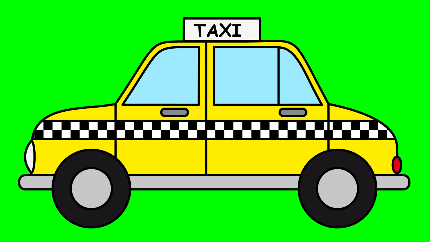
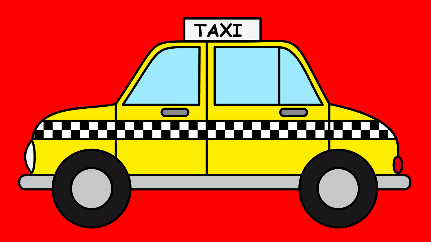
It’s the late 70s, you’ve just been hired as the new detective at a reputable agency to help solve a case that three other detectives on three colorful trails haven’t been able to solve yet. You meet with them to get up to speed on the case. Gerald tells you, waving his new ID “Hey Bub, I’ll tell ya one thing, we saw ‘em Mr. X on the 113 a couple-a weeks ago.”

Interested by what he had to offer, you go and see your second associate, Jae Pasm or “JP” for short, to get more information. “That’s a real knocker I tell you” said JP “Our comrade, Deerfly, you have met Swen Deerfly, yeah?” You nod, “That little son-of-a-bitch solved it but since we have till the ‘morrow, he gave us a clue so that we'll try and solve it ourselves, and yeah, it's better you not check the subways for there's one too many cop positioned there for him to go underground, ye get what I'm saying?” Thus, he throws down three cards on the table.



As you gather the cards and prepare to leave, he calls after you to tell one last thing “That man, Swen, is a real weirdo! He did fax me one other thing and I was debating whether or not to show this to you “. Picking up a piece of paper, he reads out loud:

For me, this is but a game and it has its rules that one must follow to get where you want.

Use your ID card number wisely, it’ll guide you.

Make complete use of your spectrum of knowledge, focus on the primary details

And get ready to play the game.

“Weird fellow, eh?” You, however, were quite intrigued by this puzzle that has been presented before you. Later that night, you retire to your desk to solve this game of a case.

Where in London was Mr. X hiding?

Your Associates’ ID cards:



