

Dear Reader,

The word “premonition” means a deeply unsettling feeling of anticipation of an event without conscious reason, and once you have pondered such an ominous word, you have no need to read any further. This unsettling installation contains a distressing message and a hint to where you might find the location of your eventual doom.

To avoid causing you further duress, it would be best if I did not mention the other foreboding elements of this clue, particularly a dubious calendar system, cards shuffled by an ambidextrous person, poor working conditions, and a paper menagerie.

Sadly for me, my duty is to report the truth about the alignment of the stars, the planets, and the possibility of teams advancing to the next clue. You, however, do not have to follow The Fool’s errand, and may simply walk away for a pleasant meal followed by a delicious fortune cookie.

With all due respect,

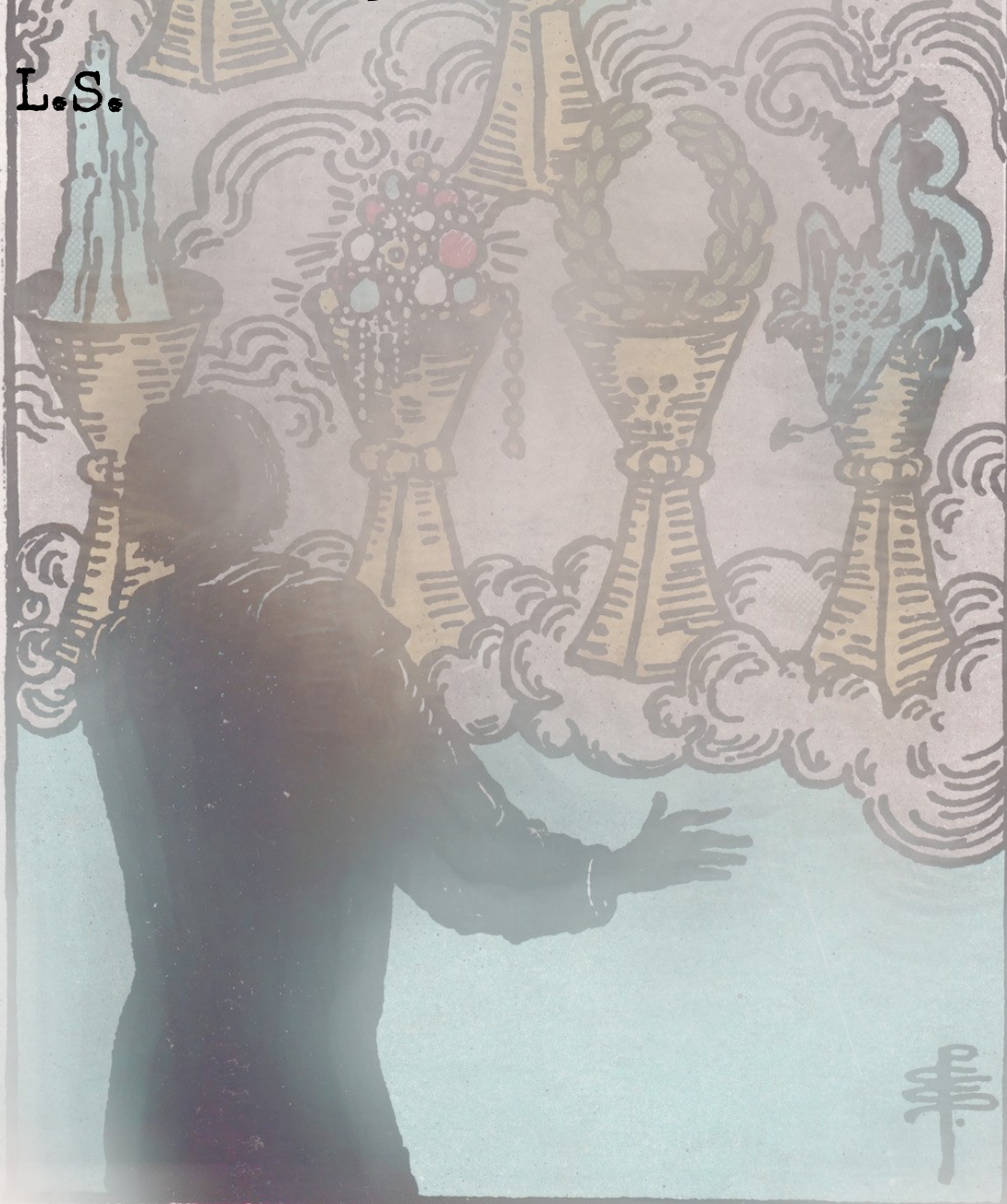
Lemony Snicket

Lemony Snicket



This is the only print material
I find myself with for the
typewriter; it will have to
suffice. I have made an escape
and this manuscript finds you.
In it you will find my account
of this dreadful story and
where to find the next
installment.

L.S.



Madame Lulu's caravan is a decrepit thing. A faded wooden sign hangs across its frame, which reads: "Madame Lulu at the Caligari Carnival: What you want to hear, Guaranteed!"

Having read her job advert, and having never been more desperate, I approached, knocking on the door. She opened, and invited me into the cramped space with a crooked smile.

"Walk in, please," she said motioning to the table that sits in the middle of the room. There's only a single chair and a crooked stool to do for seating. As I enter, the stench of days old wine and buttermilk hangs thick in the stifling air.

"I see you found my flier. Have you completed the bottom section?" She paused, waiting. My eyes glance down at the page in my hand, and one final time I verify its accuracy before handing it to the seer.

"Sit, please, and fate will test you."

Madame Lulu shuffled a deck of Tarot cards over a well worn, knotted rug draped across the wooden table, staring intently. The rug is intricately patterned with a great wheel that I recognize from the research I did last night, though curiously it only has eight sections. A crystal ball glows ominously on a shelf behind her. Flick, flick flick! With a flourish of her bony hands and long nails, she produced a card.

"Wands, the Two of, please," she announced as she laid the card onto the rug. I note she lays it on the third section of the wheel embroidered on the rug. The card is facing left.

Flick, flick, flick. The shuffle of cards sped up, to match my heartbeat. Suddenly Lulu snapped another card onto the table.

"Swords. The Eight of..." Madame Lulu announced, placing another card onto the rug. I note this card is in the eighth section of the rug. "...reversed," she finished with a dark note. Reversed here is a term here which means "is facing down," much like the sinking feeling in my stomach as you watch the reading unfold.

"Cups, The Seven of, please," the seer's eyes have gone blank, her voice almost singsong. Her hand slid the card onto the rug onto the second section. The card is facing right.

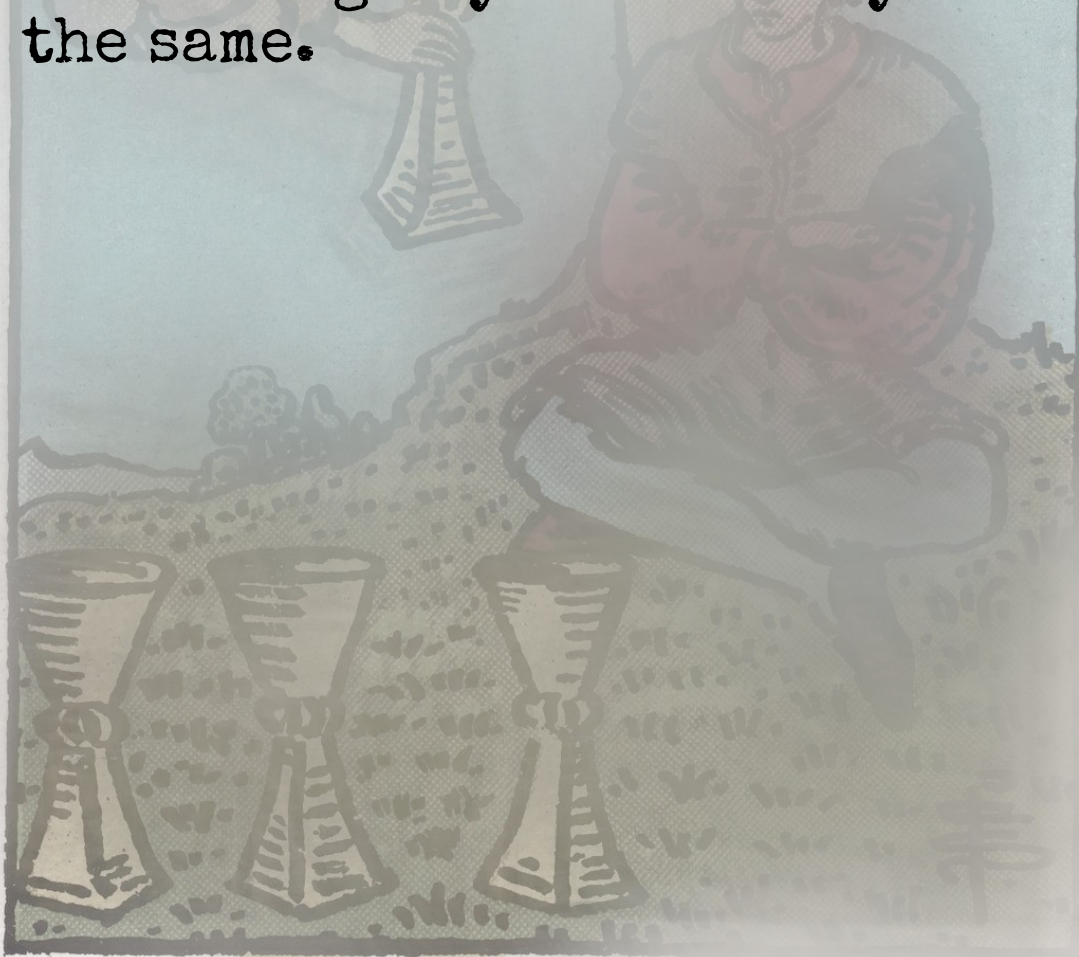
"Pentacles, the Two of." Another card is placed, this time on the seventh section of the rug. The card faces left.

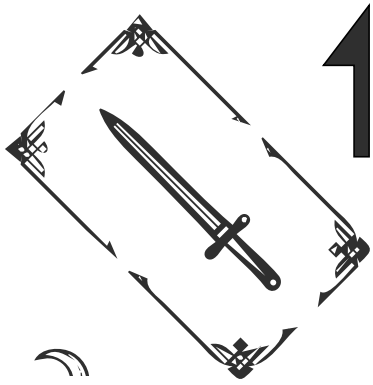
She shuffled again, bridging and bending the cards to the will of the universe. I found myself mesmerized, watching the deck flow like water between Madame Lulu's practiced hands. After the shuffle, she paused, then gently revealed the final card.

"Cups, The Four of. That is your fortune, please." She slid the card into the fifth position on the rug. The card is turned directly at me, facing up. Her attention drifts away from the cards she has laid out. As she stood, the focus returned to her eyes.

"If you read it properly, I may hire you for my carnival."

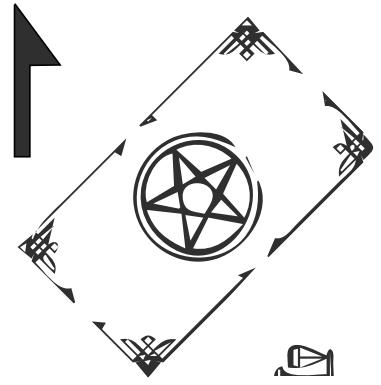
She laughed to herself, then watched to see what I would do. I wait eagerly to see if you do the same.





VIII

I



Fortune Teller Position Open

Madame Lulu is hiring an **entry**

level fortune teller **now** to work the Caligari Carnival

VII

II

during the peak festival season. Lulu is **scouting**
a freak who is touched by fate, please. The candidate has clear vision
and a strong motivation. They **must** be able

to operate the crystal ball, **tarot**

deck, and **handle** up to fifty pounds, please. A freak whose style is in, or who
may be inheriting a large fortune, while not required, are considered a plus.

If you have other **esoteric** tallents, Madadme Lulu would be
happy to discuss further, **Please**.

Madame Lulu **treats** all employees equally poorly, and does **S** not
discriminate based on **zodiac** sign, please.

Pay is competetive within the carnival
you will make enough to continue to live on the **outskirts** of
the Caligari Carnival

Overtime is both **booked** unexpectedly and uncompensated.

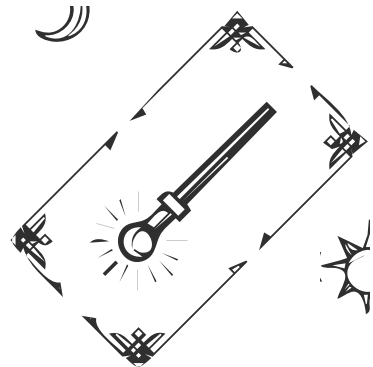
Detatch the sheet below, please

and complete **all** sections, including
your birthday

and star sign, please.

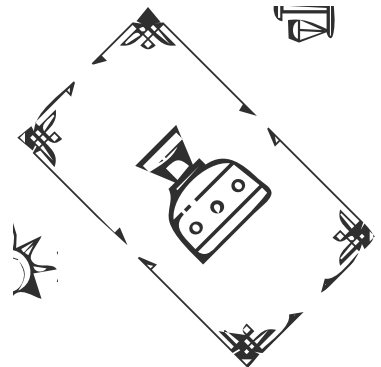
Madame **Lulu** looks forward to **telling**

your
emplyoment future.



A

AI



Detatch **from** the sheet above, please.

Freak's Name

Freak's **Zodiac** Sign
