

# Advent of The Relics

## Part 1: A Call From the Museum

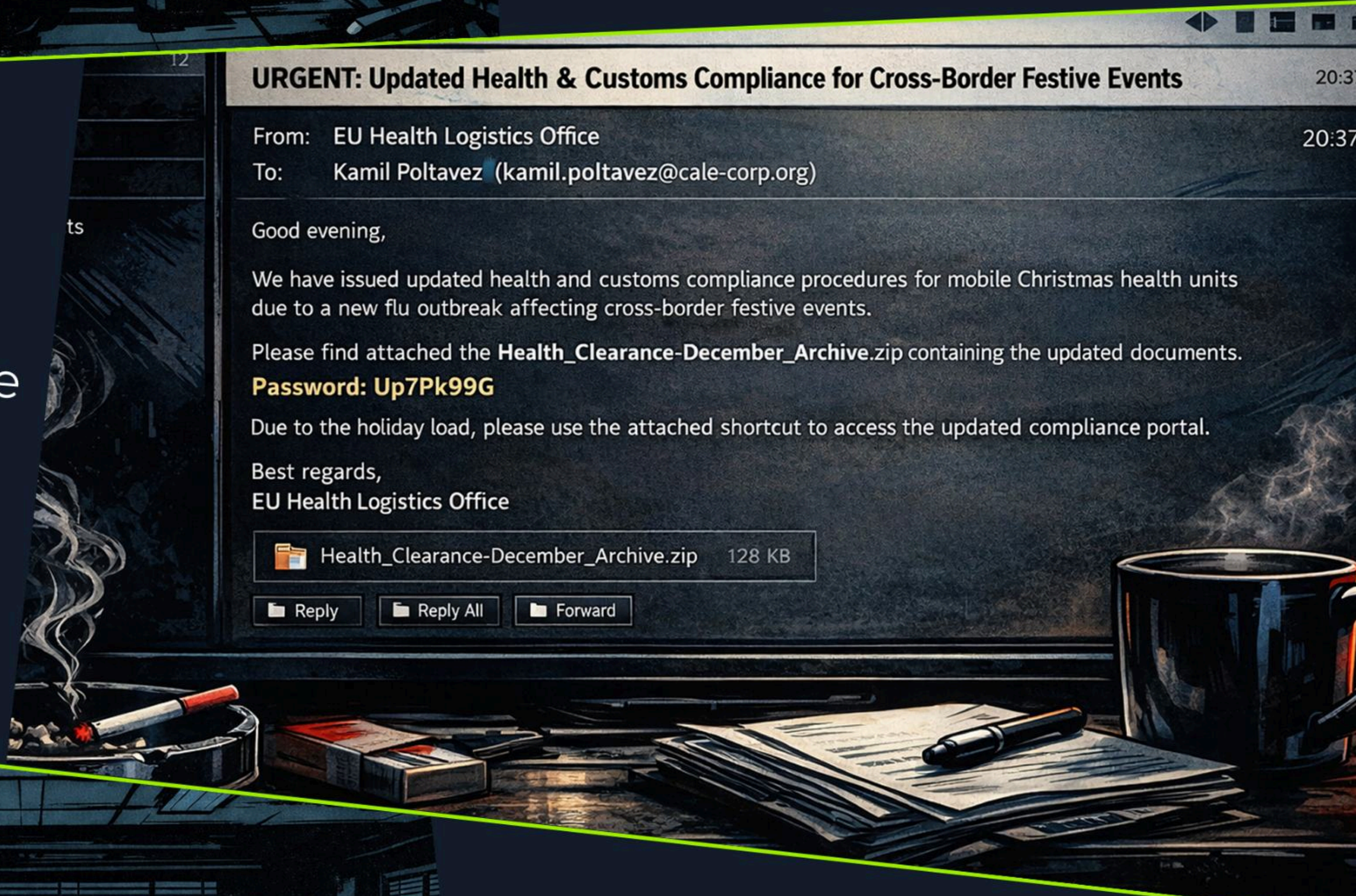


It was late in the evening. Most of the staff had already gone home, the corridor lights dimmed to power-saving mode, and only a few blinking Christmas decorations in test mode kept the office from feeling completely dark.

The employee had stayed behind to finish the last batch of documents before heading out into the cold.

*An email arrived just as they were about to shut down!*

Email arrives, and he blindly follows the instructions.



A small black window flickers on the screen, gone before Kamil can read it.

A heartbeat later, the antivirus erupts in warnings, sharp and relentless.

His head throbs, anger mixing with a slow, creeping fear.

Too tired to investigate and too worried to ignore it, Kamil chooses the only answer that feels final.

He reaches down and unplugs everything.



HACKTHEBOX