At first location:

Against the efforts of my captors, dear reader, I was like a fly against tacky paper; I am ashamed to say that I was wrapped in their tendrils not a moment after leaving my hiding spot. I was brave and reckless Icarus trying to flee wicked Minos, failing to fly too close to the sun and instead flying directly into it. I saw none of their faces -- only their full-length dark velvet cloaks -- before they covered my face in a black bag and brutishly bound my hands behind my back. I was quickly thrown into the back of what I assumed was a van, all the while screaming questions and begging for mercy. Alas, my captors were as silent as they were anonymous.

I am unsure if it was pure luck or divine providence that left that shard of glass in the van to cut my bonds. Or if it was bravery or naivety that emboldened me to jump from the speeding vehicle. I know that it is mere adrenaline that keeps me going now, despite the broken arm.

I am desperate to believe there is someone reading this note now, since it means that you have followed Admiral Brooksbank’s first map and discovered his next riddle. It also means that you must be another who is not ensnared by our world’s collective hallucination. We are without the burden of ambiguity, dear reader. There does exist a group that wishes to silence us and suppress the truth of the Admiral. Look forwards towards me as I now look back at you; we are bonded across time’s diaspora. I will now go on ahead, to the next step in the Admiral’s hunt. I hope you catch up to me at the end, my ally.

-D.O.

At second location:

Distanced from the trauma, I’ve begun to remember more details from my brief glimpses at our enemy. While, yes, I failed to see their faces beneath those dark velvet cloaks, I did notice each figure having a large embroidery in the center of their chests. The design was fluid and tentacled, like some sea Kraken or Lovecraftian horror, wrapped around a caricature of Earth. My mind wanders, dear reader, and muses on the aims of this mysterious cult. My research on the Admiral suggests that he abandoned a society of oppression for one of anarchist justice; he burned the social contract because he believed it was a writ of servitude. Thomas Hobbes called these ‘nature’s laws,’ where everyone has equal right to everything, and war might be waged against all. Hobbes had a name for the strong authority that would vanguard against the violent and debase whims of the unshackled man to enforce the social contract.

He called it Leviathan.

If it is nature’s laws that the Admiral champions, then it is Leviathan whom he opposes. If it is the *natural* laws that he embraced, perhaps this demanded an *unnatural* response…

I feel us getting closer to the end of this, dear reader. This next riddle of the admiral’s must be his last. Meet me at the final location and let us face Leviathan together.

-D.O.

At final location:

PUBLIC NOTICE: While the police have swept the crime scene and removed the remains of Dr. David Octavius, the public is advised to report any looked-over remains to the authorities, especially anything resembling relics or artifacts. In early February, Dr. Octavius was found deceased beneath the Cross of the Martyrs, with obvious blunt trauma to the head, a broken arm, and 17 lacerations across his body. While the investigation is ongoing, he has been presumed murdered. Dr. Octavius had been recently estranged from his family and friends following several delusions concerning supposed cults and the suppression of historical records. He was dismissed from his position at St. John's after not showing up to teach for two months without notice. The public is reminded of several public-health resources for a deteriorating mental state and is encouraged to seek help when it is needed. Afterall:

Who had ever heard of a land-locked pirate?