The following Cut Scenes are intended to be read prior to Adventure Thirteen

Cut Scene One
You are in a dark office. The only light comes from the glow of an LCD screen on the large desk in the center of the room. With this faint light you are able to make out the silhouette of a man. You can tell little about his appearance, aside from the fact that he is on a cell phone. You are about to catch the very end of a one sided conversation.

“I don’t care how much it costs or how weird is seems! You get that woman what she asks for!”
**pause** “No, I have no idea how hard it will be to find that many eye patches! That’s why I hired people like you. I tell you what to do, and you do it!” **pause** “So long as she pulls this little stunt off, I could care less if she asks you to sing the entire HMS Pinafore, just get it done. She is about to remove a thorn in my side the size of a redwood!” **pause** “good…now don’t call me about this again”

He hangs up the phone, and sighs deeply. He then proceeds to drain the contents of a glass that was on his desk
End Cut Scene One

Cut Scene Two
It’s a bright sunny afternoon. The sun shines down on your average suburban street, where a child of 10 or so stands next to a brightly painted ice cream truck. The truck tinkles a happy melody, much like ice-cream trucks everywhere, but as you listen closer it seems that the song has quite a few off key notes. The child stands there, vanilla ice cream cone in hand. He takes a lick, making sure to get a generous portion of the dull red fruit topping. He makes a face.

“Mister, this stuff tastes funny…tastes like it’s got metal in it.”

A man leans out the window. His hands are covered in a dirty white material, from which dangle a strip of cloth with a buckle at the end. He smiles an overly large smile at the boy.

“Eat up kiddo! Plenty of vitamins in that. Lots of iron!”

Something about the man spurs the child into a resumed licking. He seems to slowly warm to the odd flavor.

“See, I told ya, good for ya! Since you been good, let me tell you a story”

He looks both ways, and winks at the child conspiratorially.

“It’s a story about how you should always remember to treat a lady with respect…”

“Whatever mister…how come these big white sprinkles’re movin’?”

“Protein my boy, protein”
The man pauses and looks up, directly at you.

“Do you mind, this is kinda a secret”

End of Cut Scene Two

Cut Scene Three
You’re in a boy’s room. The walls are lined with posters of battle bots and anime. The shelves are full of half finished gundam models. Sitting at a desk against one of the walls in a average young teenaged boy. Thick glasses cover half of his face. He is hunched over a keyboard, which is connected to a mass of circuit boards, wires, and even some vacuumed tubes.

“boy, this ride is gonna be the best yet! This game is WAY better than roller coaster tycoon. I designed the whole thing from the ground up…even designed the stuff that runs the ride…down to the programming and circuitry!”

He pauses, examining various schematics and blueprints.

“that should do it. Now I just have to wait for some customers…”