

# break

## *The Summer Job*

*a Break system gamebook sampler*

*by*

*Derek Schraner*

# Also by Derek Schraner:

*Hikikomori:*

*a lucky lockdown life sim*

*Operation CanCon:*

*The Canadian Eighties Music Shopping Gamebook*

*Operation CanCon:*

*The Canadian Nineties Music Shopping Gamebook*

*Operation CanCon:*

*The Canadian Classic Music Shopping Gamebook*

# About

*The Summer Job*: a *Break* system gamebook **sampler**

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For more information, please visit [LockdownLudonaut.com](https://LockdownLudonaut.com)

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Also included in *The Summer Job*...

Vocabulary Scavenger Hunt

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# Introduction

This book tells an interactive crime story. Your choices shape how the mission evolves. Start reading on the next page (section 0) and, at the end of each section, you may be either sent to a new section, or offered a choice from multiple sections. Follow the instructions to move the plot along until you have reached any of various possible endings.

The book – from which this sampler is excerpted – is the first in a trilogy, and one path is part of an ongoing narrative, but feel free to explore side branches as well. Every development is valid, not every ending is "bad", and even "true" paths may lead to unexpected outcomes. If you reach an ending, but want to see where a different choice may have gone, you can always return to your last decision, or simply start afresh.

Remember, there are no wrong choices, just different stories. The journey is yours to experience, and the adventure is up to you.

Happy heisting!

# 0

The greatest problem with heights may be the fall.

You bolt from the nightmare in time to avoid messing up the city streets even more. The sound you assumed was wind in your ears screams into the buzz of a phone. One semiconscious click later, and a new sound replaces the rest.

"You on the way?" It's an oddly neutral tone, warm, but distant. Or distant, but warm. Either way, it's Retlaw.

You clear your throat. "Yeah."

*How does blinking work?* Even at this hour, already too early, whatever o'clock before noon, the sun nearly stabs away the silhouette of the Kyoto Tower in the distance.

"You've still got the piece? From the pawn shop?"

Clear your throat again. *Ugh.* "The, uh, Hawaiian thing? The brooch?"

"Not a brooch. An ear piece." Pause. "In case you need... Hang on."

With a click, they're gone, but so is some of the fog.

You sigh. Better get started. The rewards aren't going to be hunting you down. At least, some coffee might help with, you know, being conscious.

## What now?

- Wear the earpiece for guidance or other options. ([Go to section 7.](#))
- Pocket the earpiece to roam more freely. ([Go to section 1.](#))
- Proceed to the final mission. (**Not available in sampler.**) ([Go to 221.](#))

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# 1

*Cho's Coffee* has opened early, and there's already a few customers here. A glance confirms you still have time to do some reconnaissance.

It's early and sparse, but somehow still a sensory overload.

*Cho-san* herself is behind the counter, busy preparing for the day. The smell of roasting, grinding, and brewing tickles behind your eyes. You practically feel the aroma like grit upon your tongue, and it's almost overwhelming, especially combined with summer sun, surprisingly high so early.

Over the rattling growl of the grinder, the deafening whoosh of steam, and the muffled roar of vehicles, the jazzy muzak doesn't stand a chance.

## What now?

- Wear the earpiece for guidance or other options. ([Go to 7.](#))
- Continue exploring this area on your own. ([Go to 5.](#))

---

# 2

"Hey!" A thuggish shout breaks the early summer still. Even before you can approach him, the hulking figure calls you out.

You hesitate in your initial move and, instead, wave a hand slightly. "Hey," you respond.

"You come over here, and we might just have a problem!" His face darkens as if to support the threat.

"Oh, okay," you offer, more limply than you'd have wished.

"I mean it! I see you there, skulking around, up to no good, am I right?"

"Listen, I've got no problem with you, sir. Just here to enjoy a drink, in the sun, in the city, before it's too busy, you know?"

He tips his head to one side. "Well," he growls. "Just making sure we understand each other, alright." It's not a question so, for now, you keep your distance.

**Go to 5.**

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**3**

Her hand pins your arm to the tabletop with a shocking suddenness.

"Word in your ear, my friend," she hisses. "If you want to do what you're planning, you've got to be less obvious."

"I haven't done anything!" you protest.

"Yet," she corrects again. "With every look, every move, every word, you give it all away. If anyone chooses to pay attention, just watching you gives them the edge."

You force a laugh. "So, what am I going to do?"

Something sparks deep in those eyes. "Nothing now." Then it's gone. "Try again when you've wisened up, and tell Retlaw that Lil says, 'Not yet.'"

Her hand releases, you stagger back, and, mind whirling, flee back to the hostel.

**End**

---



## 4

She chortles and snorts as you approach her. "Ha!" she cries out. "Welcome!"

You nod slightly. "Hello. Mind if I join you?"

"Mind? I was hoping you would! Everyone else is kind of weird here, right?"

You laugh noncommittally, "To each their own, I guess."

She rubs her hands together. "Oh, this is going to be good!"

"Huh, yeah." You pause. "What is?"

She glances around theatrically before stage whispering. "A job, silly!" She dangles a keychain and shakes it in front of you. "You need a driver?"

You shrug. "Maybe."

"Well, I need to drive, so perfect!"

You glance at the time. "Not just yet, though. First I've got to do a few things."

"Well, I got to drive *now*!" she insists. "Come check out my ride. I can drop you off wherever. I got a few things to do too!"

You shrug. "Okay, but it's not very far from here."

She shrugs back before jumping up. "Some ride's better than no ride, right?"

And with that, you're on your way to the next stop.

**Go to 35.**

---

## 5

The cafe is a major hangout for crew candidates or, as Retlaw puts it, "A haven for jobbers". Well-caffeinated jobbers. At this hour, however, the pickings are slim but interesting.

Just three figures occupy the otherwise empty tables. The first to catch your attention is a distractingly hyper person, physically twitching and talking to themselves. Another stares you down balefully, as if challenging you to approach. The final seems oblivious, apparently lost in thought, but her quiet intensity makes you feel far more threat than the second's glare.

You hope your survey has been unobtrusive, but at least one's noticed you, and you wonder whether this isn't all a mistake.

### What now?

- Approach the hyper person. ([Go to 9.](#))
  - Approach the challenging person. ([Go to 18.](#))
  - Approach the quiet person. ([Go to 13.](#))
- 

## 6

She chortles and snorts as you approach her. "Ha!" she cries out. "Welcome!"

You nod slightly. "Hello. Mind if I join you?"

"Mind? I was hoping you would! Everyone else is kind of weird here, right?"

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She rubs her hands together. "Oh, this is going to be good!"

"Huh, yeah." You pause. "What is?"

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"Well, I got to drive *now*!" she insists. "Come check out my ride. I can drop you off wherever. I got a few things to do too!"

You shrug. "Okay, but it's not very far from here."

She shrugs back before jumping up. "Some ride's better than no ride, right?"

And with that, you're on your way.

**Go to 17.**

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## 7

"*Cho's Coffee*," Retlaw murmurs through a crackle of static in your ear.

You nod, "Way ahead of you. You can still hear me through this thing?"

"Loud and clear, but we'll have to be careful about anyone eavesdropping, and there may be interference in some cases. We'll have to play it—"

"By ear, ha ha, I got it."

*Cho-san* herself is behind the counter, attending to each of the guests. She glances up briefly, observing you, but returns to her coffee prep. The smell of roasting, grinding, and brewing tickles behind your eyes. You practically feel the aroma like grit on your tongue, and it's almost overwhelming, especially combined with summer sun, surprisingly high so early.

"We've still got some time for recon," you hear. "Relax, but not too much. Stay alert and keep an eye out. This place is a haven for jobbers."

You line up, surveying casually. "Uh-huh."

"Skeptical?"

"Not many people here, just a few, and they look, uh, interesting."

You can hear the wry twist in your ear. "Not everyone is you. You have your reasons for doing this, and so does everyone else. They may be different, but they're reason enough. Don't expect to find – or be – a 'bad guy'."

The jazzy muzak doesn't stand a chance. Over the rattling growl of the grinder, the deafening whoosh of steam, and the constant chatter in your ear, you raise your voice to place your order.

The chatter returns, "The coffee will help but, careful, not too much."

"Thanks Mom," you retort.

"Don't get me wrong. If I talk coffee, we could probably fill a book. The first thing to keep in mind, remember, if we're in this thing together: this is a deadline business, and the schedule comes first. Do what you can in the time you have, but be prepared to do it yourself, or call it before it's too late."

## What now?

- Pocket the earpiece to roam more freely. ([Go to 1.](#))
  - Proceed to the next stage, the library. ([Go to 27.](#))
  - Wrap up the recon, and begin the final mission. ([Go to 14.](#))
- 

## 8

*Cho's Coffee* has opened early, and there's already a few customers here. A glance confirms you still have time to do some reconnaissance.

It's early and sparse, but somehow still a sensory overload.

*Cho-san* herself is behind the counter, busy with coffee prep. The smell of roasting, grinding, and brewing tickles behind your eyes. You practically feel the aroma like grit on your tongue, and it's almost overwhelming, especially combined with summer sun, surprisingly high so early.

Over the rattling growl of the grinder, the deafening whoosh of steam, and the muffled roar of vehicles, the jazzy muzak doesn't stand a chance.

## What now?

- Wear the earpiece for guidance or other options. ([Go to 7.](#))
  - Continue exploring this area on your own. ([Go to 12.](#))
-

## 9

She chortles and snorts as you approach her. "Ha!" she cries out. "Welcome!"

You nod slightly. "Hello. Mind if I join you?"

"Mind? I was hoping you would! Everyone else is kind of weird here, right?"

You laugh noncommittally, "To each their own, I guess."

She rubs her hands together. "Oh, this is going to be good!"

"Huh, yeah." You pause. "What is?"

She glances around theatrically before stage whispering. "A job, silly!" She dangles a keychain and shakes it in front of you. "You need a driver?"

You shrug. "Maybe."

"Well, I need to drive, so perfect!"

You glance at the time. "Not just yet, though. First I've got to do a few things."

"Well, I got to drive *now*!" she insists. "Come check out my ride. I can drop you off wherever. I got a few things to do too!"

You shrug. "Okay, but it's not very far from here."

She shrugs back before jumping up. "Some ride's better than no ride, right?"

And with that, you're on your way to the next stop.

**Go to 28.**

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## 10

He towers over you. "It's you don't hear real good," he rumbles.

A doubt crawls up your back as you notice a silence has fallen. A glance to either side reveals you're alone in the cafe now. Behind the counter, Cho is making a call.

Normally, situational awareness would be a very fine thing indeed, but you shook up a hornet's nest, so to speak, before becoming distracted.

Too late you realize you're already on the ground. The numbness of shock envelops you, and you know the pain will come next.

He bobs above you like a boxer preparing to make his next move. You're not especially curious about what it's going to be so, given you're in no shape to move, you allow the darkness to take you.

**End**

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## 11

You take a seat across from the quiet woman, and she shifts only slightly, almost imperceptibly. Your arrival merits no verbal response, apparently.

"Uh, hello," you broach. "I hope I'm not intruding."

You imagine seeing a shrug in the slight bounce of dark curls.

"Would you mind some—"

"Yes," she exhales.

Slowly, the near-translucent skin of her face tilts up a bit, and her dark eyes fix upon your own, aggressively devoid of emotion.

"Uh, yes?" You prompt.

"Yes, I would mind."

"Oh, I thought you meant 'Yes, sit down.'"

"No you didn't," she corrects, and you admit she is correct, inwardly, at least. She already knows you know she's right, but the knowing has no effect; she isn't wry, or pleased, or gloating, she just is.

"Sorry to disturb you," you manage, slowly backing away.

**Go to 5.**

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## 12

The cafe is a major hangout for crew candidates or, as Retlaw puts it, "A haven for jobbers". Well-caFFEinated jobbers. At this hour, however, the pickings are slim but interesting.

Just three figures occupy the otherwise empty tables. The first to catch your attention is a distractingly hyper person, physically twitching and talking to themselves. Another stares you down balefully, as if forbidding any approach. The final seems oblivious, apparently lost in thought, intense but still less threatening than the second's hostile glare.

You hope your survey has been unobtrusive, but at least one's noticed you, and you wonder whether this isn't all a mistake.



## What now?

- Approach the hyper person. ([Go to 4.](#))
  - Approach the challenging person. ([Go to 20.](#))
  - Approach the quiet person. ([Go to 16.](#))
- 

## 13

You take a seat across from the quiet woman, and she shifts only slightly, almost imperceptibly. Your arrival merits no verbal response, apparently.

"Uh, hello," you broach. "I hope I'm not intruding."

You imagine seeing a shrug in the slight bounce of dark curls.

"I have it on good authority—"

"Why?" She seems exasperated.

Slowly, the near-translucent skin of her face tilts up a bit, and her dark eyes fix upon your own, aggressively devoid of emotion.

"Uh, 'Why?'" You prompt.

"Why would you tell me that?"

You blink. "I haven't told you anything."

"But you have," she corrects, and you suspect she is correct, inwardly, at least. She already knows you know she's right, but the knowing has no effect; she isn't wry, or pleased, or gloating, she just is.

"I should go," you say, half to yourself.

**Go to 3.**

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## 14

Standing in front of Cho's cafe, you draw a significant breath.

"Okay," you say. "I think I'm done with the recon. I'm ready to start the job."

A pause. "Okay, I hear you. Please repeat. Confirm you're going offline."

"I've scouted enough. I'm already at the cafe for our start time."

"Well, my friend, all the best of luck. We'll touch base later, okay?"

"Deal, and don't worry, I've got this. Talk to you again soon."

With a click, the brooch earpiece goes silent, and you head into the cafe.

### **Are you sure?**

- You've changed your mind; return to do more recon. ([Go to 8.](#))
  - Proceed to the final mission. (**Not available in sampler.**) ([Go to 221.](#))
- 

## 15

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Over the rattling growl of the grinder, the deafening whoosh of steam, and the muffled roar of vehicles, the jazzy muzak doesn't stand a chance.

### **What now?**

- Wear the earpiece for guidance or other options. ([Go to 7.](#))
  - Continue exploring this area on your own. ([Go to 19.](#))
- 

## **16**

You take a seat across from the quiet woman, and she shifts only slightly, almost imperceptibly. Your arrival merits no verbal response, apparently.

"Uh, hello," you broach. "I hope I'm not intruding."

You imagine seeing a shrug in the slight bounce of dark curls.

"I was just enjoying a coffee when I noticed—"

"No," she exhales.

Slowly, the near-translucent skin of her face tilts up a bit, and her dark eyes fix upon your own, aggressively devoid of emotion.

"Uh, no?" You prompt.

"You weren't enjoying the coffee."

"Actually, I love coffee."

"But not this time," she corrects, and you admit she is correct, inwardly, at least. She already knows you know she's right, but the knowing has no effect; she isn't wry, or pleased, or gloating, she just is.

"Maybe this is a bad time," you suggest, slowly backing away.

**Go to 19.**

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## 17

"I think you overshot it," you mutter, too overwhelmed to panic. The fleeting image of the reference library vanishes in one of the mirrors.

"I'm Gig, by the way!" she crows, oblivious to your tone.

"You're speeding," you reply, beginning to falter.

"Coffee's great and all, but you know what gets me going?"

"Driving?" you offer.

"Driving *fast*!" she responds, somehow turning it into a scream.

Now you're freaking out. If the speed doesn't get you, your associates probably will. "I'm supposed to be somewhere, I'm supposed to do something."

"The reason you're probably doing it is to feel what you can feel right now!"

*Mortal? Terrified? Doomed?* "I'm sorry, Gig, this has been a misunderstanding!"

"Aw, you'll come around! This isn't even as fast as we can go!"

You've had it. "Why would we go faster?"

"Because of them," she winks, taking her eyes off the road and nodding at one of the mirrors. The flashing lights hit your eyes just an instant before the sirens hit your ears.

Drawing the deepest breath of your life thus far, you're suddenly quite certain: the rest of this day will be very, very short or very, very long.

You slump back in the seat, giving up.

**End**

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## 18

"Hey!" The thuggish shout breaks the early summer still. Only halfway to his table, the hulking figure calls you out.

You stop near the table, not taking a seat. "Hey yourself," you respond.

"You understand about personal space?" His face darkens with the demand.

"Sure," you muster a casual tone. "I wondered if we might talk.

"Talk?" he barks.

"I have a question."

"And I have a breakfast, see?" He jabs in the air at the table.

"I see," you observe. "Maybe I'll get something too."

He grunts his approval. "Maybe we'll talk later."

"Sure," you agree.

"Much later!" he roars, before turning a massive shoulder.

[Go to 12.](#)

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## 19

The cafe is a major hangout for crew candidates or, as Retlaw puts it, "A haven for jobbers". Well-caffeinated jobbers. At this hour, however, the pickings are slim but interesting.

Just three figures occupy the otherwise empty tables. The first to catch your attention is a distractingly hyper person, physically twitching and talking to themselves. Another stares you down balefully, as if challenging you to approach. The final seems oblivious, apparently lost in thought. Ironically, the hyperactive one, while seeming the most welcoming, also strikes you as possibly unstable.

You hope your survey has been unobtrusive, but at least one's noticed you, and you wonder whether this isn't all a mistake.

### What now?

- Approach the hyper person. ([Go to 6.](#))
  - Approach the challenging person. ([Go to 2.](#))
  - Approach the quiet person. ([Go to 11.](#))
-

## 20

"Hey!" The thuggish shout breaks the early summer still. So close to his table, it's an overwhelming roar.

You pay him no mind, and help yourself to a seat. "Hay is for horses," you wave at the table. "It looks like you're eating as much as one."

His face darkens. "What did you say?"

"Cauliflower ears affecting your hearing?" You shrug. "That's fine. I need some muscle in my corner."

Now he stands and growls ominously, "You got some muscle coming up real soon!"

"I have a proposition, and maybe a job, so why don't you cool your jets, big guy?"

[Go to 10.](#)

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## 21

The library in Kyoto International Community House is relatively dark compared to the world outside. Just outside, the morning sun reflects off white stone steps, nearly concave in design. The intensity of their focus makes you glad for a brief respite.

You inhale the scent of – oddly – disinfected earth in some rooms, not unclean, but simultaneously very old and new. The exposed beams and wooden paneling lend a natural appearance, but the staff's choice of cleaning products belies any sense of nature.

The quiet is considerably more welcome.

The *Kokusai Kaikan*, or International Hall, is an interesting choice for a dead drop. Convenient, with a constant coming and going of disparate strangers, but civilized and nearly ironic as a conduit for heists. There's something about its roots in sharing community that makes it poetic.

## What now?

- Wear the earpiece for guidance or other options. ([Go to 27.](#))
  - Continue exploring this area on your own. ([Go to 25.](#))
- 

## 22

A voice breaks into your reverie. "Can I help you?" offers a worker, edging round the side of the front desk.

"Oh, I'm looking for the atrium," you reply. "I thought about having a rest."

"I'm sorry, we're not open yet. Perhaps you'd like to wait?"

"Sure," you gesture. "No problem, that's fine. Oh, maybe you could help?"

He does an odd little motion with his head, back and forth from side to side, as if considering it. "What do you have in mind?" he asks.

"Is my hold still here, do you know, or is right now a bad time to check?"

"I can check on the reserve shelf, but the system's not ready yet. We won't be able to sign it out for you."

You shrug and give him the information, a false identity.



He turns, and checks, and nods to confirm. "Uh-huh, we have it here. You want to take a look while we wait to open?"

You wave indifferently, "Oh, no, that's fine, I'll just hang out, or go for a coffee or something."

[Go to 25.](#)

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## 23

Sidestepping the entire debacle, and avoiding the eye of the law is slightly more complex when you're trying not to look like you're avoiding the law.

Because one side of the road is blocked by the nearly perpendicular cart, you step behind it to cross the street, not up or down to a light. With any luck the law will be too distracted for a jaywalking charge.

It's not the law you need to worry about, unfortunately.

Halfway across, you realize the other side of the road is free, and an oddly familiar driver appears without warning. Roaring around the obstruction, she veers straight into your path, noticing you too late to change your fate.

As the world fades from view, your last impression is of her face, and its hyperkinetic glee dissolving into horror.

[End](#)

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## 24

As you crest the top of the library steps, and turn to your next destination, the scene before you stops you dead in your tracks. A food cart stands by the side of the road and, in front of it, a gaggle of officers.

You might have done well to continue just walking; your hesitation draws their attention. One tips his head to the side and speaks, apparently to you, "*Nani? Everything okay, there? Something wrong?*"

You flush, the focus of their sudden attention, blurting out, "No, no, I'm fine, it's just that I was expecting another *yatai* cart. Isn't today '*Kureiji Karubi*' instead?"

The officer snorts. "*What? 'Joo no suitsu'*, like always. Try the parking lot at *Komeri!*"

"Will do," you call, and make a beeline for Madam's.

**Go to 55.**

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## 25

Remaining here is tempting, an oasis in your day, but you do have work to do, admittedly. You already know where the drop point is, and how the system should work, but sometimes procedures change, and you're still relatively new.

Unless you plan to look around, you may want to return to the cafe, or continue on to your subsequent port of call. At the cafe you might get another chance with some possible candidates.

However, as you gaze back through the windows, out front, toward the cafe, you notice a commotion in the road, just over the top of the steps. If any authorities become involved, you may do well to avoid it.

Staying here, you might confirm the drop details or, moving on, you may get a lead on the thoughts of your contact, Madam.

### What now?

- Return to the last stage, the cafe. ([Go to 33.](#))
  - Continue exploring this area on your own. ([Go to 38.](#))
  - Proceed to the next stage, your point of contact. ([Go to 29.](#))
- 

## 26

As you crest the top of the library steps, and turn to your next destination, the scene before you stops you dead in your tracks. A food cart stands by the side of the road and, in front of it, a gaggle of officers.

You might have done well to continue just walking; your hesitation draws their attention. One tips his head to the side and speaks, apparently to you, "Nani? Everything okay, there? Something wrong?"

You flush, the focus of their sudden attention, blurting out, "No, no, I'm fine, it's just that I was expecting another *yatai* cart. Isn't today, uh, 'Ame no Hi Piza' instead?"

The officer snorts. "What? 'Joo no suitsu', like always!" His eyes narrow. "Anyone heard of 'Ame no Hi Piza'?"

[Go to 37.](#)

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## 27

Your ear crackles. "The Kyoto International Community House," you hear.

Aside from your earpiece, it's relatively quiet.

"The job details are in the usual lockup, but we've had to update the access due to—" there's a pause long enough for you to wonder if Retlaw's there. "Complications," they offer finally. "Someone tried something impulsive with the lock. It didn't go very well," they offer drily.

"I guess when you work with those cafe types—"

"Hey, *you're* a cafe type."

"Pfth. You seriously don't know what I mean?"

"I know you're newer to this, and they are not." The tone isn't indignant. In fact, it's probably an attempt to be patient, but you can't help feeling condescended to. "You do your own thing, and you do it your way. So do they. Hire a pro, and let them go. That's my philosophy."

"Uh-huh. So, what 'thing' will I be doing?"

"You'll find details in the dossier but, to make a long story short, we're looking for a coin in a storage facility."

"I don't suppose I could empty my pockets?"

"I doubt it. This is a special coin. The only one, in fact."

"Can I help you?" another voice breaks in.

A librarian watches you quizzically, behind an expansive front desk. From his perspective, it must seem as if you're talking to yourself.

"It's early," he notes, "We're not open yet, but you're free to look around."

"Thank you," you respond. "I'm not sure yet."

## What now?

- Pocket the earpiece to roam more freely. ([Go to 21.](#))
  - Proceed to the next stage, your point of contact. ([Go to 47.](#))
  - Wrap up the recon, and begin the final mission. ([Go to 34.](#))
- 

## 28

The library in Kyoto International Community House is relatively dark compared to the world outside. Just outside, the morning sun reflects off white stone steps, nearly concave in design. The intensity of their focus makes you glad for a brief respite.

You inhale the scent of – oddly – disinfected earth in some rooms, not unclean, but simultaneously very old and new. The exposed beams and wooden paneling lend a natural appearance, but the staff's choice of cleaning products belies any sense of nature.

The quiet is considerably more welcome.

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- Wear the earpiece for guidance or other options. ([Go to 27.](#))
  - Continue exploring this area on your own. ([Go to 32.](#))
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## 29

As you crest the top of the library steps, and turn to your next destination, the scene before you stops you dead in your tracks. A food cart stands by the side of the road and, in front of it, a gaggle of officers.

You might have done well to continue just walking; your hesitation draws their attention. One tips his head to the side and speaks, apparently to you, "Nani? Everything okay, there? Something wrong?"

You flush, the focus of their sudden attention, blurting out, "No, no, I'm fine, it's just that I was expecting another *yatai* cart. Isn't today '*Hotto Kyoto Doggu*' instead?"

The officer snorts. "What? '*Joo no suitsu*,' like always. Try the parking lot at *Yokado*!"

"Will do," you call, and make a beeline for Madam's.

**Go to 48.**

---

## 30

You get a strange premonition about the over-suspicious librarian.

Instead of the washroom, you sneak downstairs, and look for another way out.

This incident is an inconvenience; you can't leave without the dossier. Unfortunately, it's one floor above, and he'll see if you nose around now.

A fire exit looks promising, but your heart lurches in your chest, as an officer appears, one of several staking out the grounds.

He must have called in a complaint about you. *They sure didn't take their time*, you snort ruefully, frantically scanning the floor.

You cross over, through a rec room section, eyes on the outside gardens.

And, there, before you is one of the "issues" the worker complained about: a broken window. No doubt they'll assume it was you.

"No use letting it go to waste," and you smash out the rest to pass through, but curse your luck as it cuts you on the way out.

You stare numbly at the winking shards, teasing their blood and fibers, but the sounds of feet are too close and numerous to risk cleaning up their clues.

Before you can be apprehended, at least immediately, you dash away, too well aware, this drop off is burnt, at best.

**End**

---

## **31**

As you crest the top of the library steps, you find a commotion in the road. It doesn't look serious, but people are gathering, milling about, with some shouting.

It isn't an accident, as you first assumed, but a food cart emblazoned '*Joo no suitsu*', repeatedly failing in its parallel parking. To fit in a probably-too-small space, pedestrians shout advice, directions, discouragement, even legal warnings.

Unfortunately, it's also attracted the attention of local law enforcement. Today is not a day for a run-in with them.

So, while a part of you longs to stick around and discover '*Joo no suitsu*', discretion may be the better part of valour.

You make a beeline for the cafe.

**Go to 1.**

---



## 32

Remaining here is tempting, an oasis in your day, but you do have work to do, admittedly. You already know where the drop point is, and how the system should work, but sometimes procedures change, and you're still relatively new.

Unless you plan to look around, you may want to return to the cafe, or continue on to your subsequent port of call. At the cafe you might get another chance with some possible candidates. Or moving on you may get a lead on the thoughts of your contact, Madam.

Staying here, you could confirm the drop details are firm, but you're somewhat concerned by one librarian. You notice him eyeing you suspiciously. Maybe it's nothing at all, but you can't help feeling you're better safe than sorry.

### What now?

- Return to the last stage, the cafe. ([Go to 36.](#))
  - Continue exploring this area on your own. ([Go to 40.](#))
  - Proceed to the next stage, your point of contact. ([Go to 24.](#))
- 

## 33

As you crest the top of the library steps, you find a commotion in the road. It doesn't look serious, but people are gathering, milling about, with some shouting.

It isn't an accident, as you might have assumed, but a food cart emblazoned '*Joo no suitsu*', repeatedly failing in its parallel parking. To fit in a probably-too-small space, pedestrians shout advice, directions, discouragement, even legal warnings.

Unfortunately, it's also attracted the attention of local law enforcement. Today is not a day for a run-in with them.

So, while a part of you longs to stick around and discover '*Joo no suitsu*', discretion may be the better part of valour.

[Go to 23.](#)

---

## 34

Standing in front of the Community House, you draw a significant breath.

"Okay," you say. "I think I'm done with the recon. I'm ready to start the job."

A pause. "Okay, I hear you. Please repeat. Confirm you're going offline."

"I've scouted enough. I'm going to get back to the cafe for our start time."

"Well, my friend, all the best of luck. We'll touch base later, okay?"

"Deal, and don't worry, I've got this. Talk to you again soon."

With a click, the brooch earpiece goes silent, and you head toward the cafe.

### Are you sure?

- You've changed your mind; return to do more recon. ([Go to 28.](#))
- Proceed to the final mission. (**Not available in sampler.**) ([Go to 221.](#))

---

## 35

The library in Kyoto International Community House is relatively dark compared to the world outside. Just outside, the morning sun reflects off white stone steps, nearly concave in design. The intensity of their focus makes you glad for a brief respite.

You inhale the scent of – oddly – disinfected earth in some rooms, not unclean, but simultaneously very old and new. The exposed beams and wooden paneling lend a natural appearance, but the staff's choice of cleaning products belies any sense of nature.

The quiet is considerably more welcome.

The *Kokusai Kaikan*, or International Hall, is an interesting choice for a dead drop. Convenient, with a constant coming and going of disparate strangers, but civilized and nearly ironic as a conduit for heists. There's something about its roots in sharing community that makes it poetic.

### What now?

- Wear the earpiece for guidance or other options. ([Go to 27.](#))
- Continue exploring this area on your own. ([Go to 39.](#))

## 36

As you crest the top of the library steps, you find a commotion in the road. It doesn't look serious, but people are gathering, milling about, with some shouting.

It isn't an accident, as you first assumed, but a food cart emblazoned '*Joo no suitsu*', repeatedly failing in its parallel parking. To fit in a probably-too-small space, pedestrians shout advice, directions, discouragement, even legal warnings.

Unfortunately, it's also attracted the attention of local law enforcement. Today is not a day for a run-in with them.

So, while a part of you longs to stick around and discover '*Joo no suitsu*', discretion may be the better part of valour.

You make a beeline for the cafe.

[Go to 15.](#)

---

## 37

The other officers begin to pay more direct attention to you. They mutter together in response to the food cart query.

One of them, however, doesn't join in, he just stares at you. His eyes narrow slightly, as if working through a hint, recognition. He plays it cool, but you notice his eyebrows jump, as he singsongs to another: "*Does Piza no hito* look very familiar?"

You take a step back, and shift your weight, casually checking around.

The first officer, who hailed you, nods, "*Da ne*, I thought so too."

"*Onaji koto kangaeteru?* Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

As they're thinking, you're not waiting, because the pawn shop job was yours. You must have been identified, but you're not too curious how.

With a sudden lunge, you tear away, the Keystone Kops in pursuit.

Whether you manage to evade them or not, it looks like this day's been derailed.

**End**

---

## 38

A voice breaks into your reverie. "Can I help you?" offers a worker, edging round the side of the front desk.

"Oh, I'm looking for Nan," you reply. "I thought she might be in."

"I'm sorry, she's not in quite yet, but perhaps you'd like to wait?"

"Sure," you gesture. "No problem, that's fine, or maybe you could help?"

He does an odd little motion with his head, back and forth from side to side, as if considering it. "What do you have in mind?" he asks.

"Is my hold still here, do you know, or is right now a bad time to check?"

"I can check on the reserve shelf, but the system's not ready yet. We won't be able to sign it out for you."

You shrug and give him the information, a false identity.

He turns, and checks, and nods to confirm. "Uh-huh, we have it here. You want to take a look while we wait for Nan?"

You wave indifferently, "Oh, no, that's fine, I'll just hang out, or go for a coffee or something."

[Go to 32.](#)

---

## 39

Remaining here is tempting, an oasis in your day, but you do have work to do, admittedly. You already know where the drop point is, and how the system should work, but sometimes procedures change, and you're still relatively new.

Unless you plan to look around, you may want to return to the cafe, or continue on to your subsequent port of call. At the cafe you might get another chance with some possible candidates.

Moving on you may get a lead on the thoughts of your contact, Madam, but now may not be the very best of times. Just over the top of the steps, in your path, you notice a food cart parked. Beside the cart itself you spot the badge.

If you stay a bit longer, you might at least confirm the drop details, and avoid any possible issues with the law.

### What now?

- Return to the last stage, the cafe. ([Go to 31.](#))
- Continue exploring this area on your own. ([Go to 22.](#))
- Proceed to the next stage, your point of contact. ([Go to 26.](#))

---

## 40

A voice breaks into your reverie. "Can I help you?" offers a worker, edging round the back of the front desk.

"Just looking for the washroom," you reply. "I thought it might be available."

"Ah, so it is," he replies carefully. "Is everything all right?"

"Oh sure," you wave. "I'll just be quick. I'll only be a bit."

He does an odd little motion with his head, back and forth from side to side, as if considering it. "Okay, let me get the key."

"There's a key now?" you retort. "I won't be long."

"There is." He crooks his head again. "We had issues recently."

He produces a keyfob and points the way for you.

[Go to 30.](#)

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## 41

An unobtrusive sign confirms you are at the *Minami* ward Hangare, whatever that might be. A short way from the library, it appears to be a lumber mill, or something.

The old warehouse is overseen – and possibly owned by – Madam; to be specific, Madame Madam, likely an alias. She doesn't appear to be here yet, but the cavernous space is open, a cross between a hangar and a station.

Occasional scattered tables indicate designated areas, some for more industrial work, some for finer detail. They tend against the edges, while clusters of crates form ad hoc halls but, largely, the warehouse lies empty, silent, waiting.

A single room, lifted into a corner, on struts beneath the ceiling, is glassed in as if to allow a watch over all. A gantry-bridge leads up to the perch, wrapping along a wall. It creaks sometimes, but dully, in the oddly muffled gloom.

## What now?

- Wear the earpiece for guidance or other options. ([Go to 47.](#))
  - Continue exploring this area on your own. ([Go to 45.](#))
- 

## 42

A sudden crack snaps you to attention, to a clutch of boxes in a corner. The sound is amplified by your nerves, well over its actual volume.

Near the step to the gantryway, actually stacked beneath it, an unassuming pallet of crates has shifted. One of them catches your eye, "FIRST EDITIONS" stamped on a side.

Its edges pull apart against the nails meant to hold them together. Your fingers fit in the open space, but you probably should leave it alone.

Your heisting impulses tug a war with your loyalty to Madam.



You look around for a makeshift tool, and find one very close. A prybar leans against the wall, beneath an inspirational plaque: "No legacy is so rich as honesty. *All's Well That Ends Well* (Act 3, Scene 5)".

You nod decisively to yourself and take the prybar in hand. With a solid thump, you close the gap in the crate, though others shift. They settle in a moment, you replace the tool, and return to consider the room.

[Go to 45.](#)

---

## 43

In front of the *Minami* ward Hangare again, you blink in the morning sun.

Suddenly, you hear it again, this time from behind, in the warehouse. It's no illusion, definitely laughter. Someone is goofing off inside, or possibly playing a prank.

You immediately return again, blinking now in the gloom. The back-and-forth of light and dark wreaks havoc with your vision. You roar into the darkness, "Who is that?"

Footsteps patter wildly, as responding to your shout, receding up the gantryway nearby. You grab a prybar from the wall, setting off in pursuit, hefting it, judging its weight, in case you need it.

With a burst of speed you enter the doorway leading to the bridge, beneath the gantryway from which it's suspended.

You've got them cornered in the bridge, in the hall leading to the locked office, but just as you come into sight of the door, you realize your mistake. They're not *inside* the bridge, they're up above it!

Your suspicions are confirmed when a cry sounds overhead, and you watch as a figure drops off the edge to the floor.

Rushing back to the open area, you're horrified to discover: it's just a child, barely school-aged, whose mischievous play has ended.

Madam enters to find you towering over the crumpled tot, prybar in hand, too horrified to speak.

Before she gets the wrong idea, you manage, "*Kyukyusha!* Ambulance, quick!"

**End**

---

## 44

You decide to get a start on plotting out the trip ahead. As cool and quiet as the warehouse is, the job won't be doing itself.

As you step toward the exit, however, you hear another sound. A scraping, slow and rough, a kind of... groaning?

Against the wall, beneath the steps, a pile of crates is set. Nothing moves, but you're sure the sound was coming from over there.

"Hello?" you call out cautiously, feeling ridiculous.

Moments later, as you turn away, the scraping sound returns, and you whirl fast enough to notice the box fall down. It tumbles against the ground, but doesn't go far.

*They need to do a better job of loading up these pallets,* you think to yourself, turning to exit again.

Inwardly, you're thankful what you're targeting won't be so cumbersome. Time to hit the road and scout the trail.

**Go to 75.**

---

## 45

The south-east side holds piles of lumber, apparent from outside, but the scent is not of wood but, oddly, coffee. Bags of it are tucked behind the lumber, in jute bags stamped "CHO". Beneath the coffee grounds, a hint of must.

Further in, your feet clap in grit, against the flat grey floor. Light filters in from somewhere above, not enough to dispel the gloom, but at such an angle that the dust in the air is revealed, a shifting cloud. It actually impedes your vision from some positions.

The city sounds are distant, below a mournful piping of wind. You begin to suspect the tick of an unseen clock is actually chittering. The feeling of being watched is strong, though you have no evidence of it. It's not an unpleasant feeling, however, familiar, even nostalgic.

This place might be worth exploring some more, or maybe you should move on, and scout the road ahead while you have the chance.

## What now?

- Return to the last stage, the library. ([Go to 53.](#))
  - Continue exploring this area on your own. ([Go to 58.](#))
  - Proceed to the next stage, scout out the route. ([Go to 49.](#))
- 

## 46

You decide to get a start on plotting out the trip ahead. As cool and quiet as the warehouse is, the job won't be doing itself.

As you step toward the exit, however, you hear another sound. A scraping, slow and rough, a kind of... groaning?

Against the wall, beneath the steps, a pile of crates is set. Nothing moves, but you're sure the sound was coming from over there.

"Hello?" you call out cautiously, feeling ridiculous.

Moments later, as you turn away, the scraping sound returns, and you whirl fast enough to notice the box fall down. It tumbles against the ground, but doesn't go far.

*They need to do a better job of loading up these pallets,* you think to yourself, just before you catch a glimpse of movement.

From near the steps you grab a prybar, and advance on the piled up skids.

[Go to 57.](#)

---

"Gee-buh" – a burst of static and – "gah".

"We're breaking up," you observe. "I'm at the *Minami* ward Hangare now." The nearby sign confirms your words. "Can you still hear me there?"

"–won't be here but look around." A pause. "We're breaking up," Retlaw confirms, "–why we can't depend... when go-time comes."

"Must be something interfering with communication."

"That's going... happen." A longer pause. "–adapt."

"Well, Madame Madam isn't here," you report back. "I'm alone."

"–issues make you resourceful. Just remember–"

"There's an office here, but it's dark, looks closed. I may just wait a while. Or maybe I'll go back outside again."

Nearer the entrance, the brooch crackles back to life.

"–that's why you never, ever lie to her. Try to pull a fast one... she will shut it all down like that," you hear a snap. "And that's for both of us. Do more than you did," the voice resolves. "But don't do what you can't."

"I'll keep it in mind. I'm getting some air for a tick."

## What now?

- Pocket the earpiece to roam more freely. ([Go to 41.](#))
- Proceed to the next stage, scout out the route. ([Go to 67.](#))
- Wrap up the recon, and begin the final mission. ([Go to 54.](#))

---

## 48

An unobtrusive sign confirms you are at the *Minami* ward Hangare, whatever that might be. A short way from the library, it appears to be a lumber mill, or something.

The old warehouse is overseen – and possibly owned by – Madam; to be specific, Madame Madam, likely an alias. She doesn't appear to be here yet, but the cavernous space is open, a cross between a hangar and a station.

Occasional scattered tables indicate designated areas, some for more industrial work, some for finer detail. They tend against the edges, while clusters of crates form ad hoc halls but, largely, the warehouse lies empty, silent, waiting.

A single room, lifted into a corner, on struts beneath the ceiling, is glassed in as if to allow a watch over all. A gantry-bridge leads up to the perch, wrapping along a wall. It creaks sometimes, but dully, in the oddly muffled gloom.

### What now?

- Wear the earpiece for guidance or other options. ([Go to 47.](#))
- Continue exploring this area on your own. ([Go to 52.](#))

---

## 49

You decide to get a start on plotting out the trip ahead. As cool and quiet as the warehouse is, the job won't be doing itself.

As you step toward the exit, however, you hear another sound. A scraping, slow and rough, a kind of... groaning?

Against the wall, beneath the steps, a pile of crates is set. Nothing moves, but you're sure the sound was coming from over there.

"Hello?" you call out cautiously, feeling ridiculous.

Moments later, as you turn away, the scraping sound returns, and you whirl fast enough to notice the box fall down. It tumbles against the ground, but doesn't go far.

*They need to do a better job of loading up these pallets,* you think to yourself, turning to exit again.

Inwardly, you're thankful what you're targeting won't be so cumbersome. Time to hit the road and scout the trail.

**Go to 68.**

---

## 50

You look around for a makeshift tool, and find one very close. A prybar leans against the wall, beneath an inspirational plaque, as faded and dusty as everything else, and barely legible.

You shake your head, shrug to yourself, and take the prybar in hand.

With a screeching creak, you widen the gap in the crate, and others shift. One tumbles from its rickety position, and spills out on the floor. An old book inside slides across the floor before stopping at the boot of—

"Madam?" you sputter. "Oh, uh, hello."

Unsmiling, she points at the faded quote. "To thine own self be true?" Her voice transforms the interpretation into a question for you.

Unfortunately, your follow-up, like *Hamlet's*, is a tragic one.

**End**

---

## 51

You step back toward the way you initially came in, startled to see a shadow vanish suddenly. The entrance is empty now, the angled light, in from the morning, filling the space, a glowing pool in the gloom.

You blink. *A trick of the light?*

"Hello?" you call. "Madame Madam? Is that you?"

Only a hush follows on from your question. You move cautiously to the front. The closer you get, the more you become aware of another sound, a tittering, a giggling, is it laughter?

*This place is haunted*, you immediately think, though you realize the thought is absurd. It's the structure settling, rodents chirruping, birdsong given an echo.

You need to settle your nerves, it seems. Perhaps the peace and quiet of the library will do.

**Go to 21.**

---



The south-east side holds piles of lumber, apparent from outside, but the scent is not of wood but, oddly, coffee. Bags of it are tucked behind the lumber, in jute bags stamped "CHO". Beneath the coffee grounds, a hint of must.

Further in, your feet clap in grit, against the flat grey floor. Light filters in from somewhere above, not enough to dispel the gloom, but at such an angle that the dust in the air is revealed, a shifting cloud. It actually impedes your vision from some positions.

The city sounds are distant, below a mournful piping of wind. You begin to suspect the tick of an unseen clock is actually chittering. The feeling of being watched is strong, though you have no evidence of it.

The emptiness is eerie, haunting. Maybe you should get out, move on, and scout the road ahead, or you could even go back. Hanging around seems just a waste of time here without Madam.

### What now?

- Return to the last stage, the library. ([Go to 56.](#))
  - Continue exploring this area on your own. ([Go to 60.](#))
  - Proceed to the next stage, scout out the route. ([Go to 44.](#))
-

## 53

You step back toward the way you initially came in, startled to see a shadow vanish suddenly. The entrance is empty now, the angled light, in from the morning, filling the space, a glowing pool in the gloom.

You blink. *A trick of the light?*

"Hello?" you call. "Madame Madam? Is that you?"

Only a hush follows on from your question. You move cautiously to the front. The closer you get, the more you become aware of another sound, a tittering, a giggling, is it laughter?

*This place is haunted*, you immediately think, though you realize the thought is absurd. It's the structure settling, rodents chirruping, birdsong given an echo.

You need to settle your nerves, it seems. Perhaps the peace and quiet of the library will do.

[Go to 43.](#)

---

## 54

Standing in front of the *Minami* ward Hangare, you draw a significant breath.

"Okay," you say. "I think I'm done with the recon. I'm ready to start the job."

A pause. "Okay, I hear you. Please repeat. Confirm you're going offline."

"I've scouted enough. I'm going to get back to the cafe for our start time."

"Well, my friend, all the best of luck. We'll touch base later, okay?"

"Deal, and don't worry, I've got this. Talk to you again soon."

With a click, the brooch earpiece goes silent, and you head toward the cafe.

### Are you sure?

- You've changed your mind; return to do more recon. ([Go to 48.](#))
  - Proceed to the final mission. (**Not available in sampler.**) ([Go to 221.](#))
- 

## 55

An unobtrusive sign confirms you are at the *Minami* ward Hangare, whatever that might be. A short way from the library, it appears to be a lumber mill, or something.

The old warehouse is overseen – and possibly owned by – Madam; to be specific, Madame Madam, likely an alias. She doesn't appear to be here yet, but the cavernous space is open, a cross between a hangar and a station.

Occasional scattered tables indicate designated areas, some for more industrial work, some for finer detail. They tend against the edges, while clusters of crates form *ad hoc* halls but, largely, the warehouse lies empty, silent, waiting.

A single room, lifted into a corner, on struts beneath the ceiling, is glassed in as if to allow a watch over all. A gantry-bridge leads up to the perch, wrapping along a wall. It creaks sometimes, but dully, in the oddly muffled gloom.

## What now?

- Wear the earpiece for guidance or other options. ([Go to 47.](#))
  - Continue exploring this area on your own. ([Go to 59.](#))
- 

## 56

You step back toward the way you initially came in, startled to see a shadow vanish suddenly. The entrance is empty now, the angled light, in from the morning, filling the space, a glowing pool in the gloom.

You blink. *A trick of the light?*

"Hello?" you call. "Madame Madam? Is that you?"

Only a hush follows on from your question. You move cautiously to the front. The closer you get, the more you become aware of another sound, a tittering, a giggling, is it laughter?

*This place is haunted*, you immediately think, though you realize the thought is absurd. It's the structure settling, rodents chirruping, birdsong given an echo.

You need to settle your nerves, it seems. Perhaps the peace and quiet of the library will do.

[Go to 35.](#)

---

## 57

A flurry of panicked motion, and a figure appears suddenly, a woman – barely a woman – with her empty hands outstretched.

"Onegaishimasu," she quavers. "Please."

You drop back a step but, still suspicious, demand, "What's going on?"

"I have," she pauses, and looks down. "Nowhere." She stretches one arm to indicate the area under the stairs.

You circle around her, carefully, and understand at once. She's crafted a makeshift tent from some tarp, held down by the upper crates.

Something deep inside you twists, a memory returns, and you know that things like the coin will wait, and that Retlaw will understand. And if Retlaw doesn't understand, then they've chosen wrong with you.

"It's okay," you say, discarding the prybar. "Do you want to go for a walk? I know a great cafe, and it's on me."

**End**

---

## 58

A sudden crack snaps you to attention, to a clutch of boxes in a corner. The sound is amplified by your nerves, well over its actual volume.

Near the step to the gantryway, actually stacked beneath it, an unassuming pallet of crates has shifted. One of them catches your eye, "FIRST EDITIONS" stamped on a side.

Its edges pull apart against the nails meant to hold them together. Your fingers fit in the open space, but you probably should leave it alone.

Your heisting impulses tug a war with your loyalty to Madam.

You look around for a makeshift tool, and find one very close. A prybar leans against the wall, beneath an inspirational plaque: "Truth will out. *The Merchant of Venice* (Act 2, Scene 2)".

You nod decisively to yourself and take the prybar in hand. With a solid thump, you close the gap in the crate, though others shift. They settle in a moment, you replace the tool, and return to consider the room.

[Go to 52.](#)

---

## 59

The south-east side holds piles of lumber, apparent from outside, but the scent is not of wood but, oddly, coffee. Bags of it are tucked behind the lumber, in jute bags stamped "CHO". Beneath the coffee grounds, a hint of must.

Further in, your feet clap in grit, against the flat grey floor. Light filters in from somewhere above, not enough to dispel the gloom, but at such an angle that the dust in the air is revealed, a shifting cloud. It actually impedes your vision from some positions.

The city sounds are distant, below a mournful piping of wind. You begin to suspect the tick of an unseen clock is actually chittering. The feeling of being watched is strong, though you have no evidence of it. It's not an unpleasant feeling, however, familiar, even nostalgic.

This place might be worth exploring some more, or you could even go back; it feels a bit too early to rush ahead.

### **What now?**

- Return to the last stage, the library. ([Go to 51.](#))
  - Continue exploring this area on your own. ([Go to 42.](#))
  - Proceed to the next stage, scout out the route. ([Go to 46.](#))
- 

## **60**

A sudden crack snaps you to attention, to a clutch of boxes in a corner. The sound is amplified by your nerves, well over its actual volume.

Near the step to the gantryway, actually stacked beneath it, an unassuming pallet of crates has shifted. One of them catches your eye, "FIRST EDITIONS" stamped on a side.

Its edges pull apart against the nails meant to hold them together. Your fingers fit in the open space, but you probably should leave it alone. Your heisting impulses tug a war with your loyalty to Madam.

[Go to 50.](#)

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# 67, 68, 75, 221, 276...

Thank you for trying *The Summer Job* sampler!

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# Also included in *The Summer Job*...

- **Vocabulary Scavenger Hunt**

- The story uses many Japanese terms. How many can you find?

- **Happy End of the World Bingo**

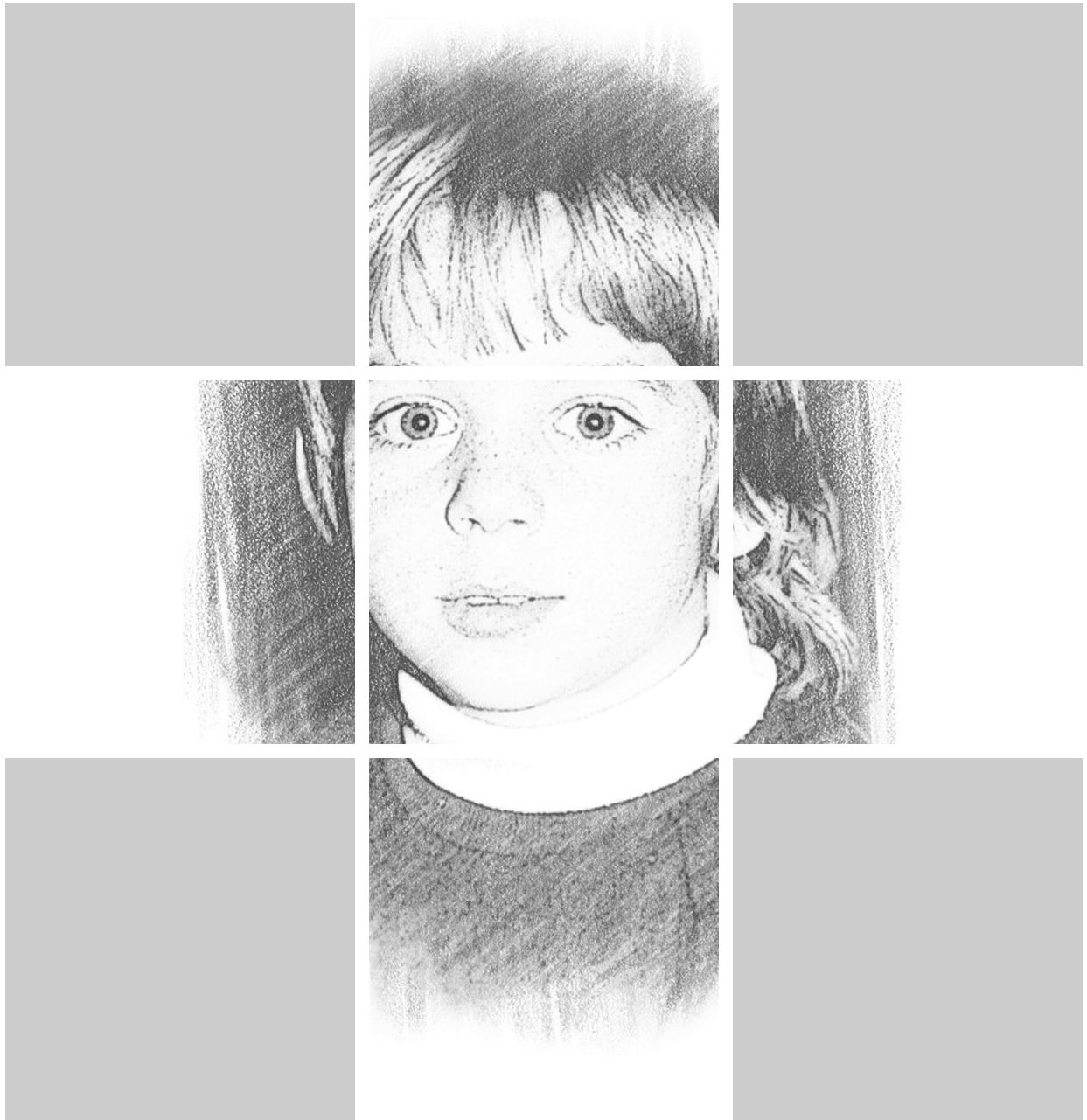
- There are 45 endings. How many have ended you?

- **Retlaw's RACECAR Minigame**

- There are eleven parts of the RACECAR minigame.  
Can you find them all?

- **Selected Music for a Summer Job**

- An audio journey through the world of *The Summer Job*



# About the Author

In 1979, Derek Schraner was a seven year old student in a third grade class at the first Toronto Montessori School. He was allowed – and even encouraged – to write a series of crime stories, over an entire year, on a seemingly endless roll of taped-up scraps. This singular vocation culminated in its performance, recorded live, and sold on copied cassettes. He had no idea he would go on to work as a writer, producer, and instructor.

Between then and now, he has obtained undergraduate degrees in Cinema Studies, English and Philosophy from the University of Toronto, as well as Bachelor's and Master's degrees in Media Production from Ryerson University. Circumstances permitting, he has also been a musician, a blogger and, perhaps unsurprisingly, a gamer.

His own experience of Kyoto was far less eventful than this story.