

Race for the Veggie Galaxy - SOLUTION



All passages in this puzzle refer to eateries on Mass Ave (clued by the intentional typo “massave”) between Central and MIT, which all display menus in their windows or outside their doors (clued by the other intentional typo, “menu-ver”). Each passage identifies a specific menu item, which should be indexed into by the number indicated in the passage. Reading those letters in order produces the answer, HYPERLINK.

We set a course for the veggie galaxy, a journey of just 15 light years away. Here, a variety of strange foods masquerade as other objects. We found a strange tablet describing some of these odd concoctions, and just beneath a magazine consisting of egg, fruit and vegetable components I noted another strange item – this one in the shape of a human, but made up of fungal components. [Veggie Galaxy, Pearl Street Red[H]ead (omelet), 15 – H]

Suddenly, a hammer-wielding superhero flew up alongside our ship, with 6 winged warriors in tow! He escorted us to his home, where we were greeted warmly and presented with wings of our own. [Asgard, Galwa[Y] Wings , 6 – Y]

We entered a time distortion and found ourselves in a large city in the American Midwest, back in the long distant 21st century. Classical! An array of special options appeared, and I selected the one with the most components. [Chicago Pizza, Sausage, Mushroom, Green [P]epper, Onion, Pepperoni, Roasted Red Peppers, Ricotta Cheese, 21 – P]

Some punk girl came up and got all up in my grill as I was attempting to explore one of the antiquated entertainment parlors of those olden days. She looked around 18, but also very dangerous, and I didn’t want to get my hand cut, so I backed away and left. [Roxy’s, Hand cut truffle fri[E]s, 18, E]

We escaped the time distortion. Ooh, a butterfly! The sun was coming up, so I greeted the dawn with a short 4-minute stretch, and a bit of breakfast. [Mariposa Bakery, Sun[R]ise sandwich, 4, [R]

We continued our journey and found ourselves again transferred through another distortion, this time finding ourselves in a desert environment that was also filled with music. After nearly 16 hours of hiking through sand, I was steaming hot and my muscles were extremely sore. [Middle East, PEI steamed musse[L]s, 16, L]

I found myself suddenly wishing from the whole of my core and soul for a way home. In addition, we badly needed provisions. We stopped at a nearby place and took 5 in order to rest and recuperate, then continue on with our important task at hand. [Whole Heart Provisions, Miss[I]on, 5, I]

We touched down at a location filled with a wide variety of fauna, including dozens of finches and tortoises. Despite the limited time available to us, I allowed the crew to explore. One crewmember seemed to be oddly affected by the air, and started ranting and raving wildly, ultimately needing to be restrained and sedated. Having hissy fits is in direct contravention of Directive 9! I’ll have them court-marshalled for this, see if I don’t! [Darwin’s LTD, Tempeh Ta[N]trum, 9, N]

Just then a burst of flame, maybe 8 meters across, filled the sky! It crashed down before me in a blinding impact, and when I unshielded my eyes, I thought I saw the shape of a bird in the flame briefly. As the crater continued to burn, a cloud of smoke blown into my face caused me to choke a bit, and after I staggered away I had a sudden urge to play a lawn game using mallets. [The Phoenix Landing, Articho[K]e and Potato Croquettes, 8, K]