

Travelogue

Gulliver

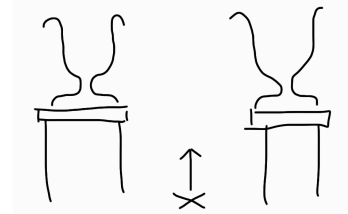


Present the hazard & password to this and Huck Finn's puzzle at checkpoint 1 for its first two puzzles.
Present the hazard & password to this and Phileas's puzzle at checkpoint 2 for its first two puzzles.
Present the hazard & password to this and Mario's puzzle at checkpoint 3 for its first two puzzles.

This puzzle comes with a packet of 22 photos.



My father had a small estate in Mission Hill: I was the third of five sons. He sent me to school there, across the river from Cambridge, where my residency was taken up at the veritable [illegible]. Upon the death of my mentor, I took up my lancets, opium, and other tools of my trade and took to the sea, eager to visit exotic places and make a name for myself. No sooner had I departed through the northeast gates, raising a cup or two in farewell to the guardians on either side, than my modest craft was caught up in a maelstrom. I must have blacked out for a short time, for the next thing I knew, I had been washed ashore, my ship nowhere in sight.



7 7 6 (9th, 2nd)

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Staggering from the shore of the dark sea, I surveyed my surroundings; I was on the long edge of a small semicircular island, which I identified by star sign as [obliterated]. Once I had recovered my strength, and awaited low tide, I was able to wade off the island to a much larger tract of land, where I began to walk southeast along the edge of a long wood which extended down the shore.

5 1 4 6 (7th)

* * *

As I traveled, I began to hear whispers in my mind, faint at first but growing louder as I moved. Soon I came upon a great brick hall on my left, and the voices, which I recognized as those of lost children, bid me enter their yard through a circular gate. But, noting the name above the door, **[obscured]**, I was shocked back to reality, realizing that the voices carried false promises; I stayed out of the yard and continued quickly down the path until I heard them no longer.

6 5-2 8 (4th, 14th, 9th)

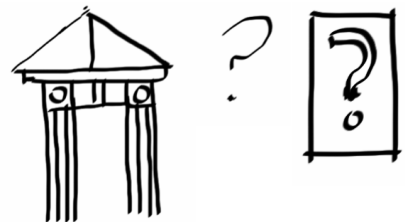
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I noticed a pair of lighthouses ahead, with glowing copper lanterns illuminating a great fortress. Drawing near, I observed gowned scholars through the windows of the fortress; so blinded were they in their pursuit of science, so devoted to their alchemical studies, that they ignored me and bade no welcome. I noted the inscription on the fortress, **[too faded to read]**, and went on.

13 7 2 8 3 6 8 (3rd)

* * *

As I continued along the edge of the long wood, I came upon a meeting house to the left. Wondering who might dwell there, I peeked through the windows near the door, but saw more questions than answers within.



* * *

Continuing in the same direction, while contemplating God's grand design for humanity, I was jolted from my reverie when I came upon a new shore. Peering up and down the coast, I spotted a tall orange and green tower in the distance to the northeast. Turning in that direction, I proceeded towards it.

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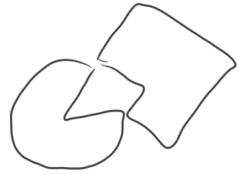
I soon came upon an odd sight: To my left, a band of Lilliputians, playing at pantomime. Costumed as angels and devils, they whirled and spun in strict time around their tiny crimson standard. Resisting the urge to join them for a drink, I noted the symbol on the pennant, which depicted a **[obfuscated]**, and pressed forward along my path.



7 5 (2nd, 4th)

* * *

As I traveled, I passed by many sights—lovers to the left, smiths and bakers to the right—but eventually on my left the earth fell away and I beheld a series of terraces leading downwards, like an amphitheater. Descending, I found a curtain of glass where the stage should be; behind which a solitary actor sat curled up, despairing. Knock though I might on the curtain, the figure did not stir. Eventually I discovered an exit at stage left, and passed through it to the northwest.



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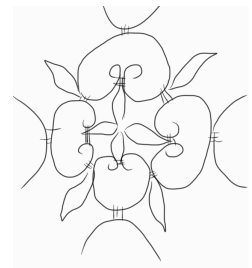
As I continued in the shelter of the cave-like structure I was frightened by an old cat, peering deep into the vast, green veldt. Resisting the instinct to take flight and seek higher ground, as others nearby had obviously done, I cautiously hailed the creature, seeking directions back to civilization. Miraculously, it answered, telling me not to climb further up into the cave, nor to venture onto the veldt, but instead to exit and immediately proceed northwesterly down the footpath until I found a pair of craftsmen who could advise me.

* * *

Passing docks and grand buildings I proceeded until I reached a spot where a pair of great winged gryphons leered at me from their perches across the stream to the right. On the left were the craftsmen I was seeking: Two figures in odd clothing, repairing a great iron gate with the help of a variety of assistants. The workers proved unfriendly, threatening to incarcerate me, but one of their assistants, a gruff old goat named Bill, seemed to take pity on me and quietly advised that I should ford the stream and travel northeast, down the path to the left of the gryphons, and keep going until I reached a corner within sight of flowing water, whereupon on my right I would spot a pair of vicious kings imprisoned in a pen.

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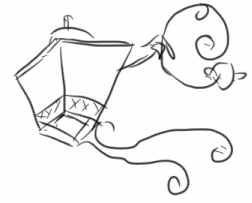
Cliffs loomed on either side as I went along, with barred openings behind which might have lurked any manner of creature. I passed a couple of solitary cats, trapped in pens, but kept on. Finally, reaching the corner and turning, I spotted [Unreadable], a fortress with wrought-iron gates, behind which were the pair I sought. I approached them, standing before their prison bars, nodding to each in turn. While taciturn, perhaps distrusting after their long imprisonment, they eventually offered me some cool water in exchange for a favor—that I might seek out their sparring partner, a native of Africa like themselves, and bid her come to rescue them from their confinement. I accepted this mission and was told to proceed southeast, carefully negotiating all obstacles, to the green gables, among which was a courtyard that sheltered their ally.



8 7 7 6 (19th)

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Following the path I was given, I arrived at a small clearing where I was hailed by a great horned beast who was apparently expecting me. As I made my request, she nodded slowly, and suggested that she could help. As she began to amble away, she told me to proceed due northeast (as the crow flies) to find a heavenly guide clad in red and blue, whose vantage point and perspective would be useful. I noted the inscribed name of the creature's abode, **[burnt portion of text]**, and set forth as directed, ignoring all obstacles in my way.



5 3 7 5 7 8 (14th)

* * *

Sure enough, I soon came upon a Hermes-like figure, fleet of foot, running in the sky. We drew nearer each other, and I hailed him by his formal title, **[illegible]**, which I observed on a nearby sign. While at first I had been inclined to turn and follow him, he suggested that my destiny lay in the direction from which he had come. Squinting, I could just make out a grand vessel at port, visible as a mere green line on the distant horizon. I headed towards it with renewed vigor along the well-worn footpath.

7 3 (8th, 5th)

* * *

As I approached the port, green domes rose up in the distance, and I caught sight of a wondrous imaginarium, its name emblazoned on its building. I wondered at the nature of coincidence, noting that this institution's name began with the same letter as the title of the guide who had led me there. Resisting the urge to take to a ship, I chose instead to walk along the shoreline to the northeast.



* * *

I soon spied what must have been a fallen meteor, rising out of a green lake. I fancied that dozens of small creatures were peering from the thousands of tiny caves riddling that crag, but as I approached, a signpost warned me to keep my distance, so I abandoned my investigation and proceeded on my way.

* * *

As I moved up the shore, I came upon a magnificent effigy of a Houyhnhnm, whose great spirit was evident in his regal bearing and bold, equine posture, despite the demeaning treatment that he was being forced to endure. Heeding the silent appeal of the monument, I paid tribute to its sculptor, **[unreadable]**, before continuing on my way.

5 5 6 (10th)

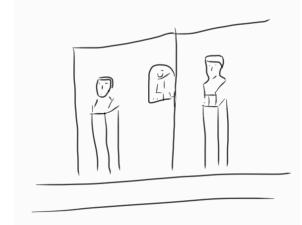
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Mysterious, unrecognizable flotsam and jetsam began to appear in the green waters nearby. Fearing that my course would bring me to uncomfortably distant and unstable seas, I turned to my left, heading away from the shining silicate cliffs.



* * *

Odd shapes peered out from the nearby heights; behind their screens I perceived figures dancing and striking poses. Fearful of what might happen if I stared too long, I turned slightly to my right and set my course for a rock in the distance, where a caped figure seemed to await me.



* * *

I soon found that I had reached the isle of Glubbudubdrib, where I parlayed with the ghost of a well-dressed bearded man, who talked about his long service as the local Magistrate. Moving to the other side of his small island, I spied and hailed a ship, whose captain told me tales of the ghostly figure who had once ruled the island. I managed to scribble down the first few lines that he spoke, [undecipherable], and set off once again to the west.

6 7 4 4 4 5 2 3 4 2 7 5 (4th, 1st)

* * *

Avoiding all hazards, I made my way to a nearly-barren rock which I dubbed Cow Skull Island. There was little to see there, but in the distance to the northwest I sighted what appeared to be a castle with pennants flying overhead. I crossed over a bridge in order to approach it more closely.



* * *

As I reached the other side of the bridge I fancied I heard a deep, sonorous chime, and looking ahead I saw what might have been the source, a gift from a foreign empire that I remembered from earlier accounts. Having paused to admire this, I proceeded northwards toward the pennants in the distance.

* * *

As I approached, I saw soldiers arrayed under the stars, their ranks extending in every direction and almost too numerous to count. I paused for some time to reflect on my journey thus far, while the soldiers stood mute, awaiting their orders. It was here, at this crossroad, that I had an epiphany: I realized that what had felt like an unseen hand, guiding me from place to place, was merely my own wanderlust, and that rather than arriving at the answers I sought, I was perhaps doomed to journey north, south, east, and west in a cruel and vicious cycle until I finally reached my own end. I resolved to settle down and rest, and to entreat those who have any tincture of the absurd vice of travel-writing, that they will not presume to appear in my sight.