



Кубок V ЛФИ

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Hint 1

Everything is strange here.

And it's not just about this tunnel and ancient mechanisms. The material is just a manifestation of something else. Something that is not accessible to sight, hearing, smell or touch. You feel it on some subconscious level and only then see its manifestation in something physical.

For example, time. Even it goes differently here, and you know it for sure. From somewhere inside there is a confidence that more than a day has passed outside this strange tunnel, although it feels like you have been here for only a few hours. This is confirmed by the arrows of your breguet watch, which have been living their own lives for a long time and either stand still, or run at a gallop in a completely random direction.

There is a feeling... you diligently drive it away from yourself, but this feeling does not leave you. The feeling that the corridor is... as if alive. And he is watching you carefully.

You decide to explore the tunnel more closely, slightly adjust the light level in the gas-discharge lamp and move forward.

Knock.

You turn around abruptly. Where is it from? A quiet metallic knock, turning into a grinding and then breaking down into a knock again, repeats itself, and you realize that it comes as if from behind the wall. You approach it and the beats, like your heartbeat, begin to quicken, and the accompaniment in the form of a grinding sound, more like the sound of metal on glass, intensifies.

You carefully examine the metal wall of the tunnel and among the complex system of pipes and communications you notice small gaps in the form of narrow straight lines that outline an even rectangle the size of a human's height. As soon as you approach it, the light from the lamp goes out, and the knocking and grinding begin to roll out in powerful rolls through the tunnel, from which a hot wave of pain goes through the whole body, which gives off into the ears and goes back into the body. The legs become wobbly, and the tremor instantly turns into trembling, mixed with convulsions. You slide down along the wall, and when consciousness almost leaves you, you see the arrows of your watch in front of you. Forward and backward. Or they stand still. Gallop forward and also gallop backward and stand still. Forward and backward and still. The hand touches the pressure regulator of the communication system, and in the absence of better ideas, you scroll it forward, backward and, after waiting for a pause that seemed like an eternity to you, repeat the rhythm that the arrows of your breguet was beating off. The wall behind your back moves back, and you fall into a dark room. The knocking and grinding abruptly weaken and seem to remain on the threshold, tearing apart the spaces of the tunnel.

You are shaking and shivering, but you force your trembling hands to make a discharge in the lamp. Weak flashes of light break out of the darkness a small room, more like an ascetic study,

where there is only a table, a chair, a videographer and an old map hanging on the wall.

On wobbly legs, you go to the table and hear a slight click of the mechanism that turns on the videographer. You flinch, but nothing else happens, only the interference signal and the shot noise of electrons hitting the screen phosphor. Coming closer, you see that there are several toggle switches on the videographer.

In the absence of better ideas, you turn the volume knob and press one of them.

[Toggle switch 1](#)

[Toggle switch 2](#)