



# Act I Scene 4

The trio left the bakery in sombre silence and joined the procession towards the town square. The mood was bleak. For some, it was business as usual, preferring to operate in blissful ignorance and not allowing the realities of the situation to set in. For others, it was far too much, and every step that they took was a step closer to being forcibly liberated from this world.

The baker straddled a fine line between the former and the latter, noting the graveness of the situation each and every day, but adopting a very laissez-faire attitude towards it.

“It’s all pretty much left up to fate, I reckon,” he proffered, in his unconventional wisdom.

By the time they arrived at the plaza, a sizeable crowd had already gathered, and baseless accusations were being bandied about. Members of the Neighbourhood Watch weaved amongst the crowd, whipping them into a frenzy.

“I saw him do it. I saw him swallow the child whole.”

“Look at her! She’s clearly the she-wolf!”

“She cracked up when I told her about the disappearance of cattle. Guilty!”

“He’s the serial killer! Quick! Get him!”

“A raid uncovered copious amounts of hair in his home. Why don’t we lynch him?”

And on and on it went. Back and forth and back and forth, like a perpetual tennis rally, whose main goal was not necessarily to score a winner, but to pass on the cycle of blame. It was more tradition and ritual than anything else at this point.

With reasonable fanfare and no small sense of occasion, the Sheriff arrived atop his mount, parting the crowd like Moses and the sea. He scanned the crowd to his left and his right, motioning them — almost intimidating them — to settle into a hushed silence. He was the one with the only real information.

“My fellow villagers, lend me your ears!” he roared.

The crowd murmured its approval.

“The rumours are true — the butcher, heavens rest his soul, was savagely taken from us last night.”

The Sheriff paused, unsure about how to continue.

“But in his last moments, he left the vile creature a nasty surprise!”

The crowd was abuzz with anticipation once more.



# Act I Scene 4



“With his cleaver, he opened a gash...”

The Sheriff indicated a line from his left shoulder to his right hip.

“...and mortally wounded the creature.”

The crowd cheered.

“I tracked the monster, tracked the trail of blood back to the lair whence it came, and found it incapacitated just outside of town. Stopped in its tracks, apparently, by our guests, our intrepid heroes, Lara and Attila.”

The Sheriff motioned to the two forms lingering towards the back of the audience. Hundreds of pairs of eyes turned to examine them. Even the baker’s eyes widened in surprise at the feats of his new-found companions.

Unattended to the spotlight, Lara waved sheepishly. Attila, still as a statue, stood in stony silence.

The Sheriff, not wishing to so willingly surrender the attention of the villagers to the fortuitous journeyers, ploughed on with his speech.

“Now, villagers, the fight is not over. For there still exists a werewolf in our midst. The candlestick-maker — a good family man — was also taken from the village last night in a separate incident.

“My fellow townsfolk, now is your chance to settle your suspicions and your doubts. Now is the time for the Purge! Who dares put forward an accusation?”

This new information dampened the jubilant mood of the crowd. The villagers, stunned by this turn of events, shuffled about in their places.

“I do.”

The softly-spoken Attila, raspy voice and all, waved his cane about in the air.

“What are you doing?” whispered Lara, sharply. While the Sheriff’s shout-out drew the villagers’ attention, Lara was not about to test the waters and draw the villagers’ ire.

“Oh?” cried the Sheriff. “And who would you like to bring a charge against?”

“You.”

The crowd found their voice once more. Things were starting to get interesting...

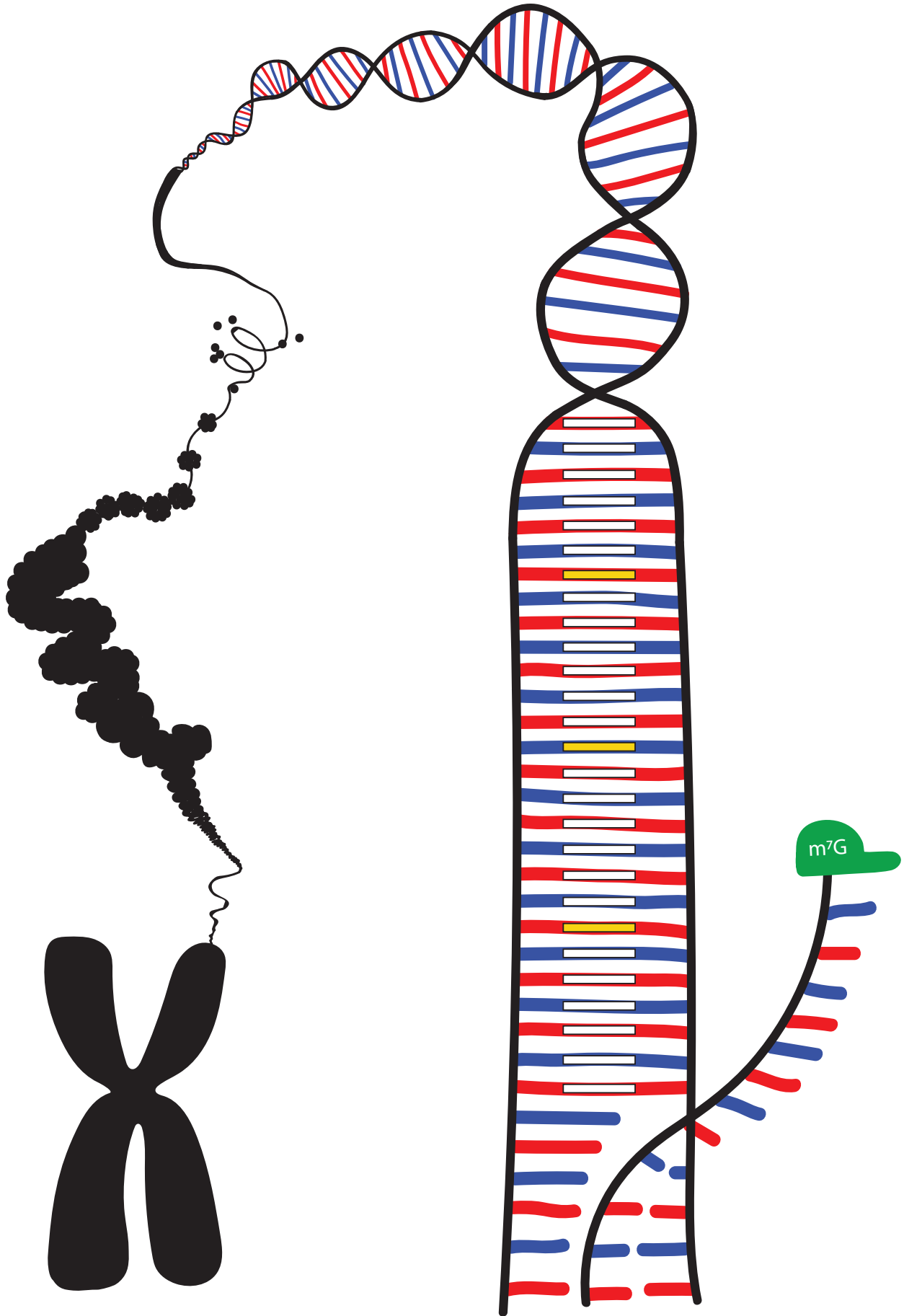
“No, no, no, no, no!” whispered the baker, desperately, into the other ear of Attila. “Unfounded accusations such as these almost certainly end in tragedy!”

“Me!?”

“Yes, you. I blame you for the death of the candlestick-maker!”



# Central Dogma





## Codons

- A baseball statistic that tallies the number of players that reach home due the actions of a batter
- A disbanded Canadian heavy metal band; their final album "The New Black" was released in 2006
  - A group that had a 50-seat swing towards it in a 2015 election
- A long-running late-night comedy show that is entering its 45th season later this year
  - A nuclear imaging technique that relies on a certain isotope of fluorine
- A unit of pressure preferred by those utilising an antiquated and nonsensical measurement system
  - An expression of affection in textspeak
  - An iteration of the fictional law firm in Suits
- An umbrella term for fields involving networks based around phones, computers, and the Internet
  - Colloquially described as the 'phonebook of the internet'
  - Companies that manufacture this includes AMD and Nvidia
  - Companies that manufacture this includes Garmin and TomTom
  - Examples of this include carpal tunnel syndrome and tennis elbow
  - How a UK police officer describes somebody of Chinese descent
    - La version française de "PLS"
- Prevalent in eosinophilic asthma, the molecular target of mepolizumab
- Rosalind Franklin contributed to the discovery of this macromolecule
  - Swords in Minecraft can score 6.4, 8.0, 9.6, and 11.2 in this metric
  - The entity responsible for monetary policy in Australia
- The levels of this in the blood are tightly controlled by pancreatic hormones
  - The region of the nephron located after the Bowman's capsule
- The United Kingdom currently has 73 of these — after 31st October 2019, they may have none
- There are three types of this macromolecule involved in the process described by this puzzle
  - What Altuve, Westbrook, McDavid, and Brady had in common in 2017