

TIME IS RUNNING OUT FOR ME. WHAT FOLLOWS MAY BE MY FINAL WORDS. I, AURIC BULL THE 5TH, AM THE LAST OF MY HERD TO DEPART ON OUR ANNUAL HIDE-AND-SEEK TOURNAMENT. THROUGH MY MEANDERINGS, I HAVE BECOME HOPELESSLY LOST. AS MY FINAL ACT, I HAVE WRITTEN DOWN WHAT IS, TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE, THE PATH I TOOK TO MY CURRENT LOCATION. I HAVE SEALED IT ALONG WITH THE REMAINS OF MY EXPLORER'S KIT, INSIDE A CAN FROM MY HOME, AND CAST IT OUT INTO THE WORLD IN HOPES THAT SOME INTREPID ADVENTURER WITH A KEEN EYE AND MEMORY WILL FIND AND RESCUE ME. I KNOW MY FAMILY WILL GENEROUSLY REWARD THE GOLDEN BULL HUNTER THAT RETURNS ME HOME ALIVE AND WELL.

-ABV

X marks the start! Wait, did I do that right? No, X marks the spot! Hmm. I should have stuck to session beers before departing. I might be a little loopy.

Would you believe I found a street that had no rhyme? And better yet, it didn't take much time.

I exchanged glances with the larger version of my lucky non-divisible Scavenger's token. Ever the brewer's companion, I noticed how an ornamental wheat stalk was beautifully festooned with a prime number of kernels.

It was a short frog's leap to a mosaic pond where I encountered the first of my friends, the lazy lizard. She offered up one of her pads for me to crash upon, but they all looked a little uncomfortable, so I had to move on.

Along the shortcut I chose, which was twice unlucky, I made the acquaintance of a distraught brother. Unable to free him, he remains blue to this day, cheered only by his perpetually blooming roses.

At the end of my shortcut, I emerged to see some regal eagles nesting around magnificent white columns. It was clear that their unwavering attention was drawn to something, so I proceeded in that direction.

Having drank my fill at the mosaic watering hole, I needed to relieve myself, but with so many bushes to choose from, how was I to decide!? Before I could reach the Port-o-Jon, a great beast of glass, metal, and rubber roared across my path.

Distracted from my plight, I glanced around in confusion. I immediately noticed a red overhead sign, and despite my genteel upbringing, recklessly charged in.

Finding myself in the lair of these metallic beasts, I slyly wove my way amongst the painted pillars. Through the stone forest of colors, I noticed a beast similar to myself covered in gold. He was occupied so I decided to make his acquaintance later, moving upward, deeper into the lair.

In search of an escape, I could see daylight ahead of me, my fear of heights leading me to hug the wall, eventually climbing down through a secret exit. As I sealed the passage behind me, I felt a deep need to paint it black.

Safe outside once more, I saw another long lost brother who had grown to Major proportions. I was concerned when I noticed he was turned dramatically away from the recycling receptacle. With a nose that big, it must be difficult to withstand the onslaught of strange odors. How could he smell something that far away? I had to know just how far it was. Using my can-do attitude, and ingenuity, I was able to get a measurement that I could use to sniff out a good hiding place. (Sorry to be a little on the nose.)

I then heard a distant, captivating siren's song. Unable to see the source of the ditty, I was compelled to brave the lair once more. As I entered, I spotted the source; a beautiful pink-plumed aviator that was hovering just inside the entrance. Mesmerized by her singing, I quickly found myself lost in this forsaken labyrinth. It was pitch black through most of the cavern, and all I had to gauge direction to the place where I now wait was my trusty recycled rope, carefully calibrated.

I journeyed further upward in search of a way to communicate over a long distance, hoping to call for help. Marching upward into darkness, I found a passage leading to this communication technology, but it was unfortunately locked. I remember it was labeled with three digits. The first two digits were the same, the value of the lizard's lily pads minus the number of my brother's roses. The third digit was the sum of the two preceding it. From that passage, I am certain that my current hiding place is within a number of my calibrated rope-lengths equal to the the number of wheat kernels I found fascinating earlier on my journey.

Bewildered, I descended to where I recall seeing daylight at an earlier hour, thinking I might find the previous exit I had wished darkness upon. To my dismay, a tumbling boulder which had no moss had blocked it off. I am certain that my current hiding place is within at least a distance equal to the number of painted pillars in the colorful stone forest, plus the perfect number of wheat kernels.

It was then that I remembered my golden friend in the forest below. I hoped that this tusky watcher would have a direction for me to follow. Upon finding him, the one-that-never-forgets gestured upward with its snout and told me I would find an answer near where the road points to no beginning and no end. From my friend's camp, I am certain that my current hiding place is within at least a distance equal to the number of potential plants I regretfully didn't water just past the Eagles' roost, plus the number of brothers I recorded encountering on my travels thus far.

Nearby where my un-forgetful friend directed me, I took a moment to pause and reflect on where I started my journey. Gazing longingly at my backyard, imagining being safely home with my family, I spied a painted symbol in a tower window afar. I recall that the number of sides that comprised this symbol's shape, added to the number of columns at the Eagles' roost, was certainly equal to the number of lengths to my current hiding place, at least as measured from The Spot.

And so, here I await your rescue, dear Golden Bull hunter. Please bring me home.