

Operation Overview:

The operation began innocently enough, with a trip to the icecream truck. After ordering a vanilla milkshake, I returned home to find a black envelope sitting at my door. Taking it inside to report to the division, I found my phone ringing. Immediately setting my milkshake down on my desk I answer the call and opened the envelope. Upon receiving instructions to bus to the location of the safehouse, I immediately disregarded them and arranged my own more efficient transportation down. Upon arrival, I went to the apartment designated, and set up a stream to the other agents in the division. Investigating the mission briefcase I found the supplies needed for the upcoming mission. After a nights sleep I woke up to a phone call from dispatch. Agent Flemming would be along shortly with new orders. Flemming brought new orders and deep regret in my choice of career. A five minute operation had just become a 12 hour one. On the bright sitem Flemming had brought Timbits. So most was well.

The assignment consisted of walking and lots of it. With the help of the rest of the division, weatherman's riddles were easily solved. With solving came a sense of achievement. Then more walking. I attempted to engage in some banter with Flemming, but he seemed content to actually focus on his job. So I did the same, and focused on more walking. I ended up waiting for boat to Toronto island, but soon deemed that a futile effort. Giving up on the boat, I took a taxi to the next site and continued the operation.

Approximately half way through the operation, the need to return and recharge became apparent. I found myself with an unfortunately long walk (4 km seemed so much shorter on the screen) I made it back to the safehouse, with no power to spare. After downing a bottle of poweraid and recharging my phone I was the recipient of a packed lunch from dispatch. Sadly, said lunch was quite spicy. I assume this is an attempt from dispatch to make me ill, as spicey food and 6 hour death marches don't mix well. I also received a very angry call from Vanessa Baup, who was displeased with my progress so far. I politely told her to stuff it. My resting period was punctuated by complaining about bloody feet to the rest of the division. Now that my feet have healed, I am now use it to brag to other agents. The rest of the division used this time to refine ideas and provide me with more solid intel. After this, three more locations were found. Being the cheaters that we are, we filled in the blanks. Of course, all of this was punctuated by more walking.

After an upload to the USB drive provided, I was able to briefly return to base and cram as much power in my phone as I could. Before long it was time to go to go to the exchange. Noting the burned out bus on the route, I was filled with nothing but confidence. The morpho agents were as kind and inviting as a bucket full of angry crabs. Except less angry, and more cold. With hints of total distain. I am happy to report that at no time during this meeting broke down crying. The Morpho agents were collected, calm,

and completely immune to my attempts at misdirection. However, the trade was a success. One terrified cabbie later, I was back at the safehouse and ready to go.

As per the instructions, I was able to do the ritual, and deliver the artifact to Baup's contact at the Fairmont Royal. It was quite ritzy. After giving an occult superweapon to a living superweapon pointed squarely at Morpho, I decided the best course of action was to run like hell outside of the operation zone. Within 15 minutes I was on a train bound away from here. I have since returned to standard base and remained in the area since.

Sustain

Composure of all operatives was well maintained throughout the operation. Communication was well maintained, and all agents in the field took to the walking quite well. This saved us considerably in division funds. I would also like to commend my own actions in not crying during the exchange. (Please redact everything after "in" for the sake of my ego)

Improvement

There's seems to be some magic function in the hailing of taxis. I've yet to uncover it. Murphy's law was in full effect throughout the entire mission. Flemming is probably laughing about my search for a cybercafe even now.

Exhaustion is a constant throughout the mission. While an agent walking until his feet bleed is badass, it probably should be avoided in the future. More info on Shale would be helpful in impersonating a Shale security officer. History, codes, uniform, that sort of thing.

I'd also like to request some sort of high explosive suicide vest in case of capture.